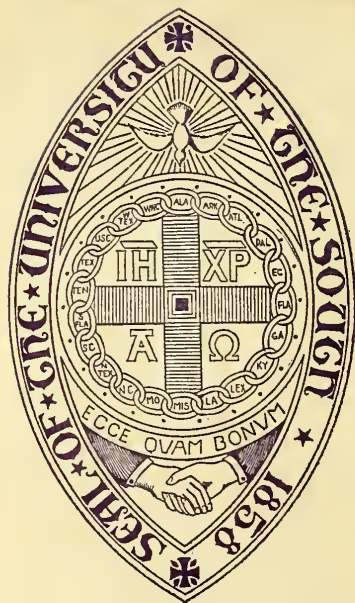


# CAP AND GOWN

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Archives









*The 1939*  
CAP AND GOWN

Presented by:

EDWIN M. McPHERSON, JR.  
EDITOR

JAMES E. SAVOY  
BUSINESS MANAGER

UNIVERSITY  
OF THE SOUTH

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE





Camp &amp; Gleaner

1939

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# Customs and Traditions

Hallowed is Sewanee by ancient legend which blends respected antiquity with present customs. Once worshipped as sacred ground by superstitious Indians, Sewanee today finds its wooded acres consecrated to the church and to the future glory of young men.

Sewanee, enshrined long ago by Indian prophets, today lays foundations in sturdy manhood in order that it may rise forever in the minds of men as the center of higher intellectual interests. Men have gained strength of mind and character here, and quietly faced the world to accomplish their errand in the scheme of things.

Clergy and layman have joined hand in hand to lay the foundations on which Sewanee bases its greatness. Plans have arisen and been discarded, ever strengthening the forces which have carried the University to firmer and more enduring tradition. Now Sewanee, hallowed by the memories of those who are gone and who have left behind footprints to guide those who follow, again faces the future, new hands at the helm, new goals to attain.

Sacred Sewanee, sacred to those who are gone, to those who are here, and to those who are yet to come. Those who are here and who are Sewanee go tomorrow to be tested and to be found not wanting. And therein lies Sewanee's mission: to prepare the minds of those who have come here so that when they come to be tried they shall not be found wanting. To the attainment of this end many things are requisite. Not the least among these is proper tradition. Tradition here at Sewanee, as a Sewanee poet has stated it, ". . . there storms burst not, nor cares intrude; there learning dwells and Peace is Wisdom's guest." Then it is amid tradition, founded in learning, that Sewanee men gain their maturity. And so it is that when the die is cast and the balance of judgment is read, those found not wanting may say for all to hear, "I am a Sewanee man." Then to those who are gone, to those who are here, and to those who are yet to come, Sewanee is sacred. It was, is, and shall be that the past, the present, and the future shall speak of Sewanee and say, "My star thou'lt be."







## J O H N S O N   H A L L

This improved, modern dormitory typifies the approach to that physical basis which has so necessary a part in the inculcating of spiritual ideals in a student body

●

# *Board of* REGENTS

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The Right Reverend HENRY J. MIKELL

# *The* CHANCELLOR

Bishop of Atlanta; Chancellor of the University of the South; Bachelor of Arts, 1895; Master of Arts; Bachelor of Divinity, 1898; Doctor of Divinity, 1917; Member of the Board of Trustees for many years from the Dioceses of South Carolina and Atlanta; Member of the Board of Regents, 1936; Chancellor of the University, 1938.

There have been more great dreams dreamed and high thoughts spoken within the sound of the ringing of the bells of Breslin Tower than in any other spot in America.

The time has come to translate these dreams and thoughts into reality, to build Sewanee into a great University of Christian culture.

Under the leadership of our Vice-Chancellor, Sewanee faces a new day of opportunity. Carpe diem.

*The Right Reverend Henry J. Mikell, Chancellor.*

• • A P R O S

## NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR

Sewanee is proud of her fine traditions and her rich heritage. The history of the University of the South, its founding, its struggle to survive, the sacrifices of devoted men and women, the deeds of Sewanee's sons, and the University's contribution to the South and the nation, is a thrilling story.

Traditions are a challenge, however, to continued and higher achievement, never a reason for complacency. Institutions and individuals must live not in their heritage but out of their heritage into the future. For a heritage, rightly understood, is the foundation and inspiration for greater accomplishment. Sewanee is determined, therefore, to live out of her heritage into and for the future and for an always deeper and nobler realization of her ideals.

DR. ALEXANDER GUERRY, *Vice-Chancellor*



Dr. Alexander Guerry, the new Vice-Chancellor, in his office.



# P E C T U S

Here we have new tradition being formed at Sewanee. This photograph shows the head of the procession which was formed to officially open school. The procession included the choir, the invested gownsmen, and the faculty, and entered into the church where the Vice-Chancellor welcomed the old and new men to the University.

Another procession, this time showing the faculty, taken on the occasion of the installation of Dr. Guerry. The procession proceeded into the church where the actual installation ceremony was conducted by the Right Reverend Henry J. Mikell, the new Chancellor of the University.

The installation of Doctor Alexander Guerry as Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, Founder's Day, October tenth, 1938. Showing Dr. Guerry between Dean Baker, and Acting Theological Head, Dr. Myers, inside, and before Bishop Mikell, as the final words were intoned.

After the ceremony, while Dr. Guerry is being congratulated by his host of friends and well-wishers. Dr. Guerry is still in his carmine and ermine ceremonial robes. The ceremony was simple and was combined with the installation of the new Gownsmen. Only the "family" attended.

A snap taken later, while a student is consulting him. Dr. Guerry plans to keep the Sewanee tradition of asking the students to visit him and to talk to him. He has held many enjoyable parties for the students this year.





DR. GEORGE MERRICK BAKER



### DR. BAYARD H. JONES

*Dean of the Theological Seminary*

In this year of changes Dr. Jones has been called to fill the position of Dean of the Theological Seminary. He will further act as the Professor of Church History in that school.

He holds the degrees of Master of Arts and Master of Letters from the University of California and completed a year's graduate work in English at Harvard. In 1914 he received the Degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the General Theological Seminary. This was followed by a year's graduate work at Oxford. Since that time he has been active as rector of several California Parishes.

It is hoped that in assuming this post he will bring to the Theological Seminary increased strength, both in students and in faculty.

# The F A C

### DR. GEORGE MERRICK BAKER

*Dean of the College of Arts  
and Sciences*

During the past eighteen years Dr. Baker has proven to be a capable executive and a friend of every student. A true gentleman and a scholar, he always manages to appear neat, calm, and to set an example for the University men. He has the happy ability of putting students at ease in his presence. In this picture he is found enjoying his pipe, and dressed prepared for a round of his favorite game, golf. Dean Baker, besides his regular duties of Dean, also acts as a professor of French and of German. In these classes and in the Union discussions his humor and knowledge of current events are the delight of all those who know him.

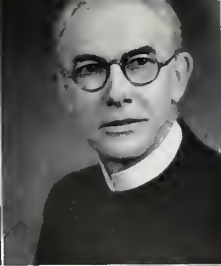


DR. BAYARD H. JONES



# U L T Y

**ROBERT LOWELL PETRY**  
B.A., Earlham; Ph.D., Princeton  
*Professor of Physics*

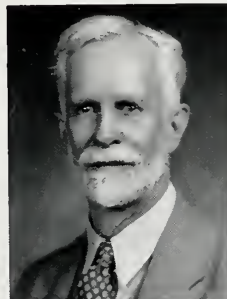


**REV. GEORGE BOGGAN MYERS**  
B.D., University of the South; L.L.B., University of Mississippi  
*Professor of Philosophy of Religion, Ethics and Sociology*



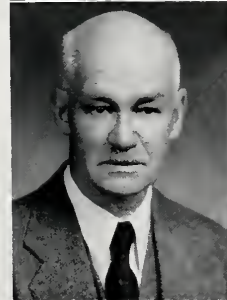
**GASTON SWINDELL BRUTON**  
B.A., M.A., University of North Carolina; Ph.D., University of Wisconsin  
*Associate Professor of Mathematics*

**REV. ROBERT McDONALD KIRKLAND**  
B.A., University of Chicago; M.A., University of Pennsylvania  
*Professor of New Testament Language and Interpretation*



**SEDLEY LYNCH WARE**  
B.A. (Oxon.); L.L.B., Columbia; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins.  
*Francis S. Houghteling Professor of History*

**GEORGE MERRICK BAKER**  
B.A., Ph.D., Yale  
*Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and Professor of Germanic Languages*



**WILLIAM HOWARD MACKELLAR**  
B.A., M.A., University of the South  
*Professor of Public Speaking*

**JAMES POSTELL JERVEY**  
Brigadier-General, U. S. A., Retired; Honor Graduate U. S. Military Academy; Graduate U. S. Engineering School.  
*Professor of Mathematics*

**JOHN MAXWELL STOWELL McDONALD**  
B.A., Harvard; M.A., Ph.D., Columbia  
*Professor of Philosophy*



**WILLIAM WATERS LEWIS**  
C.E., University of the South  
*Professor of Spanish*

JOHN MARK SCOTT  
B.A., Southwestern College; M.S., Iowa State  
College; Ph.D., University of Iowa.  
*Associate Professor of Chemistry*

EDWARD McCRADY, JR.  
B.A., College of Charleston; M.A., University  
of Pittsburgh; Ph.D., University of Penn-  
sylvania.  
*Professor of Biology*

REV. JOHN RUSSELL DALLINGER  
B.A., S.T.D., Harvard; B.D., Episcopal The-  
ological School, Cambridge.  
*Professor of Old Testament Language and  
Interpretation and Acting Chaplain*

WILLIAM SKINKLE KNICKERBOCKER  
B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Columbia.  
*Jesse Spaulding Professor of English*

MAURICE AUGUSTUS MOORE  
B.S., University of the South; M.A., North  
Carolina.  
*Acting Assistant Professor of English*

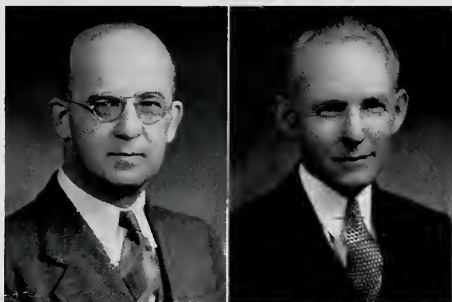
DAVID ETHAN FRIERSON  
B.A., M.A., South Carolina; Ph.D., North  
Carolina.  
*Assistant Professor of French and Spanish  
Dean of Seavance French Summer School*



## THE FACULTY

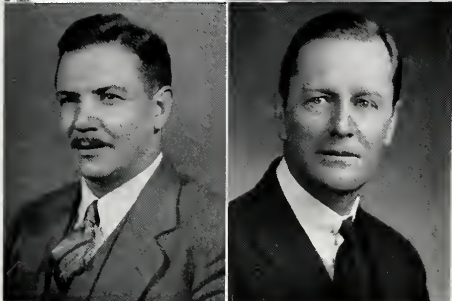






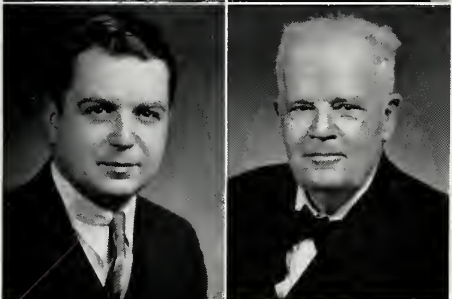
EUGENE MARK KAYDEN  
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*Professor of Economics*



HENRY MARKLEY GASS  
B.A. (Oxon); B.A., M.A., University of the South.

*Professor of Greek and Acting Professor of Latin*



ABBOTT COTTON MARTIN  
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*Assistant Professor of English*

TUDOR SEYMOUR LONG  
B.A., Cornell.

*Associate Professor of English*

## THE FACULTY



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*Instructor in Bible and Greek*

ARTHUR TAYLOR PRESCOTT  
B.S., M.A., Louisiana State University;  
D.C.L., University of the South.

*Professor of Political Science*



# THE FACULTY

NO PICTURES

ROY BENTON DAVIS

B.A., Earlham; M.A., Missouri.

*F. B. Williams Professor of Chemistry*

JOHN FREDERICK MOYER

B.S., Colorado State College; M.S., University  
of Wyoming.

*Acting Professor of Forestry*

PAUL SCHOFIELD MCCONNELL

A.A.G.O., B.A., University of Southern Cali-  
fornia; M.A., Princeton.

*Instructor in Music and Organist  
Acting Assistant Professor of Spanish*

JAMES EDWARD THOROGOOD

B.A., University of the South.

*Instructor in Economics*

REV. ROYDEN KEITH YERKES

Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania; D.D.,  
S.T.D., Philadelphia Divinity School.

*Professor of Systematic Divinity*



BRESLIN TOWER

# ORIGIN OF SEWANEE

Long ago when Indian legend was being formulated and while the mists of time still shrouded the history of man, there lived in the pest-ridden swamps of Louisiana a lonely tribe of embittered Indians—outcasts who found in these murky moss filled swamps refuge from their enemies. Here, joined together by common cares, originated the savage Shawnees, a robber band, feared by the surrounding tribes for their swift and guerrilla raids. At early dawn nearby tribes were often surprised by the appearance of forty or fifty stern Shawnees gliding swiftly out of the swamps in their light canoes. During the resulting confusion, before any organized resistance could be made, the Shawnees would have taken what they wanted and would be safely hidden in the swamps.

Legendary became their feats of courage and cruelty. Their wild, barbaric bravery filled the hearts of their foes with fear. No beautiful woman was safe from their raids. Wives were carried from the sides of their dying husbands, and soon wealth of all kinds filled the palmetto lodges of the robber Shawnees.

Time passed and with its passing the Shawnees grew over-confident and soft in their ways. Thus, the inevitable happened. They were routed out of their swampy refuge by more hearty enemies. This brought about their first migration.

Night and day, as they wound slowly along the Gulf coast, they were harrassed by hostile tribes, and slowly they dwindled to a mere handful of warriors. Everywhere they sought refuge and found none. Nowhere was there a friendly tribe or heart which would harbor the erstwhile powerful Shawnees. Out of their native haunt, away from the protecting warmth of the swamps, life seemed strange to them.

At last, in the scrubby palmetto and pine-filled region of Florida they found another impassible swamp. Here again they plied their fire-hollowed canoes through the rushes and overhanging Spanish moss. Here they found the warmth of safety; at last they had found

refuge on the banks of a mothering river, to which they gave the name "Suwanee," Mother River.

Again, however, finding their neighbors hostile, and unable in their present weakened condition to forage in the surrounding country, they moved northward to settle on the banks of another river. To this river they gave the name Savannah. Here they remained for some years, establishing their main village, Savannah-town, about seven miles from the present site of Augusta, Georgia.

The savage nature of the Shawnees underwent a metamorphosis at this time, and the life of the tribe became somewhat more sedate. They found game plentiful in this region, and soon Savannah-town became one of the largest of the Indian trading posts. While here, Governor Archdale of the nearby state of South Carolina, said of them that they were "good friends and useful neighbors." From this statement of the governor it may be gathered that the Shawnees must have set aside their barbaric habits of old.

However, all did not go as well as it might for the reformed robbers. For they soon became rivals of the most powerful tribe in that region, the Catawbias, in striving for the lucrative trade of the colonists. In this contest they were disappointed, inasmuch as the colonists favored the Catawbias over the Shawnees.

Hence, when the Cherokees asked the Shawnees to settle on their borders in Tennessee they readily accepted. This move was not as amiable as it seems, for what the Cherokees really wanted was a buffer against the hostile tribes in the north. For a while the Shawnees made their home near the Mississippi in the





northwestern part of the state, but later moved to the banks of the Cumberland in the central part.

As the Shawnees realized the purpose for which the Cherokees had issued the invitation, and having successfully withstood a few attacks from the tribes to the northwest, they quarreled with the Cherokees. Whereupon the Cherokees allied themselves with the Chicasaws and drove the Shawnees out. At this time the tribe split into two parts, one group

going to the headwaters of the Santee and Peedee rivers in South Carolina, while the main body remained on the Tennessee river. From this time (1690) until 1760 the history of these two branches of the tribes is separate. The Savannah, or South Carolina branch shall not be considered, since only the Cumberland, or Tennessee, branch played a part in the history which is now being traced. Suffice it to say that the Savannah branch remained in South Carolina until its migration to the north, which occurred just prior to 1760.

In 1700 the Cumberland Shawnees established themselves on the land in the eastern and middle parts of Tennessee. Their main village was located not far from the present site of Nashville. However, they were finally forced to flee into the Smoky Mountains, due to the continual attacks of the stronger Cherokees. Seeking safety they erected their main village on the mountain which is the present site of the University. On the mountain they finally found shelter from the attacks of their enemies, since it was considered sacred by these hostile tribes, besides being well-nigh impregnable. Hence, the Shawnees named this mountain "Sewanee," meaning Mother, Mountain, because it fostered and protected them with almost maternal care. With this point as their center, they substantially aided the French in the French and Indian Wars. Their raids into South Carolina and Georgia made them the scourge of the British colonists, and they wrought irreparable damage to the colonial planters. In every case the Shawnees sided against the colonists, not only because they looked on them as invaders, but also because they had gotten the worst in most of their dealings with the Americans.

Even before the end of the war their wandering spirit had again moved them, this time to the north, into Kentucky, through which state they roamed for a number of years. Leaving Kentucky after a visit of perhaps half a decade, they moved north again, through Illinois, stopping near the present town of Shawneetown, but finally settling on the banks of the Ohio river, where they united with the Savannah group in 1760.

From this time 'till 1795 the Shawnees were constantly at war with the English. Their intense hatred of the English is shown by their boast that they (the Shawnees) had killed more Englishmen than any other tribe.

Just prior to the American Revolution they



moved, with the consent of the Iroquois, to Pennsylvania and settled there. Having been incited against the Americans by the British, it was during this period that they gave the American armies considerable trouble by practicing on them that type of warfare for which they were so famous. It has been told that the Litany used by the Continental Army contained the invocation "from the fury of the Shawnees, Good Lord, deliver us."

At the end of the war the Shawnees were forced to withdraw into Missouri (which was then Spanish Territory) since they could no longer get aid from the British. At this time a second division took place, when a part of the tribe established friendly relations with the American government, and was allowed to settle on the banks of the Ohio river. This concession on the part of the government, however, later proved somewhat indiscreet. About 1800, one of the Shawnee medicine men, called Tenshawawatawa, "the Prophet," who was the brother of Tecumseh, began to preach a new doctrine, ostensibly a form of communism. Lured to him by that superstition which gave the Prophet power over them, thousands of Indians from all tribes rallied around. Through the ingenuity and eloquence of Tecumseh, a confederation resembling the earlier one of Pontiac (whom Tecumseh probably consciously imitated) was formed, and in a short time the intentions of the cagy Tecumseh departed from all similarity to the original communistic doctrine and became obviously hostile. In 1811, after a series of outrages, the American

government was forced to send William Henry Harrison to the West. Harrison attacked Tecumseh at the center of his confederation, Tippecanoe, and completely shattered the revolt. Tenskawatowa was killed, but Tecumseh and his confederations, though both were somewhat shattered, survived.

The spirit of Tecumseh was not yet broken, for during the next year, when the War of 1812 broke out, that famous leader was immediately sought by the British agents. As a result, Tecumseh soon strode forth in the uniform of a British Major-General. The aid of the Confederation had been pledged to the British King.

The agent who drove this bargain with Tecumseh was probably well pleased with himself, but it was this subtle move which lost the British cause. Some time later the English army was retreating through the north, and was joined by Tecumseh and his braves at the Thames River. Tecumseh could not bear to retreat, and, forcing the English to wheel, gave battle at a disadvantageous point. The result is told in the historic battle at the Thames River, where the English were crushed and Tecumseh killed.

After the death of Tecumseh, the spirit of the Shawnees was broken and the tribe fell apart, leaving no group to sing of the struggles and wanderings of the robber band which once took refuge in Sewance long enough to name it.

Hola.



# seniors

In every University it is the Senior Class to whom the burden of guiding and directing the student body is given. More so here at Sewanee than at larger institutions. To this is added the knowledge of impending graduation. Thus the serious garb of scholastic gowns fittingly symbolizes their increasing maturity of mind and their growing position as leaders of men. Yet another duty lies before the Sewanee Senior Class, that of perpetuating and maintaining that institution to which they owe their gratitude after they have left its campus. The duty of maintaining its high reputation and ideals by taking interest in the future members of their Alma Mater and of encouraging those leaders who give so unselfishly of their time to the development of each student's character and mind. With this in mind the CAP AND GOWN gives: The Graduating Class of 1939.







C A P            A N D            G O W N

# T H E S E N I O R S

PAUL STODDARD AMOS  
TRYRON, NORTH CAROLINA  
Order of Gownsmen

ARCH BISHOP, JR.  
Golf Club Lane  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Omicron Delta Kappa; Blue Key; Honor Council; President of the German Club; Proctor, 1937-39; Secretary Pan-Hellenic Council, 1937-38; Interfraternity Athletics; President of Fraternity.

JOSEPH ADDISON ATKINS  
SHULL MILLS, NORTH CAROLINA  
*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Purple Masque; Alpha Psi Omega; Pi Gamma Mu; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Varsity Track Manager, 1939; Letterman.

ROBERT SAMUEL BROWN, JR.  
Walnut Street  
SPRINGFIELD, TENNESSEE  
*Sigma Chi*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Sopherim; Varsity Tennis Team; Letterman; Blue Key.

WALTER HARRISON BESTE, JR.  
6370 Alamo Avenue  
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI  
*Kappa Sigma*

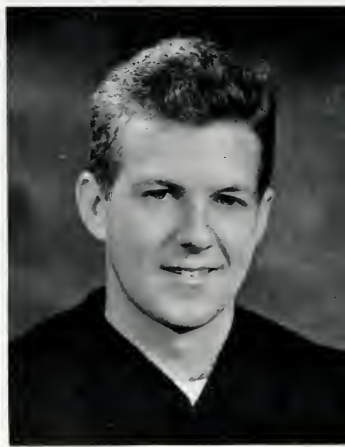
Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Student Vestry.

WILLIAM JAMES COCHRANE, JR.  
WEBB CITY, MISSOURI  
*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football, Basketball, Track Squads; Letterman; President of Fraternity, 1937-38; Proctor; Blue Key; Pan-Hellenic Council; Interfraternity Athletics; Omicron Delta Kappa.







C A P      A N D      G O W N

# T H E S E N I O R S

BERTRAM CLEVELAND COOPER

206 West Liberty Street

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Order of Gownsmen; Choir.

JAMES P. DEWOLFE, JR.

1204 Lovett Boulevard

HOUSTON, TEXAS

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Choir; Glee Club; Pi Gamma Mu; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Purple Masque; Scholarship Society.

ERNEST WRIGHT COTTEN

3508 Cliff Road

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Proctor, 1937-38; Head Proctor, 1938-39; Blue Key; Omicron Delta Kappa; Glee Club; Phi Beta Kappa.

GILBERT GROSVENOR EDSON

Shoreham Hotel

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Alpha Tau Omega*

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Freshman Tennis; Track Squad; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Phi Beta Kappa.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD CRAVENS

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

*Kappa Alpha*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football Squad; Varsity Tennis Team; Letterman; Blue Key; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

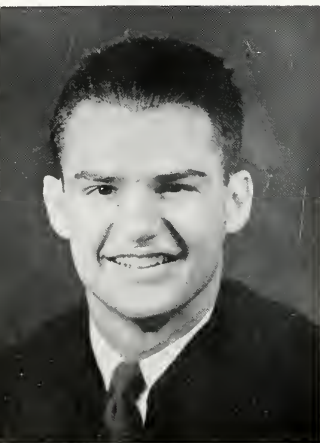
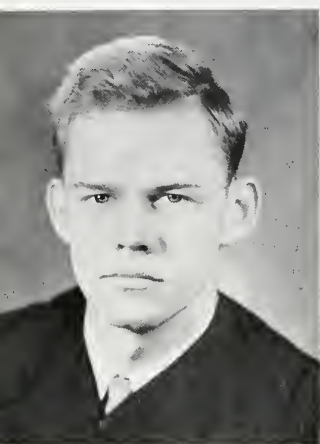
JOSEPH HUGH FRASIER

MILLBROOK, ALABAMA

*Alpha Tau Omega*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football, Track Squads; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.





C A P      A N D      G O W N



# T H E S E N I O R S

GEORGE BAUCUM FULKERSON

Route 1  
NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

*Sigma Chi*

Order of Gownsmen; 1939 Rhodes Scholar; German Club; *Purple* Staff; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Neograph; Honorary Member Sopherim; Pi Gamma Mu; Choir.

ALEXANDER GUERRY, JR.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Neograph; Sopherim; President of Fraternity, 1937-38; Editor *Freshman Purple*, 1936; Football, Basketball Squads; Varsity Tennis Team; Letterman; T. I. A. A. Tennis Champion, 1938; Blue Key; Omicron Delta Kappa; Phi Beta Kappa; Pi Gamma Mu; Proctor, 1937-38; Interfraternity Athletics.

WILLIAM MORRIS GIVEN, JR.

4312 9th Court South  
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Blue Key; Pi Gamma Mu; Scholarship Society; President of Fraternity; Pan-Hellenic Council; Discipline Committee; Interfraternity Athletics.

OLIVER MORGAN HALL

1203 Washington Avenue

GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football Squad; Letterman; Proctor; Blue Key; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

ROBERT ADAM GRAY, JR.

4516 Clairmont Avenue  
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; *Mountain Goat* Staff; CAP AND GOWN Staff.

WALTER VERNON HIGGINS

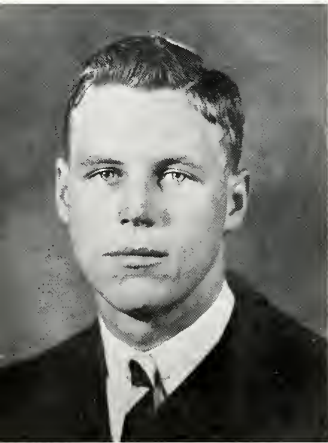
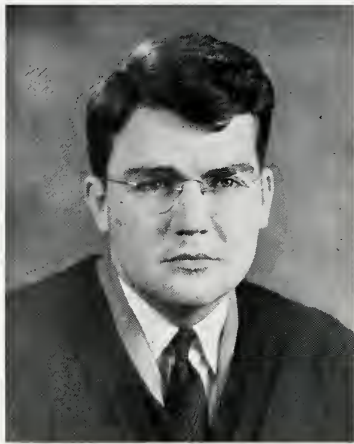
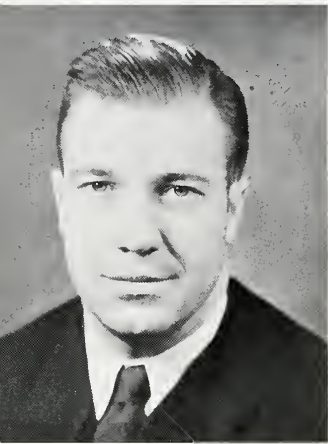
1711 8th Avenue, North

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Varsity Track Squad; Letterman; Interfraternity Athletics.





C A P      A N D      G O W N

# T H E S E N I O R S

WILLIAM HOSKING

ISSAQUAH, WASHINGTON

Order of Gownsmen; Student Vestry; Senior Warden; Purple Masque; Alpha Psi Omega, President; Fire Chief.

WALTER LEWIS MCGOLDRICK

632 North Dunlap

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Scholarship Society; Debate Council; Dramatics, 1935; Interfraternity Athletics.

OTTO KIRCHNER-DEAN

35 Chestnut Street

LIBERTY, NEW YORK

*Kappa Sigma*

Order of Gownsmen; Pi Gamma Mu, President; Scholarship Society; Interfraternity Athletics.

LESLIE McLAURIN, JR.

223 South Coit Street

FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; *Purple Staff*, 1935-36; Choir; President of Fraternity, 1938-39; Discipline Committee; Pan-Hellenic Council; Glee Club; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

EDWIN MALCOLM MCPHERSON, JR.

Rcute 2, West Beach

GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Editor-in-Chief 1939 CAP AND GOWN; Neograph; Sophom, President; Alpha Psi Omega; Purple Masque; Scholarship Society; Varsity Track Manager, 1938; Track Squad; Freshman Football Manager, 1937; Letterman; Freshman Basketball Squad, 1935; *Purple Staff*, 1935-37; *Mountain Goat Staff*; Glee Club; Choir, 1935-37; German Club; Postmaster; Interfraternity Athletics.

WILLIAM STILLWELL MANN

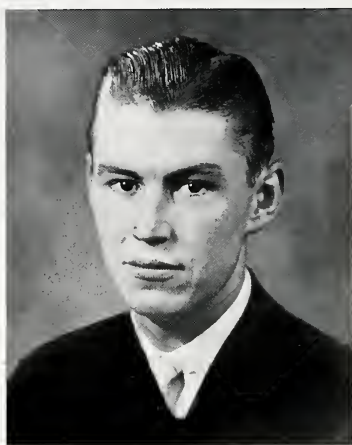
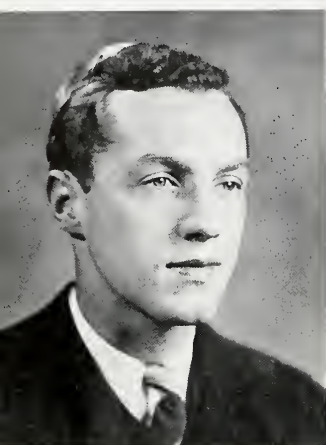
216 East Jones

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen.





C A P      A N D      G O W N

# T H E S E N I O R S

WILLIAM FINLEY MLLIGAN

333 North Water Street

LIBERTY, MISSOURI

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Choir, 1936-37; Glee Club; Pi Gamma Mu; Discipline Committee; Scholarship Society; Interfraternity Athletics.

MITCHELE ALBERT NEVIN PATTON, JR.

Summerville Road

ROME, GEORGIA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; President of Fraternity; Freshman Football Numeral; Football Squad; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

WILLIAM CLARENCE MORRELL

921 Kentucky Avenue

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Basketball Squad; Letterman; *Purple Staff*; German Club; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Interfraternity Athletics.

RICHARD STANLEY QUISENBERRY

5 Thomas Avenue

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

*Kappa Sigma*

Order of Gownsmen; Freshman Basketball Numeral; Track Squad; President of Fraternity, 1938; Pan-Hellenic Council; Activities Committee; Discipline Committee; Blue Key; Interfraternity Athletics.

ALPHA OMEGA NEWBERRY, JR.

101 Pollock Street

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

HENRY SPENCER ROSS

Box 54

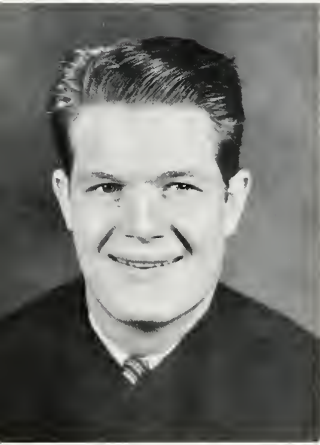
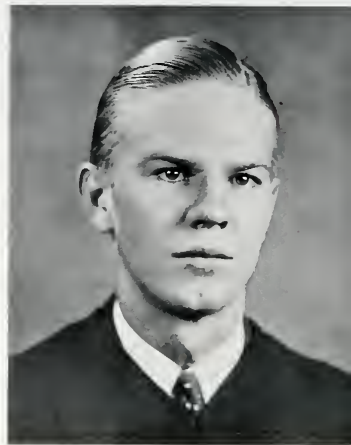
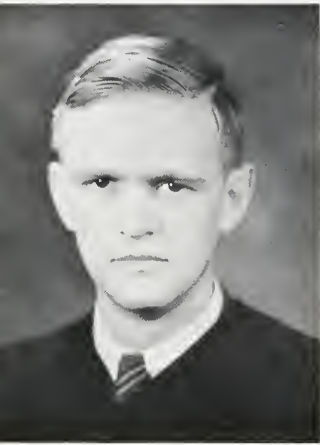
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Pan-Hellenic Council; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.







C A P      A N D      G O W N

# T H E S E N I O R S

EDWARD HARTWELL KIDDER SMITH

1109 South 33rd Street  
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; CAP AND GOWN Staff; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

RUSSELL WOOD TURNER

1010 East 9th Avenue  
WINFIELD, KANSAS

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Phi Beta Kappa; Scholarship Society; Purple Masque, President, 1937-38; Alpha Psi Omega, President, 1937-38; Debate Council, President; CAP AND GOWN Staff; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

JOHN PRIDE TOMLINSON, JR.

607 West 7th Street  
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE

*Kappa Alpha*

Order of Gownsmen; President of Fraternity, 1938; Pan-Hellenic Council; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

GEORGE NOBLE WAGNON

331 10th Street, Northeast  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Sopherim; Cheer Leader, 1937-38; Letterman; *Purple Staff*; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

ROBERT WILLIAMSON TURNER, JR.

Hamilton Road  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen, President; Freshman Basketball Numeral; Purple Masque, President; Alpha Psi Omega; Blue Key; Pan Hellenic Council; Interfraternity Athletics.

JEREMIAH GREEN WALLACE, JR.

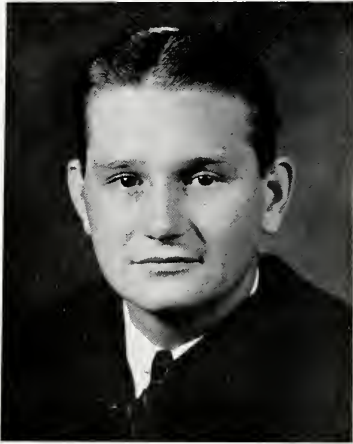
1520 South 4th Street  
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; President of Fraternity, 1938; Blue Key; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.



# T H E S E N I O R S



JOHN RUSHING WELSH, JR.  
Welsh Heights  
MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA

*Kappa Sigma*

Order of Gownsmen, Secretary; Phi Beta Kappa; Scholarship Society; President of Fraternity, 1937-38; Business Manager *Purple*, 1937-38; Pan-Hellenic Council; Pi Gamma Mu; Sopherim; Debate Council; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.



JACK ADRIAN WHITLEY  
3504 Cornell Street  
DALLAS, TEXAS

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Captain Varsity Football Team, 1938; Varsity Football Squad; Letterman; Blue Key; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

(NO PICTURE)

TIMOTHY GLYNE WILLIAMS  
DECHERD, TENNESSEE

Order of Gownsmen; Pi Gamma Mu.







JUNIORS

# The JUN

THOMAS RALPH HATFIELD

3303 Hazelwood

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; President Freshman Class, 1936-37; Neograph; Business Manager *Mountain Goat*, 1937-38; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSON

3232 Berea Road

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Order of Gownsmen; *Purple* Staff; Glee Club; Choir; *Purple Masque*.

RICHARD AINSLIE KIRCHOFFER, JR.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Student Vestry; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

ERSKINE WILLIAMS MCKINLEY, JR.

1212 South 30th Street

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Sopherim; Managing Editor *Purple*, 1938-39; Pi Gamma Mu; Choir; Glee Club; Scholarship Society.

RANSOM VARLEY

502 Stadium Road

CHICKASAW, ALABAMA

Order of Gownsmen.

GILBERT GREER WRIGHT, III

Milton and Eldon Roads

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Sopherim; Pi Gamma Mu; Alpha Psi Omega; *Purple Masque*; Associate Editor 1939 CAP AND GOWN; Freshman Basketball Manager, 1938-39; Discipline Committee; German Club; Scholarship Society; Interfraternity Athletics.



Left to Right: Varley, R.; Wright, G. G.; Johnson, A. S.; Hatfield, T.; Kirchoffer, R.; McKinley, E.

C A P A N D G

# I O R S

WILLIAM CAPELL DUCKWORTH, JR.  
400 Westwood  
JACKSON, TENNESSEE  
*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Sopherim; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Purple Masque; Interfraternity Athletics.

HAYWOOD CLARK EMERSON  
621 Dock Street  
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Order of Gownsmen; Pi Gamma Mu; Tennis Team; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

GEORGE MARSHALL HARRIS, JR.  
13 Bryant Avenue  
BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND  
*Kappa Alpha*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Track Squad; Letterman; Member Student Activities Fee Committee; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

JOHN WILLIAM JOURDAN, JR.  
1508 Delany Street  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA  
*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; *Mountain Goat* Staff; CAP AND GOWN Staff; Student Vestry, 1936-37; Freshman Tennis; Tennis Squad; German Club; Pan-Hellenic Council; Interfraternity Athletics.

ROBERT DALBY KUEHNLE  
310 South Commerce Street  
NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI  
*Kappa Sigma*

Order of Gownsmen; Editor *Freshman Purple*, 1937; Editor *Purple*, 1938-39; Necgraph; Sopherim; Freshman Tennis, 1937; Varsity Tennis Squad; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.



Left to Right: Emerson, H.; Duckworth, W.; Jourdan, J.; Harris, G.; Kuehnle, R.



*Left to Right: Dade, A.; Varley, J.;  
Beasley, S.*

The J U

SHUBAEL TREADWELL BEASLEY, JR.

99 South Main Street

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Discipline Committee;  
Track, Football Squads; German Club; In-  
terfraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

ALBERT LANGHORNE DADE

139 South Main Street

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY

*Delta Tau Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Sopherim;  
Business Manager *Purple*, 1938-39; Scholarship  
Society; German Club; Interfraternity  
Athletics.

JOHN SPAULDING VARLEY

502 Stadium Road

CHICKASAW, ALABAMA

Order of Gownsmen; Purple Masque; Pi  
Gamma Mu; German Club.

S E W A N E E



JAMES WALKER COLEMAN, JR.

2613 Canterbury Road  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Honor Council; Neograph; German Club; Student Vestry, 1937; Basketball Manager, 1938-39; Letterman; Scholarship Society; Blue Key.

WILLIAM MORGAN EDWARDS

599 University Place  
GROSSE POINT, MICHIGAN

Order of Gownsmen; Postmaster; Purple Masque; Choir; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

ROBERT EMMET SEIBELS, JR.

1336 Pickens Street  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Neograph; Frosh Basketball Squad, 1936-37; Glee Club; Honor Council; Interfraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

ROBERT GALLOWAY SNOWDEN

1325 Lamar Avenue  
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football Manager, 1938; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Blue Key.

LAVERNE B. SPAKE, JR.

2000 Oakland Avenue  
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Order of Gownsmen; Freshman Football, Basketball Numerals; Varsity Basketball Squad; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics; Blue Key.

# N I O R S

Left to Right: Edwards, W.; Snowden, R.; Coleman, W.; Seibels, R.; Spake, L.





Left to Right: Castleberry, A.; Whittington, A.; Smith, C.; Smith, C.; Workman, R.

ALBERT ANDREW CASTLEBERRY

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Order of Gownsmen.

CLAUDE SMITH

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Order of Gownsmen.

CLYDE SMITH

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

Order of Gownsmen.

ARTHUR DAVID WHITTINGTON

1706 Fifth Avenue, North

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Freshman Football, Basketball Numerals; Varsity Football, Basketball Squads; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

RICHARD HUNTER WORKMAN

SOUTHSIDE, TENNESSEE

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football Squad; Letterman; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

C A P A N D G

# The JUNIORS

KENNETH ROY GREGG

Shamrock Heights  
BOONVILLE, MISSOURI

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Pi Gamma Mu;  
Scholarship Society.

JOHN LONDON HOLMES, JR.

3561 Fitch Street  
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Varsity Football Squad, 1937; Letterman;  
German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

CHESTER BERNARD KILPATRICK, JR.

Morningside and Gatewood  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

*Phi Delta Theta*

Order of Gownsmen; Pan-Hellenic Council;  
Interfraternity Athletics; German Club.

THEODORE DUBOSE STONEY

573 Huger Street  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

*Alpha Tau Omega*

Order of Gownsmen; Secretary of German  
Club; Proctor; Blue Key; Pan-Hellenic  
Council; Interfraternity Athletics; Scholarship  
Society.

BRECKINRIDGE WILMER WING

324 Interlochen Avenue  
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

*Kappa Alpha*

Order of Gownsmen; Germany Club; Inter-  
fraternity Athletics; Scholarship Society.

Left to Right: Gregg, K.; Wing, W.; Kilpatrick,  
C.; Stoney, T.; Holmes, J.



O W N , I 9 3 9



WILLIAM PRENTISS BARRETT  
706 Scott Avenue  
PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY  
Order of Gownsmen; German Club.

GRAY HARTWELL DOYLE  
332 North Washington  
DUQUAIN, ILLINOIS  
*Kappa Sigma*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football, Basketball, Track Squads; Letterman; German Club,

# The JUN

JAMES WITHERS EMERSON  
1222 31st Avenue  
GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

*Alpha Tau Omega*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Pi Gamma Mu; Interfraternity Athletics.

FRANK NEWTON HOWDEN  
SHEFFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Order of Gownsmen; Purple Masque; Choir; Debate Council; *Purple Staff*; Student Vestry.

Left to Right: Barrett, W.; Emerson, J.; Howden, N.; Doyle, G.





# I O R S

PHILIP WHARTON EVANS

3405 Lowell Street, Northwest

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; Pi Gamma Mu; Purple Masque; Interfraternity Athletics.

GEORGE MONROE COLSTON, JR.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball Squads; Letterman.

THOMAS FRANKLIN MORRELL

Kentucky Avenue

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Basketball Squad; German Club; Interfraternity Athletics.

JOHN MARTIN NESTER

205 South Dearborn Street

MOBILE, ALABAMA

Order of Gownsmen; Freshman Basketball Numeral; Basketball, Track Squads.

Left to Right: Nester, J.; Colston, G.; Morrell, T.; Evans, P.



# THE JUNIORS

WITHOUT PICTURES

JAMES ROBERT LASATER

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE

*Phi Gamma Delta*

Order of Gownsmen; Varsity Football Squad;  
Lettermen; German Club; Interfraternity  
Athletics.

EDWIN HAGAN REEVES

Woodbine Station

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Nu*

Order of Gownsmen; German Club; Head-  
waiter; Interfraternity Athletics.



## SOPHOMORE CLASS

WITHOUT PICTURES

CHARLES MARSHALL CRUMBAKER

152 Buckingham Drive

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

*Delta Tau Delta*

ROY BENTON DAVIS, JR.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

*Alpha Tau Omega*

JOHN HENRY DUNCAN

310 Church Street

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

*Alpha Tau Omega*

CHARLES SHERWOOD ROBINSON, JR.

Vanderbilt Hospital

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

WALLACE CLARK ROBINSON

402 North Market Street

DAYTON, TENNESSEE

*Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

WILLIAM HARDING STEELE

Route 5

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

*Delta Kappa Epsilon*

JOSIAH WILKINS STOUT

927 Madison Street

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

*Phi Gamma Delta*

LOWREY ALBERT WEED, JR.

155 East 34th Street

NEW YORK CITY

*Phi Delta Theta*

BERNARD EVERETT WRIGLEY, JR.

417 Bigelow

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

*Kappa Sigma*



# HE STOOPS TO CONQUER

By BERNARD WRIGLEY

It had been through none of my own planning that my former college chum and roommate, Chubby Stokes, whose given name was really Edward, should enter my office at Union College (For Men) at roughly the same moment I had decided to forego correction of the final examinations from my Romantic Poets Class. Rather, it was Fate beginning her extensive, almost fantastic machinations which were so completely to revolutionize my life. I was preparing to depart for the college union when a knock upon my office door heralded the entrance of my friend—a man for whom I still held the most cordial affection.

"Well," I ejaculated as he entered the room, "this is indeed a pleasure and a refreshing surprise, Edward."

"Surprised?" he questioned, superfluously, "Goin' through town and just had ta drop in and see ya."

"It pleases me much, Edward—ah, Chubby. As Dryden has so aptly said, 'I have not joyed an hour since you parted, for public miseries, and for private fears; but this blest meeting has o'erpaid them all.'"

"Aw, can that Still the same old Perce, eh? C'mon, how about runnin' down to the Irving with me for a drink. I've just got a coupla hours, and I wanta hear how Ole Lady Smithers' brat is comin' along with his new professin' racket."

I was only too happy to accede to his suggestion, although I have never been the one to indulge frequently in intoxicating beverages. It would give us ample time to renew our pleasant association, and yet offer a short reprieve from the over-truculent heat of the May afternoon. He insisted we make use of his automobile, and we were soon speeding down the broad main street of Uniontown toward the Hotel Irving.

We entered the lavish cocktail lounge of the Irving and selected a table near the rear of the room. Although the room was nearly deserted, I insisted on the utmost privacy, for, as Swift says, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone."

Edward signalled the bar-attendant and ordered a whisky and soda; I requested what I have always known as an "Old Fashioned." Chubby lost little time in recalling past experiences; we soon progressed to the present tense, and I was astounded to discover that my chum was engaged in the managing of pugilists. I had always associated the short, well built, muscular Edward with athletics, for he was a four-letter man in college, but I never could have fancied his affiliation with such a soul-degrading form of athletics. I had noticed before that his speech had taken on rough colloquialisms and had descended into what I am pleased to call the vernacular, but I had intentionally failed to question him about it, not wishing to arouse his decidedly inflammable ire. (More than once I had injured his vanity by mere bits of constructive criticism.) His vanity was unduly inappropriate to his rough externalisms. Now I realized that this coarse occupation he now boasted had taken its toll upon his parlance.

It was while Chubby was describing his venture into this realm that three rather coarse looking, blatantly if expensively dressed males strode confidently to the polished bar. Edward looked up upon their entrance and ceased speaking in the middle of a split infinitive to stare open mouthed at the arrivals.



"Well, of all the . . .," he blurted, failing to complete his sentence, as he recovered his vocal powers.

He jumped rudely from his seat and strode over to the bar, slapping most vehemently upon the shoulders a small man, one closely approximating Chubby's own shape, who seemed to be the leader of the group. From Chubby's familiarity with them, and from the appearance of the largest, whose face seemed to have been frightfully marred and none too easily handled, I immediately concluded that they were of Edward's acquaintances in the realm of pugilism. Edward spoke very gleefully to the men, pumping their hands with a much greater enthusiasm than that with which he had greeted me. After a bit he turned and signaled to call me over. I answered with an injured look and remained seated. He motioned to his new companions to follow and returned to our table. I arose, feeling that even with such men as these introductions were conducted in the proper manner.

"Perce, I want ya ta meet a coupla buddies of mine. This mug here is Tiger Peters, the light-heavy champ. Tiger, meet the prof, I used ta know him in college—Percy Smithers."

"Undoubtedly a pleasure," I acceded.

"And this is Moxie Jones, his manager," presented Chubby, pointing to the short one whom he had first greeted. "And this is Johnny Gatz, his trainer," he said, pointing to an insignificant, measy individual who seemed to be attached to the pair as though he might have fulfilled the capacity of an automobile luggage trailer.

"Still a pleasure," I frowned.

"Pleased ta meetcha," they chorused.

"Order up, boys," invited Chubby, arranging chairs for the three.

They followed his invitation—that is, two of them. The one introduced as Tiger declined. I fancy it was a matter of his training program to abstain from alcohol. The cocktails arrived and my friend began to





tell the sportsters of our fellowship in college. The three appeared quite disinterested, and I was certain that they were paying no attention to Edward until the pugilist himself spoke derisively.

"Kinda outa yer field, ain't it? And turning to his mates he commented, "Fawney Chubby Stokes buddyin' to a book queer."

I accepted this remark as typical of the base, abysmal ignorance and lack of taste on the part of the fighter and ignored it as beneath contesting. However, Chubby, as I might well have feared, felt his character had been questioned, and immediately replied staunchly, "Can that kinda chatter, Tiger, the prof's O.K., see, and I don't like talk like that."

"Haw," laughed the pugilist coarsely, "ain't dat sweet—did ya take him apples every morning? Haw."

Chubby, always too much on the impetuous side, seemed to lose all control of himself. I had taken the entire ludification as insufficient even to merit answer, but Chubby seemed to have felt that our reputations were at stake. (Although I have since felt that it was his vanity that had been impinged, and that he had little desire to defend me.) He proceeded to throw his unfinished highball in the leering face of the boxer. The pugilist seemed to sense the excessive insult of this most unusual action, and, with a reply which I had always accepted as typical of his mental status, pulled my friend's chair from beneath him, causing my friend to sprawl rather unbecomingly upon the floor.

Chubby, not satisfied to allow his honor to be thus stranded upon the floor, leaped to his feet and proceeded to give the boxer a resounding slap upon the face with the palm of his open hand. It was a heroic but suicidal gesture; the pugilist stared open mouthed, amazed by the utter, unadulterated effrontery of the action, and then quickly replied with a terrific swing of his right hand which hit my friend full upon the mouth. Edward fell to the floor as if hit by some over-malicious hurricane.

Disgusted as I was by such an unseemly brawl, I had heretofore neglected to interfere, feeling it beneath

my position; yet, I felt it was about time for me to assert myself, since I had been the pivot of the argument.

"See here, my good man, just what do you mean by this vulgar and plebian performance?" I scathingly inquired.

"So wot?" asked the pugilist, thrusting his jaw forward prominently and invitingly, as if in sheer challenge to my remark.

"So . . ." I answered, and, unable to constrain myself any longer, I swung with all the force of my right arm at the unprotected, challenging jaw before me.

"Right on the button," I remarked casually as the pugilist slumped to the floor with a most bewildered countenance.

Chubby, on his knees and rubbing his bleeding mouth, stared in amazement at the floored boxer. It was difficult to educe the which of us was the most amazed: Chubby, the boxer's manager, his trainer, or myself. The boxer was beyond the point of amazement.

By this time hotel attendants and patrons were gathered about us. From the corner of my eye, I was able to see striding toward us one whom I took, from the scarlet fury of his face, for the manager of the hotel. Above the concerted rumble of voices and questioning gasps I heard a high-pitched peal of rippling laughter. Looking about me with more nonchalance than was actually mine, I suddenly marked two pert lips from which the tinkling laughter was pouring. The lips excited me, or at least increased my emotional upheaval, for they were distinctly the most unusual lips I had ever seen. They were not red, nor yet pink, rather of a soft, subtle rose tinge. Their shape was surprisingly appealing to me: not oval, nor round, more of a slimly full outline. I would probably have remained for some time hypnotized by their startling allure, by this haunting grace, had I not been interrupted by the pleasing gesticulations of my friend, who was apparently attempting to pull me from the room.

Chubby sidled up to me and muttered, "Let's beat it, Perce," a program with which I was in hearty agreement.

We carefully and quickly worked our way out of the crowd, attempting to cause no notice of our departure, which I believe we successfully accomplished, and left the lounge, leaving the boxer and his friends to account for the trouble. I was about to round the corner, leaving the scene of the disturbance, when Edward held me back.

"Wait a minute," he whispered, "let's take this in."

The hotel manager had arrived at the scene of the crime, and was raising his voice loudly and angrily as if to take charge of the matter by the mere authority of his intonation. The fighter was still prostrate upon the floor, and his cohorts were attempting to revive him. The irate manager immediately selected the now waking pugilist, who was rubbing his chin bewilderedly, for the object of his wrath.

"Whatsa meaning of this sir?" spluttered the manager.

At the same time, the girl of the lips, whom I had again remarked, was in rapt conversation with the boxer's manager, who, for some reason or other, was pointing in our direction.

"Whew—Lolly Scott," muttered Edward almost unintelligibly. "Let's get outa here pronto, Perce."

I was willing, naturally, but I was rather muddled as to the reason for his sudden desire. He continued his incomprehensible muttering as we left the hotel.



"Jeez . . . Lolly Scott . . . all over the front page . . ."

"What, Edward, are you talking about?" I inquired, unable to understand his mutterings.

"Never mind, c'mon," he instructed.

Until that time I had maintained my pseudo-serenity, but I felt certain that at any moment I would fail completely and be left in a state of utter collapse. Once seated in the automobile, and moving rapidly on our way toward the campus, Chubby gave vent to his feelings.

"Jeez, Perce, you sure powered that guy plenty—as neat a job of embalmin' as I've seen since Dempsey flattened Firpo"

He continued, "Boy, I'm tellin' ya, if this story breaks, and I got reason to think it's gonna, ya won't be able to keep outa the ring. You've got everything, kiddo. Jeez, could I use you. Too bad yer tied up with this teachin' racket. Ya could make a million. Cripes—whatta walop."

I remained speechless.

Chubby left me at my office, explaining that he had to return immediately to New York.

"I'm sure sorry, chum, but I've gotta break for the city. I gotta fight on tonight. Jeez, Perce, why doncha come along? I could fix ya up. Gawd, whatta walop. I gotta contract for ya anytime ya want it."

"Really, Edward," I tolerantly replied, "I appreciate your interest, but I'm really not the type for that work (if one can call it work)."

"Yeah, 'spose yer right. Well, if ya change your mind, lemme know—I might be able to use ya."

"I am sorry that you must leave so peremptorily, Chubby, I have enjoyed seeing you again, and hope that we will meet soon in the future. Au revoir, friend."

"Yeah, glad ta have seen you, too. Well, so long, kid," said Chubby, "I'll see ya later—gotta get on."

I returned to my work, but was unable to make any progress. I abandoned any attempt to continue and left for my lodgings. Needless to say, I spent a sleepless night. I was unable to forget the afternoon's affair, no matter how intently I tried. I have always found that the more intense is one's desire to efface the memory of something objectionable, the more vivid the recollection becomes. I intend to write a thesis on this particular phase of nemonics some day.

Lack of sleep caused me much concern, but not so much as the appearance of a grossly exaggerated, highly colored, and inaptly emphasized account of the incident in the newspapers the following morning. How the story got out remained a mystery to me. I was more exasperated with the unknown author of the article than I was with the fighter and his cohorts, who had apparently disclosed it. I had been positive that the hotel would have suppressed it as a matter of policy.

The appearance of reporters at my door that same morning did nothing towards helping me forget the incident which was becoming more and more unbearable. They bothered me with absurd questions which I did my best to discourage, but to which I was forced to reply.

It seemed I was never to hear the end of the matter. Thus, faced with a continuous remembrance of it, I forgot to attempt to forget it, and was soon able to sleep my full ten. It was well that this was possible, for I was confronted with the necessity of cleaning up the year's work. It was nearing time for the students' departure, and I still had not compiled my list of gradings. However, I managed to finish my tasks soon. My apparent lack of interest in the incident had discouraged the reporters and the many who

perpetually questioned me where and whenever I happened to meet them. The matter seemed almost to be history.

Still I was not able to forget its occurrence completely. My professional associates were inclined, I discovered, to shun me, or at least warrant me practically non-existent in their presence. Hitherto I had always enjoyed a close, pleasurable association with my professional mates. Previously, this difference in their attitude remained unnoticed because I was so completely engaged in my personal worries that I failed to notice the world about me.

Nevertheless, I was usually welcomed by those students with whom I had occasion to mingle. I seemed to have gained myself a worthy reputation in their eyes. But the position of public hero did not appeal to me—at least not under the circumstances, considering the way in which they were occasioned.

Inasmuch as my work for the school year was completed and my educational ledger occluded, I determined to lose no time in arranging my vacation trip. It was my intention to journey that summer to England where I hoped to spend an instructive, thus all the more pleasurable, vacation. I had previously collected my belongings and held my bags ready for my departure, whenever that might be convenient. I notified some of my more intimate colleagues of my intentions of departing immediately, and proceeded to make ready for the trip.

I made final arrangements with my kind landlady, who seemed hesitant to allow me to leave, claiming, she said, that she wished me to "teach young Robert to defend himself in the manly art." But I disclaimed any ability in that field of instruction, and was ready to wish her a pleasant farewell when she gave me one of her usually ill-timed winks. While I was engaged in telephoning for a taxi, that I might hasten to the railroad station, I heard a knock upon the door. I called to the person to wait, while I finished my call.

I opened the door to admit my caller, and was amazed to find myself honored by a visit from the



president of Union College. I had never before been so honored by his presence and was taken quite aback.

"Ah, Mr. Smithers, are you leaving us so soon?"

"Yes, Dr. Johnson," I explained, "I have finished my work, and wish to begin my European trip as soon as possible. It will allow me to return earlier in the fall, you see."

"Ah, yes, your return in the fall. Smithers, rather unpleasant duty, but I'm afraid there won't be any return for you in the fall. You see, the faculty has determined that your unfortunate incident casts too much ill-repute on their reputations as a whole, and they have requested me to, ah, inform you of their desire for your resignation. I am sure you understand."

"Yes, quite, of course, Dr. Johnson, I understand perfectly. Yes, well, as Shakespeare said, 'Wise men never sit and wail their loss, but cheerily seek to redress their harms.'"

"Quite the right spirit, Smithers, glad you took it that way. Yes, pleased to see it," thanked the president.

I had answered calmly, true enough, but inwardly I was anything but poised. To put it in the jargon of my intimate friend, Edward Stokes, I was "powdered pretty." The destructive torrent of his words had completely inundated my mental fortress.

"I, of course, may expect the usual recommendation," I stated doubtfully.

"Well, no, I am afraid that is rather out of line, too. Sorry, Smithers, but if there is anything I can do personally," he apologized.

"... But, Dr. Johnson, how am I to get another position?"

"Ah, perhaps you could return to your boxing. . . . Oh, but I'm sorry that I said that, Smithers, really wasn't decent . . . just the Dickens in me. Rather well put though, wasn't it?" he stumbled.

"I'm just afraid, sir, that I am not in the mood to enjoy your bantering. But your suggestion . . . perhaps it isn't so far amiss, after all . . . yes, I think perhaps it might be the proper occupation for me. Thank you, Dr. Johnson, thank you."

Dr. Johnson stood before me, speechless, seemingly rooted to the ground. His astonished countenance betrayed an amazement which I could easily understand. It would be difficult to determine the which of the

two of us was the more astounded. I had been prompted by some unquenchable sprite which was again to be the cause of my downfall. Once before I had acted under the influence of this Machiavellian urge; it had been the cause for all of the subsequent disturbance and, coincidentally, my downfall. It spoke once more, and I was ruled by it. Even princes fall before it. But, being essentially a Smithers, I was going to stand by myself, even should it cost me my all. That is the stuff of which we Smithers are made.

"Yes, Dr. Johnson," I repeated with a fine new strength, "I shall consider your suggestion. It is certainly a very fine suggestion. May I thank you for showing me the way?"

"But, really, Smithers . . . I meant nothing . . . Are you in earnest, man?"

"More in earnest than I have ever been, sir," I confirmed.

"Well, Smithers, I don't know. . . . Maybe you're right, maybe it's I that am crazy. . . . Good day, Smithers, good day . . ."

I showed Dr. Johnson to the door, and returned to cogitate upon my unusual action. I had no sooner closed the door, however, than I was startled by a sudden knocking.

"Maybe Dr. Johnson has reconsidered," I said to myself, hopefully, as I hurried to the door and opened it.

"Ya said ya wanted a taxi?" greeted a coarse, tall unformed male.

I had completely forgotten my former intentions of leaving, as I had my ordering of the taxi. "I'm very sorry, sir, but I don't believe that I will be needing the car just now. I offer my humblest . . ." I informed him as I fished in my pocket to find a suitable remuneration for his trouble.

"Oh, that's all right, General, don't mention it," he gushed as he fingered the fifty-cent piece I had given him.

I closed the door and returned to myself. I spent the better part of two hours considering what course of action I might best pursue, and finally, feeling that perhaps after all, it was my calling to be a pugilist, at least a pugilistic reformer, I determined to suppress my blurted error by future substantiation of my decision. It seemed best that I inform my friend Stokes



of my intentions, so I immediately dispatched a telegram to his New York office.

DEAR EDWARD, I WROTE, DETERMINED TO BE A PUGILIST.  
WHEN SUITABLE I SEE YOU. PERCIVAL.

I passed the next few hours reading what material I had upon the manly art of self-defense. The noble ideal of making this manly art into a sport of gentlemen appealed to the fraternal aspect of my character.

I was greatly surprised when, only two hours after my wire, I received a return wire from my friend—and new manager:

PERCE: GET UP HERE QUICK STOP RIGHT AWAY STOP  
IN A HURRY STOP NEED YOU BAD STOP LOVE AND KISSES  
STOP CHUBBY.

I accordingly telegraphed Edward again, that he might expect me on the morrow.

The following morning I arrived in New York tired and dusty from the long hard journey. I lost no time in searching for my friend's office. I found it, after quite a bit of unnecessary walking (I had hoped to save a little money) by giving the address to a taxi driver. Luckily, I found a driver who needed no directions, for I most certainly would have been unable to give them.

Chubby, upon my arrival, arose from his chair and rushed over to greet me, pumping my hand with such fervor that I began to doubt it was really Edward Stokes.

Chubby lost no time in arranging for a bout with my former acquaintance, "Tiger" Peters, after I had informed him of my decision. In fact, he seemed to have already made plans for such a bout. He conducted me to a small hotel, where he insisted that I remain until the evening, when he would return for me and go with me to the place chosen for the bout . . . the Garden, I believe he called it.

"Jeez, Perce, boy, you saved my life," he enthusiastically said as he prepared to leave.

He made some casual questions about "my shape," but I assured him that I was at the acme of physical condition, for I had scrupulously observed my breathing exercises in the mornings, and had often taken long walks in the country. He looked at me rather strangely, but appeared satisfied.

"Yeah," he commented, "well, ya did it once, who knows . . ."

He left and I was forced to spend the rest of the day in my small, dreary-grey room, even having my meals brought to me. Chubby returned early in the evening with several men accompanying him. His face was wreathed, metaphorically speaking, with smiles.

"Y'all ready, Perce?" he questioned jovially.

"Well, it is all rather soon, sooner than I expected, but I suppose I am. What am I supposed to do, exactly?"

"Pardon me, I gotta make a call," he answered, rather inappropriately.

I could never understand just why it was he wished me to enter the ring so suddenly, but I passed it by in my ignorance. I had always understood that one waited some length of time before entering into actual professional combat. But I had full confidence in Chubby.

He was speaking over the phone, and although I attempted not to listen, it was impossible for me to



miss all of what he was saying, even though I certainly made no pretense to myself of understanding it.

"Jeez, Lolly, it was like hittin' a longshot on the nose. I was stuck sure when Jodie ran out, and this bozo walks right into the scrap. Yah, sure, you remember him, he's the guy which K.O.'d the Tiger in Uniontown. . . . Yeah, and say, play it up all ya can, although it's kinda late. . . . Yeah, thanks, give me a good spread. O.K., Lolly, thanks, yeah, goodbye, baby." And he hung up.

I was soon told that "we had better ramble," and was escorted by Chubby and those several men, whom he called "handlers," to a taxi, which we took to the amphitheatre. It was a novel experience for me, and I felt it was best that I follow instructions with little comment. I was taken to a small room within which were a large table and several chairs.

When told to don apparel that looked remarkably like silk underpants I was rather hesitant.

"Isn't this going a little too far?" I exclaimed as we sat in my dressing room. "I can't imagine myself appearing before hundreds of people in such immodest clothing."

I had never imagined that a boxer could be forced to appear almost naked before a large audience. It is no wonder that few gentlemen ever take up the sport. One of my first moves as a reformer would be to remedy such a situation. It is too reminiscent of the hateful Noble Savage idea.

A short while after, having gotten into my uniform, I sallied forth, as the saying goes, to do or die. I was astounded at the mass of people to be seen in the amphitheatre. In my journey to the ring, which passed along an aisle completely paralleled by masses of shouting, pulsating humanity, I was rather nervous, but I had before experienced and conquered that inevitable preliminary of stage fright. The great crowd seemed to be gathered as if for some glorious opera rather than to see men mercilessly pound each other, such was the immense number of people.

When I walked down the aisle toward the ring,



which seemed to be the only lighted spot in the entire amphitheatre, I heard the crowd break into laughter. I looked about me to see if I could determine the object of their amusement, but I could see nothing that might cause it unless, perhaps, it was the sight of that coarse person with whom I was to fight who was already sitting in one corner of the arena.

I had previously received instruction to wave my hands in the air, clasped together, upon climbing into the ring, but I neglected to fulfill this custom, since I saw no one with whom I was acquainted.

So completely spell bound was I at being the center of attraction for this large mass that I was rather unconscious of the remarks being addressed to me, I supposed, as instructions. I only remember Chubby's mentioning the fact that the fight started at the bell—whatever he might have meant by that.

Several formalities were gone through with, but I was a rather disinterested spectator until Chubby pushed me to my feet when my name was mentioned by the gentleman in the center of the ring. I arose rather muddled as to what I was supposed to do. As I gained my feet that peculiar laughing which I had noted before again began. But this time it was interspersed with lusty cheering. I was satisfied to assume it one of the overtures to the evening's contest. I was no sooner stolidly upon my feet, though, than I was again pulled to my seat by the grasping hands of one of my trainers. All of this I stoically accepted, as was my wont.

I was watching the man in the center of the ring as he continued his announcements after favoring me with a frown. I noticed that the fighter in the opposite corner of the ring was glaring at me rather viciously. I put that down as being typical of the beast in him, and was rather surprised when the man in the center motioned to me, for although I saw the other fighter moving toward the center of the ring, I had as yet heard no bell.

"Are you pointing at me, sir?" I asked.

"Sure, whatcha think this is?" he abruptly answered.

"Go on, go on, ya dommoxx," Chubby shouted.

I supposed that the fight was then to begin. I had rather expected that this master of ceremonies would leave the ring, but perhaps he was to be present to ascertain that there was no foul play.

Accordingly, I advanced warily towards the fighter, who was standing beside the master of ceremonies, with, I might add, his chin cocked, invitingly prominent. As I neared the Tiger, I drew back with my right hand, and let it fly with all my strength. I

landed squarely, I am proud to say, and the Tiger went down immediately, being felled by a superior force than his. But all did not seem to be right, for as I looked at the corner where Chubby was still standing, I saw him shrieking, jumping wildly about, tearing at his hair.

At the same moment I distinctly heard a ripple of laughter from the ringside seats, which took me back, fond memory, to the Irving cocktail room, and the lips. I stood looking about me, hoping to find those particular lips—a futile hope in such a mass of laughing lips. I can, sad tale, trace my downfall to my hearing of that rippling peal of laughter, however. Preoccupied as I was with my search, I neglected to notice the irate manager of the floored boxer, the man whom I had been introduced to as Mr. Moxie Jones, who was striding towards me, I was later told, with such demoniacal fury as to put a Colossus to fright.

"Notchet, notchet, you fool," yelled Chubby, bringing me out of my reveries.

I turned to speak to Chubby, to question him as to the decided irregularity of these proceedings, when I saw Mr. Jones coming towards me. I was quite bewildered with it all. But I was more bewildered when the manager swung his clenched fist at my chin, as if to hit me. I recovered my poise quickly enough to duck, but, for some reason or other, moved my chin right into the path of another hand.

I remember only being lifted over the ropes of the ring by the perfect timing of his blow and landing outside of the ring. After that, all was more or less dark. As Longfellow said, "the day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of night."

\* \* \*

I have recovered sufficiently since that epochal night to present my story. My first sight, upon awakening, had been those inevitable lips. I am married now to the girl of the lips and laughter. She was a reporter and, in fact, that reporter who had caused the story which had led to all of this to be published. But she did have such alluring lips. And she had visited me several times at the hospital, unchaperoned, and I felt I must marry her for fear of compromising her. But she has been a great joy to me. It was she who finally showed me my true position in this world. Through her generous efforts I was able to secure a position on her newspaper as a proofreader. Truly, I am quite proud to say it, I am at last one of the greatest of the world's reformers. I have dedicated my life towards making the world safe from split infinitives.







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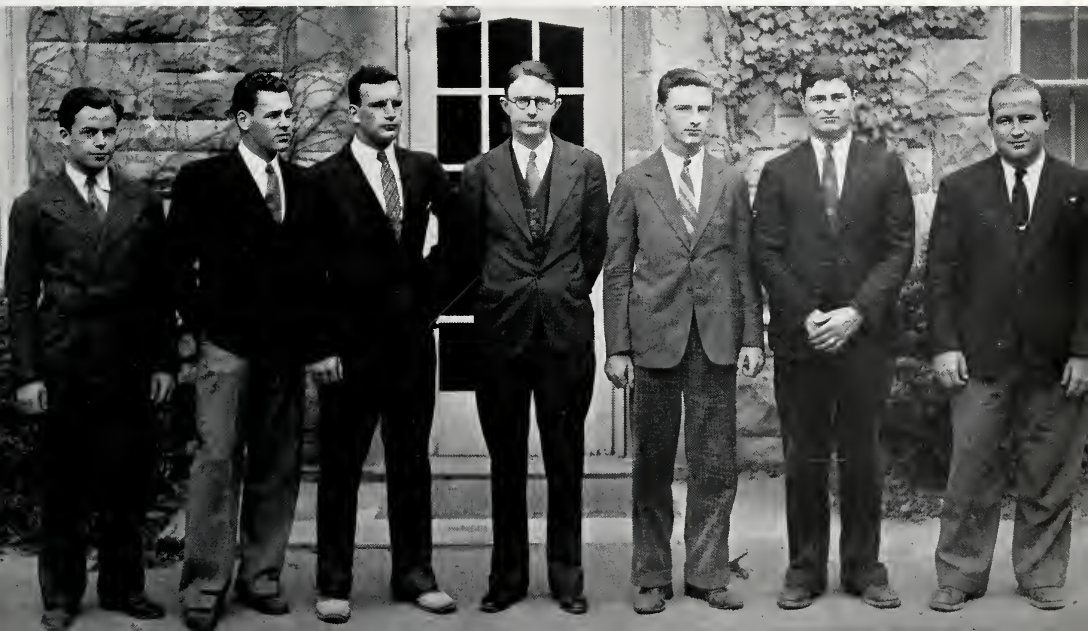
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O W N , I 9 3 9

# THE TRAVELS OF TABANE

By BAUCUM FULKERSON

The old accounts tell how Tabane crossed into a country that was and was not his own, how he arrived at the Castle of Wriol, and how at length he was there overcome by drowsiness as he commenced to descend the stairway of a perilous tower. All this is duly recorded in the chronicles one would expect, and is there for whoever is interested to see. But about the dream of Tabane, history is somewhat less specific; since the only sources that we know consist of a few folk-tales, probably apocryphal, and a most questionable and imperfect manuscript (and a palimpsest at that) ascribed to the elder Nostradamus.

On the face of it, the task of arranging one consistent account from this meager supply of unreliable and often contradictory data seems insuperable. But to anyone familiar with the procedure of higher exegesis, difficulties such as this are engulfed with the same degree of ease and with the same degree of wonderment in the beholder as when an ostrich engulfs a tin can. And so, having adopted the rules devised by our betters, we thumb our noses at those heretics who persist in crying *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and offer the following reconstructed version of the Travels of Tabane—

The story goes, that early in the first year of his journey Messire Tabane and his companion Jaufre of Blaia found themselves lost together in a vast forest, and that they traveled thus for several leagues, Tabane hacking aside the underbrush, Jaufre close behind him watching with drawn sword for any beasts of prey. And after several leagues thus, Tabane was exhausted, so that Jaufre took his place and he his. But when he in his turn grew weary, and they sat down upon a moss-covered log to rest and to decide what next they could do, a merveille came to pass in this manner; a storm suddenly arose in the wood, the sky was cleft by a bolt of lightning, and after the flash there appeared in the heavens a white cross—even as there is said to have appeared once before, though this was much afterwards—whereupon the two travelers arose and stretched forth their arms toward the merveille above them. And a hand from the heavens reached down and snatched up by his

wrists first Prince Jaufre and then the Chevalier Tabane, his friend.

The tale tells that for some moments Tabane felt himself being hoisted rapidly away from the earth, so that soon he was above the tree-tops and presently he could distinguish below him the many crooked paths which wound through the wood. But as he was beginning to congratulate himself on the return of his perspective and trying to call to mind some appropriate platitude which would explain his having been lost in the first place, without a tittle of warning his wrist was released, and he fell back downwards through space.

And here the accounts run off a progression of discord, except that they agree this came to pass on St. Michael's Day of a year now hull down on the horizon of time. There seems to have been lost some record of a certain hallucination, after which the Chevalier awoke to find that he had ceased falling; but he was being carried along in a fearful cyclone, now here, now there, like a dead leaf wheeling before the wind. And by his side was his blood-brother Prince Jaufre, whom he had left in the wood, and the high winds howled and whistled in the crevices of the black cliffs about them, and they passed a horrid shape with filed teeth which stretched its claws after them, but the wind changed and they rushed on. Here they also heard the sounds of groaning, and met many gentle ladies and brave knights with whom they held converse, as well as could be done under the acoustical difficulties of the place. Though some they met here, of whom they had heard before, such as Prince Tristram of Lyonesse. And of these the names were familiar, but the manners were full strange to Jaufre and Tabane at first, but these two had the suppleness of mind to adapt themselves quickly, and soon felt quite at home. And here they dwelt one year.



*Tabane*—apparently a false etymological derivation from the Latin *tabanus*. See Plato's *Apology*.

*Castle of Wriol*—see the *Lai d' Ignarés*.

*Jaufre of Blaia*—taken from a scrap of Provencal prose included, I think, in the *Bibliothèque Elzvirienne*.

*Lost in a forest*—cf. *Faerie Queen*, Bk. I; also Dante's *Inferno*, Canto I.

*moss-covered log*—a reference to the jungle by Mark Hopkins. *a white cross*—like the one seen by Constantine, the patron saint of a certain college fraternity.

*crooked paths*—from *Isaiah*. The chapter and verse will be furnished on request.

*now here, now there*, etc.—a complex-compound plagiarism from Verlaine's *Chanson d'Automne* and from *The Harlot's House*.

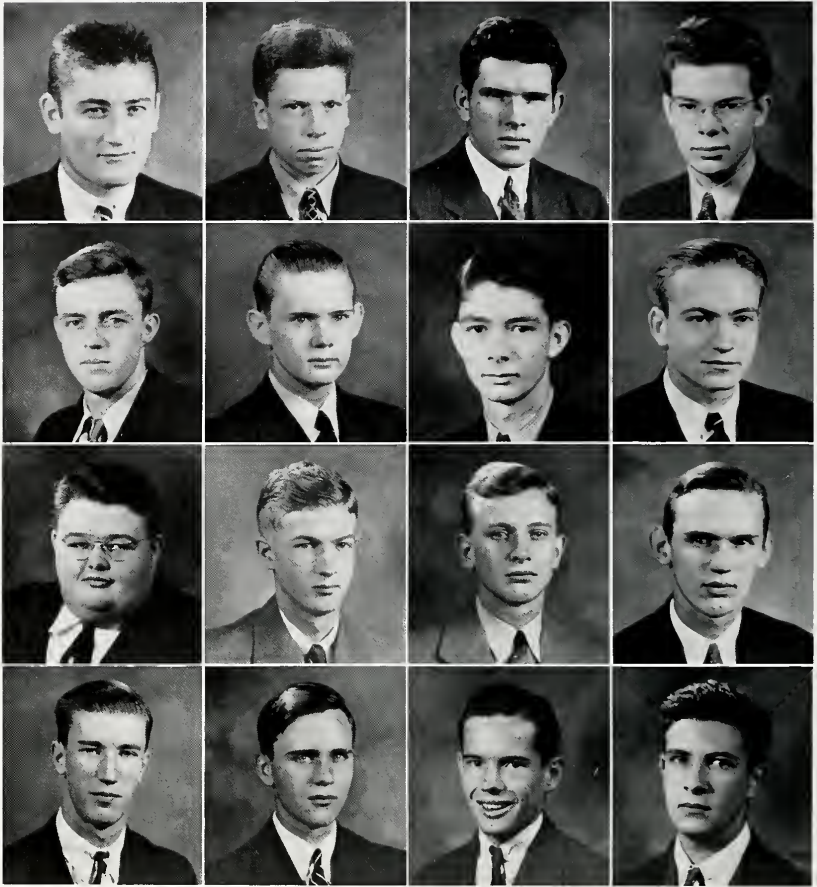
*horrid shape*, etc.—cf. *L'Allegro*; also *Inferno*, Canto V. *iot* explanation of this whole passage.

\*Editor's Note: This allegory represents Fulkerson's first year in college. The reader may draw his own conclusions.





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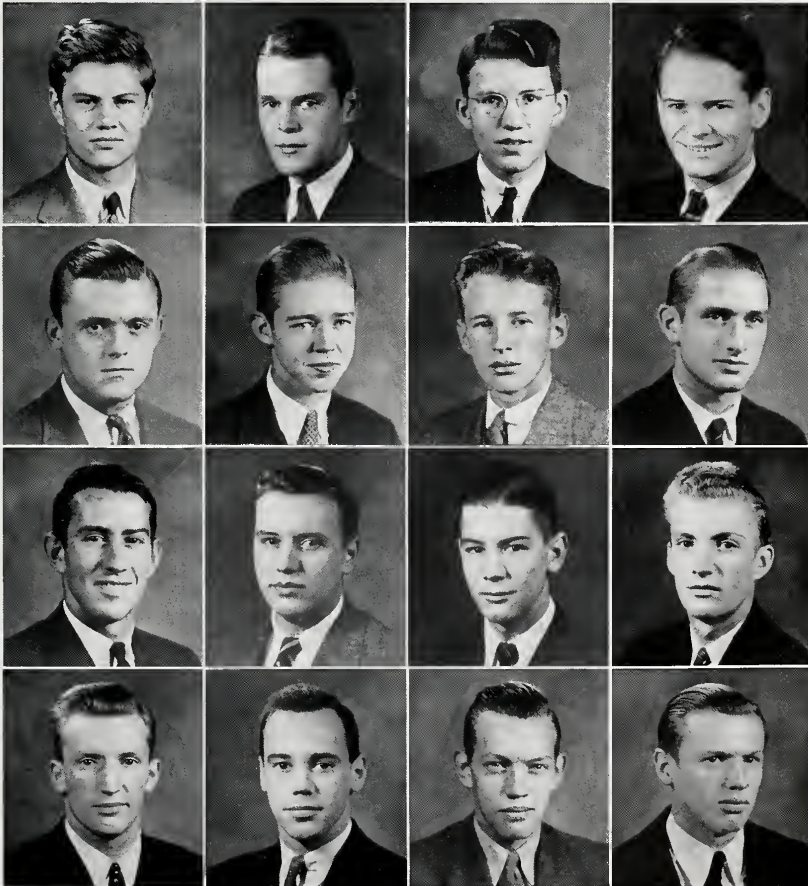
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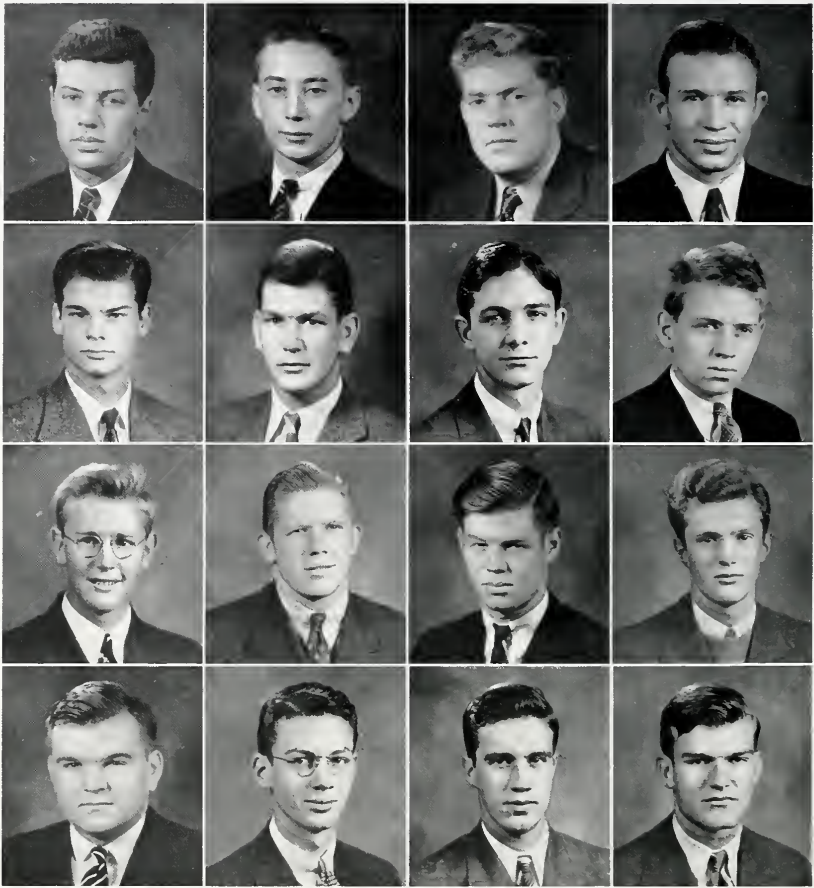
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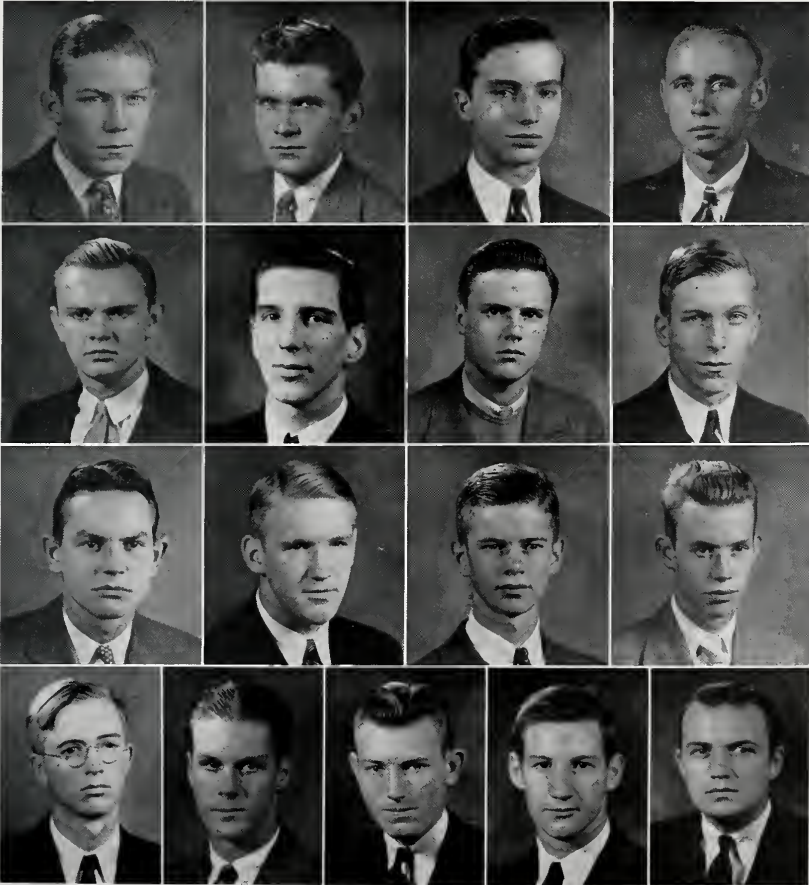
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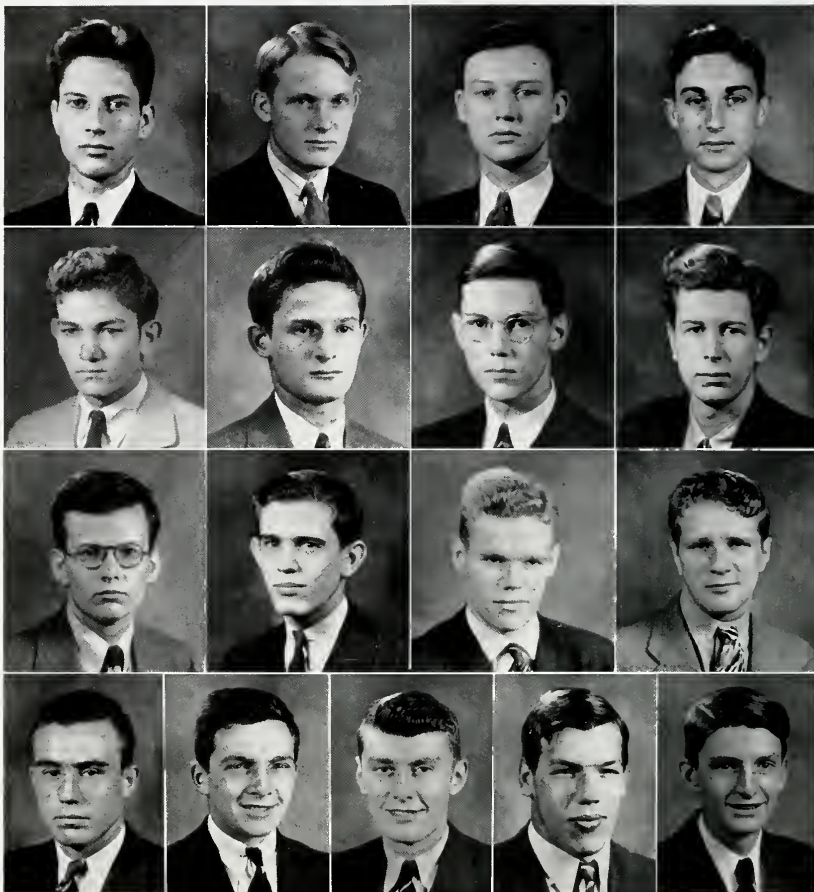
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THEOLOGES



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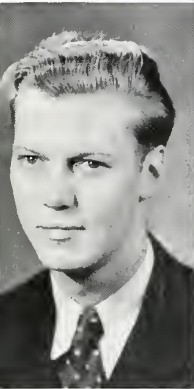
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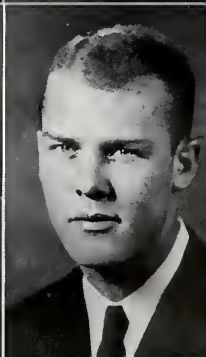
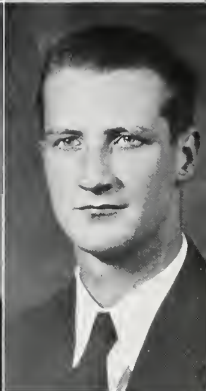
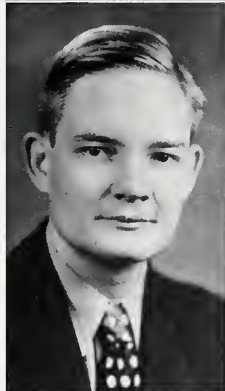
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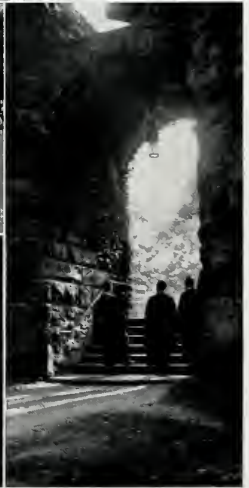
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ORGANIZATIONS



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*Founded:* Virginia Military  
Institute, 1865

*Installed 1872*

*Colors:* Old Gold and Sky Blue

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# SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

## TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

*Installed 1881*

*Founded: University of Alabama,  
1856*

*Colors: Royal Purple and Old Gold*

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# K A P P A S I G M A

## TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

*Installed 1882*

*Founded: University of Virginia  
1869*

*Colors: Scarlet, Green, and White*

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## TENNESSEE BETA CHAPTER

*Founded:* Miami University, 1848

*Installed* 1883

*Colors:* Argent and Azure

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# DELTA TAU DELTA

## BETA THETA CHAPTER

*Installed 1883*

*Founded: Bethany College, 1858*

*Colors: Purple, Gold, and White*

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# K A P P A A L P H A

## ALPHA ALPHA CHAPTER

*Installed 1883*

*Founded: Washington and Lee  
University, 1865*

*Colors: Crimson and Gold*

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PRIOR TOMLINSON

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## GAMMA SIGMA CHAPTER

*Installed 1919*

*Founded: Washington and Jefferson  
College, 1848*

*Color: Royal Purple*

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# S I G M A N U

## BETA OMICRON CHAPTER

*Installed 1889*

*Founded: Virginia Military  
Institute, 1868*

*Colors: Black, White  
and Gold.*

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ED PETWAY

CUSHING READ  
ED REEVES  
ZAN ROBB  
HENRY ROSS  
HARTWELL SMITH  
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For many years the Pan-Hellenic Council has acted as the arbitrator between the several fraternities on the Mountain during Rush Week and other times when cooperative action is needed. Two representatives are selected yearly

by each fraternity to represent them in this group. Every year the presidency of this body rotates to another fraternity, until in the course of several years, each fraternity has held this position once, then the cycle repeats itself.

O R G A N I Z A T I O N S

## PHI BETA KAPPA



Members in this society have obtained the highest honor which excellent scholarship, here at Sewanee, can afford. In order to be eligible for membership in this group, the candidate must be a student in the College

of Arts and Sciences and must have an average of ninety-two for five consecutive semesters, or an average of ninety for six consecutive semesters. Membership is elective. Alumni members may be elected from the prominent alumni of the institution. Provision is also made for the election of honorary members, generally elected from the faculty, who have given out-

standing assistance to the scholastic recognition of the college.

Since Phi Beta Kappa was first organized, in 1776, at William and Mary College it has grown to include one-hundred and fourteen active chapters throughout the United States. These chapters have been installed at only the best institutions, Tennessee Beta Chapter being established at the University of the South in 1926.

Its membership includes: Mr. Gass, President; Dr. Baker, Secretary-Treasurer; Dr. Guerry, Dr. Bruton, Dr. Knickerbocker, Dr. Petry, Dr. Ware, Dr. Frierson, Major MacKellar, Mr. Kayden, Dr. Finney, Alex Guerry, Jr., Ernest Cotten, Russell Turner, Vice-President; John Welsh, and Al Dade.

## OMICRON DELTA KAPPA



Election to this national honorary leadership fraternity represents a high honor, and this honor is one of the most sought after on the campuses where its chapters are located. Its nationally known requirements in-

cludes outstanding merit in scholarship, leadership, and athletics. The local chapter limits its membership to three per cent of the student body, and adds the requirement that its members be Gownsmen. Membership in this fraternity is elective. Its ideals are: recognition, inspiration, opportunity, and character.

Omicron Delta Kappa has expanded rapidly since it was first organized at Washington and Lee University on December 3, 1914, having at the present time twenty-nine active chapters located throughout the United States. The Sewanee Circle was granted its charter in 1929 and was designated as the Alpha Alpha Circle of Omicron Delta Kappa.

At the present time Omicron Delta Kappa's membership includes: Dr. Guerry, Mr. Flintoff, Dr. Finney, Dr. Baker, Mr. Long, Mr. Davis, Mr. Gass, General Smith, Mr. Eaves, Alex Guerry, Jr., President; Ernest Cotten, Aubrey Maxted, Arch Bishop, and William Cochrane.





## SOPHERIM



EDWIN MCPHERSON  
President

1906 it combined with several other similar organizations in other colleges to become the mother chapter of Sigma Upsilon. Sigma Up-

This society recognizes outstanding literary ability alone. Membership is elective and confined to Gownsmen. Sopherim was founded in 1905 as a local literary organization. In

silon grew rapidly into a loosely-bound organization. In 1937 Sopherim severed its connections with the national group.

Its membership includes: General Jervey, Mr. Gass, Mr. Long, Mr. Griswold, Dr. McCrady, Dr. Knickerbocker, Mr. Martin, Mr. Moore, Mr. Myers, Capt. Bearden, Lieut. Bolling, Edwin McPherson, President, John Welsh, George Wagon, Alex Guerry, Jr., Sam Brown, James McConnell, Erskine McKinley, Gilbert Wright, Robert Kuehnle, Bill Duckworth, Iveson Noland, and Baucum Fulkerson.

## PI GAMMA MU

Pi Gamma Mu was organized with the purpose of promoting and encouraging the scientific study of social problems and of promoting cooperation in all branches of social science. All members take part in the round table discussions which are held on current topics at the meetings. The Tennessee Beta Chapter was established at Sewanee in 1930, the mother organization being founded in 1924. Mr. Kayden is advisor to the society. Other members are: Dr. Ware, Dr. McDonald, Mr. Thorogood, Dr. Finney, Colonel Prescott, Mr. Long, Mr. Myers, Otto Kirchner-Dean, President, John

Welsh, George Alexander, Alex Guerry, Jr., Ernest Cotten, Joe Atkins, William Given, James DeWolfe, Phillip Evans, Baucum Fulkerson, Kenneth Gregg, Clendon Lee, Erskine McKinley, William Milligan, John Varley, H. C. Emerson, J. W. Emerson, Gilbert Edson, Gilbert Wright and T. G. Williams.



OTTO KIRCHNER DEAN  
President

## NEOGRAPH

Election to this society is given as recognition of outstanding literary ability. The object of this group is to foster creative thinking and writing among Freshmen and Sophomores. It was founded at Sewanee in 1903 and was active for many years, declining in 1920. After its revival in 1923 it remained as one of the most active organizations on the mountain. Papers

written by its members are presented at weekly meetings and criticized. Its membership includes: Richard Corry, President, Frank Robert, Tom Phillips, William Eyster, Ben Cameron, David Dunlop, Bayly Turlington, Bruce Kuehnle, Tom Ware, Phillip DeWolfe, Bernard Wrigley, and Clendon Lee.



## BLUE KEY

Blue Key is a national service fraternity, recognizing members of the student body in the light of not only what they have done but can do in the future to promote the progress and best interests of the University. The society considers problems dealing with the students and general life on the campus. Founded at the University of Florida in 1924, it was extended into a national organization in 1925. There are

over fifty chapters of Blue Key located throughout the country. Its membership includes: Major McKellar, Mr. Griswold, Dr. Scott, Mr. Frierson, Ernest Cotten, President, Arch Bishop, William Cochrane, Ruddy Cravens, Jack Whitley, Alex Guerry, Jr., Jerry Wallace, Morgan Hall, Billy Given, Walker Coleman, Theodore Stoney, Bob Turner, Sam Brown, Bob Snowden, and Stanley Quisenberry.

## PURPLE MASQUE



ROBERT TURNER  
President

Everyone who participates in one play at Sewanee is automatically elected to this dramatic society. Its purpose is to create interest in dramatics on the campus and to maintain an excellence of student production. During the current year it has presented a number of plays, the first being

*Accent on Youth*, and William Hosking deserves most of the credit for the improving ability. Each succeeding play showed increasing excellence of workmanship. Its members are: Mr. Griswold, Robert Turner, President, John Varley, Major MacKellar, Edwin McPherson, Russell Turner, Joe Atkins, John Atkins, Newt Howden, Hartwell Smith, Jerry Wallace, Hap Hale, Hamner Cobbs, Cress Fox, Fred Morton, Phillip Evans, Ed Petway, James DeWolfe, George McCloud, William Hosking, and Gilbert Wright.

## ALPHA PSI OMEGA

Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary dramatic fraternity, draws its membership from Purple Masque. Its standards have been set high in order to make membership in this organization a greater honor. In order to become a member of this organization one must either take major roles in at least two plays, write and produce a play, or engage in active work as stage manager, electrician, or similar work, for a sufficiently long time to merit recognition. Membership is elective only from the Order of Gownsmen. Mr. Griswold and Major MacKellar are advisors for this organization. Every

play presented at Sewanee is presented under the joint auspices of Purple Masque and Alpha Psi Omega. Its membership includes: Mr. Griswold, Major MacKellar, William Hosking, President, Gilbert Wright, Edwin McPherson, Russell Turner, Robert Turner and Joe Atkins.



WILLIAM HOSKING  
President





## THE CHOIR

The Choir absorbed the Glee Club this year. Mr. McConnell is now able to devote his full time to the furthering and improvement of one body. A greater variety of choral pieces have been presented by the Choir at the Sunday services. Sunday Evening, December 11th, an unusually beautiful selection of Christmas Carols was given in a joint program with Otey Parish Choir and St. Mary's Choir. Mr. McConnell plans to continue the custom of presenting music during Holy Week.

Its membership consists of: Erskine McKin-

ley, acting President, Dr. Edward McCrady, A. O. Newberry, Jack Nester, Phillip DeWolfe, James DeWolfe, Tom Jourdan, Robert Fairleigh, Clendon Lee, Cress Fox, Frank Robert, Alexander Juhon, Hilliard Miller, Dan Casebeer, George Perot, Paul Bachschmid, Stockton Smith, Allan Hinschelwood, Nat Zeigler, Fred Morton, Newton Howden, and Bertram Cooper. Paul S. McConnell, who is the University Organist and Head of the Music Department, is the Director of the Choir.

## LETTERMEN'S CLUB

Membership in this organization is gained through the earning of a letter. Those who have lettered and who are members are: *Football*, Mickey Cochrane, President, J. B. Hagler, Grey Doyle, Bob Macon, Algeo Fleming, Jimmie Gillespie, Jack Whitley, Jimmy Thomas, George Colston, Mal Julian, Tiny Lasater, Ed Mahl, Joe Frasier, D. O. Andrews, Dan Cotter, Morgan Hall, Johnny Duncan, Richard Workman, and Arthur Whittington; *Basketball*,

Mickey Cochrane, J. B. Hagler, Arthur Whittington, LaVerne Spake, Pinkey Higgins, Bill Morrell, and George Colston; *Track*, Mickey Cochrane, George Harris, and Pinkey Higgins; *Tennis*, Alex Guerry, Jr., Ruddy Cravens, Bob Kuehnl, and Sam Brown; *Manager*, Edwin McPherson, *Track*; Bob Snowden, *Football*; Walker Coleman, *Basketball*; and *Cheerleader*, George Wagnon.

## THE ORDER OF GOWNSMEN



ROBERT TURNER  
President

For many years Sewanee has been distinguished by its student governing body, the Order of Gownsmen. All Juniors and Seniors who have fulfilled the reasonable requirements ex-

acted of a Gownsmen are entitled to membership and privileges which accompany the wearing of a gown. New Gownsmen are installed yearly at a special service on October 10th, Founder's Day.

This year Dr. Guerry has given to the Order

of Gownsmen the honor of officially opening the school by forming in a joint procession with the Faculty and Choir and marching in a procession to the first chapel service of the year. Heretofore the only part taken in the opening services by the Order of Gownsmen was through the welcoming speech of the President of the Order.

The Order of Gownsmen has served as a channel for handling student problems in cooperation with the University authorities and acts as a means of carrying on the ideals and traditions of Sewanee. The Order is distinguished by black, academic gowns.

## PROCTORS

The Proctors are appointed by the Vice-Chancellor upon the recommendation of the retiring proctors from the Junior and Senior classes. They are selected for the purpose of enforcing discipline and maintaining order in the dormitories. Each Proctor is given jurisdiction over a particular dormitory, although his duties extend over the entire campus. Under Dr. Guerry the exact duties of the Proctors have

been more clearly defined and their actions have therefore been more beneficial to the student body. The Proctors and their halls are: Head Proctor, Ernest Cotten, Johnson Hall; William Cochrane, Sewanee Inn; Arch Bishop, Hoffman Hall; Theodore Stoney, Tuckaway Inn; Morgan Hall, Cannon Hall; and Cyril Stirrup, Saint Luke's Hall.





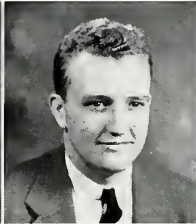
## THE CAP AND GOWN

This, the 1939 CAP AND GOWN, is the thirty-third edition of this publication. It continues the tradition of bringing to the student body as accurate a resumé of the year's activities as it is possible to compile without delaying the issue of the book to the students. This year, in the Junior and Sophomore sections a new idea is being presented to you. The yearbook as a whole is an attempt to catch the beauty of the surroundings in which the students live. Wherever possible student work has been used in illustrating and adding

to the book. The staff is: Edwin M. McPherson, Jr., *Editor-in-Chief*; Gilbert G. Wright, *Associate Editor*; James Savoy, *Business Manager*; William Duckworth, *Assistant Business Manager*; Alexander Juhan, *Art Editor*; Robert Gray, *Art*; Ed Cox, *Photography Editor*; Tom Ware, Bernard Wrigley, Jack Jourdan, Robert Bodfish, George McCloud, Bob Lide, Dick Logan, George Gambrell, Floyd Miller, Joe Atkins, Russ Turner, Charley Tompkins, Dan Scarborough, and George Potts, *Assistants* to the Editor and Business Manager.



EDWIN MCPHERSON  
Editor-in-Chief



GILBERT WRIGHT  
Associate Editor



JAMES SAVOY  
Business Manager



ALBERT DADE  
Business Manager

BOB KUEHNLE  
Editor-in-Chief



## SEWANEE PURPLE

The control of the *Sewanee Purple* has this year changed hands. Heretofore it was controlled by the Athletic Board of Control: now it is controlled by a board composed of faculty members and student representatives. It is issued twenty-five times a year. Editor Kuehnle has added much of interest to the paper in the way of short articles written by students. The staff consists of: *Editorial Staff*, Bob Kuehnle, *Editor-in-Chief*; Erskine McKinley, *Managing Editor*; Dick Corry, *Sports Editor*; *Reporters*, Baucum Fulkerson, Tom Hatfield, Chuck Crumbaker, Bernard Wrigley, Frank Robert, Bayly Turlington, Tom Ware, Dick Logan, Douglas Miner, Dick Higginbotham, Jim McCrea, Matlock Crane, Newton Howden, and Bill Asger; *Business Staff*, C. W. Underwood, *Business Manager*; Albert Dade, *Student Business Manager*; *Circulation Staff*, Bob Bodfish, Jack Nester, Tim Gallavan, and Bill Asger.



## THE STUDENT VESTRY



## STUDENT VESTRY

The Student Vestry, composed of students elected at large from the various classes, aids the Chaplain in the promotion of religious interest on the Mountain. Its membership consists of: William Hosking, Senior Warden; George Alexander,

Junior Warden; Frank Robert, Secretary; Harrison Beste, Treasurer; Newton Howden, Morgan Hall, Richard Corry, Iveson Noland, Dan Casebeer, and George Sabo.

## GERMAN CLUB



ARCH BISHOP  
President

The German Club, the Sewanee dance organization, is comprised of the majority of students on the Mountain. This is a most active and successful group, sponsoring many fine dances each year. As usual

the first dance this year was a football week-end

dance. A part of Francis Craig's band furnished the music at this dance, held after the T. P. I. game. A customary Thanksgiving set, featuring Bob Sylvester and his group, followed. It was a most successful set. Dick Stabile and his orchestra played for the well-received Mid-Winter set. As we go to press it is planned to replace the usual Easter set with a series of three small week-end sets in Spring. Commencement, of course, will be the high point of the year's festivities.

## SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

Gownsmen who have attained the average of eighty-five or better for four consecutive semesters are members of this organization. At present its membership includes: Ernest Cotten, President; Gilbert G. Edson, William M. Given, Alex Guerry, Jr., Walter McGoldrick, Russell W. Turner, John R. Welsh, Shubael Beasley, Walker Coleman, Albert Dade, James DeWolfe, Haywood Emerson, Kenneth Gregg, George Harris, Richard Kirchoffer, Otto Kirchner-Dean, Erskine McKinley,

Edwin McPherson, Bill Milligan, Robert Seibels, Theodore Stoney, Wilmer Wing, and Gilbert G. Wright, III.

The Faculty members of this group are: Dr. Alex Guerry, Dr. George M. Baker, Dr. W. S. Knickerbocker, Dr. S. L. Ware, Mr. Abbot Martin, Mr. Tudor S. Long, Dr. J. M. Scott, Dr. Edward McCrady, Mr. H. M. Gass, Mr. E. M. Kayden, and Mr. J. E. Thorogood.





## DEBATE COUNCIL



RUSSELL TURNER  
President

For the past several years lucky members of this council have made an extended tour through the colleges of the states of Virginia, Carolinas, Georgia, and lastly, Florida. This trip generally takes a couple of weeks to complete and is taken for the purpose of pitting our debate team against those of other colleges and universities.

Hard work has been evidenced by our teams in the meritorious showing which they have always made. This year plans to be no different from the preceding years, in that the best mem-

bers of our Debate Council will again tour the South in search of nimble brains to outwit.

The president of this organization is Russell Turner. Walter McGoldrick acts as secretary to the Council. Other members are: Newton Howden, Hap Hale, Clendon Lee, Paul Amos, John Welsh, Gilbert Wright, and Bob Seibels.

Major Mackeller has for many years devoted much time to improving this group. Under his excellent guidance they have been able to establish themselves in a rather high position in the Southern forensic world. Other colleges are entertained here by the members of this Council throughout the year. Students have always been encouraged to enjoy these debates.

## HONOR COUNCIL

Sewanee has for many years enjoyed the privilege of student government. An integral part of this government is the Honor Council. Before this Council all cases of violation of the Student Honor Code are brought to be tried. If the case is sufficiently serious this Council has the power to recommend the dismissal of the guilty student from the University. Yet seldom is it that this Council ever has to function in its disciplinary capacity. Sewanee has gained renown through the honesty of its students both in regard to stealing and to cheating.

This Council is composed of two Seniors,

two Juniors, one Sophomore, one Freshman, and one Theological student. These men are elected by popular vote at the beginning of each year and meet only when there is need of it.

The members of this Council are: Arch Bishop, *Chairman*, Senior Class; Alex Guerry, Jr., *Secretary*, Senior Class; Walker Coleman, Junior Class; Robert Seibels, Junior Class; Richard Corry, Sophomore Class; William Coleman, Freshman Class; James MacConnell, Theological School.

All actions of this Council are backed up by the University authorities.



# The Green Ribbon Society





KIRBY-SMITH  
HODGSON  
MYERS, G. B.  
GASS  
CRAVENS, D. G.  
CLARK, H. E.  
JERVEY  
DUDNEY  
VAUGHAN  
SMITH, W. R.  
HARDY  
LEWIS, W. W.  
LONG  
BROWN

CLARKSON  
COLEMAN, WALKER  
COTTEN  
CRAVENS, T. R.  
DUNCAN  
GUERRY, A., JR.  
HALL  
MANN, WM.  
MILLIGAN  
ROSS  
SEIBELS  
SNOWDEN  
SPAKE  
TOMLINSON  
TURNER, RUSSELL  
WALLIS



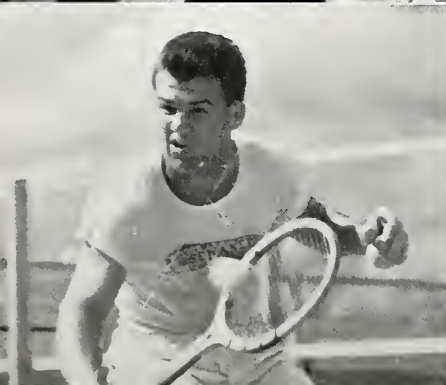
Sewanee has the ball—Higgenbotham has the chain—Fans have the bench—Football at Sewanee on Hardee Field, twice for the Varsity, twice for the Frosh—Academy doesn't count.



Co-Captain Bill Morrell looks wide-eyed for a basket to drop that thing he has in it. Stellar star of many a game, he can be counted on to keep off that bench behind him.



Shy Chem Davis got his photo snapped here while watching his favorite sport, track. De-Wolfe doesn't look as though he were going to sprint that 440 today, or maybe he does that tomorrow.



T. I. A. A. Singles Tennis Champ, Alex, politely poses, racquet in hand, for the harrassed photographer. It's too bad that we didn't get that new-fangled yankee tennis robot in there with him. But that comes later.



# f o o t b a l l

## SEASON'S SCORES

Tennessee . . .	26;	Sewanee . . .	3
Southwestern . . .	47;	Sewanee . . .	0
Florida . . .	10;	Sewanee . . .	6
Hivassee . . .	0;	Sewanee . . .	44
Alabama . . .	32;	Sewanee . . .	0
Tenn. Tech . . .	7;	Sewanee . . .	6
Vanderbilt . . .	14;	Sewanee . . .	0
Mississippi . . .	39;	Sewanee . . .	0
Tulane . . .	38;	Sewanee . . .	0

Sewanee's 1938 football team concluded one of the most ambitious schedules a Sewanee team has tackled in quite a few years. Of the nine games played by the Tigers, six were in the Southeastern Conference and two were highly respected members of the S. I. A. A., leaving only one game in which the Purples could afford to relax. With the exception of Hivassee, the schedule presented teams which ranked foremost in their respective conferences. From top-flight Tennessee, generally conceded to be the best team in the nation, to the lowly Florida, conquerors of Auburn, who in turn mauled L. S. U., the Sewanee schedule this year was enough to give any coach many a sleepless night. Changes this year saw Southwestern, leaders of the S. I. A. A., replace Tennessee Wesleyan, who had succumbed to the Tigers, 25-0, in 1937. The University of Mississippi was also played instead of the usual Mississippi State, who eked out a 12-0 win over the Tigers in 1937, and under the tutelage of neophyte Harry Mahre, the Rebels developed into one of

the crown contenders of the Southeastern Conference. Thus, Sewanee had another impossibility on her hands instead of a probable close game with Mississippi State.

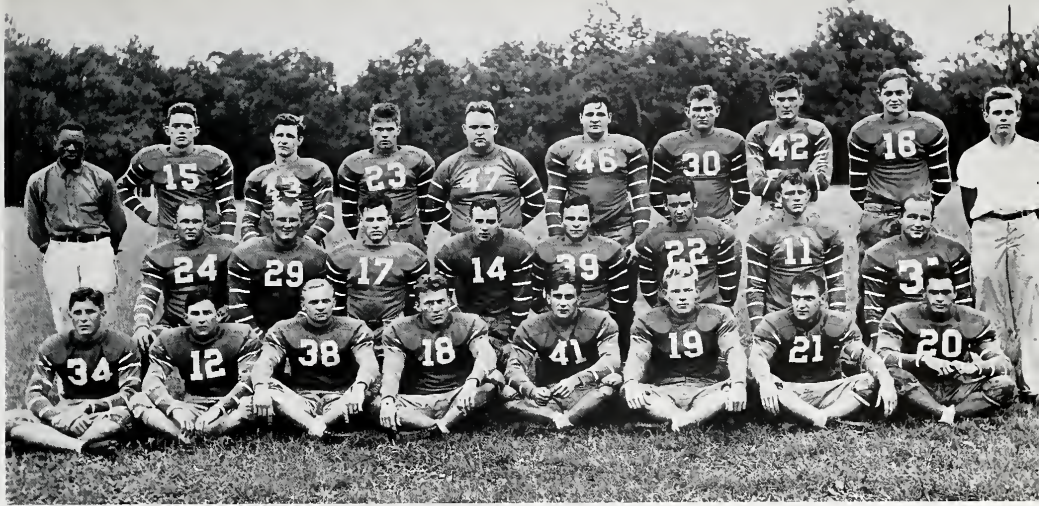
Taking the narrow view, and taking only results into account, the season was a poor one. The Tigers did not win a conference victory and were trounced by two members of another conference of lower station. However, by taking a broader view in delving into the facts, there are certain aspects of the season which are not only encouraging, but definitely prove that the "Sewanee Spirit" still remains and that football material is still prevalent on the mountain.

Back in October Coach "Hec" Clark stated, "We have more boys that can play football this year, and so we should have a good team. We are depending upon the sophomores, and should get better as the season rolls along."

So, armed with a stone (a 24-man squad), Coach Clark set out to slay some of the Goliaths of the conference. Not being born under







1938 SQUAD

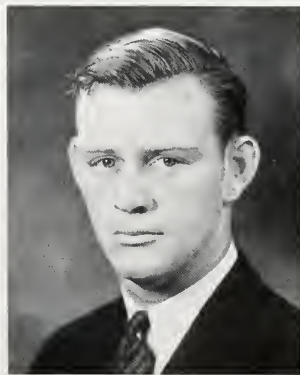
the "lucky" star as was our Biblical hero, Coach Clark's quest was the antithesis of David's slaughter of the giant. Several of his key men fell in the ensuing conflict. So the Goliaths swept Sewanee aside and went ahead to slay themselves.

Despite the fact that the same backfield combination could not be used two Saturdays in succession due to injuries, the 1938 Tigers showed flashes of offensive prowess. In scoring on two teams of the conference the Clarkmen surpassed their 1937 record. Tennessee and Florida yielded scores. Hiwassee was swamped by a deluge of touchdowns. T. P. I. made 3 first downs to 13 for Sewanee, but eked out a 7-6 win. Vanderbilt also saw the effects of a sustained offense which rolled to the shadow of the Vandy goal posts before the Commodores could check it.

However, the Tigers earned a better reputation as a defensive team. Tennessee was stopped cold in the second half after gaining almost at will in the first half of the season's opener. Alabama's Crimson Tide could only push over 13 points until the last few minutes when they scored an avalanche of touchdowns over a weakened Sewanee eleven. Vanderbilt did not fare as well. A two touchdown margin was as wide as the Commodores could force the gap that separated the two elevens. The Purple-

men gave the 'Gators of Florida competition which chilled their very bones before allowing them to win via the field goal route.

We saw the Tigers in the jubilation of victory as well as in the despair of defeat, and for the most part they were worthy of all our respect and support for the "fighting" exhibitions against overwhelming odds and for their sportsmanlike conduct on the gridirons of the South.



JACK WHITLEY  
Captain of 1938 Sewanee Football Team

# Some FOOTBALL SNAPS

At the game is where thrill holds tense the spectator. There, on the Gridiron, the years have found plucky Purple teams fighting their way to thrill-packed glory. Action, offensive, defensive, cleverness, opportunism all blend into the game.

Ball-carriers are stopped in action by the tick of a speedy camera. Tacklers find themselves in mid-air. Agony, sweat, grit, determination, find fleeting expression on the players' faces, and are recorded by the camera.

At Alabama the Red Elephants carried the ball (below and right) while Sewanee men fought to stem the Tide. Remarkable was the showing of Hec's twenty-four-man squad. The Crimson Wave broke repeatedly on the stalwart Purple line, until in the final stanza of the game the music lost its sweetness for the tired Sewanee gladiators, and they gave way to superior force.

Yet a brighter side is shown in the snaps, that is, when the camera caught the Tigers in victory over Hiwassee. Clicking offense,

with Cochrane showing the way, repeatedly scored on the outclassed Hiwassee. Here Sewanee stands received a victory to cheer about, smooth offensive to thrill in, long runs to hold them tense, and clever defensive to admire. Indeed, this was the only physical victory occasioned by the Purple this year.

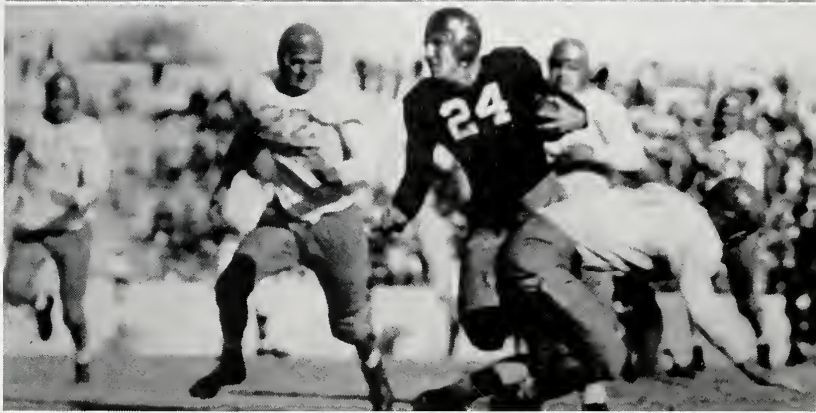
Then there was T. P. I., and a dance after the game. Sewanee fans saw the team give its most determined offensive of the year, for one brief touchdown, not enough. Yet the grim determination of the Purple line as it ate its way down the field remains a high point of the season. The camera caught this drive. The fans were moved by the slow, steady march toward the goal.

Here in the Football Shots can be found the glamour of America's favorite game, the color of the stands, the zest of the action, the brutality of the struggle, and the joy of victory.

We give you, Sewanee, in victory and in glorious defeat: The Snaps.







Action and plenty of it, with Sewanee tackling hard, or driving with the ball. T. P. I. and Alabama games show Sewanee fighting hard. Hiwassee shows the Purple loafing over easy opponents.





# VARSITY BASKET BALL



In line with the many improvements on the Mountain is the varsity basketball team. This year sees many old timers back in harness, among them being LaVerne Spake, last year's high-point man, Arthur Whittington and Billy Morrell, co-captains for the year. George Colston, a letterman from last year is also on deck this season, while up from the freshman team are Bodfish, Julian, and Macon. A valuable addition has been that of "Tekie" Morrell, stellar forward from Hiwassee. Gray Doyle, another forward playing his first season with the varsity, came highly recommended and has already more than lived up to expectations, proving his worth not several but many times.

The team is being coached by Joel Eaves, whose efforts are being reflected in the spirit and general excellence of the team.

A long and hard schedule faces the team, and though at the time that we go to press no conference games have been played, the team has been "conqueror in the strife" over two independent fives. Frye Institute was taken by

a score of 38-33, while the East Lake Merchants quintet went down 38-9. Inasmuch as both of these teams are rated among the best in their respective leagues, this is encouraging to the entire Mountain. But win, lose or draw in the games to come, Sewanee will have had a team that she can well be proud of.

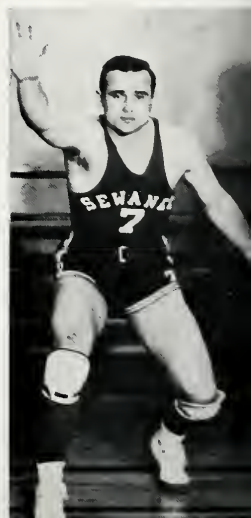
A point of interest is the new rule enforced by Coach Eaves, whereby the players were requested to be back from the Christmas holidays by the 29th of December. This was partly due to the proximity of games immediately following the holidays and also to allow the players to get back into top shape after the Yuletide lay-off. Coach Eaves announced that the plan worked very well, enabling him to better the team as a whole.

Many interesting trips are going to be taken this year, one of them being an extended jaunt down into Florida for a doubleheader, with several stops on the way for other games. Many are the envious glances that are thrown at the team as they prepare for this first trip.

The gym has been painted and completely reno-



JULIAN



MACON





Back Row, Standing, Left to Right: Coleman, Manager; Whittington, Captain; Julian, Morrell, T.; Macon, Bodfish.  
Front Row: Doyle, Morrell, R., Co-Captain; Spake, Hagler, Colston.

vated, seeming to make the atmosphere more conducive to the playing of the game. Another addition that lends much to the enjoyment of the game, but this time from the spectators' point of view, is the erection of new steel stands in the gym. A great improvement over the old ones, these are more comfortable and spacious, seating about 450 fans.

Another yet untouched-on side of basketball at Sewanee is the managerial set-up. Walker Coleman, the super-efficient varsity manager, has a group of capable and willing men under him, and the alacrity of this group in complying with any demands of the Coach or team is merely another phase in the producing of a confident, well-

equipped, unharrassed—in short, a winning varsity.

It is generally considered a rather risky policy to paint in such glowing phrases any comparatively untried team, on the grounds that when the let-down comes, if it must, the bump is hard. But here at Sewanee we look at the thing in a different light—that is, come what may, Sewanee students will never feel let down about this particular basketball team, because they have seen the gang in action, and know that when defeat came, or victory for that matter, that it was taken as being "all in the game." The team will do its best as always.



HAGLER



BODFISH

# freshman football

Throughout the year the hard-digging, driving Frosh squad has blazed itself a worthy trail. Under the guidance of "Nig" Clark the squad shaped up and formed itself into a disciplined team.

George Glover started the pigskin moving when he ran over a touchdown on the U. C. Frosh from somewhere in midfield. From that point on, all the U. C. boys could do was dig in and try to decipher the next play which the baby Tigers had in mind for them.

Deceptive running, tricky plays and good ball were combined in the overwhelming defeat of the T. P. I. Frosh. Glover again made run after run for considerable yardage. Lyle fought hard all through the game. Primo Wylie's long passes, number ninety-nine, were featured repeatedly in this game. Consistent line play on the defense prevented the T. P. I. Baby Eagles from scoring throughout the game.

The best game of the season was the Vandy Frosh-Sewanee Frosh tilt. One surprise followed the next in rapid succession, as both teams excelled themselves. The de-

feat was none the less glorious for being a defeat. Lyle, Glover and Wylie starred throughout the game, playing sound ball and fighting every inch of the way. One could never tell when one team was going to forge ahead of the other, and it did look like the Baby Purple's game until the final canto, when an intercepted pass placed the Vandy Frosh in scoring position, and finally gave them the game.

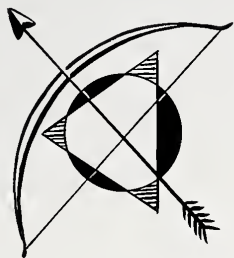
## SEASON'S SCORES

U. C. Frosh . . . . .	0
Sewanee Frosh . . . . .	20
T. P. I. Frosh . . . . .	0
Sewanee Frosh . . . . .	21
Vanderbilt Frosh . . . . .	20
Sewanee Frosh . . . . .	16

FROSH SQUAD AT PRACTICE ON HARDEE FIELD



# freshman basketball



The class of '42 promises to do things in basketball, and according to present indications, these frosh will be able to take their place in any conference and make a fine showing. When the call was issued for freshmen to report for practice, a large number turned out. However, as facilities are limited, and the football players had not yet reported, the squad had to be drastically cut with the result that only ten men have made the grade and are playing. The splendid turnout indicates increasing interest in sports

in general and basketball in particular on the Mountain.

Coach Joel Eaves has been working on the freshmen and they show evidence of his excellent training. The Baby Tigers have not had any real tests as to their prowess, beyond several scrimmages with the S. M. A. team. But those acquainted with the teams in this section will realize that, in itself, that is quite a tussle, and it is to the freshmen's credit that they have emerged decidedly victorious in these contests. Everyone is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure and pride to the day when the frosh will "gird up their loins" and really "go to war." As to the score, that will take care of itself—but when, or if, the frosh are on the losing end, the other team will know they have been in a ball game.

The team, consisting of Apperson, Welch, Keuhnle, Waters, Roberts, Lyle, Bowers, Glover, Diffenbaugh, Owen, is managed by Gilbert Wright.

*Left to Right, Front Row, Sitting: Waters, Diffenbaugh, Lyle, Keuhnle, Glover. Back Row, Standing: Bowers, Welch, Roberts, Apperson, Owen; Wright, Manager.*





# t r a c k



In 1938 Coach Lincoln found before him a green team. Most of his previous team had graduated and only Dexter Stanphill and Mickey Cochrane were left to help break in the new men. Lincoln, however, was able to whip the track-aspirants into a creditable team in rather a short time.

The season was not an unsuccessful one. T. P. I. and U. C. fell as easy prey to the Sewanee Cinderburners. Vanderbilt, however, reversed the decision, taking advantage of the Purple Trackster's weakness in the field events. The Lynx from Southwestern, not to be outdone, repeated the defeat in a hotly contested meet. In Knoxville, six Sewaneeites managed to snag a third place with over a hundred entered in the competition.

Mickey chalked up fifty-eight points to win the high point honor for the season. His undisputed ability on the cinder track was proven time and time again as he easily snatched first in the hurdle races in meet after meet. He is undoubtedly the best all-round trackster on the team, being not only a crack hurdler but also a steady scorer in the 100 and 220 yard dashes as well as in the pole vault.

George Harris steadily increased the yardage which he could heave the javelin. In this, his first year as a track man, he earned his letter by steady and consistent work. Dexter Stanphill and Joe Frasier earned their letters by consistent gap-filling. Pinky Higgins showed competition his heels as he burned up the short dashes for record times. Ed McPherson gained his first letter acting as manager of the aggregation for the season. Lowrey Weed, due to illness, was unable to get the necessary points for his letter but did show definite promise of being a great asset to the team during the next season.

In 1939 Coach Lincoln will have the nucleus of a more experienced team plus the added value of Sophomores who have shown definite promise: Algeo Fleming and Hagler in the dashes; DeWolfe, Dyer and Williams in the distances and middle distances; Williams shooting at the State record with the javelin; and finally with Julian and Corter heaving the weights. Joe Atkins will keep the troupe in tape as their manager.



# t e n n i s

The students of Sewanee are keen tennis fans today because they have the exceptionally fine teams which have been turned out in recent years under Dr. Bruton's able coaching and support. Last year's team, by following its predecessor in winning the T. I. A. A. championship, did not fall below the student's expectations. To top this, Alex Guerry, Jr., won the T. I. A. A. singles championship, winning further laurels both for himself and for the school.

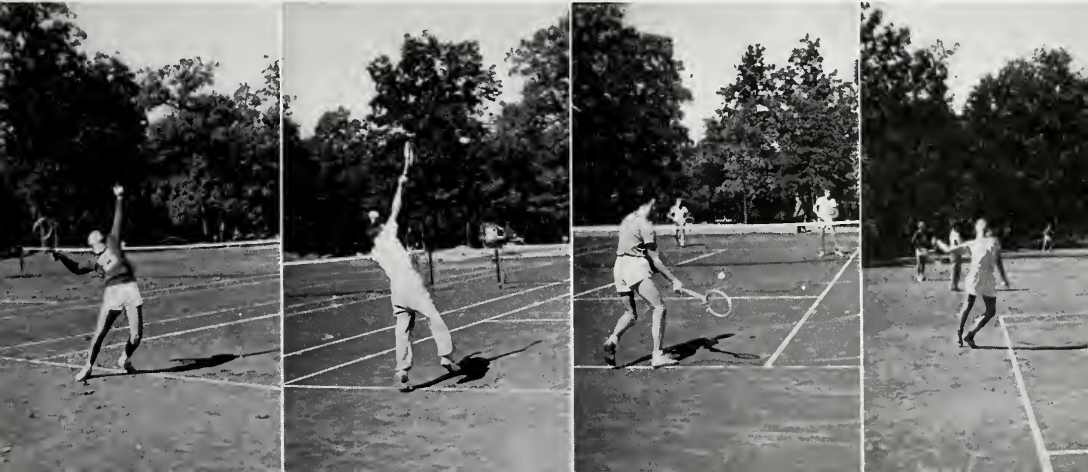
This year the tennis prospects are brighter than ever. The teams of the past years have been handicapped by sandy courts which have always been in impossible condition. This year, Dr. Guerry has seen to it that several hard-surfaced courts have been built, making an added asset both for the players and for the students at large. The veterans returning are Guerry, Brown, and Kuehle. Using these men as a nucleus, and drawing from last year's promising freshman team, Coach Bruton will have another admirable team whipped into shape by springtime. It seems likely that Andrews, Thrasher, Jourdan, Morrell, Colston, and Scar-

borough will also toe the chalk line this year to help keep the Sewanee team state champions.

It is planned that this year the Southeastern Intercollegiate Championship Matches will be held on Sewanee's new courts. The student's interest will be heightened by this and by the prospect of seeing their team in competition with some of the best players in the South. The Tigers have a good chance to retain their high ranking position in the matches, although it is hard to forecast the actual outcome at the time this goes to press.

The schedule this year will include, as usual, the teams of the Southeastern Conference and several intersectional matches. Sewanee netters expect to take extended trips into North Carolina and Virginia where they will play some of the most outstanding teams of these states. These tests will be numerous and difficult, but it is expected that the Purple Tiger will show his true worth.

With the improved conditions and the sterling value of the players in mind, the students expect a very successful season and victories which should keep Sewanee in the top position.



# i n t r a m u r a l s

Organized intramural athletics here at Sewanee have reached a new high this year with the addition of six-man touch football to the regular program. This was, indeed, a welcome pastime to those who enjoy football but who have neither the size nor the bent to play in collegiate competition. The games this year were hotly contested, and well they might be, for often the margin of victory was very small. Low scoring was the order of the day, and when this was added to the fact that the difference between winning or losing of one game often constituted the winning or losing of the championship, competition of the keenest sort is inevitable. Out of the general melee the Phi Delta Theta's finally emerged victorious, not unscored on. The officials for the games were chosen from the various fraternities and non-Greeks on the mountain—two representatives from each.

Volleyball, the next on the intramural schedule, racked up a series of thrilling fights between interested fraternity teams. The race rapidly narrowed down between the Phi's and the Sig Alph's. Contrary to the predictions, the Phi's again emerged wreathed in victory, with an unblemished record of no losses and no ties.

In general, the presence of intramurals is of great benefit to all who take part in them as they manage to include almost all of the sports followed by the earnest newspaper athlete. Some of these sports are: football, volleyball, basketball, track, tennis, swimming, golf, handball, yea, even the lowly ping-pong being among those present. If somewhere among these the student cannot find something he is interested in, there are always the Physical Education classes that may be attended. Both of these branches are under the able direction of Dr. Bruton, the Mountain Genius of Handball.

Last year the Sig Alph's were the "conquerors in the strife" for the trophy that is awarded annually to the fraternity having the greatest number of points at the close of all the activities. This year the defending champs are going to have tough sledding to overcome the lead taken early by the Phi's, if present indications are anything to judge by. It is too early to make any definite predictions, but the favorites are the Sig Alph's, the Sigma Nu Snakes, and the lucky Phi's. Yet there will be no winner until the last score has been recorded and the many play-offs have been finished: kismet.

There has been a general increase in the interest displayed in athletics, intramurals in particular, due to the reconditioning of both the gyms and the renewal of much of the old equipment. When the surroundings are pleasant and conducive to an hour or so of "frolicking on the green," who can then resist? It is to Dr. Guerry that much of the credit must go for the increasing interest in this side of the college life.

Outstanding along the line of improvements are the four new tennis courts that "can be played on thirty minutes after a heavy rain" and the much-needed reworking and cleaning up of the golf course. Of course it is realized that Dr. Guerry was ably aided on the golf course by the Dean of the College, who soon adopted the golf course project as his own, his private P. W. A. job.

But, facetiousness aside, intramurals truly offer a chance for healthful, friendly yet competitive recreation. This is, of course, necessary where so many burn the midnight oil in the pursuit of higher education—evasive tid-bits! And so, gentlemen, I give you Intramurals—Sewanee's gift to the "Body Beautiful."



FEATURES











*Miss Lillian Anne McPherson*

EDITOR'S CHOICE

ARTHUR  
WILLIAM  
BROWN —



To the 1939 CAP AND GOWN, Greetings.  
Every time I'm asked to judge a beauty contest and double  
want to run like a deer, but I finally pull myself together and mumble  
"Well here goes, and may the best gal win. If the whole university is  
allergic to me from now on it's just too bad because I did my best."  
The only way I can judge from a photograph is to consider whether  
the girl has what it takes to be a successful model. In other words is  
she photogenic. If I could see her in person then I'd take into consid-  
eration her personality, her figure, the shape of her hands, her clothes,  
etc.

You are lucky to have such lovely girls and I hope Miss Glamour  
that I've picked for No 1 and all the rest of my selections will meet  
with your approval.

Before I get in too deep I'll bid you a fond adieu with every good  
wish for THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

Sincerely

ARTHUR  
WILLIAM  
BROWN —

33 West 67  
New York City  
December 7

In a recent contest, held by some of the most famous models in New York City, Mr. Arthur William Brown was awarded the title of "America's Most Popular Artist." The Staff beams with pleasure in this reflected glory. Mr. Brown, being in constant contact with many of the world's most beautiful women, and obviously having gained their favor, is more than qualified to judge our contest. We extend to him our appreciation for the service which he has rendered us.



*The* B E A

*Miss Wilbur Fite*



*Miss  
Margaret Smith*





# U T I E S

*Miss Lynard Foyce*



*Miss Lucille Long*

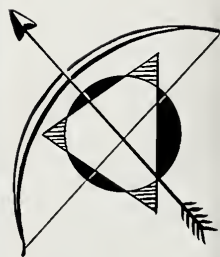
# The BEAUTIES

*Miss*  
*Helen McCamey*

*Miss*  
*Martha Rebecca Ingram*

*Miss*  
*Frances Glassell*

*Miss*  
*Grace Branch Frasier*





# Faculty Snaps

# LIFE GOES TO A PARTY AT ΦΔΘ



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BETTER KNOWN TO HIS  
INTIMATES AS "DRUNK"  
SHOWS WHAT TO DO  
WHEN YOU DON'T WANT  
TO DANCE OR WHEN  
THE FLOOR IS TOO  
SHAKY. TO MIKE COCH-  
ARAN WHO IS PICKING UP HIS HAT—LATER  
HE COULDN'T HIT THE FLOOR—



← MR. DAN SCARBOROUGH  
AND DATE AND—  
OH—YES—THE  
BLUE BLANKET!



THERE WAS A GIRL THERE WHO  
HAD EYES THIS BIG

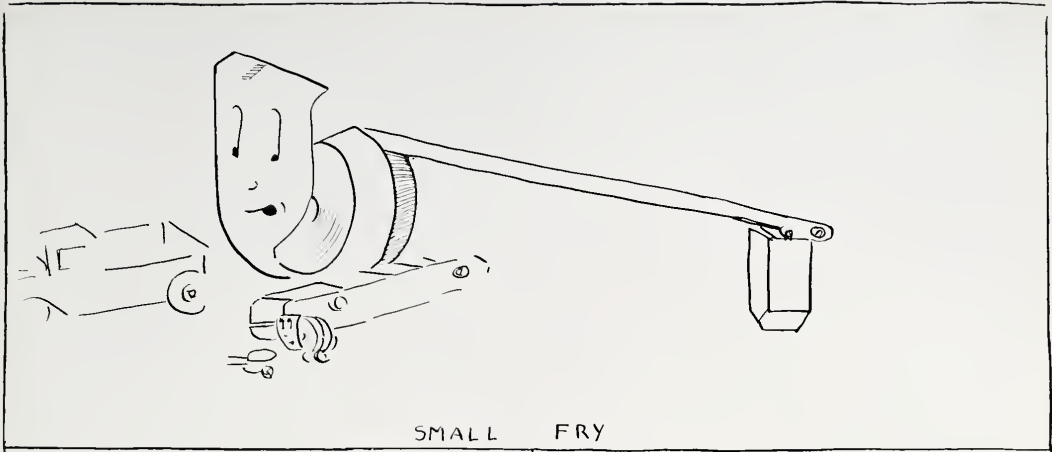


PORTRAIATS OF THE DEAN AS HE ENTER-  
ED AND AS HE LEFT . . .

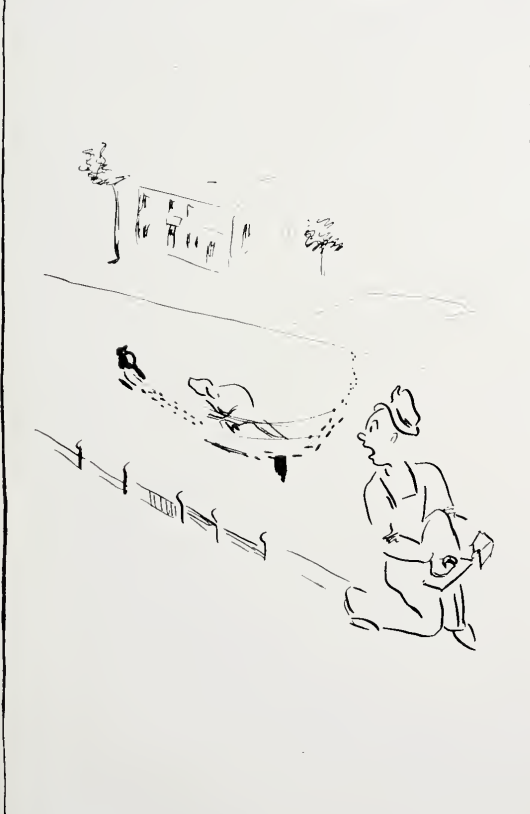


TINY LASSITER  
THE PRIZE  
WINNER,





SMALL FRY



# HIGHWAY-NIGHTMARE

# f i n a l e

It takes many things to build and complete an annual. Co-operation between the staff, the University, the Faculty, and those who photograph, engrave, print, bind, and finance the book is essential to its success.

Mr. John, Billy and Edward Benson of Benson Printing Company, Mr. Robert Faerber of Alabama Engraving Company, and Mr. Richard Wood, Photographer, have at all times been willing and capable helpers in the creation of this book.

The co-operation of Dr. Guerry and the Faculty in its production has been appreciated by the staff.

Especial thanks are extended to those members of the staff who have through their aid played a vital part in the completion of the annual. Not least among the things which go toward making a good annual is the confidence of the student body in the staff. Many changes have been made this year to justify this faith. More snaps are in the annual than ever before; however, they lend themselves to each page, rather than consolidating themselves in one section. The Junior and Sophomore sections have been made informal, while the Seniors retain their dignity in formal photographs, and the Freshmen begin their life at Sewanee with close portraits. In addition to increased photographs there has been included in the yearbook several short stories written by the students. The Features section includes a few novelties, in the way of candid snaps, Beauties, and Juhan's cartoons.

If this CAP AND GOWN pleases you, then it has succeeded, for it proposes to be a pleasant reminder of the year 1938-'39 at Sewanee. The year of change, and promise.

EDWIN M. MCPHERSON, JR., *Editor*  
JAMES SAVOY, *Business Manager*

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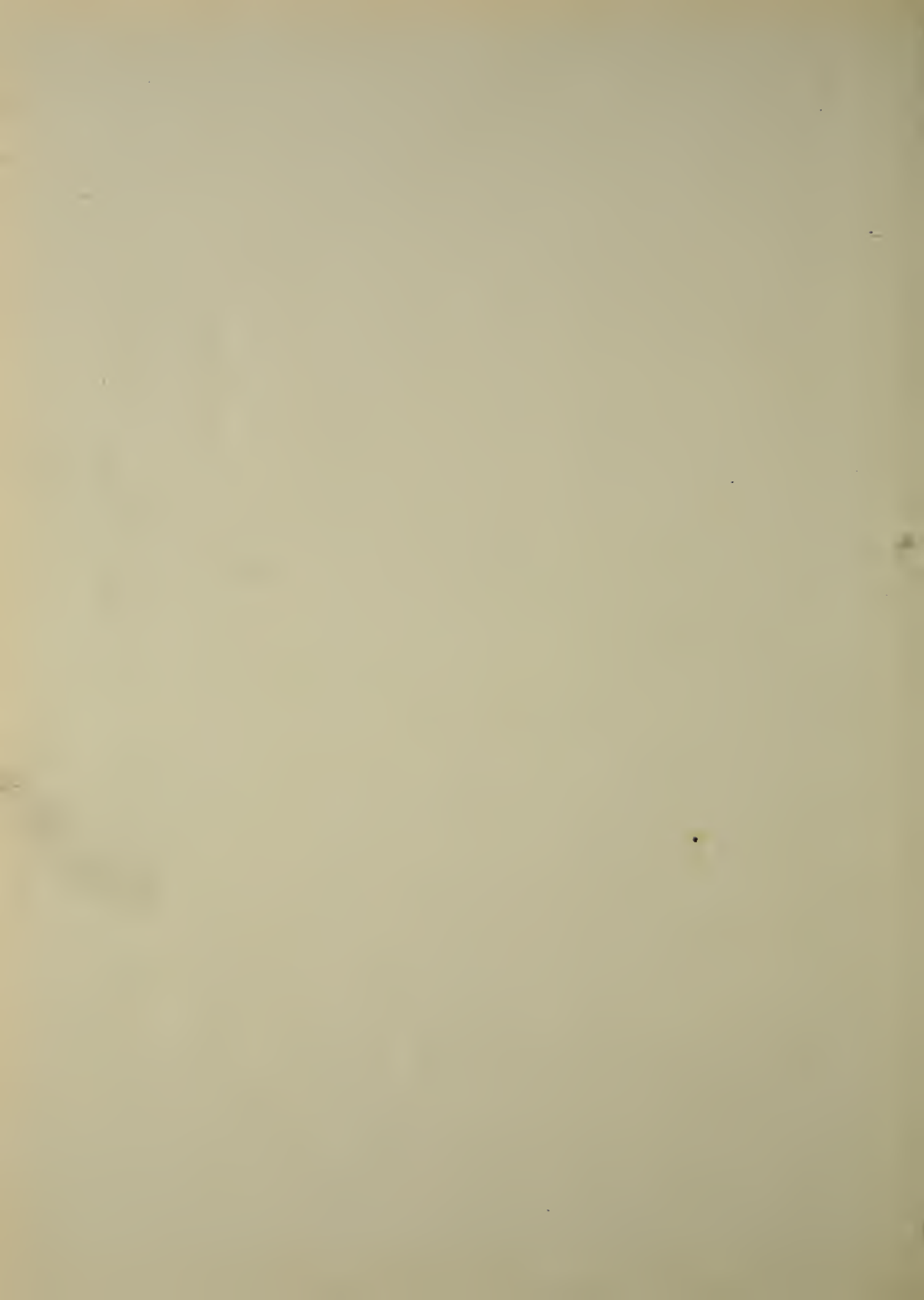














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