

which was cut into small pieces and fried by the women. The odor of the cooking chitlins was rather foul (but not the odor of pig shit), so ladies and gentlemen who aspired to any social status had nothing to do with chitlins. I think the men enjoyed the social event and jokes, and just took the occasion to revert to the old Appalachian type, much more than the meat itself.

I thought you might enjoy my fox-hunting memories. Some day I'll tell you about another old hat, perhaps not unlike the one that floated down the river when your Tennessee friend tried to jump across it!

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATIONS

People who become associate deans
Never amount to a hill of beans.*

*Except for Billy E. Frye:

He wins, hands down!



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