ETA DEKES
Who Died In Action During
The War Between The States,
WWI And WWII

JAMES TRAVIS WALKER (initiated 1860) .............................................. from Richmond, Tex.
Killed in the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862

WHITFIELD MORTON (initiated 1853) .................................................. from Columbus, Miss.
Killed in the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862

THOMAS JAMES SCOTT (initiated 1858) ................................................. from Montgomery, Ala.
Killed in the Battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862

RANDOLOPH FAIRFAX (initiated 1860) .................................................. from Alexandria, Va.
Killed in the Battle of Fredericksburg, Dec 31, 1862

WILLIAM THOMPSON HASKELL (initiated 1858) ................................. from Abbeville, S.C.
Fell at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863

WILLIAM BERNARD MEREDITH (initiated 1856) ..................................... from Richmond, Va.
Died at Richmond on August 22, 1862

FREDERICK MEREDITH (initiated 1853) ................................................. from Savannah, Ga.
Died from wounds received in the Battle of Sailors Creek on May 24, 1865

PERCIVAL ELLIOTT (initiated 1860) ...................................................... from Savannah, Ga.
Died from wounds received in the Battle of Sailors Creek on May 30, 1865

ROBERT HABERSHAM ELLIOTT (initiated 1857) ...................................... from Savannah, Ga.
Died in August of 1862

ANDREW BEIRNE BLAIR (initiated 1918) ............................................. from Richmond, Va.
Died in WWI

VIVIAN SLAUGHER (initiated 1904) ...................................................... from Orange, Va.
Died in WWI

WILLIAM E. WORD (initiated 1915) ..................................................... from New York, N.Y.
Died in WWI

JOHN WHITE ACREE (initiated 1939) ................................................... from Lynchburg, Va.
Died in WWII

JAMES M.G. MCGUIRE (initiated 1939) ................................................ from Richmond, Va.
Died in WWII

WILLIAM G. SULING, III (initiated 1943) ............................................. from Lynchburg, Va.
Died in WWII

CORBIN BRAXTON BRYAN III (initiated 1940) ...................................... from Alexandria, Va.
Died in WWII

A. HASKELL RHETT (initiated 1942) .................................................... from Wellesley, Ma.
Died in WWII

Sources: D.K.E. QUARTERLY. April, 1888, May 1944. DKE Centennial Brochure. 1952
It is an old saying that the true measure of a man's effectiveness in life is the extent to which he is at heart still a boy—that delirious age when our sympathies are the spontaneous outpourings of our sense of what is fair, when our attachments are buoyant, our enthusiasm and capacity for play illimitable, when our ideals are realistic—in short, when "every goose is a swan and every lass a queen."

It is this—the happy and eternal Peter Pan in John Luck, constituting the "indefinable something" that influences and enriches every life he touches, that has endeared him to faculty and student and to all who have been so fortunate as to come within the reaches of his orbit. There is no other theory upon which it can be explained. That he is a B.A. ('02), an M.A. ('03) and a Ph.D. ('08) of the University, a Raven, Phi Beta Kappa and final President of the Jefferson Literary Society and is now Professor of Mathematics, is a tribute to his ability and intellectual ascendency. But that he should be a "Hotfoot," "Arcadian," "I. M. P.," "President of the Academic Class ('07) of the University and Faculty Member ('22) of the "3-3-3" Council, is the livery not of the mind alone, but of the heart.

The most accurate and critical judge of cultural and intellectual values in the world is the college student. By occupation and training, he is peculiarly fitted to appraise these qualities. He alone, en masse, is engaged in the intensive study of them and is focussed upon them. In post college life, we have indeed occasion to pass judgment upon the content and quality thereof that many an individual possesses, but invariably our estimate is biased or measured by ulterior motives or personal considerations—the fitness of one for a particular office coveted by another, or the effect that one's efforts in a given direction have upon our personal interests. The appraisal of the student, however, is molded by no such external or ulterior influences. He appreciates values for their sake alone—an application of the principle of "Ars gratia artis." He honors cordiality and sympathy, for example, not for what one may accomplish for himself by being sympathetic and cordial, but as the indicia of human spontaneity and interest in one's fellows. He honors loyalty not for the personal reward that may inure from standing by another, but for the devotion to friend, institution, ideal or cause, and the quality of idealism, that loyalty betokens. He honors intellect, in conjunction with other human qual-
ities, not for the material enrichment that superior intellect may confer upon its possessor, but as the fulfillment of the full stature of man.

And so with John Luck. It is not the excellence alone of his professional work and the opportunities thereby created for personal advancement in his chosen career that have won for him the admiration and affection of the student body, but the fact that in all of his relations with them and in all of the various offices in which he has represented them or their beloved Alma Mater, he will never permit expediency, advantage, or the aggravations of the moment to abate his allegiance to his ideals or his conception of right—at whatever cost. He is not “a pipe to Fortune’s finger to sound what stop she pleases.” Always he “follows the gleam.” They know him as a trusted “guide, philosopher and friend.” But more than that—they find in him demonstration of the fact that a man can achieve professional and material success without stifling or subordinating those cultural qualities that not only so much enhance one’s joie de vivre, but enable one to speak understandably the language of every manner of man. Indeed, he illustrates that the full flower of one’s development is never attained if these qualities are neglected. Of those who have sat with him into the witching hours of night reading some poem or listening to music, who is there to whom he has not imparted the stimulation that he experiences therefrom and to whom the realization has not occurred that without the capacity to enjoy such things, the full harvest of mature manhood has not been gathered? Who golfs with him that has not felt the zest that good sportsmanship infuses? What adventure or company has not been regaled by his fund of stories and unfailing sense of humor? Who has come to him for counsel that has not gone away lighter at heart?

It is these qualities that the student venerated and to which he brings, with admiration and affection and with Godspeed for the years ahead, the tribute of the dedication of this Annual.

“I could not give you any Godlier thing
if I were king.”

—W. W. C.

To

John Jennings Luck
Professor of Mathematics

In appreciation
Of his service and loyalty to the University,
Of the exemplification of its traditions and ideals
that his way of life embodies,
Of his ability, his character and his interest in the
affairs of student life,
Of the soundness of his counsel and the ever-heartening
gentleness and cordiality that is accorded all
who appeal to him for assistance or advice,

This forty-fourth volume of
CORKS and CURLS
is affectionately dedicated
James Malcolm Luck, 78, died July 5 in a Charlottesville nursing home. He was secretary of the Alumni Association at the University of Virginia for 28 years.

Born Jan. 24, 1893, in Lynchburg, he was the son of the late Dr. George S. and Marie Louise Moorman Luck.

He attended Vanderbilt University for two years and then enrolled at the University of Virginia, where he won recognition as an All-South Atlantic guard in basketball. He was a graduate of Roanoke High School.

He was president of the graduating class of 1916 at the University. In 1917 he was commissioned a second lieutenant in field artillery and went overseas.

He went to heavy field artillery school at Saumur, France, the tractor artillery school in Paris and joined the 56th Coast Artillery Corps in April 1918. He was transportation and mechanical officer for the 1st Battalion and went to the front in July 1918. He was in the second battle of the Aisne-Marne, the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne. He was discharged Feb. 11, 1919 at Ft. Totten, N. Y.

For 10 years he operated the Luck-Pack Tire Co. in Roanoke. He also worked for Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, Pa., from 1916 to 1917.

In 1930 he was elected alumni secretary. At the time of his election, paid memberships had sagged to less than 1,000. The association’s headquarters were housed in cramped quarters and the alumni office operated in the red through part of each year.

Under Mr. Luck’s directorship an old fraternity house across from Memorial Gymnasium was purchased and became Alumni Hall. After the down payment on the building there wasn’t enough money left in the alumni endowment fund to begin repairs, so in 1936 when the hall was first used as a reunion center, a large tent was set up in front.

The first alumni fund was started in 1936 and sales of Wedgwood plates with University scenes was begun to help wipe out the annual operating deficit.

A series of annual goodwill tours was started on which Mr. Luck took faculty spokesmen, an officer of the Alumni Association, and sometimes a coach to visit alumni groups as far as Miami, New Orleans, and Little Rock.

Mr. Luck also started a five-year plan to bring back more alumni after graduation.

In 1955, on Mr. Luck’s 25th anniversary as alumni secretary, an anonymous alumnus made a gift in his honor which was used to build a serpentine wall to enclose the garden beside the hall.

The wall which surrounds the lawn on the southwest side of Alumni Hall, was marked with a plaque with an inscription that “will ever remind us that Mac spent the best part of his adult life in bettering, strengthening and utilizing the bonds of interest, sympathy and affection existing among the alumni and between the alumni and the University.” He was a member of Farrington Country Club, a former member of the Roanoke and Charlottesville Rotary clubs, Past Exalted Ruler of the Roanoke Lodge No. 197 B.P.O.E., and a member of the Charlottesville Lodge No. 389 B.P.O.E. He was also a member of the Virginia Heights Lodge 524 AF and AM, the Lambda Pi, Eli Banana, the Thomas Jefferson Eating Society, the Raven Society and the German Club.

Alumni Hall, with Mr. Luck as host and director of activities, came to take such an important place in the life of the University that its enlargement was undertaken as a memorial to former students who lost their lives in World War II.

When he retired in 1958 after 28 years of service, Mr. Luck was presented with a check for more than $6,000 which represented gifts from nearly a thousand alumni and friends.

Among survivors are his wife, Mrs. Florence Moon Luck of Charlottesville; two sons, J. Malcolm Jr. (Com ’54) (L/M) and Carlton M. Luck (Col ’57) (L/M) of Charlottesville.
Dr. Charles Scott Venable

Dr. Charles Scott Venable, '00, of San Antonio, Texas, who is rounding out his thirty-second year of the practice of medicine in the Lone Star State, is chief of staff of the Nix Hospital in San Antonio, where he is also attending surgeon of the Santa Rosa Hospital, consulting surgeon of the Robert B. Green Hospital and visiting surgeon for the Medical and Surgical Hospital.

The early life of Dr. Venable was spent in Charlottesville where he was born June 13, 1877. His father was a lieutenant colonel on the staff of Robert E. Lee and was for the thirty years just after the Civil War professor of mathematics in the University of Virginia. Dr. Venable studied in the College for two sessions, then attended the University of North Carolina for one before coming back to the University to study medicine. He was an associate editor of College Topics, a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, TILKA, Z, and other student organizations.

After a year of internship and two years of post-graduate study abroad, Dr. Venable began the practice of his profession in Charlottesville in 1903 and was for four sessions a lecturer in the University's Department of Medicine. In 1908 he moved to San Antonio where he has made his home ever since.

In 1909 he founded the Lee Surgical Hospital and he was its chief surgeon until 1921. He was chief of the surgical service of the Robert B. Green Hospital from 1916 to 1929 and during the last ten years was a member of its board of managers. In May 1917 he was commissioned a major in the Medical Corps and after attending a course at the Rockefeller Institute under Dr. Alexis Carrel he served in this country and overseas until he was discharged in February 1919 with the grade of lieutenant colonel.

Dr. Venable was a councilor of the Texas State Medical Association for ten years, and he has served as a member of the San Antonio Board of Health, as president of the Kiwanis Club, as first vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, and in other organizations. He is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, of the American Association for Surgery of Trauma, an associate fellow of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, and a member of the founding group of the American Board of Surgery.

In 1936 Dr. Venable completed researches that led to the discovery that electrolysis is the controlling factor in the use of metal in bone surgery. That same year he introduced an alloy, previously used for dental purposes, made of cobalt, chromium and molybdenum called "Vitallium" on the basis of passivity, to be used in bone surgery.

Dr. Venable and his wife, the former Miss Eleanor Addison Herff of San Antonio, live at 164 Park Hiss Drive. They have five daughters, all of whom have attended Stuart Hall and Sweet Briar College.
Richard Irvine Manning was born at Homesley Plantation, Sumter County South Carolina, on August 15, 1859. His father, a successful planter and State Senator died when he was only two years old leaving him the eventual responsibility of looking after the estate and caring for his mother and sisters.

He began his education in the local primary schools and then studied for two years at the Kenmore University High School in Amherst County, Virginia. From there, he entered the University of Virginia in 1877. He had room no. 13 West Range, which a little while later was occupied by Woodrow Wilson. He was a member of our Delta Kappa Epsilon Eta Chapter where his closest friends were Brothers Wyndham Meredith, De Courcy Thom, Samuel Porcher, Charles Andrews, D’Arcy Paul and UVA’s F.A. Massie. Of his life in Charlottesville, he modestly stated that it was “not very noteworthy” although he belonged to the Athletic Association, The Boat club, The Jefferson Society and otherwise “took quite an active part in all college matters.”

Compelled by the condition of his eyes to leave the University, in 1881 he commenced an active life of work in Sumter County as a farmer. It was absolutely up to him to win his own way from the bottom. He was but twenty-two years old and it was a bitter struggle for him to make both ends meet. He started off with three ploughs on poor, sandy, unimproved soil. On February 10, 1881, he married in Richmond, Miss Lelia Bernard Meredith, descendant of Col. Elisha Meredith of Revolutionary fame, and sister of two distinguished members of the Richmond bar, Wyndham R. and Charles V. Meredith.

In that same year there was a general crop disaster in South Carolina which spelled heavy losses to the farmers, and Mr. Manning was no exception. He had to give up his own farm and go to another’s place to farm it on shares. There he lived in a humble two-room house in the most economical manner. Instead of a buggy, a small wagon with a spring seat was the family conveyance for the future governor and his little family. It was a battle royal with the soil for several years, a strenuous scramble for a mere living, but the young farmer took his medicine cheerfully and little by little recovered from misfortune. Year by year his crop improved so that in the course of time it was enabled to return to his farm and then, for eighteen years, he was eminently successful.

His entrance into politics was effected in 1892 when he was elected to the House of Representatives from his county. Two years later he declined re-election, but a discerning constituency saw to it that he was returned. In 1898, he was elected to the State Senate where he served two terms, becoming President Pro Tempore in 1905. He was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, the most important committee at the time. From the very beginning of his legislative career he loomed up as a figure of statewide reputation. His attitude toward legislation was distinctly progressive and he stood in the front rank of those who were striving for a better order of things. He was especially active in legislation looking to tax reform and pure elections.

In 1906, he was a candidate for Governor, but after a close campaign was defeated, coming second in the finals. Then he retired for a season from public life. In 1912 he was chosen a delegate-at-large to the National Democratic convention at Baltimore and acted as chairman of the State delegation. From the start of that memorable political struggle he was for the nomination of Woodrow Wilson and helped to hold South Carolina unwaveringly to the Wilson standard until the day was won.

First in the field for the gubernatorial nomination in the 1914 primary, Mr. Manning was confronted with nine opponents. The situation was unique in the political history of the State. In the lists against him were several strong men, including the popular speaker of the House, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the chairman of the Railroad Commission. Four of the candidates supported the platform of current Governor Blease, while on the Anti-Blease side were five other candidates beside Mr. Manning. Of these, he was the first to make open war of the Blease administration during the campaign. In South Carolina the Democratic primary is based upon a joint county to county canvass of the forty-eight counties. Through this severe mental and physical ordeal, Mr. Manning passed unscathed, speaking in all sorts of places, often to hostile audiences, but always without unpleasant results. When the first harvest of ballots came in, the result was greatly in doubt. For four anxious days it was wholly uncertain what two candidates of the ten would run over in the second primary. It was a thrilling neck and neck race between three men and more than once it seemed that Mr. Manning had been eliminated. Finally it was found that Mr. Manning stood second, leading the Anti-Blease candidates. He was 344 votes ahead of R. A. Cooper and 1404 behind John G. Richards, a Blease candidate, out of eighty-odd thousand votes.

Immediately the second primary resolved itself into a clear-cut issue of Bleaseism or Anti-Bleaseism. Richard representing the former alignment and Manning the latter. Taking advantage of a condition which the past September had threatened the prosperity of the farmers of South Carolina, Governor Blease issued a decree declaring, in effect, that if the farmers of the state desired an extra session of the legislature to devise and pass laws remedying their distressing situation, they should express that desire by voting for Richards and that, if they did not so vote, he (Blease) would be justified in feeling that they did not desire such an extra session. The answer of the farmers of South Carolina was as decisive as it was
characteristically independent. A few hours later, Manning received 73,969 votes over Richards, who polled 45,099. Clearly, Manning was, in the fullest sense, a farmer’s candidate and a farmer’s favorite.

The fundamental issue of that primary was, “Shall South Carolina move forward beside her sister States or remain in her inglorious isolation?” No other interpretation of the popular mandate is possible than that the people desired immediate restoration of a government of law, the dethronement of demagoguery and the replacement of their State in the company of enlightened and progressive commonwealths.

Out of the crisis Manning emerged, a South Carolinian of South Carolinians, owning in singularly fine combination the qualities of that upbuilding leadership which South Carolina so long had so vitally needed. When Woodrow Wilson classified himself politically as “a conservative with a move on,” he minted a phrase that exactly fit Richard Manning. Under him all factions were slowly reunited in a common endeavor sending South Carolina forward into the wider ways of progress.

For example, following his win in the General election, within less than twenty-four hours after he went into office, he took hold of an ancient vexing problem, the State Asylum for the Insane, had an expert to investigate the institution, put business men on its directorate, and began to reform and reconstruct it, all to the satisfaction of the state. With all his might he proposed and urged the enactment of progressive statutes in the interest of better education, better system of taxation, better conditions of labor and a more efficient government and to many of theses proposals it was his pleasure to affix the signature that rounded them into law. It was generally conceded that the South Carolina legislature of 1915 was the most progressive in its temper and in its accomplishment than a generation had seen.

Arguably, the greatest achievement of the Manning administration was the general sense of order, peace and security felt by the citizens of South Carolina and their confidence in the integrity and justness of their new Chief Magistrate. It was said that none but a South Carolinian could thoroughly appreciate what it meant to have Manning in authority. They believed that whatever he did was done because he believed it was right. Some of them did not always agree with his conclusions and auctions, but they readily conceded that he kept faith with his conscience and conviction. They knew he was a man of vision who declared:

“My mind and heart, my time and all the ability with which I am endowed will be dedicated to the service of our State and to the discharge of the duties and responsibilities of the office with fairness to all. As your Governor I shall labor to enforce all the laws with fairness, with justice and with mercy, and to aid in the abolition of factionalism and bitterness and for the up building of our State in all ways that will make for the prosperity, happiness and enlightenment of all the people.”

Richard Irving Manning was indeed a distinguished Eta Brother.
HILARY A. HERBERT, ETA 1854
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

It was reserved for Eta chapter of our cherished Fraternity to furnish to the new cabinet one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Herbert is there registered in Dr. Schelc De Vere’s record of the students of the University of Virginia; “Herbert, Hilary A., 1854, Butler Co., Alabama, ’54, ’55; Col. C.S.A.; M.C.U.S.; Lawyer, Montgomery, Ala.” The Congressional Directory likewise puts Mr. Herbert down as born in Butler County, Alabama; such, however, is not the fact. He was born in Lawrenceville, South Carolina, although he emigrated with his father’s family to Alabama at an early age. He entered the University of Virginia in 1854, and was nominated and elected a member of Eta chapter soon after his matriculation, if I remember correctly, on the nomination of James Taylor Jones, lately on of his colleagues from Alabama in the Congress of the United States. He was a very regular attendant upon the exercises of the chapter, and was universally popular. He was not set down as a brilliant man in college, but rather ranked as a steady, conscientious worker who avoided the excesses which characterized so many of the students at that day hailing from the Southern, or cotton, States. Those who knew him intimately recognized those sterling attributes, founded mainly on strict integrity and devotion to duty, which have characterized his subsequent career and elevated him to distinguished rank among his countrymen.

As soon as the late War broke out Mr. Herbert joined an Alabama regiment, and soon rose to official position, and finally to the colonelcy of the 8th Alabama. Soon after the first Manasses, he came to see me in Richmond, and we had the ladies of that city to make colors for his regiment, with appropriate ornament and device. This was the last time I saw him until after the war.

At the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was severely wounded. After the war, he resumed the practice of law in Montgomery, and became a candidate for the 46th Congress of the United States, with the endorsement of the unanimous nomination of his party. He was elected, and by continuous reelection served in Congress for twelve years, and six consecutive terms. He was deeply interested in Naval affairs from having been long a member of the Naval committee, and during one session, its chairman. It is said that no recommendation in the House could carry an appropriation bill further than that of Mr., Herbert. This was a high tribute to the estimate of the man and the conscientious character of his work.

Feeling an interest in the success of Mr. Cleveland’s administration, I noted with considerable care the manner in which the Cabinet appointments were received by the press, and, without disparagement to his colleagues, I think it may be truly said that the appointment of Mr. Herbert was received with more universal commendation than that of any other member of the Cabinet. Taking random specimens of editorial comment from the various shades of political sentiment, we may quote the following from the Brooklyn Eagle, “He is a clear, honest, earnest, and candid man.” The New York Times said, “He has followed a consistent and persistent policy which has demonstrated his ability and attainments.” The St. Louis Democrat was still more enthusiastic, “Athene stepped not forth from the head of Zeus a more fully equipped warrior than will Mr. Herbert step into the Navy Department, next Saturday, a fully equipped Secretary.”

Commencing his duties as an executive officer under such happy auspices, and with such cheering words of journalistic approval and popular acclaim, there can be little room to doubt that his career in the department will add additional luster to his own reputation, and to the record of our beloved fraternity.

Written by David B. Lucas, Eta’54 for the May 1893 DKE Quarterly

Quote from Centennial DKE quarterly
ETA, VIRGINIA- Eta began the new wartime session on July 1, 1943 with an active chapter of eleven brothers. These were Bill Marbury, Fred Schneider, Charlie Minor, Tom Stokes, Ed Gamble, Charlie Sackett, Rufus Roberts, Lucien Burnett, Dick Cofrer, Cliff Fox and Tom Willcox. Many brothers of the preceding session had been scattered over the globe by the Armed Services. Since that time we have lost Minor to the Harvard Medical School, where he is president of his class, and Schneider, now a Second Lieutenant, to the Marines. Stokes has his commission in the Navy, and Gamble is serving in the Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va. This group, though now broken up, had seen the University change from peace to war.
Virginius Dabney Is Awarded Pulitzer Prize for Editorials

Pulitzer prize for distinguished editorial writing in 1932 has been awarded to Virginius Dabney, '30, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Another, for distinguished fiction, went to James A. Michener (Summer Quarter, '35), author of Tales of the South Pacific.

Mr. Dabney was cited for "distinguished editorial writing during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and power to influence public opinion in what the writer conceives to be the right direction, due account being taken of the whole volume of the editorial writer's work during the year."

"Certainly, among editors—and especially southern editors—this Pulitzer award is one of the most popular ever made," Alfred Myrders wrote in his "Next to the News" column of the Chattanooga Times. "Sometimes a Pulitzer award is given for a single outstanding editorial. Mr. Dabney won it because of the day by day brilliance and honesty shown on his editorial page."

"He could have won it for his ringing denunciation of Gov. Tuck's plan to force Virginia Democrats to vote for presidential electors 'right senate'."

"The Dabney editorials caused one branch of the Virginia legislature to attempt to punish the Richmond newspapers. It was perhaps the highest compliment Virginius Dabney ever received, and his career as editor of the Times-Dispatch has been stuffed with awards of merit and appreciation ever since he took over the post in 1926."

He was born at the University in 1901, son of the late Richard Heath Dabney, '81, professor of history and last survivor of the "old faculty" who made the University illustrious in the nineties. Entering the University in 1917, he received his M.A. degree in 1921. His many activities included vice-presidency of his College class, management of the track team, membership on tennis and baseball teams, and in Delta Kappa Epsilon, Raven, Phi Beta Kappa, TII, KAI, 1K and German. He also was a staff member of Corks and Curls.

For a year he taught French at Episcopal High School, then joined the Richmond News Leader staff in 1922 as reporter. In 1928 he transferred to the editorial staff of the Times-Dispatch, became chief editorial writer in 1929, and editor in 1930.

His appointment as editor was hailed as "a gratifying recognition of one of the finest journalistic talents Virginia has produced in many generations." He had already written Liberalism in the South, published in 1932, and established a national name for himself as a Southern liberal. His second volume, Below the Potomac, appeared in 1942, and he is currently reported working on a third. He has contributed to the New York Times since 1929, to the London Economist, to the Dictionary of American Biography, and to numerous magazines.

With the University of Virginia he has maintained close relations, having served as an advisor to the Institute of Public Affairs, editorial adviser for the Alumni News, and speaker for the Honor System Centennial in 1948. In 1934 he spent six months in Central Europe studying periodical literature under a grant from the Oberlaender Trust, and last year was selected by the War Department as one of a few outstanding American editors for a tour of the American occupation zone of Europe.

He has been a member of the board of trustees of Episcopal High School, and of the Southern Regional Council, and an advisory board member of the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, among other organizations.

Honorary degrees have been conferred on Mr. Dabney by the University of Richmond, College of William and Mary, and Lynchburg College. He was cited in 1937 by the Washington and Lee University School of Journalism and the Virginia Press Association for "distinguished editorial writing during the year 1937."

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Make your plans NOW to attend the annual Alumni Association Reunion at the University on June 18 and 19.
THE DOCTOR'S TRACK RECORD

By Bill Sublette
Benjamin Baker: Virginia Athlete, Rhodes Scholar, Physician and Medical Researcher

Ask Baltimore physician Benjamin Baker about his athletic exploits and he’ll gladly tell stories of his days on the Virginia track team under Coach “Pop” Lannigan. He’ll even tell you about how, while a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, he ran against Harry Abrahams of Chariots of Fire fame. And then there was his brief fling with semi-professional baseball.

A 1922 graduate of the college who earned an M.D. at Johns Hopkins in 1927, Dr. Baker is equally at ease talking about his pioneering research on diet and coronary heart disease and about how, even now as an 84-year-old professor emeritus at Hopkins, he is working with a research team studying colon cancer.

But when you ask Dr. Baker about some of his famous patients—F. Scott Fitzgerald, J.L. Mencken and the Duke of Windsor, to name but a few—he becomes a bit more reticent. “I think there are professional standards of confidentiality that have to be upheld,” he insists, although with a little coaxing he’ll share some of his experiences.

Fitzgerald had already won wide acclaim for This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and the Damned and The Great Gatsby by the time Dr. Baker began treating him in the early 1930s. Living in Baltimore to be near the mental institution where his wife, Zelda, had been hospitalized, Fitzgerald came down with what was believed to be typhoid fever. Young Dr. Baker came to his aid.

“I was just a pup in private practice then; the senior physician in our office shared the case with me,” said the Norfolk native. “Oh Lord, I struggled with Scott Fitzgerald for nearly 10 years after that, but I was a bachelor then so it was relatively easy to be readily available. I often say, jokingly of course, that I should be listed as co-author of Tender Is the Night. He called me constantly while he was working on that book.”

Dr. Baker recalls finding a desk for Fitzgerald at the Hopkins emergency room. There the author would sit for hours watching emergency cases, gathering raw material for short stories. Interviewed by the B.B.C. last fall for an upcoming documentary on Fitzgerald, Dr. Baker said the writer’s bout with the bottle is no myth.

“He would go into the hospital to dry out and so on,” Dr. Baker said. “We had him off alcohol for a year, but he had trouble getting his short stories accepted. He started drinking again, and at about the same time he started producing acceptable short stories.”

Dr. Baker remembers H.L. Mencken as “the hardest working man I’ve ever known. He would sit at his desk from 8:15 in the morning until 10 at night. Occasionally I would meet him after 10 to go out for some beer and conversation with his friends.”

The author of biting satires on society and literature and the originator of such now-familiar phrases as “the Bible Belt” and “the booboise,” Mencken enjoyed generally good health until he suffered a stroke in 1948. The stroke, Dr. Baker said, impaired the writer’s speech for a number of years, a trying experience for a man of such sharp verbal wit. Mencken died in 1956.

As for the Duke of Windsor (King Edward VIII until he abdicated in 1936 to marry divorcee Wallis Warfield Simpson), Dr. Baker saw him over a two-day period while the duchess was being treated by another Baltimore physician. “She was ill, but he came to me just for a precautionary examination,” said the alumnus. “There must have been a thousand people outside my office waiting to see him come in.”

While Dr. Baker has treated more than his share of celebrities, he has claimed more than a little fame for himself in medical and Virginia athletic circles. The son of a U.Va. alumnus and prominent Norfolk physician and the grandson of a one-time rector of the University, Ben Baker made his mark as a track star at Virginia. The mile relay team came in second at the Penn Relays the year he was captain (1923), although he likes to point out that his good friend Frank Talbott (who would later become rector of the University) led Virginia to victory at Penn the following year when Baker was no longer on the team.

Young Baker was at his best in the quarter mile. He held the Virginia record for that event for nearly 40 years until it was broken by Gilbert Faccio in 1961. “I could have spanked the boy,” Dr. Baker said.

A member of the Ravens, the Elis, the Z society, the 13s, DKE and Phi Beta Kappa, Dr. Baker completed a year of medical school at U.Va. before being selected a Rhodes Scholar. The summer before he left for England, he played center field for a corporate-sponsored baseball team made up of ex-big leaguers and young player.

“To keep my amateur status, I got my salary by driving a delivery truck,” Dr. Baker said. “I was a terrible baseball player, but I could run. I could bunt and run it out, scratch hits and steal bases.”

At Oxford’s Balliol College, he earned a physiology degree and continued running track, although with less intensity than at Virginia. He was invited to try out for the U.S. relay team in the 1924 Olympics, the same games dramatized in Chariots of Fire, but he decided to return home instead.
Though he passed up Olympic competition, Dr. Baker ran against one of the starst of the Paris games, the legendary Harry Abrahams, in a relay race at another meet.

“For years I recalled it as an intercollegiate match between Oxford and Cambridge (where Abrahams was on the track team), but that couldn’t have been,” Dr. Baker said. “Abrahams left Cambridge in 1923, the year I came to Oxford, so it must have been a match not sponsored by the universities.”

Dr. Baker returned to the U.S. in 1925 to earn his M.D. at Hopkins, where he also completed his internship and residency. As a cardiovascular specialist on the Hopkins staff in the late 1930s, the physician “very naively” began studying the link between blood cholesterol levels and coronary heart disease.

“The research didn’t amount to much. Nothing was published, and it was interrupted by the war,” said Dr. Baker, who was awarded the Legion of Merit for his work on malaria during the conflict. He headed the medical service of a military hospital on Fiji, and in 1945 he became chief medical consultant of McArthur’s forces in the Pacific.

Following the war Dr. Baker returned to Hopkins to practice and to teach, and he became chairman of the private ward committee at Johns Hopkins Hospital. He conducted research on diagnosing heart disease with the ballistocardiogram, which resulted in a paper delivered before the Royal Society of Medicine. The diagnostic tool—a suspended bed that could detect heart abnormalities—was soon superseded by catheterization and other more sophisticated techniques, so Dr. Baker returned to an earlier research interest: cholesterol and coronary heart disease. Specifically, he helped direct a landmark National Institutes of Health study on controlling cholesterol by diet.

“I was on the executive committee for the project, which lasted three years,” said Dr. Baker. “The research was conducted at a half-dozen centers around the country, and I directed the center at Hopkins. We even ran our own grocery store to control the participants’ diets. The study was double-blind so we would have no idea what the participants had been eating.

“This was the first large-scale attempt to learn whether blood cholesterol could be controlled by dietary means and whether reducing cholesterol would reduce hardening of the arteries. It fell short of definitive conclusions, but it was a pioneer effort.”

At Hopkins, Dr. Baker rose through the academic ranks, attaining the title of full professor of medicine in 1964. He retired in 1967 as professor emeritus, but that by no means ended his career. He has since organized a research team that is looking at all aspects of colon cancer, from the cancer cells’ basic mechanisms to improving diagnosis to means of prevention.

“It’s a very exciting research area,” Dr. Baker said. “There are a lot of interesting new ideas about the role of fat and the role of fiber in colon cancer, for example. All the real work in our group is done by young, vigorous investigators. I was just the spark plug, and I help raise funds for the project.”

Married since 1939 to the former Julia Scott Clayton, a 1944 high honors graduate of the U.Va. law school, Dr. Baker maintains an active lifestyle in his mid-80s. He works with his research group three and a half days a week and plays golf frequently. He offers a basic recipe of do’s and don’ts for preserving vitality as an octogenarian: “don’t smoke cigarettes, avoid fatty foods, remain intellectually active and take exercise.”

Above all, stay thin, adds Dr. Baker, who weighs the same as he did in 1916. “Staying thin is more important than what you eat,” he said. “Of course, genes and luck are big factors, too.”

The alumnus returned to the University last fall to attend Homecoming and the Navy game. The contrast between the University today and what it was like in his day is a source of amazement for the physician.

“There were only 2,000 students when I was here (as compared with 16,500 now), and only two students had cars,” he said. “One rich man had an automobile, and I had the other one. It was a 1911 Ford I had bought for $25 and had restored. I just left it out on the street, and anyone who could start it could borrow it for a while.

“When I compare that with what I see now—the crowds and the traffic—my mouth just falls open.”
FORTUNATE is that man whose character affords an inspiration to high and unselfish service, and whose ambition centers upon the attainment of noble ends by honorable means, for his usefulness is not obliterated by time or space, and continues a living influence for good. Such a man is Henry Carter Stuart. The eldest surviving son of William Alexander Stuart and Mary Carter Stuart, he was born on January 18th, 1855, at Wytheville, Virginia, and the oak trees which shade his birth-place fitly typify the rugged strength of his nature and the development of power through struggle. During his childhood the family moved to Saltville, and there his mother died in 1862 of camp fever, contracted by nursing Confederate soldiers. The village school prepared him for Emory and Henry College, where he matriculated in 1870, and four years later he was graduated, and then entered the law class at the University of Virginia. It was not his intention to become a practitioner, but he realized the value of a technical knowledge of law in mental training and practical affairs. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and final orator of his class. Subsequently he was one of the Board of Visitors, and always a loyal and enthusiastic son of his Alma Mater. He was just twenty-one when
he returned to the home, which was now in Russell County, and entered at once upon what has been his vocation—agriculture in the blue grass region of Southwest Virginia. The farmer, like the poet, is born, not made, and for farming, Henry Stuart has a facility which borders upon genius. Of thorough-bred stock, he is a connoisseur, on land improvement he is an authority, and his management of the large interests of the Stuart Land and Cattle Company has revealed executive ability of the highest order, combined with a determination to secure the coöperation of his subordinates by generous dealings and not by arbitrary control. He owes to his own energy and sagacity the right and title to this ample domain in Russell, and the enjoyment of it should come as a benediction upon labors and sacrifices of which few know the full extent. He was married in 1896 to Miss Margaret Carter, of Smyth County, and has one child, a daughter born in 1898.

Naturally the quiet triumphs he has won as friend or citizen yield in importance to his public achievements as a servant of the people and a guardian of their welfare. He was elected to the Constitutional Convention of 1904 by almost the unanimous vote of Russell County. Two of the salient results of that Convention were the creation of a Corporation Commission and the enactment of a new suffrage clause. Both measures enlisted the hearty support of Mr. Stuart, and he consented to his appointment on the first Corporation Commission because he discerned the vast opportunities presented to the Commission and was anxious that the judicial and executive functions conferred upon it should be exercised in a manner to indicate the extent and value of its jurisdiction. For five years he brought to bear upon the questions before the Commission the resources of wide experience, intense application and impartial judgment. The universal recognition of the ability and integrity with which he discharged the duties of Commissioner compensated for the arduous work during this initiative period. Meanwhile he had been brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men in his official capacity and as President of the State Fair, and wherever he became known his fearless leadership and fine ideals attracted to him the stamp of men whose approval is the best reward of public service, and he was urged to be a candidate for Governor of Virginia. The critical illness of Mrs. Stuart in France necessitated his withdrawal on February 1st, 1909, and compelled his presence across the ocean for many months.

The next claim upon him was made soon after his return, when the Democrats of the Ninth District summoned him by acclamation to take the nomination for Congress. He accepted the call in the spirit of a soldier leading a forlorn hope, but stimulated by the joy of battle and his belief in the righteousness of Democratic principles, he inaugurated a magnificent canvass, infused new life into the Democracy of the Ninth District, and reduced the Republican majority of 4,165 votes to a small margin of 217. A complete victory could not have elevated him more than did his magnanimous acqui-
escence in a verdict which was more than doubtful, and his refusal to contest the District on the score of technicalities or irregularities. The memory of that campaign in the autumn of 1910 cheers hearts that are weary of selfish striving or sordid ambition with the realization that it is not the end of the race which counts in the final analysis, but how it is run.

There are three things for which Henry Stuart has always stood preëminently—Temperance, Justice and Truth—holding them to be the foundations of private morality and civic virtue. Coupled with them is the profound conviction that religion is the eternal safeguard of nations and individuals. He is a member of the Methodist Church, and a liberal contributor to its upbuilding, but his training and environment have made him a believer in the essential unity of all Christians.

A Dabney ancestress dowered the Scotch-Irish Stuarts with a Huguenot strain sparkling with the humor and charm of the old Provincial days. It has rendered Henry Stuart a delightful raconteur of anecdotes derived from many sources, and the Dabney motto, "Faithful and Grateful," is inwrought into the very fibre of his being. Descended from William Randolph, of Turkey Island, and from Major Alexander Stuart, a founder of Washington College and officer in the Revolution, he is a grandson of the genial and gifted Archibald Stuart of Patrick County and a nephew of General J. E. B. Stuart. On the distaff side he traces back to the family of King Carter and Sir Thomas Dale of the early colonial era. Such an inheritance of example and tradition entails the obligation to maintain the high standards and measure up to the splendid requirements which once made the name Virginian as proud a title as that of Roman, and an obligation, whether to the living or the dead, Henry Stuart has never shirked nor evaded. Therefore his vigorous intellect and forceful personality are dedicated to the accomplishment of things that are vital and enduring. For him good citizenship includes good roads, good schools and a helping hand stretched out to whoever needs it, and that is why the message of his life is a sage of common sense, written in the plain terms which the unlettered may read and the wise appreciate, knowing that sincerity and simplicity are the elemental attributes of greatness. He is now in the prime of life with powers matured and purposes crystallized. The future should hold for him the fulfilment of all his dreams and the abundant harvest of a well-spent life. May your pathway be as brilliant as the sunrise on your snow-covered Bear Town peaks, and its end as peaceful as the deep waters of the Clinch in the star-lit silence of summer!
Thomas Carter Dulaney

Thomas Carter Dulaney was claimed by sudden death on the night of November 1, 1924, while in the course of his second year as a student at the University.

He was born November 18, 1902. He was the son of Henry Rozier and Anne Carter Dulaney, of Upperville, Va. His grandfather, Col. Thomas Carter, was for many years proctor of this university. His brother, Henry Rozier Dulaney, Jr., graduated from the University Law School in 1912. His was a heritage of prominent Virginia families on both sides. He spent his early boyhood in Upperville and Washington. In preparation for college he spent four years at the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va., where he took an active interest and became prominent in the social, athletic, and literary life of the school.

In the fall of 1922 he entered the University of Virginia, where he became a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity. During this year he associated himself with various phases of University life, being especially prominent in track athletics. The following year he spent in Alaska as a member of the Geodetic Survey, and, later, in travel in Europe. In the summer of 1924 he attended the University Summer School and reentered the Academic Department in September.

As a student of the University Tom Dulaney conducted himself in that manner which becomes a true gentleman of Virginia. His relations as student to professor, as athlete to teammate, and as companion to associate were ever conducted on a high plane. He stood always for what was upright, and lived in such a way as to instill confidence, thus bringing to himself the glory of a high respect from his fellow men. During the short time he was at the University he enjoyed an ever-growing circle of friends and bound those who already knew him closer to him. To mention his integrity of principle is to mention the honor that was his. In him the University has lost a member of the highest type which represents Virginia.

—E. H., A. H. H., J. M. B. L.
In Memoriam

EPPA HUNTON, JR.

Born in Brentsville, Virginia, April 14, 1855
Died in Richmond, Virginia, March 5, 1931

EPPA HUNTON, Jr., died at his home in Richmond on March 5, in his seventy-seventh year. He had suffered from a heart affliction for more than a year, but had been seriously ill only a few days. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

Mr. Hunton became a member of the Board of Visitors in March, 1902, and was a member of that body when it selected Edwin Anderson Alderman to be the first president of the University. He served until March, 1908. He was the first treasurer of the alumni board of trustees of the University Endowment Fund and continued as a member until the time of his death.

He was born in Brentsville, Prince William County, on April 14, 1855. He was admitted to the bar in 1877 soon after graduating in law, and began practice with his father in Warrenton. He moved to Richmond in 1901 where he was for twenty years a member of the firm of Munford, Hunton, Williams and Anderson.

In 1893-'94 he was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates. He served as a member of the State's constitutional convention in 1901 as chairman of the committee on courts of justice.

Mr. Hunton became general counsel for the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad in 1914. He became president of this road in 1920 and continued as its head until his death. During the period of federal control of railroads during the war he was counsel for the director general. He was recognized as one of the nation's leading railway executives.

He was president of the board of the Medical College of Virginia. He was a director of several banks and large corporations in Richmond and in New York. In 1916 he was president of the Virginia Bar Association. He played an active part in the civic, professional and religious life of Richmond.

He is survived by his widow, the former Miss Virginia Payne, whom he married in 1901 and by one son Eppa Hunton, IV, '27.
“The death in the Congo of Henry N. Taylor, Scripps - Howard correspondent, is a tragic loss to the newspaper profession and to the country.

“As a foreign correspondent, Mr. Taylor traveled throughout the world reporting the news developments of our times for the American people. He traveled with me on many of the visits I made to many countries.

“Killed in the line of duty, his name joins the honor roll of other American reporters who have given their lives to the cause of a free press and increased public knowledge of world affairs.”

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Henry Taylor's Final Dispatch:

'Things Are Bound to Get Explosively Worse'

This is Henry Taylor's last dispatch, cabled to The Washington Daily News on Sunday from Leopoldville, capital of the Congo. He was about to shove off for Bakwanga - the current trouble spot - and he wanted to get this story on the wire in case he couldn't file another one from the thick of the fighting. And so it came to pass.

LEOPOLDVILLE, The Congo, Sept. 4 - The weirdness that is the chaotic Congo swallows a newcomer before he can even get clear of this ghost city's unnaturally busy airport.

All the elements are there at the very first glance:
• The semi-literate Congolese official who stamps your Indonesian visa by accident,
• The airport bus which runs out of gas,
• The four Red Chinese diplomats arriving, all smiles, speaking perfect French and carrying trunkloads of propaganda,
• Blue helmeted United Nations troops standing all over the place, but apparently having no orders other than to look alert,
• The shabby Congolese Force Publique privates who seem just as bewildered but are disturbingly busier.

And there are rumors, rumors, rumors.

"The last Belgian paratroops have evacuated Katanga. . . . A new wave of Belgian paratroops have just recaptured Luluabourg . . . Prime Minister Lumumba has invited Russian troops . . . The King of the Baluba tribe has warned Khrushchev that his cannibals will eat any Russian sent here . . . etc., etc., etc."

Leave your ear open and you can hear almost anything here.

The fact is the Congo situation is like a hastily improvised and unfinished trapeze act in which all the participants are jostling in midair above a United Nations safety net which may, or may not, be strong enough to save those who fall.

It would be awesomely entertaining if it weren't such a threat to world peace. Congolese drill platoons collide with one another in the middle of a maneuver. Members roll on the sidewalk in mirth and break ranks to play mumblety-peg with bayonets - yet these same comic opera corporals are slaughtering civilians this week in Bakwanga.

The Congo army's commanding general, Lundula (until two months ago a medical corps sergeant), is interrupted in the middle of a press conference by a buck private, fingering the trigger of his rifle, who accuses him of giving away military secrets - a hilarious sight until you remember this army's total lack of discipline is what has brought the Congo to its present shattered state.

Things are bound to get explosively worse here no matter how many times Dag Hammarskjold crosses the Atlantic - worse physically as well as politically. Jungle rot has not spread too visibly into the gaudy capital city of Leopoldville where the wine cellars are not yet empty in neon-lit hotels and where radar-guided ore boats still ply the bean soup-colored Congo River.

But once you drive away from the center of the city you begin to see block after block of shattered suburban houses, of cars stripped of their tires - abandoned along the highway - and you see indisputable signs that the machinery of this new nation - which is big as all the United States east of the Mississippi - is simply falling to pieces.
When the Congo became independent two months ago — and the raping began — there were 9,600 Belgian officials in the civil service along with only 803 Africans. Now there are fewer than 200 Belgians left in the government.

Walk through the outer offices of a giant enterprise like the nation’s Central Post Office and you see dozens of Africans sitting proud but puzzled at the desks, “out” baskets tidily bare, “in” baskets already shoulder-high with paper. Then explore deep into the bowels of the building and you finally find one weary Belgian, probably with an airplane ticket to Brussels in his pocket, gamely keeping the whole operation alive for one more week.

Of course, the United Nations is doing all it can, bringing in doctors, electricians, food experts, etc., but it can’t prop up every collapse. For instance, the nation’s secondary schools are due to open next week and there are only 10 trained African teachers in the whole Congo — to take the place of 1,800 Belgians who now feel safer in Belgium.

Mr. Hammarskjold has done wonders speeding Sudanese soldiers here to stand around holding rifles (usually unloaded). But where can he find 1,800 French-speaking teachers by one week from Monday?

Every indication is that as independence gets less and less comfortable for the people of the Congo, Lumumba will resort to ever more rash and preposterous diversions, which means more outrages against American and UN imperialism and ever widening opportunities for communism to “rescue” Congolese nationalism.

* * *

The above dispatch was signed simply:

"THIRTY —
TAYLOR"

_Scripps-Howard Newspapers — September 6, 1960_
TOMB OF THOMAS JEFFERSON
Landon Wellford Dies At Home in Richmond
March 8, 1916 U of V Alumni News

After an illness of a little over a week Landon Wellford, '10, died February 18th at his home in Richmond from meningitis. Mr. Wellford’s death was not unexpected as he had been critically ill for several days and had not been benefited by an operation.

Landon, or “Lum” Wellford, as he was known to his friends, was well known at the University. For two years he played tackle on the Varsity football team and, since he left college, has often come back to help in coaching the football team. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity and of T.I.L.K.A. ribbon society.

Mr. Wellford is survived by his wife, Miss Gay Montague, his mother and father, and two brothers.

In spite of the Civil War the DKE spirit of Brotherhood remained: at the Rochester convention in 1865 the following resolution passed amid cheers: “Resolved, that we as a convention, rejoice at the restored political and civil relations of our common government, and that we welcome back with undiminished regard the Southern Chapters of our Fraternity, and earnestly desire and request that they renew their former relations with the Fraternity at the earliest possible moment…”

Lucien Minor Abbot, Eta ’24, Retired Washington Attorney, Dies at 69

Lucien Minor Abbot, Eta ’24, former general solicitor of Southern Railway in Washington, D.C., died suddenly on October 24, 1969, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Richard F. Generelly. Immediately after graduation from the University of Virginia Law School in 1924 he entered the Law Department of Southern Railway at Washington, in which he served in various positions until his retirement in 1962.

Brother Abbot's principal concerns at one time or another were carrier law, real estate law, tax law, and legislative matters. For a number of years he was one of the representatives of the railroad industry on committees of the U.S. chamber of Commerce. His hobbies were Restoration history, antique English silver, antique Wedgwood and angling.

Born in Lynchburg, Virginia, on July 30, 1900, Brother Abbot was the son of William Richardson Abbot, III, and Lucy Schoolfield Lewis and spent his early youth in Bedford, Va. His paternal grandparents were William Richardson Abbot, II and Lucy Ridgeway Minor. His maternal grandparents were John H. Lewis, Confederate Army officer, and Elizabeth Dabney Langhorne, whose nieces, among them Lady Astor and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, were the famous beauties widely known several decades ago as “the Langhorne sisters.”

Brother Abbot, who had the distinction of being the first graduate in point of time of The Virginia Episcopal School, after attending the Academic School of the University of Virginia, was engaged for a few years in teaching, serving as principal of the Coleman Falls (Va.) High School and Master in St. Christopher's School at Richmond. Later he returned to the University and was graduated from Law School. At Virginia he was a member of the T.I.L.K.A. Society and Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity.

At graveside in the family plot in St. Stephen’s Church Yard, Forest, Virginia, a floral tribute, bearing in white carnations the symbolic “7” indicating Brother Abbot’s membership in the Seven Society of the University of Virginia, was placed by persons unknown. The chimes were rung on the Charlottesville campus at the moment of interment.
Lt. “Billy” Word, who is serving in the artillery branch of the American Expeditionary Army, was awarded the distinguished service cross for conspicuous bravery by General Pershing. He received the cross for coolness under fire in an engagement on the front of the American sector on March 9. While at the University Word won his letter in two major sports and was a member of the indoor relay team. He played right half-back on the football teams of 1913 and 1914, and first base on the baseball team of 1914. While here he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Lambda Pi fraternities and the T.I.L.K.A. ribbon society.

Robert L. “Pete” Potter
UVA Alumni News 1996

Robert “Pete” Potter (Edcu ‘54) of Chattanooga, TN, died August 14, 1996. A superb athlete, Mr. Potter may be best remembered by Virginia sports fans as an all-state running back and outstanding boxer. While at U.Va., he won the Southern and Eastern Intercollegiate boxing titles and, during his fourth year, advanced to the finals of the NCAA boxing championship. After graduating from U.Va., Mr. Potter served in the army and then taught and coached sports at several Chattanooga-area high schools, including Brainerd High School from 1965 to 1972 (including an undefeated football record in 1969) and most recently at the McCallie School, where he fielded the top football teams in the Chattanooga area for the next 20 years. When he retired in 1993, Mr. Potter possessed a remarkable career win-loss record of 205-92-4. He was the recipient of the Scrappy Moore Award, was inducted into the Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia Hall of Fame and the Chattanooga Area Old Timers Hall of Fame, both for boxing; received the Allan Morris Award was named area Coach of the Year five times and then Coach of the Decade in the 1980s.
OCT. 1958 DQ BISHOP KINSOVLING, ETA ’17, PREACHES JULY 4 SERMON IN ST. PAUL’S, LONDON, WHILE AT LAMBERTH COUNCIL

Arizona Prelate, of Noted Virginia Family, Delivers Same Discourse Given in Same Pulpit on Same Date in 1908 by His Late Father, Bishop Kinsolving of Brazil, ex-Honorary President of DKE

Bishop Arthur Barksdale Kinsolving II, Eta ’17, of the Episcopal Missionary District of Arizona, preached the Fourth of July sermon at St. Paul’s Cathedral in London this year and his discourse was the same one delivered at St. Paul’s just half a century before, on July 4, 1908, by his father, the late Bishop Lucien Lee Kinsolving, Eta ’82, of the Missionary District of Brazil. Bishop Lucien Lee Kinsolving was honorary president of DKE in 1928. He was related through his mother to General Robert E. Lee, Confederate commander-in-chief in the Civil War.

Bishop Arthur B. Kinsolving was in London last summer to attend the ninth Lambeth Conference of bishops of the world-wide Anglican Communion, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His father attended the conference held in 1908. The Lambeth Conference has been held every ten years since 1867 in Lambeth Palace, traditional residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. This year’s conference began on July 3, with an address by the Most Rev. and Right Honorable Geoffrey F. Fisher, the present Archbishop, and continued until August 10. Among the 314 bishops attending were ninety-one from the United States.

It was the Dean of St. Paul’s, the Very Rev. Walter Robert Matthews, K.C.V.L., who invited Brother Kinsolving to preach this year’s Fourth of July sermon at that cathedral, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren to replace the original edifice destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666 during the reign of Charles II. In examining the cathedral’s annals Dean Matthews had noted that the July 4 sermon in 1908 had been preached by Brother Kinsolving’s father and he then asked the son to deliver the same sermon.

Brother Kinsolving, who won the French Croix de Guerre for valor in World War I, and who is an ardent golfer and fisherman, never has preached to empty pews. When he was Dean of the Cathedral of the Incarnation in Garden City, Long Island, from 1933 to 1939, his great personal popularity and the powerful appeal of his sermons were summed up neatly by a Deke parishioner, the late Courtenay K. Page, Alpha Chi ’17.

“It does you good just to stop and talk to the Dean on the street,” Brother Page said. “The man understands human nature and makes allowances for it, and he hasn’t an ounce of stuffiness in him.”

With these words another Deke, Court Page Jr., Alpha Chi ’48, who was nurtured in Brother Kinsolving’s Sunday School at the cathedral, agrees heartily, as does Court’s sister Betty (Mrs. Richard C. Kaase), who was similarly nurtured. Moreover, still another Deke, the present writer, who also attended the cathedral, can testify that even persons short-changed on Saturday night sleep would get up gladly on Sunday mornings rather than miss hearing the Dean preach. Who will deny that this was the supreme tribute?

Problems: Indians and Climate

In the Missionary District of Arizona Brother Kinsolving’s labors have been and continue to be highly fruitful despite two factors that would challenge any clergyman. One is the large Indian population, which presents its own problems. The other factor is the climate. This, as somebody with a gift for epigram has said, is so perfect in winter that the people are not interested in getting to heaven, while the summer heat is such that the people have no fear of hell.
Born in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, on September 13, 1894, while his father was Bishop of Brazil, Brother Kinsolving went from Tom Jeff’s university in Charlottesville, Virginia, to fight in World War I as a French Army private. This was in 1917. A year later he was commissioned first lieutenant in the American Ambulance Field Service and with no forces other than the personnel in Red Cross ambulances he once captured a French village from the Germans.

In 1924 Brother Kinsolving received the Bachelor of Divinity degree from Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria. He was ordained the same year and then returned to the University of Virginia, where he was student chaplain until 1926. He then became Protestant chaplain at West Point, serving until 1933. In 1937, while he was Dean of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, New York University gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. From 1940 to 1945 he was rector of Calvary Church in Pittsburgh and in the latter year he became Bishop of Arizona. In 1927 he married Edith Wharton Lester and three sons have been born to them.

Having passed his earliest years in Brazil, Brother Kinsolving spoke Portuguese before he learned English. His struggles as a little boy to pronounce his first name, Arthur, correctly in English (it was Arturo in Portuguese) started the nickname “Toobey,” by which his intimates call him to this day.

Brother Kinsolving is the brother by blood, as well as in DKE, of Charles M. Kinsolving, Eta ’15, financial advertising manager of Newsweek, indispensable member of The Deke Quarterly’s Advisory Board, former editor of The Quarterly, former Council member, disciple of graceful living and raconteur without peer. Charlie, like his brother the Bishop, won the French Croix de Guerre in World War I. In the French Flying Corps and finally as commander of the 163d Aero Squadron, Army Air Service, American Expeditionary Forces, he flew the crates and chicken coops that then passed for battle planes.

Family in Virginia Since 1600s
The Kinsolving family is one of the oldest and most eminent in Virginia, having been established there since the early 1600s. Among its collateral forebears were Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Light Horse Harry Lee, General George Washington’s brilliant cavalry commander in the Revolution and father of General Robert E. Lee. Being Virginians, the Kinsolvings have been Democrats ever since Mr. Jefferson founded that party and, as somebody has put it, two of the uncles of Bishop Arthur and Charlie “fought for their democracy,” meaning that they were in the Confederate Army. Their outfit was the storied Rockbridge Battery.

The Kinsolvings are mostly distinguished, however, for the impressive number of men, including four bishops, that they have given to the Episcopal ministry. Most of these divines are or were Dekes, a majority of them belonging to Eta Chapter. Besides Bishops Arthur B. and Lucien Lee Kinsolving they include the following, the relationships listed being their ties to bishop Arthur B. and Charlie:

The Rev. Ovid A., grandfather, who served in Virginia for fifty years.
The late Bishop George Herbert of Texas, uncle; first Bishop of Texas to attend Lambeth Conference.
Bishop Charles James of New Mexico, second cousin.
The late Rev. Dr. Arthur B., Eta ’81, uncle, rector of St. Paul’s, Baltimore.
The Rev. Dr. Arthur Lee, Eta ’20 and a Rhodes Scholar, rector of St. James Church, New York City, cousin. Dr. Arthur Lee is the son of Dr. Arthur B.
The Rev. Wythe Leigh, former rector of Holy Communion Church, New York City.
The Rev. Walter O., rector of Calvary Church, Summit, N.J.
The Rev. Charles Lester, Delta Kappa ’50, godson and namesake of Charlie and son of Bishop Arthur, an ordained priest in California and representing the third generation of Kinsolving Dekes.
The Reverend Arthur B. Kinsolving (Eta,’82) will leave Baltimore late this afternoon for Austin, Texas, to attend the funeral of his brother, the Rt. Rev. George Herbert Kinsolving, who was the Bishop of Texas of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Walter O. Kinsolving, pastor of the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church at Summit, New Jersey, and a son of the bishop, will accompany his uncle to Texas.

The Bishop of Texas was one of the six sons of the Rev. Ovid A. Kinsolving, of Bedford County, Virginia. Four of those sons became clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church and two of the four became bishops. Three grandsons and one great-grandson also became clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Thus the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, the rector of Old St. Paul’s in this city, is a member of a family which has been conspicuous for the number of men who have been clergymen and are clergymen of the church.

The second bishop of the family is the Rt. Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving (Eta, ’83), who was one of the pioneers of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Brazil. He and the Rev. William M.M. Thomas went to Brazil in the ‘80’s.

The Rev. Dr. Kinsolving was the Bishop of Brazil for thirty years and was succeeded by his colleague, a Marylander, who is now the bishop there. Bishop Kinsolving, who is retired, is now living in Forest Hills, Long Island.

The Baltimore clergyman has a son, the Rev. Arthur Lee Kinsolving, who is the pastor of the Grace Church at Amherst, Massachusetts, and the chaplain of Amherst College. There is another member of the family, the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, who is the chaplain of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

The Bishop of Texas, who retired years ago, is said to have been a remarkable man in many ways.

He was six feet five inches in height, and a man of great mental as well as physical power, according to those who knew him.

-Baltimore Evening Sun, October 24
The original DKE pin was somewhat larger than that of today, and the Fraternity’s founders designed it with the word “Yale” under the scroll. When other chapters were established, their members either wore plain pins without this designation, or replaced it with their own chapter name or Greek letters. This custom was abandoned with the adoption of the standard pin in 1897, but in recognition of its being the Mother Chapter, Phi was permitted to retain its old design, which it does to this day.

LUCIEN LEE KINSMILING, ETA, ’83
DKE Q FEB, 1930

The Right Reverend Lucien Lee Kinsolving, D.D., first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Brazil, where he labored for thirty-seven of the forty years of his active ministry, died late yesterday afternoon at his home in Forest Hills Inn, Forest Hills, Long Island, of a cardiac ailment from which he had long suffered. He was sixty-seven. Surviving are his widow, who was Alice Brown of Mount Holly, New Jersey, at their marriage in 1892; a daughter, Lucy Lee Kinsolving; two sons, the Reverend Arthur, chaplain of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and Charles Kinsolving, a banker, and two brothers, the Reverend Arthur B. Kinsolving of Baltimore and the Reverend Wythe L. Kinsolving of Richmond, Virginia. The late Bishop Kinsolving of Texas was a brother.

Bishop Kinsolving, who was a cousin of General Robert E. Lee, leader of the confederate Armies, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, a son of the Reverend Dr. O. A. Kinsolving, an Episcopal minister in Virginia for half a century. After leaving the Episcopal High School of Virginia at nineteen, he spent four years at Beattyville, Lee County, Kentucky, establishing a church school, and it was while grappling with the rough social and religious conditions of this out-of-the-way community that he heard the call to become a minister.

At the end of another four years he was a graduate of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, a member of the Episcopal ministry, and with his seminary classmate, James W. Morris, was ready to set out for his post of missionary in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, there to establish a new branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the Western Hemisphere. The vision of such a work had captured his imagination some months before his ordination, and his friend, Morris, had rallied to the same appeal.

Ten years later Mr. Kinsolving was consecrated in St. Bartholomew’s Church, then at Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue, this city, as Missionary Bishop for the Brazilian Episcopal Church. In 1907 he was elected Missionary Bishop of Southern Brazil. For twenty years of his service the Bishop traveled widely over Southern Brazil, founding churches, developing congregations and furthering education.

He helped establish the Southern Cross School and the Diocesan Theological School at Porto Alegre, where he made his home for many years. Entering a virgin field, he and his associates spread the influence of their church so effectively that there are now in Bishop Kinsolving’s territory 3,286 communicants, 31 clergymen, most of them Brazilians; 90 parishes and missions and 51 Sunday schools, besides other schools.

In 1926 the Bishop was forced by failing health to return here, hoping that a rest would enable him to continue his faraway work. He did not sufficiently recover his strength, however, and his resignation was accepted in October 1928. He was Honorary President of Delta Kappa Epsilon in 1928.
They know how to play sports news in the Chattanooga News-Free Press. A streamer over the top of the front page on Oct. 6 read “Royals, Jays, Cards Claim Baseball Pennants.” But above it, in even larger type, was a headline promoting the big story of the day for Chattanooga area sports fans: “Lew Oehmig Claims Third Seniors Win.”

The day before, at South Carolina’s Wild Dunes resort, alumnus Lewis W. Oehmig Sr. made what has been described as a “double dip” in the U.S. Golf Association record book. Not only did he win the U.S. Senior Amateur Championship, but he also became the first player to win it three times. What’s more, at 69 Mr. Oehmig became the oldest champion in the tournament’s 31-year history, the previous record holder being 67 when he captured the title.

A resident of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and known as “Lookout Lew” in golf circles, Mr. Oehmig won his first Senior Amateur championship in 1972 and performed an encore in 1976. He’s also a three-time runner-up and a two-time finalist in the tournament.

At Wild Dunes in October, Mr. Oehmig got past Ed Hopkins of Whitney, Texas, on the 20th hole to capture the 1985 seniors title, as well a mention in Sports Illustrated. The 61-year-old Hopkins had a chance to take the match with an eight-footer at the 17th green but let his putt slide just by the lip. After watching his opponent miss a 15-foot birdie putt on the 18th, Mr. Oehmig sank a 14-foot birdie putt on the same line to halve the match, forcing it into extra holes. It was Lookout Lew’s third overtime match in six rounds of match play. “I watched his line, and it helped me immesurably,” Mr. Oehmig said of the crucial putt on the 18th green. “He played it to break a little to the left. But it didn’t break, and I saw that. But mine was just a lucky putt. It was just hit and hope.”

Both seniors parred the next hole, but at 20 (Wild Dunes’ 370-yard, marshside second hole) Mr. Hopkins conceded after three poorly executed shots. “This guy’s been beating me for years and years. Finally, he let a little sympathy in his heart and let me win one,” Mr. Oehmig said of his opponent after the win. “We had a heckuva match. But there for awhile I thought I was going to be bringing home another bronze medal.”

The 1985 championship was just the latest addition to a long list of titles for Mr. Oehmig, who was captain of the U.Va. golf team in 1938 and a National Intercollegiate Golf Tournament co-medalist and semi-finalist in 1937. He won the International Seniors Championship in 1976, was runner-up the following year, and won the U.S. Senior Golf Association title in 1982. With partner Mike Krak, he has won the U.S. Pro-Amateur Championship, and with partner Gene Littler he once tied for second place in the Bing Crosby Pro-Am. He has been the low amateur twice in the Tennessee Open, and he has won the Tennessee State Amateur Championship eight times, the Tennessee Senior Championship seven times, the Chattanooga City Championship seven times and the National Lefty-Righy Championship two times.

A 1939 graduate of the College who earned a law degree at the University in 1941, Mr. Oehmig is an executive with the American National Bank and Trust Co. in Chattanooga. He is former president of First Flight Golf Co., a Chattanooga-based manufacturer of golf equipment. First Flight is now part of the Pro Group company, of which Mr. Oehmig is a director. During the Campaign for the University of Virginia, the three-year fund-raising effort that ended in December 1984, Mr. Oehmig served on the Major Gifts Committee and was head of the Chattanooga area campaign.

Obviously, age has not cramped Mr. Oehmig’s winning style, and it would seem to some that he’s even getting better as he approaches his 70th year. “No, I just haven’t deteriorated as fast as you might expect,” he said in his typical self-deprecating manner. “I’m just fortunate to still have good health and to still be able to get out there and enjoy golf. I don’t hit the ball as far, and I don’t putt as well as I used to.”

Tell that to Ed Hopkins.

Known for having one of the most picturesque swings in golf (he practices with a special weighted driver in his high-ceileded home), Mr. Oehmig insists the significance of his triple championship will fade as other players match his achievement. “There’ll be a bunch of people who will win three of these things before it’s all over,” he said.

But no other player will be the first to do it.
Jamshid Abolhasan Bakhtiar, M.D.
At the University of Virginia in the mid 1950s, he was just plain Jim, as in Jim Bakhtiar, football All-American.

Or the "Iranian Prince."
The press came up with the latter title. And a figment of the imagination it was.

Royalty or not, he looked the part, a handsome 6-1, 205-pounder who performed majestically. When he played fullback and linebacker—it was an era of two-way players—for the Cavaliers of 1955-56-57, football at the university was sinking into the depressed state in which it remains today. For those three years, he gave the struggling Cavaliers an air of respectability.

Today Jim Bakhtiar is light years removed from the grounds of Mr. Jefferson's university. He indicates that he is a supporter of Third World politics in general, the revolutionary government in Iran in particular.

Six years after returning from America to his homeland, he seems to have found peace amid turmoil.

At Virginia, Bakhtiar never played on a winning team, making his football accomplishments the more singular. Though a marked man, he won All-American honors, ranking him with Bill Dudley and John Papit among the Cavaliers' finest.

Academically, he would graduate from the University of Virginia Medical School.

At the time of his decision to return to Iran "to experience my paternal roots in an ancient culture," Bakhtiar was serving on the University of California Medical Center staff as assistant clinical professor in psychiatry. He was also in private practice and attended the C. G. Jung Institute in San Francisco, where he received his analytic training.

Little was heard from him after his departure from the United States. It was as if he had disappeared into thin air, and friends in this country were concerned.

As a shot in the dark, The Virginian-Pilot/Ledger-Star wrote to Bakhtiar in Tehran.

Five months later a reply came—a 10-page letter written in longhand.

Bakhtiar is chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of Isfahan.

"Due to a major social-political-cultural revolution here in Iran, I've not had the opportunity to respond to your letter," he wrote. "After living in America for over 30 years, I decided to seek my father's heritage, language, culture and family. I thank God for all these opportunities.

"We merged ourselves with the people, shared with them our expertise and learned from them also. Our life here has been full, productive and meaningful."

Apparently Bakhtiar has become involved in what he terms Iran's social revolution. While he doesn't mention Ayatollah Khomeini by name, he supports the leader.

"Approximately three years ago," he writes, "an old man, an old wise man, suddenly emerged on the scene to create a revolution which is a deep story unto.

Ex U.Va. Star Now All-Iran
by Abe Goldblatt
Reprinted with permission from the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot and The Ledger-Star, Jan. 17, 1982.
itself. For the first time in my life I became conscious of the plight of the oppressed, the socio-economic methodologies that hinder and foster constructive or destructive patterns of human behavior.

"I remember long ago listening to Martin Luther King at the University of Virginia theater, where the blacks sat in a special section. I began to recall the plight of the American Indians, the blacks and every single minority that has been subjugated to oppression.

"I remember we had one black student in the whole university and none on the football team. The revolution brought struggling for an authentic self-actualized and integrative identity. I realize that sports, economics, religion and social life are all involved in politics.

"I realized that Time magazine, Newsweek and other magazines do not represent the American people. The Americans I know are not aware of the political foreign policy blunders that wreak human lives, and human culture. The Iranians, too, do not have an opportunity to meet the American people. The smoke screen of political rhetoric submerges the curiosities of the people seeking consciousness.

"The Iranians need the science, the technology, the organizational capacities of the West. The Americans need the cultural, spiritual, and literary inputs of this world. We are all children of God. We need the people to be involved with each other, not politicians that distort reality.

"The exposure to the revolution has been a lesson of the magnitude of a lifetime. I have learned to see America and Iran more clearly. I have learned to see the positive and negative aspects of both worlds, the American and Islamic Iranian. My psychiatric background and Jungian psychoanalytic experiences have been a great help in integrating the diverse inputs of the past six years.

"I hope through writing and lecturing I can be beneficial in building bridges and not destroying bridges, using consciousness, knowledge instead of guns, violence, power or projections that all which is bad is outside oneself.

"Our world is threatened by unconsciousness, dissociation, alienations, and each side thinking they have all the answers.

"I hope you will see that this discussion is very much what sports teaches—competition, perseverance, preparation, awareness of your strengths and weaknesses, as well as your opponent; competing but not destroying."

The above suggests the circuitous route that Jim Bakhtiar has taken since arriving in America in 1946 with his mother, five sisters and one brother. His mother, a former Los Angeles resident who earned a nursing degree from UCLA, brought her children to the states to give them an American education in Washington schools.

"My father," Jim relates, "was a peasant who with hard work and 'kismet' became a doctor. He attended Columbia University, lived at the YMCA, worked the elevators at night, then went to Syracuse Medical School, interned at New York hospital and trained in obstetrics and gynecology at Bellevue. He married my
mother and after three years of private practice in New York, they returned to Iran in 1930, and remained here (Iran) until his death in 1971 at the age of 96.

“My father had 17 children, seven from my mother and 10 children from my stepmother. He became the dean of the Tehran medical school and an active teacher until World War II, one of the first physicians in the U.S. who returned and lived in Iran.”

Young Jim Bakhtiar learned the ways of Americans—and football—the hard way. From U.S. soldiers in Abadan during World War II he had learned to say “yes, sir” and “no, sir,” and during his first year in the fifth grade of a Chevy Chase, Md., elementary school, he could do little more than sit in his classroom and listen. Then he’d go home to mother to find out what was going on. Outside the classroom, he rushed into numerous fights with boys who heckled him for his limitations in speaking English.

By the end of his first year he was talking like any other American boy.

He became discouraged about the long road ahead, and dropped out of school and went home to Abadan. In 1951, a year later, he was back in Washington, this time at Western High School.

His American education was broadened when he went out for the football team as a linebacker-center. He was switched to fullback when the regular fullback was hurt in the middle of the season. He put in his only full season as a fullback when he later attended Bullis Prep, where he was spotted as a college prospect.

Why did he pick the University of Virginia to continue his education?

“The five men who talked to me were a great influence, all five honest human beings and helpful. They were Harrison (Chief) Nesbit, Joe Palmumbo, Ned McDonald, Stuart Harris, and Bill Dudley,” he wrote.

McDonald was head football coach at Virginia during Bakhtiar’s sophomore year. Nesbit, Palmumbo, Harris and Dudley were on McDonald’s staff.

“Also I picked Virginia because of the historical importance of Charlottesville, the heritage of Thomas Jefferson, the traditional values of the university, and the role of Virginians in the ordering of the American Declaration of Independence.

“And the fact that my education, my future as a member of society, was more important than sports.

“I remember the game against North Carolina my first varsity year (1955). I didn’t gain in the first half. Bill Dudley cornered me in the locker room at halftime and gave me a good lecture, with a few profanities. But God bless him, it was the right medicine. I rushed for 163 yards in the second half.”

In that Carolina game the Cavaliers were trailing at the half, 20-0. Bakhtiar scored two touchdowns on runs of 38 and 12 yards in the first five minutes of the third quarter, throwing a scare into the heavily favored Tar Heels. Although Virginia lost the game, 28-14, Bakhtiar gained the national spotlight. His 163 yards rushing on 20 carries was an Atlantic Coast Conference record.

In the opening game of the following season, Bakhtiar erased his own record by rushing for 210 yards on 27 carries in an 18-0 victory over VMI.

“Jim was very quiet and studious,” Dudley recalls. “He certainly wasn’t shy. He was eager to learn. I watched Bakhtiar develop when he was a freshman and he really had lots to learn about running. He tried to run over people. I asked coach Ned McDonald to let me work with him about 15 minutes every practice. We worked on hitting the dummies and cutting instead of trying to run over everybody. He caught on. It’s not often you find a kid that has the ability who wants to learn. Jim was an exception.

“Jim had a good sense of timing and he would hit. He played even when he was hurt, always giving it everything he had. He was an outstanding player with good speed, but no telling what he might have done with greater speed.”

The exposure to the revolution has been a lesson of the magnitude of a lifetime. I have learned to see the positive and negative aspects of both worlds, the American and Islamic Iranian.

Dudley was a backfield coach under McDonald. William D. Stallings of Virginia Beach was a senior when Bakhtiar was a freshman and played offensive guard on the varsity football team.

“I became very friendly with Jim. I got him to join my fraternity,” says Stallings. “He was a very personable man, strikingly handsome, very dashing and somewhat modest. Although a big man on the campus, he was a man’s man. He spoke English fluently.

“I respect him for returning to his native land. He could have stayed here and been on the top of the world. He went back to his own country where he was needed. Knowing Jim as I did, I’m not surprised. He was very unselfish, and not many in the medical field have done what he did.

“He was an excellent football player. He gave it everything he had, and had more stamina than any athlete I’ve seen. He ran hard and had just as much pep at the end of the game that he had when he started. Only few athletes I’ve seen could do it.”

Bakhtiar may have gone far in college boxing, but a cracked bone in his right hand forced him to retire from the ring in his first year out for the nationally ranked Cavaliers.

Jim married Yekta, an Iranian who had been in the United States for many years. They have three children—Jamshid II, 14; Roshanne, 12; and Firuz, 5.

In Charlottesville, the legend of Jim Bakhtiar lives on.

But the world in which he lives today has room for only one legend, the Ayatollah.
J. A. H. Bakhtiar, Eta ’58, Gets First Council Cup For All-Around Undergraduate Leadership; Voice of America Broadcasts Ceremony
Pre-Medical Honor Student and Football Star at Virginia Receives Trophy From Deke President Hunt at Luncheon Given by Washington Alumni
The Council’s latest step in its program of promoting and rewarding all-around leadership among Deke undergraduates reached its climax for the past academic year at an animated and exceptionally inspiring luncheon meeting last May 14 at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, when an engraved bronze cup was given to Jamshid Abol Hassan (Big Jim) Bakhtiar,Eta ’58.

The luncheon meeting was sponsored by the George Maurice Morris Alumni Association, composed of Dekes living in or near Washington. George F. Smith, Jr., Omega Chi ’37, Council member and former association president, made the arrangements, assisted by William R. Adams, Sigma Rho ’51, the association’s present head.

As a University of Virginia undergraduate Brother Bakhtiar was a Dean’s List pre-medical student, a mighty fullback on the varsity football team, which he captained his senior year, the holder of many other high campus honors and an inspirational president of Eta Chapter. He is now in the University of Virginia Medical School.

In his native Iran (Persia) Brother Bakhtiar is a khan (prince) and not long ago he received an honorary award sent by the Shah of Iran and presented at the Iranian Embassy in Washington. The ceremony when the Council cup was presented to Brother Bakhtiar was broadcast in the Persian language by the Iranian service of the Voice of America as the main feature of its weekly sports program. Among other things the broadcast told what DKE is and emphasized that in all their fraternal undertakings Dekes adhere to their motto, “Friendship from the heart forever.”

The Council cup is topped by a statuette of a sportsman holding an olive branch in one hand and an olive crown in the other. It rests on a black base and the whole stand is thirty inches high.

“Jim, you represent the highest of our tradition,” E. Jansen Hunt, Upsilon ’25, president of DKE, said in presenting the cup. “This trophy is symbolic of all-around leadership and achievement in DKE and in the university. It is symbolic also of another step in the activities program of our fraternity to encourage self-improvement, reward achievement and strengthen the Deke role in building young men of fine character. We of DKE congratulate you, Jim, and wish you well in your chosen profession.”

Responding, Brother Bakhtiar expressed his high appreciation of this Deke honor.

“When, some day, I return to Iran I will take with me wonderful memories of the Deke spirit of brotherhood,” he added.

Brother Bakhtiar’s personal history and his undergraduate record at the University of Virginia, which made him a national figure, were detailed in The Deke Quarterly by Earl Eby, Delta Kappa ’21, sports editor, in last February’s issue. In substance, the record is this. Brother Bakhtiar is the son of Dr. Abol Ghasen Bakhtiar, who came to America for his medical education and then returned to Iran to help his people. Brother Bakhtiar’s mother is an American from Los Angeles and a graduate in nursing from U.C.L.A. She took him and his brother and five sisters to Washington in 1946. He couldn’t speak a word of English then but wanted to become a physician like his father. He began his American education in Washington elementary schools. By 1954 he had been graduated from high school and the Bullis School in Silver Spring, Maryland, and had made a reputation as both student and football player.

In 1954 Brother Bakhtiar entered the University of Virginia as a pre-medical student. He was on scholarship, as his mother hadn’t been able to take much money out of Iran. He gained 733 yards at fullback on the varsity as a sophomore and made it 879 yards as a junior, this giving him fifth place among the nation’s rushers. He was equally good on defense. Last fall, when Brother Bakhtiar was Virginia’s captain, every opposing team had two or three men on him, yet he still finished among the nation’s top ground gainers. In Virginia’s 38 to 7 upset victory over Virginia Tech he scored 26 points, equaling the Atlantic Coast Conference individual scoring record, and for this he was picked as Back of the Week by both the Associated Press and the International News Service.

But all this was only a fraction of Brother Bakhtiar’s shining record. As a pre-medical student he was on the Dean’s List consistently. After he went Deke (every house on campus tried to get him) he ceaselessly encouraged Eta men to be students as well as athletes and social lights. He was an all-around leader and a dynamic one. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, an important part of student government, and belonged to several honorary societies. A strikingly handsome man, femininity called him a “dream boat,” and his sterling character and great personal charm won him the liking and respect of the entire university and its environs.

An ardent believer in fraternal brotherhood, Brother Bakhtiar was president of Eta Chapter his senior year. He became a national figure and generated a flood of valuable publicity for Virginia when The Voice of America and the national TV panel show To Tell the Truth featured him last fall. The most modest of men, he appeared on these programs simply to help his university.