

Patrick Captures 6th at Kneeland

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL SEX-STAR FINAL UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY Late Racy Results

VOL. XXVII LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1937 NEW SERIES NO. 61

Racy Results

KNEELAND RACE TRACK
Lexington, Ky., May 24—Clear; track fast.

FIRST RACE—The Sigma Chi. Purse 8 gallons beer. For 2-year-olds. Distance, 5 dates.

Settle (Butler)	5.20	4.00	2.80
Murphy (Rawlins)	3.40	2.20	
Kappa House (Craday)			12.70

Settle away fast was much the best. Butler rated her easy in the back stretch, fought off all finished her under wraps. Murphy, the favorite, was fractions at the bar-rrier, but made up ground and finished courageously. Kappa House, carrying top weight, closed with a rush.

SECOND RACE—Coca-Cola Handicap. Steeplechase. Purse, closed on at the Canary Cottage. For three-year-olds and upward. Distance, four blocks.

Shearer (Thomas)	15.00	6.50	4.40
Sue Smith (Lague)		4.80	2.60
Nadelstein (Newers)			1.00

Shearer, away slow, saved strength as the leaders fell one by one. In the hedge-crossed stretch was urged past Smith and held on gamely. Smith went wide at the turn and allowed Shearer to sneak up on the inside. Nadelstein, overburdened, finished third under terrific punishment.

THIRD RACE—The Linden Walk Flowers. Purse 1 case Bourbon. For 2-year-old maidens and fillies. Distance, four highballs.

Woods (Dick)	5.50	5.20	3.00
Bakhaus (Greshouse)		2.50	2.70
Hardwick (Douglas)			5.60

Woods, showing no early speed, romped deep in the field while in the back stretch. When the leaders slackened, Gamble Dick made his bid. Woods raced alongside of Bakhaus down the stretch and won by a knee under Dick's kicking. Bakhaus, who experienced trouble on deciding who would jockey her, broke well, rated the lead, but could not outrace Woods in the drive. Hardwick wiscracked with the tailenders but finished swiftly when promised beer if she ran in the mud.

FOURTH RACE—The Tavern Stakes. Purse, Swiss on rye and one beer. Four four-year-olds and upward. Distance, six furlongs.

Harper (Huddleston)	14.40	7.00	4.00
Hendren (Miller)		4.20	3.10
Hickman (L. Potter)			2.50

Harper, showing excellent training, broke fast and rode the Bill Daly. She was never headed, won by seven lengths, and finished breeding. Hendren raced second all the way but could not make the winner despite a stretch pole vault tried by Miller. Hickman, the favorite, carried most weight and claimed a foul when she discovered Potter carried a bottle of beer in each saddle bag. Lexy Sexy rode an indifferent race and drew a five-day suspension from the stew-ards.

FIFTH RACE—The Sigma Nu. Purse, Invitations for one year to all Sigma Nu formal dinners. Distance, one mile. For ambitious three-year-olds.

Wilson (Mades)	7.40	4.30	2.20
Jones (Holster)		3.30	3.00
Lady Myrtle (Maddox)			6.00

After three choruses of "Sweet Adeline" the jockeys mounted. Wilson broke last, for Mades was finishing his ninth beer, and chased the field for half the race. At the three quarters, Wilson moved up on the inside and finished under punishment. Jones, lagging at the final turn, finished vigorously under Holster's encouraging urging. Lady Myrtle, second in the pack, responded to heavy R. O. T. C. shouting and Maddox drove gamely into third money. Pearl, a long shot, failed to acknowledge Jockey Emma's whipping and plodded across the line last.

SIXTH RACE—The Kernel Kneelap. Purse \$40,000. For three-year-old maidens and fillies. Distance seven galleys of trype. Start good. Won driving. Place same. Went to press 4:10 off 6:40. Winner by Paris-Kappa Kappa Gamma, Trainer, Ed. Delta Theta.

Kirkpatrick (Dryden)	47.90	22.00	12.30
Chauvet (Spencer)		7.00	4.60
Quigley (Chepeleff)			8.00

Also runs—McCammish (Bud Anderson), Riley (Riddell), Earle (Borries), Reagan (Richardson), Robinson (Saifers), Minlin (Arthur), Tucker (Harris), Gentry (Gillenwater), Dogie (Ramsey), Winkler and Stephens lost their mounts.

The field broke under a blanket and went to the first turn in a pack. Entering the back stretch, Riley, tickled by Riddell's remarks, scooted into the lead. Going into the back turn, Kirkpatrick made his move when Dryden threatened to expose her in the scandal column. With the rail blocked, Dryden whipped his mount to the outside, circled the field, took command in the stretch, and won by a projected pelt. Chauvet, third to the stretch and finished under bruising punishment administered by a beer bottle in Spencer's hand. Quigley, who trotted during the first five galleys, listened to Chep's line, closed with a burst when he told her the joke about the missionary.

Nadelstein waited entrance in this race to compete in the second sprint in which she showed.

SEVENTH RACE—The Athletes' Attempt. Purse, varisty letter. Distance, 80-yard run. For ten-year-olds and upward.

Nevis (Robinson)	113.30	55.00	15.90
Shipp (Spickard)		6.70	4.00
King (Garland)			5.50

Nevis, snubbed in the back, broke fast but was rated in hand through the back pull. Entering the stretch, Nevis overtook King and finished under sure-fire coaching by Dick Robinson. Shipp, away a contender, was aroused in the stretch, and finished gamely. King led through the back stretch, faltered in the drive, but held on for the show.

Picknecking Hod Greeleys Assassinate Bovine Beauts

The annual brawl enjoyed by members of the Kernel staff was thrown in the depths of the wilderness Saturday afternoon when the Home-Breakers' Club on the Kentucky river resounded with the unseasonably guffaw and shout of "Hey Kerler!" The natives took one little peep at the intruders and went back to the peaceful occupation of hedge-hunting, whilst the erstwhile journalistic stoogelets violated the peace of the wilderness by spilling their merry way about the river to the terrible fright of the twenty-foot crocodiles that inhabit the said stream.

Rose J. Chepeleff, editor-in-chief, said that he would never again attempt to corral all the wild denizens of one University into one picnic again, and stated that he would sign a pledge to never return to swimming when the water held the temperature of an Arctic bay. George Kerler, scandalmonger ex-

trorseigneur, agreed with Chepeleff and declared that personally he preferred the music of Andy Anderson to the musical splashing of the water. The natives took one little peep at the intruders and went back to the peaceful occupation of hedge-hunting, whilst the erstwhile journalistic stoogelets violated the peace of the wilderness by spilling their merry way about the river to the terrible fright of the twenty-foot crocodiles that inhabit the said stream.

Silas Axehandle, gentleman farmer, filed suit in the Kentucky Court of Appeals today for the imprisonment of Robert Rankin and Tommy Watkins for the death of his cows. Mr. Axehandle swore that the bovine beauties died after hearing the "Desert Song" and Watkins sang "The Desert Song."

Alive Wood Bailey sat in the corner and moped for Cliff Shaw.

Only a few days left for students who paid \$1 deposit to secure their Kyians

1937 KENTUCKY ANNUAL

Available At U. of K. Postoffice



PAT HALL CO-ED FIGURES IN RAID



A Kernel photographer, on the scene during the raid last night, found this co-ed in the process of rearing her head after a wild session of truckin'.

Soldier Boys Will Stagger Through Drill Formations On Cow Lot Tomorrow

Contrary to false reports published in local papers excepting The Kernel, Major Gen. William E. Cole WILL be present for Colonel Brewery's blowout, the annual field day, tomorrow, to act as reviewing officer for the sweating, stumbling troops of the University R. O. T. C. Maj. Gen. Cole, who is really warm, especially in summer, is the big boss of the Fifth corps area of the United States Army. Not only will he watch the soldier lads walk but he will also talk his head off at a dinner for reserve officers Wednesday night.

On Stoll field, where the powerful University Wildcatters have now galloped to a Rose Bowl invitation, the University's glorified Boy Scouts will walk and walk and walk. The regiment will start walking at 2:30 p. m. and will stagger along until the reviewing officers become exhausted from watching.

Sour Mash, Chep's Funny Mag Is Due To Be Published—Oh—Shucks We Don't Know When

Sour Mash, that funny magazine published sometime each month, will again make its appearance, this time to work on it before exams, and even if they don't it will definitely be on the campus before exams are over so that you all can take home a copy. Chepeleff is still editing it, this being his last number after which

REPEAT RAID ON WOMEN'S DORMS BY POLICE REVEALS CO-EDS ARE STILL TRUCKIN'

Another raid upon the Women's dormitories revealed last night that the modern coed is developing her legs not by kicking the gong around as did her mothers and grandmothers, but thru the medium of trucking. "How times have changed!" ejaculated Chief Vigilante Kelley of the Lexington Vice Squad, in an interview with members of the fourth estate, after the raid which took place in the wee hours of the morning. "All we could see," he said, in a disappointed tone, "were legs, legs, legs, being trucked on every floor, in every room, and in both buildings. It was a horrible sight." Survivors of the raid told breath-taking stories of their escape from the Dormitory tower. "It was horrible," said an unidentified Sigma Nu who leaped from the third floor when the Vice Squad entered the building. "All I remember is legs, legs, legs."

BALL KNOCKERS END YEAR'S ORGY WITH TRIUMPH

The boys who spend their time knocking little balls around closed their annual orgy Saturday afternoon on the University tennis courts, as they managed to out-maneuver a pack of Mountaineers from Berea College to the tune of 8-1. Two Wildcat tennisers wound up their college careers Saturday and put them in their pockets, while half of them were left for the profane gaze of posterity, in the halls of Kentucky athletic fame. These two snarling Wildcatters are Warfield Donohue and Francis Montgomery. Montgomery is a veteran of the sound, with four years' experience at the University, and holds a fine record. Donohue, in his first year on the varsity squad, played in the No. 1 position all season, and exhibited rare skill in all his matches, both singles and doubles.

Flash! Bailey Marries Shaw At Bedside

By ALICE WOOD BAILEY
Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Bailey announce the marriage of their daughter, Alice Wood, to Mr. Clifford Mouser Shaw, of Louisville. The marriage took place at the groom's bedside in the Louisville Baptist Hospital, where he is confined with acute laryngitis.

Ball Player Is In Embryonic Stage As Sports Writer

A Toledo (O.) sports writer asked Manager Bert Niehoff of the Louisville American Association club the condition of Woodrow Williams, Louisville shortstop, who was taken to the hospital recently for observation. "Williams has been ordered to the hospital for observation by a brain specialist," Niehoff replied. "He's been having dizzy spells and will be assigned as sports writer if his condition does not improve."

Four Hundred Inmates Will Be Freed On June Fourth

It was reported under strict promise of secrecy last night by those close to Warden Frank McVey that approximately around 400 inmates of the institution released for an examination now and then, until Thursday week which will be Alumni Day. This release is the old inmates will rush back to look the old place over and slap all the other "old boys" on the back and look them over to see how they have fared since receiving their pardon in years past. Also on this day the Board of Trustees meets with Warden McVey to give the final decision on the inmates to be liberated and released. The inmates will also have to see how they have fared since receiving their pardon in years past. (Continued on Page Four)

Only a few days left for students who paid \$1 deposit to secure their Kyians

HTK—PE, TUBE
By LESLIE LEE JONES

"Send two cherry cokes, one orangeated, with lots of ice, and one toasted cheese sandwich to room 34, Boyd hall—no, not 24—right away please. Did you get that order straight?"

Promptly five or ten minutes later, according to the size of the order, the side door of Boyd hall opens, emitting a fresh-faced, affable 16-year-old boy, who is known to the co-eds dwelling in the residence halls, as "Davey."

Wearing a crisply clean service jacket, and a haircut that definitely brands him as "collegiate," this is the person who brings big, brown bags containing the cokes, sandwiches, and other tid-bits that go to satisfy the ravenous appetites of college girls between 10 and 10:30 o'clock every night.

"Say, do ya mean you want to write something about me?" he asked, all the while his face beaming with that glow which comes to one who has suddenly found himself important.

Inclined to be reticent in speech at first, he soon began to swing into a natural, easy style of talk. Meanwhile two girls had arrived to claim their bags of food, and the smattering of conversation was hushed when he made the correct change for them.

Frustrated a bit by this unexpected interview, "Davey" dropped a dime, which went bouncing and bounding down the stairway into the basement. Quick as a flash, with the good nature and energy that makes him so well liked as a service boy, he was soon at the bottom of the steps, recovered the slippery dime, and came bounding up again.

"Yeah, I've been working for two years for this restaurant, but this summer the boss says he's gonna put me on as a fountain boy. I'll like that, but, gee whiz. I'll miss delivering at the halls." This was a long statement, coming from "Davey," but it showed how much he likes the job he works at every night from 7:30 until 11 o'clock.

A student at Morton Junior High School, he alofts himself from 3 until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, he studiously and really does study, he blandly replied, when I asked about the time spent in the pursuit of knowledge.

The highest priced order "Davey" has ever delivered at the halls was a \$3 one, and paradoxically enough the next night he brought a three-cent stamp to the same girl.

"Davey" thinks the seniors most dignified the freshman the prettiest and had rather deliver orders to Patterson hall than Boyd. His reason for this last statement, he quickly explained, was because the Pat hall girls tipped him, while he firmly believes the Boyd hall rest-aurants to be the best. He hurriedly scurrying through the door, he vanished into the night to be back with hot and cold food, the second trip of the fifteen he makes every night.

MILITARY
By L. T. GLENN

"What are those things over there on the clothes line?... You say they are cadets. Now what in the world are they hanging there for?... Oh, to dry out. Been in a parade. I see. Well, they certainly must get awfully hot."

Of course, now, I'm not a member of the R. O. T. C. My feet are flat. Disgustingly flat. I've all was wondering why, when they were dishing out arches, that they didn't give me a pair of "supers" or "No-Flexes," or "Aberner's" aesthetic arches for active animals. But no; they just took two pieces right angles to my ankles. Naturally, the army turns me into a flat-foot, but I have only begun to fight. I tape up the center of each foot and spring lightly into the office of Chief Cadet-Cadet.

"You certainly almost missed one of your best bets," I say, meaning myself. "Oh, huh. But you see, general, I thought that—"

Hal! He says I'm not supposed to think. Good, what a sense of humor. He further adds, in an off-hand manner, that I have been skipping classes. It seems the doctor was only joking when he said the army didn't need me. O. K. big boy, you got me—just what are you going to do?

He seems to know his own mind because here I am in the armory. I realize now where people catch "St. Vitus Dance. Yes three-in-three wood shoes.

"Say, sir, I've decided I don't want to play. I'm afraid that this stuffy atmosphere will bring back my old cough." My old cough! Boy, that was a fast one. I certainly get plenty of atmosphere out here, but—footing it up and down the parade ground. "Oh, no—put, puff—corpsal, never too fast for me." I should say not. Never too fast. As long as we're

going, we might as well get there. No sense in dilly-dallying. The sooner we get to one end of the field, the sooner we can come back to this end, and the sooner we return to this end, the faster we can go back to the other end. Oh, it works out beautifully, and you can really cover territory. Of course, it's pretty much the same, but after all, it's territory. Oh! Hal! There goes my gun.

"Now, wasn't that silly, corpsal?" Well, he doesn't have to be so doggone agreeable. "I should say not. I'm as cool as a cucumber." Hal! Hal! Can I take it? Frankly, no. Even a cucumber gets not wrapped in a woolen blanket, and who am I to out do a cucumber?

Ow! "No, of course not, Number-One-Front-Rank, you didn't hurt me. No, the gun's really light. You just forgot that I was back of you, and thought that you would rest your right arm by leaning on the butt of the rifle. It's all my fault. I must seem an awful nuisance, following you around like this, but the corpsal said that I was to be number one, rear rank, and whither you goest, I must go. Sarcasm? No, I'm not being sarcastic. It must be indignation that gives my words their acid tone. Say, you're going to hang someone. Oh! Quit! Stop! O. K. O. K. I'll get up, Roomie, but out that pillow down. What time is it? Boy, I sure, had one whole of a dream, and am I glad I'm flat-footed!"

HTK—COMMONS
Students fought madly to gain entrance to their classes yesterday morning after an awful, terrible tornado wrecked everything on the campus except the Commons. Willers at the scene of the crime said that everything was mighty upset.

President McVey, with a flower pot on his head, said: "I wish somebody had warned me."


Dr. T. James, N. Y. A. student, exclaimed: "Heck."

Reporters who found Professor Robertson in the aquarium, said that he invited them in for a swim. He stated: "I lost a rare ogles-heranumous fossil."

Dr. White, oesopathic case at the University of Kentucky campus in Kentucky, said: "It was a galvnic reflex."

Miss Rebecca Averill, wedged between the science building and the library which had slid together,

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To You, Seniors
Congratulations
And To All
A Most Pleasant
Vacation



It is not a bona fide term paper inspiration. When this has happened you must rush over to the bookstore and buy some typing paper, or, if the thing is to be done in longhand, some wintergreen peppermints.

That night you sprawl yourself at your desk behind a wall of frosty beer bottles, temporarily full. With a great show of industry you lay out your fresh paper, open your book, and put out some old geology notes for appearance's sake. Then you drink the beer and sleep until midnight in your chair. At that hour you awaken, realize that you must not overwork, and go to bed, first setting the alarm for five o'clock (after letting the bell run down).

The next morning you go to class, having written out the term paper between sips of breakfast coffee. "Editorial," answered a new voice in the department.

"Thank you," said the advertising man and hung up. Five minutes later he called back.

"Say, were you trying to kid me? I've looked all through the form sheet and don't find any horse by that name even entered."

WRITER FINDS THAT YOU CAN'T WIN ON TERM PAPERS
By DON IRVINE

Every spring, along with flowers and birds and rose fever, come term papers. Term papers, for the benefit of the blessed who have escaped them, may be defined as verbal mud-pies slung in to the profs just in time to lower one's grade. They take three weeks to worry over, two hours to write, and have footnotes.

In order to write a successful term paper, one must first get on the right side of the professor. The best way is to wait until the day before it is due and then go to professor's office and wake him out of a profound slumber.

"Good morning, Professor Krudd," you say cheerfully to the old patpaty-pat. "I have come to inquire about my term paper."

"I am the one who ought to be inquiring about that," he gripes. You laugh loudly.

"What subject shall I take?" you question. Here one should always put one's feet upon the professor's desk and light up a cigar. The professor is cogitating; shameless man! The professor now buries his head in his bookcase and appears to have gone into a trance. At length he emerges and gives you a subject.

"Okay, load-nose," you say, and then leave before the walls begin to fall.

Having won the teacher to your point of view, you now turn to your paper. The first thing is to get a book out of the library. Any book will do. Carry the book about from class to class, and go on thoroughly at its covers in intervals, until an inspiration (idea) comes to you.

This thing is not to be done at random. It should be done with a purpose. It should be done with a plan. It should be done with a goal. It should be done with a purpose. It should be done with a plan. It should be done with a goal.

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OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

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professors. No longer need we worship the campus gods of dead culture and the mythical shadows of grades and honors.

We're free. We're alive. We're going to read the tabloids instead of the encyclopedias. We're going to find out for ourselves what this living business is all about. Hail and farewell. We who are about to leave salute you!

Scrap Irony

SARAH JONES
School Teacher Extraordinary
(A Story With A Moral)

Sarah Jones awoke and stretched and yawned twice. Now Sarah Jones was conventional and she had been waking and stretching and yawning like this for thirty odd years, although her age remained a stationary twenty-one. But this morning there was a little deviation from the conventional because lying in the bed beside her was what seemed to be a man. Sarah Jones was taken aback by this, for she was not in the habit of waking to find boudiers like this, and he was a boudier, in her bed. Well she handled the matter in a rational manner and decided to cogitate upon it before she acted. She began to reflect on the actions of the night before and wondered if she had gotten pickled and married this monstrosity, and he was a monstrosity, because his hair was red, and that alone was ridiculous, his hair was red and his face was white and it looked like a handful of flour thrown upon scarlet velvet. She started to wake him and sk him what the hell, but she thought that a little silly, after all you couldn't just wake a man and ask him what the hell. Being, as I have said before, a strictly conventional person, she dressed, and still this uncouth rascal remained in a state of dormancy, sleeping as though through three alarm fires and earthquakes.

Like I say, she dressed, and after due consideration decided to go on to school because there was to be a new principal today and for her to be late meeting her first class under the new principal, well really! She went to a little restaurant around the corner intending to eat a hurried breakfast, but the waitress knew some heavenly gossip and in spite of Sarah's conventions, she was a woman. When she looked up from her conversation she was already half an hour late. Well, she went on to school and the new principal called her into his office, but she didn't lose her job because the new principal, of all things, had red hair! Now, we shouldn't draw conclusions from this little story for, as I say, Sarah Jones was a strictly conventional person.

FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 1937

It's FATHER'S DAY

Dad will be proud to have a Picture of You Taken in our Jean Sarcou manner

Dad's mighty loud of his family... he knows they're "extra special". Please him with a Jean Sarcou picture of yourself which will bring out those special differences that are **you!**

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Wolf Wile's

We Who Are About To Live

HAL and farewell! We seniors, who are about to live, salute you undergraduates who have been dead for lo, these many years, and who will come alive only when you too become seniors and cast off your academic shackles to breathe once more the lustrous and tainted air of the great world.

As graduates we will never again be forced to bind our minds within the musty text books and antiquated lecture notes dictated to us by our spectre-monk profs. Never again will we have to decide between cramming for finals and enjoying the show. We'll just go to the show. As graduates we will be able to decide for ourselves what books we want to read, what we want to listen to in the way of lectures, what we want to sit next to, and what entertainment we want when we want it.

No longer must we wend our wraithlike ways along the cloistered halls of learning, haunted by the ghosts of collegiate tradition and by the countless generations of departed students and

dedicated, gentlemanshipness on the campus was dead and buried. The day, somehow, seemed less resplendent.

But his faith in womans courtesy to man was to have a new birth.

IS SAT SO!

At a recent dinner attended by employees of the Pasadena (Cal.) Star-News and Post, this story was told by the toastmaster on George Puagate, advertising manager of both papers.

The advertising man was reported as having called the office from his home to ask the results of the fourth race at the Bay Meadows track.

"Just a moment, please," the switchboard operator said as she plugged his call into the editorial department.

"Editorial," answered a new voice in the department.

"Thank you," said the advertising man and hung up. Five minutes later he called back.

"Say, were you trying to kid me? I've looked all through the form sheet and don't find any horse by that name even entered."

remarked, "Wasn't it cute?"

Botanical Gardens, a pair of lovers draped over the hollyhocks, said, "Cupid done it."

Law students are filing suit for ad libiturum cruelty.

HTK—BY THE MAN WHO SEES

The campus was magically alive and flowing that particular spring day as the Man strolled along to keep a luncheon appointment. He felt at peace with the world, for he had on a becoming new hat, a new spring suit and his feet felt comfortable even though his shoes were brand new.

He reached a cross walk just as the lights turned against the avenue traffic in favor of downtown campus traffic.

A handsome young woman in a delectable spring outfit, combining the softest tones of tan and brown sprang forward to get across the walk before the onrushing cars could get into real motion. She jostled the Man, knocked his hat askew, stepped on his new shoes. But it availed her nothing for she found herself involved in a maelstrom which made her turn back to the lane.

The Man eyed her in disbelief. She looked like a gentlemanship. But evidently she was not. But, he re-

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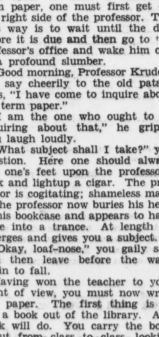
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SENIOR CAP and GOWN PHOTOGRAPHS



There is no doubt that every graduating senior is going to want several of these pictures. Surely you will want to remember the greatest event of your life and the most vivid remembrance you can have in years to come will be a CAP and GOWN PHOTOGRAPH.



There are still a few days left to have your sitting. Caps and gowns are furnished at the studio. Call 6271 today.

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Social Briefs

Cliff Shaw is convalescing in Louisville after a bad case of iron toe nalls.

Delta Chi
Delta Chi entertained with a slumber party and smoker Sunday night in honor of Misses Jean Howell and Virginia Rhineheart, Buffalo, N. Y., the guests of Fran Pusateri and Clifton Vogt. The guests were Misses Jane Godbout, Wanda Frazier, Virginia Benge, June Lang, and Dorothy Santen. The housemother left Saturday for the rest of the year.

Alpha Xi Delta
The Alpha Xi's celebrated the riddance of the mbs who will graduate this year at a buffet supper last Friday nite. The onery guests were Pauline Harmon, Hazel Brown, Eleanor Davis, Lydia Tucker, Mary Miller, and their date, Bill Carroll.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Kentucky Epsilon of S. A. E. put on a buffet supper and beer party at the house Saturday. About five guests were present.

Phi Delta Theta

The Phi Delt's gave a house party last week-end which was enjoyed by each and every one. The guests included Poise Turner, Clarabelle Slutz, Fannie Busby, Carrie Burden, Sally Stepin, Siedie Giltz, Sophie Zifch, and Jennie Girdle.

Sigma Nu

The Euclid gents gave a benefit sewing party last night for the relief of Armenian sufferers. Hosts included Lady Merrile Maddox, Tom Watkins, and George H. Kerler. Collection taken included two pennies and thirty buttons, plus innumerable slugs. The Sigma Nus declare that, with their help, Armenia will soon be out of the red.

Lambda Chi Alpha

At the annual discussion contest Epilon Phi of Lambda Chi Alpha expelled several of the better class of so-called seniors from their midst Sunday night. Those who were among the rakers before it was over were: Guessta, Dot Lancaster, Mary Bunter, Martha Shipp, Nancy Orrell, Mary Ann Sidle, Willette Brainer, Martha Jackson, and Purl Collins. Departing from the rolls are Carl Vanhooy, Jimmie Richardson, James Stephens, Earl Martin, Jimmie Richmond, and Weston Winkler.

Scabbard and Blade whooped it up at a dinner followed by a torso tussle at the Lexington Country Club Monday night held in honor of the national government inspector, Major Cheating. The music was furnished by Annie Philander-son and her three-piece band.

HTTC—NOTHING HANNERS

More than 100 University students were not injured when they were not in the Library yesterday when it was not destroyed by a fire which did not result from ineffective wiring.

The injured were not taken to the Good Samaritan hospital where they were not reported not resting well last night. No doctors hold no hope for the lives of none of them. When not being interviewed by a reporter, Dean T. T. Jones did not issue a statement in which he did not say what he thought the extent of the damage would not be. No information concerning the blaze could not be obtained by The Kernel before it did not go to press late last night.

Alumni News

ROBERT K. SALYERS, Secretary

ALUMNI—the days are approaching for you to renew your versatility in the art of fraternizing. These days are Thursday, June 3, and Friday, June 4. There'll be class luncheons where you can renew acquaintances with the "old gang" and the Alumni Banquet where you can sit with former classmates and be sure of spending a couple of the most enjoyable hours of your life. And you'll also have ample time to stroll over the campus, refresh your memory of the old days, meet the old pros, and note the rapidly changing campus. Take a look at the reunion commencement calendar and then plan to be present for two days of fun and enjoyment.

Principal speaker at the Alumni Banquet will be Dr. William Carpenter MacCarty, '00, of Rochester, Minn. Dr. MacCarty is a writer, lecturer, and research worker in various medical and biological problems. He is a Phi Beta Kappa, a member various medical and surgical organizations, and has been a specialist in surgical pathology and biopathology at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, since 1908. Dr. MacCarty is also a former president of Sigma Xi. His address is 820 Third street S. W., Rochester.

Deceased

Mrs. H. B. Robinson (Dora Sledd, '94) in Cantor, Missouri, after a brief illness. She was president and field manager of the 6th district for the Woman's Council of the Disciples of Christ in Missouri. She is survived by her husband, Henry B. Robinson, 817 Washington street, Canton, Missouri, and two daughters, Mrs. Amy Jean Jarvis and Mrs. Georgia Robinson.

SPORTS' HARTNETT CROWD SCHALK

Gabby Hartnett once said that they'd have to tear his uniform off to get him out of baseball. The voluble broad-faced Chicago Cub catcher has changed his mind to some extent. They won't have to rip off his uniform—if he finishes his career with more games played than any other catcher in the history of big league baseball.

Hartnett has been told that little Ray Schalk, former White Sox receiver, owns the present mark with a grand total of 1,755 games. Hartnett, the senior league's record holder, has 1,588 before the start of the present season. That makes a deference of 167 games.

Gabby, who has passed the 36th year mark and is getting bigger with each campaign, nevertheless should eclipse Schalk's present standard, barring injuries.

The name, Charles L. Hartnett, is generally applied against the catchers' fielding records. Gabby holds the National League mark of ten times catching 100 or more games; for most games caught; for most consecutive years—six—catching 100 or more games, and the major league total for most consecutive chances without an error—452.

**\$999,999.98
Snowfall Vexes
Dakota Farmer**

To drought-parched North Dakota came an April rainfall that left 12 inches of moisture-saturated blanket whitening the prairies. Seek-



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A Word of Appreciation

We certainly are very grateful to you for your loyal patronage during the past year. We are going to miss you during these summer months, but we will be anxiously waiting for your return next fall.

For Appointments Call 2196
The Southern Girl Beauty Salon
OPERATORS Miss Ruth Miss Taylor
NEXT DOOR TO TAVERN

SURE!

I'll Meet You

at the

Phoenix Drug
Phoenix Hotel Block

The Tribune compositor had inverted a few 6's.
The payoff came in a letter from a former who hasn't had a crop in seven years. He wrote on a day when a northwest gale was whipping the once-again-dry plains.
Mr. Farmer wanted to know why, if the editor could place a value on a snowfall, he couldn't place a value on a duster.
He inferred the editor had water on the brain, probably was a wet and suggested a banner "N. D. Real Estate Again Moving."
The editor brought the controversy to an end with that letter.

**A & B
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Phone 5022

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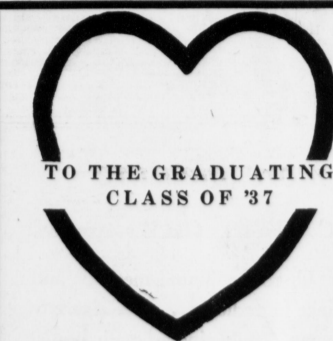
We wish to take this opportunity---

to thank the Faculty and the Student Body for the kind and deeply appreciated patronage throughout the year.

to the class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-seven

may we extend our heartiest best wishes for a happy, prosperous future.

The Mitchell, Baker, Smith Co.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '37

HART'S

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CUT-RATE DRUGS

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"THAT I MAY LIVE"
 —and—
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"ESPIONAGE"
And Second Great Feature
"LET'S GET MARRIED"
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COMING SATURDAY
JACK BENNY in
"TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND"
 —and—
CRAWFORD - POWELL MONTGOMERY
 —with—
"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"
 Doors open 10 a.m.—Adm. 16c, 27c

VIADUCT PHARMACY

Wishes to extend their congratulations to the Senior Class of 1937.

We were glad to have you with us. To the other students, we hope to see you all back next fall.

Drop in to see us.

169 E. High Street
 Lexington, Ky.

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from Page One)

everybody ought to come and see, even if it may not be good, the poor guys and girls will appreciate it, no doubt.

In the afternoon on this day will

Summer Studies Should Sign For Mail Boxes

Students attending the University this semester who have to attend summer school or who will attend summer school of their own volition are urged to request the same post-office box for the summer that they have enjoyed this year.

occur the baccalaureate sermon which will be delivered by none other than Warden McVey's brother, Dr. William Pitt McVey, of the First Methodist Church, Carlo, Illinois. After this, Warden and Mrs. McVey will be at home to all former inmates and those being released at Maxwell Place. That night all the inmates, old and present, and the new that can crowd into the Phoenix hotel ballroom will have their annual banquet.

Friday, the next day, will be the big day for the inmates. After standing in the hot sun for a few hours while the Commencement procession forms, the faculty members will find out which way is the Alumni gymnasium and the procession will proceed to that illustrious structure, where the final releasing order will be executed, with Warden McVey at the giving end. The main address will be made by Mark Foster Ehrbridge (brother to the members of the Fourth Estate) of the Courier-Journal and Louisville Times. Souvenirs of this affair for all graduating inmates will be white imitation sheepskin diplomas tied in beautiful blue ribbon.

Following the above ceremonies will be the annual luncheon in the Commons for everybody who has 50 cents and who is a graduate, alumni, or friend of the institution. Final event of the exhausting celebration will be the annual meeting of the alumni after the luncheon in the Faculty Loading Room in McVey hall.

A good time will be had by all, we hope, and the inmates who are being released will kindly let us alone for a while and go out to warm up the cold, cold world with their shining countenances (a beautiful thought if we do say it).

I have just remembered that I have rambled through this story without remembering the word sex, and this is the "sex-star final" I will add that it is rumored that striptease dancing by various campus sweethearts will be held in front of the Alumni gym preceding the commencement exercises.

EXAM SCHEDULE

Final semester exams begin on Thursday, May 27. The Monday, Wednesday, Friday classes will be examined in the mornings, and Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday classes in the afternoons.

THE SCHEDULE

- 1st hour Monday - Thursday morning.
- 2nd hour Monday - Friday morning.
- 3rd hour Monday - Saturday morning.
- 4th hour Monday - Monday morning.
- 5th hour Monday - Tuesday morning.
- 6th hour Monday - Wednesday morning.
- 6th hour Monday - Wednesday morning.
- 1st hour Tuesday - Thursday afternoon.
- 2nd hour Tuesday - Friday afternoon.
- 3rd hour Tuesday - Saturday afternoon.
- 4th hour Tuesday - Monday afternoon.
- 5th hour Tuesday - Tuesday afternoon.
- 6th hour Tuesday - Wednesday afternoon.

All morning exams will begin at 8:30 and all afternoon exams will begin at 1:30. Students having 7th and 8th hour classes will arrange with instructors to take exams at a special time.

RECIPE FOR MAKING APPLE BUTTER

Place contents in a tub and stir with a wooden spoon till well done. Awam booyin! 1 1 1 1

CLASSIFIED ADS

- FLOWERS—Corsages \$1 up. Floral decorations for every occasion. Phone or see Billy Beck—4182, Charles Gary, 4624, or Curtis Baumgardner, 5677.
- WANTED—Someone to play piano Sunday mornings in country church. Please call 1049. Mrs. Russell.
- WANTED—Passenger to drive to California, new car; share expenses; leave about June 2. For further information see Garth House.
- FOR SALE—Lexington Leader route; call 7854-X; 6:30 p. m.
- WANTED—Passenger to Colorado or western Kansas, share expenses; leaving June 5. Call Austin Bedding, 4247.
- FOR SALE—1937 Kentuckian, cheap. Box 807 or phone 5678-Y.
- WANTED—Wardrobe trunk in good condition. Call 7781-Y and leave name and address.

Senior Brawl Bids At P. O. Monday-Tuesday

Junior and Seniors who have survived the comprehensive examinations may secure bids to some kind of a dance, probably in the senior hall, from the local branch of Big Jim Farley's postal service Monday and Tuesday, May 31 and June 1. Surviving seniors will be presented with two bids while the juniors will get only one bid unless they are able to pick somebody's pocket.



The Month of June

is now close upon us, bringing with it—Graduation and Vacation. At this time we would like to wish you all a most enjoyable Summer — to those who are graduating — a successful future — and to our patrons — our thanks for their co-operation during the year.

MANGEL'S

210 W. MAIN

Please Mention THE KERNEL When Patronizing Our Advertisers

BALL KNOCKERS

(Continued from Page One)

While Coach Downing's varsity sages have been warning the courts with their spectacular brand of play, the frosh have also been rather active. George May, Herbert Holman, Dave Rasland, J. C. Bristol, and Jesse Holbrook should form a neat addition to the varsity squad next season, in which the two positions vacated by Montgomery and Donohue will be open for contention. The frosh have been rather unlucky, with rain darkening most of their matches, but have been defeated only once in the season's competition.

- Results of the Berea match:
- Donohue (K) beat Gardner (B) 6-2, 6-3.
 - Evans (K) defeated Adams (B) 6-1, 6-2.
 - Englehardt (K) defeated Williams (B) 6-1, 6-2.
 - Montgomery (K) beat Keith (B) 6-0, 6-3.
 - Botts (K) defeated Blair (B) 6-1, 6-1.
 - Foster (K) defeated Davis (B) 6-3, 6-1.
 - Donohue and Evans (K) defeated Gardner and Adams (B) 6-4, 6-4.
 - Williams and Keith (B) defeated Englehardt and Wisner (K) 6-4, 6-4.
 - Montgomery and Botts (K) defeated Davis and Blair (B) 6-1, 6-2.

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 PHONE 4647

Restaurant

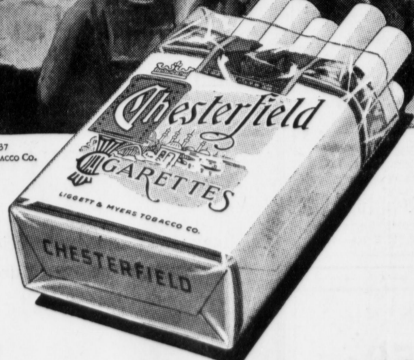
Cedar Village

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Skyways to Byways

... giving more pleasure to more people every day



Chesterfields will give you more pleasure...

They Satisfy

Up-to-the-minute trains and modern planes make travel easier ... more pleasant.

And wherever you see folks enjoying these modern things of life you'll see them enjoying Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Up-to-the-minute methods and finer ingredients... pure cigarette paper... mild ripe aromatic home-grown and Turkish tobaccos, aged and mellowed for two years or more... make Chesterfield an outstanding cigarette.



of the Week "Man"

Graduate with BEAUTY Honors!



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End Curl Permanent 2.50 and up

SPECIAL CARD MANICURE 3 manicures for 1.00

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BEAUTY SALON

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LILY CLEANERS

Wishes The Students A Happy Vacation Hope To See You All Next Fall. Dunn Drug Bldg. Line at Maxwell

Sigma Chi "Satchel" Sledge moved in last week to spend the rest of the summer. The housemother has given up the ship and moved out. Phi Kappa Tau The Phi Tau's threw a bathing party Sunday at Beansboro Beach and the only casualties were the loss of the modesty and three bathing suits by some of the girls. Alpha Tau Omega Billie Vance was received with open arms by the ATO's

WARNER CORSELETTES

HALF SIZE for shorter women. VEIL OF YOUTH for slender figures. TWO WAY - ONE WAY for heavier figures. TWO WAY YOUTHLASTIC for average figures. \$4. to \$10.50

Emily Rix Frazer CORSET SHOP 110 Walnut St. Connected with the St. Marie Hat Shop

Two Bookworms Awarded Dough For Nothing Much

It was announced during the past week that two of the University senior students read very good books—at least that's what Miss Margaret King, Dr. George K. Brady, and Dr. Thomas D. Clark think. Of course it's so easy to fool those three, that seems a pity that more people didn't try for the award.

The first prize of \$30 was given to Elizabeth Hardwick. When she was told of her victory, she gushed, "Oh, goodie. Now I can do all the things I've always wanted to do—travel—see the world. I'm going to Cincinnati the first thing in the morning."

When Mary Frances McClain heard that she was the recipient of the \$20 second prize, she could hardly contain herself, so overcome was she with the taste of victory, "I'm glad," she drooled.

All we can say, is that the next time Colonel Samuel M. Wilson makes an award, he does it for something sensible like the loudest news story of the year (Danziger is king there) instead of for the best libraries among the youths of the junior and senior classes.

HTK—PLATINUM BLONDES

With platinum blond and headdress held high, thirty male "pioneers of fashion" recently defied pedagogical disapproval and derision of fellow students, firm in their conviction "if it's all right for the girls, it's all right for us, too." Stares and laughter greeted the youths, students at a school near St. Louis, when they appeared with locks dyed in varying shades, ranging from "bricktop" to light pink, and from golden to platinum blond. "A foolish prank" was the comment of the school's head, who said he had found no reason for the latest "extra" campus activity, and added that he did not wish to dignify it by inquiring.

"Just for the heck of it" was the explanation of a senior who is a track star at the school. His black hair has turned to gold, and he thinks the novelty of the idea appealed to him.

Another senior, tossed platinum blond locks, rivaling Jean Harlow's, as he explained the technique of rinses and henna shampoos.

And the girls—"Oh, we think it's cute."

Delta Zeta The graduating seniors of Delta Zeta were given the farewell at a supper party at Miss Tooth Pick's joint the other night.

All SuKys members and other vendors are urged to be present at an important affair to be held at 3 p. m. today in the basement of Alumni gymnasium. Liquid refreshments will be served to all present.



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To Those Being Graduated Congratulations

One of your first milestones in life has just been past. You are about to enter the most competitive stage of your existence . . . it is now the survival of the fittest . . . This school age, this training, has just been the preparation for what you are now starting out to combat.

You will find THRIFT to be one of the most important factors this next stage of your existence . . . and Thrift does not mean being miserly or always seeking the (cheapest) . . . Thrift does mean being conservative, saving, getting what you want and need for the least possible expenditure.

Purcells has been supported and built by the patronage of the Thrifty . . . actually millions of dollars have been saved during the past fifty years by those that have shopped at Purcells . . . In trading stamps alone Purcells have refunded to the people of this community more than \$225,000.00.

Our earnest hope is that we may be of assistance to you in this next journey through life.

PURCELLS

Our stock of fine jewelry and novelties has just what you have been looking for as a graduation gift. Watches, antique rings, vanities, bracelets, cigarette cases, belt buckle sets and many other items priced within the reach of all.

Roberts Jewelers

Authorized Bulova Watch Distributor Phone 653 105 East Main Repair Department in Charge of W. Webb Kidd

SEEING SENIORS BY TOM WATKINS

As the current school year draws to a close, all the comment of months past that has been dammed up comes flowing forth about those who leave us forever next month to seek their fortunes in the cold, wide world. The word "senior" means one superior in age, rank, or office. In some circles it means the ones also superior in intellect, but this column refuses to recognize that classification. It rather means those who were lucky enough to amass, in at least eight years of college, a sufficient number of credits to ankle up the aisle and receive the old parchment, or, as it is known to the mass of the great unwashed (with apologies to Professor Plummer), the old sheepskin, from the hands of some noted dignitary, while Mom, Pop, Aunt Susie, Uncle Silas, and all the kids sniffle a quiet obligato.

- You can tell a senior by:
- (1) The slightly supercilious smirk on his superior schin.
 - (2) The tolerant attitude adopted toward freshmen, as in conflict with the bloodthirsty juniors and sophomores.
 - (3) The jingling chain loaded down with keys, exhibited to all upon all occasions.
 - (4) The look of melancholia accompanying the last days of school.
 - (5) The lack of concern directed upon the want ads of all newspapers.
 - (6) The overloaded pawshops that revel in keys and fraternity pins.
 - (7) The general concern in business offices, preceding the overcrowded industry of office boys.
 - (8) The way he hurries to eight o'clock's, as contrasted with the indifference of his former three years.
 - (9) Seniors are always worrying about:
 - (a) All the senior fees, and how they are to pay them.
 - (b) Comprehensive exams.

- (3) How old Stwash will survive without them.
 - (4) Whether this year's kisses will be sweeter than those of the next.
 - (5) Term papers.
 - (6) Just how soon the night will come when the big binge can be started.
 - (7) Who will corrupt the freshmen next year.
 - (8) Who will take their places as lounge lizards of Patt and Boyd halls, not to mention sorority houses.
 - (9) Seniors I'll miss most next year are:
 - (a) Granville Byrne, the Phi Beta Kappa trucker supreme.
 - (b) Dave Salyers, the "coach" of the Kernel news room.
 - (c) Dick Butler, jinx of the senior class and adjutant with the loud voice.
 - (d) George Spencer, pride of Beattyville, and former editor of this sheet.
 - (e) Evelyn Carroll, the pride of the Independents.
 - (f) Rosemary Clinkscals, date of the month.
 - (g) Bill Nesbitt, "Zioncheck" from the Hawaiian Islands, and passionate lover of swing music.
 - (h) Dot McCannish, prey of the stag line.
 - (i) Helen Farmer, dream girl of every freshman, not to mention upperclassmen.
- Note: This could go on indefinitely, but it must end sometime. So any man who feels slighted because his name has been omitted may meet George Kerler with swords on Stoll Field in an exhibition on Field Day.

Phi Kappa Alpha The Pi Kaps are proud to announce the pledging of Virginia Hayden.

Goldsmith's Tennis Equipment

and the Slazenger Ball An English Ball exclusively selected for . . .

The Championship Wimbledon, 1937 The best athletic equipment for every sport.

Smith Watkins Company

236 E. MAIN



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To the world you are an unusually well-dressed man. Your friends will speak of the smartness of your clothes, and you'll absent-mindedly reply, "What clothes?" before you remember you're wearing Palm Beach.

It's tailored as stylishly as suits costing many times as much. And its patented fabric resists wrinkles and repels dirt, so that pressing and cleaning bills are surprisingly low.

We're showing a stack of fresh weaves and patterns that will win scores of new Palm Beach fans. See our line of darker-tone mixtures which look like imported worsteds. And see the new Sea Foam White and the extra-light sun-repellant Solar Weave.

MADE BY KAPPA Phi Kappa Alpha **\$16⁷⁵**

KAUFMAN'S

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Please Mention THE KERNEL When Patronizing Our Advertisers

Kerler Is Not Dead As Yet



There's Real Food In Ice Cream!

Your family physician will tell you that ice cream made from rich cream, real fruits and pure cane sugar is a great body builder. You will find our ice cream a delightful treat as well as a stimulating, health-giving food. You will say it is the most delicious you have ever tasted. It's more delicious because it's Heathized—frozen in a sterile, flavor-intensifying atmosphere, thus insuring greater purity and flavor. You enjoy it more because of this feature, which is our exclusive right in this city. Always ask for our ice cream. It is your assurance of guaranteed quality.



"THERE'S A DIXIE DEALER NEAR YOU"

ENJOY Dixie ICE CREAM

CREAM OF THE BLUE GRASS

George H. Kerler, Kernel associate editor, was seriously injured about the face and hands late yesterday when a newsroom typewriter caught fire as he was editing out his inimitable "Voice of the People" column in his familiar put-put style. Speaking from a bed in a local hospital, Kerler said that his typewriter had been feeling warm all day and when he started to type a hotcha note about Campus Sweetheart, Irene Sparks the sparks caught his machine afire. Hot air from other columnists who were present in the newsroom fanned the blaze into a seething inferno. After four alarms had been turned in, the blaze was put out by the Lexington fire department. There was some delay in turning in fire alarms as Virginia Robinson was using the newsroom phone. Managing Editor Ray Lathrum proved the hero of the occasion by sprinting to the Kernel business office where he managed to get through a call for help. There is some talk that Lathrum did not stop at the business office but kept on running. This is malicious rumor, for Lathrum was going to a phone; not away from the blaze. An amusing incident was added to the near tragedy when reporter Irvin Dandinger tried to interview a fire truck. Hospital attendants said that Kerler will recover. In fact they optimistically predict that the columnist will be able to hold a beer mug again within three weeks.

He broke three. She even gets mixed up and says egg-over-light every time she wants a cup of coffee because she has waited on him so many times that she just naturally assumes an egg-over-light with a cup of coffee. Girls in love have been known to walk as far as three and a half blocks to get the pin she forgot to put on before going to school. Once someone hid it when she was out of the room and she nearly had hysterics when she couldn't find it. Times when she goes home are times that try a girl's faith. "He been home about an hour—'Oh, I miss him so much, I wish he would hurry and come back.' If any one sings 'I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm' or 'Boo Hoo, You've Got Me Crying For You' the nearly goes into tears. 'Honey, please don't sing that song, you're breaking my heart.' A lot of people do a lot of crazy things but no one does anything half so crazy as a person who is crazy with love.

IDEAL GIFT for FATHER'S DAY

Here's the shaver you've been waiting for its fast, two-way shearing head—non-clogging and amazingly efficient—gives smoother, closer, quicker shaves. No blades, brush or bother. Drop in today and see how it works.

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MAIN & DEWEES STREETS
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FROM the lowly Freshman to the dignified faculty, the "college crowd" prefers Greyhound travel above all else. Buses leave from the campus gates of most southern schools to the heart of all great cities. Frequent, convenient service enables you to enjoy those end of school activities, too. There is always a congenial college crowd aboard.

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HAROLD COMBS ... 269 E. High St.—Ph. 655-Y

Reds From du Pont Upset Twenty-Six Schools

The Big Red thistles from DuPont Manual copped the annual high school track and field meet Saturday afternoon on Stool cow pasture as their men cavorted and capered around the aforesaid pasture to garner the total of 87 points while Newport panted in second by the slightly smaller score of 34 markers. This was the 18th anniversary of the blessed event of this annual meeting, and two state records were broken, while one was left intact but greatly disturbed when it was equaled. Bob Schultz of Manual was the individual star of the carnival. This young man set a new record for the high hurdles at 15.6, replacing the old record of 15.8 made by Schutte of Henderson's Barrett Manual. Schultz, gathering in a total of 12 points for the meet, was barely nosed out in the low hurdles and came in third for the broad jump. This is the eighth victory for Manual in the annual "High School Harry" classic. They were defeated last year by the Male High of Louisville, defending champions, who placed fourth in this meet, with 18 points, behind Highlands high school, of Ft. Thomas, with 26 marks. George Gelschow, of K. M. L. the soldiers' pride, and Don Baumgardner of Newport, were double winners on the cinder path, with a gale to back them. This high wind was the cause of much comment, and the records set Saturday afternoon were allowed only after discussion by the judges. Gelschow took the century dash and the fastest division of the 440-yard dash, while Baumgardner came in ahead of the field in the mile and half-mile. Besides Scholtz's mark in the high hurdles, a record of :23.6 was set in the low hurdles by Fishback of Male, replacing the year-old record of :24.3, set by a teammate, Stark, of Yale. The 220-yard dash run was made by Laker, of Highlands in :22.2, to equal the 12-year-old mark made by Eckler of Male.



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Crazy Wid Love? Yes Crazy! Oh Yeah!!

By LOIS CAMPBELL

Before he arrives: There are times when she is all ready and "rarin' to go" right on the minute and he hasn't appeared yet. She begins to frown, straightens an imaginary wrinkle in her dress and tusses with her hair. Two minutes late now—she dabs at her nose and re-paints her lips, then twiddles her purse handle. A worried look creeps over her face. She has looked at her watch ten times in the last three minutes. At five minutes past, she begins to storm. "Oh, my pooh, why doesn't he come on if he is coming? If he stands me up I'll—Y'll—oh, I'll simply die."

Sometimes she can't get ready enough to suit her fancy. She is flying around like a chicken with its head cut off.

"He'll be here in five minutes and I haven't a stitch on. Honey, you've gotta lend me your stockings. I've got a run. There's the door bell, good grief, where are my garters?"

Sometimes she gets quite "flaxy." He's waiting downstairs quite patiently while she puts on the finishing touches.

"Does this collar look all right? Does my slip show now? Are my stockings seams straight? Do I have in too much rouge? Oh, for gosh sakes tell me I look nice!"

She very daintily touches-up her lips a little more then sets her hat on with no carelessness than the Archbishop had when he set the jewelled top-piece on George VI.

She acts funny when she comes home, too.

Can you imagine how it would feel to have someone come in in the middle of the night, stop down on top of your bed, turn you over and hug and kiss you, then exclaim: "Oh, honey, I've had the bestest time? Well, get your roommate in love and you will find out."

"Oh—h darling, I'm so happy I could burst! He really has what it takes." Then she will start singing and putting her arms in the air and "ahs" and a lot of huge sighs mixed in with them. She tells every detail about him from the color of his socks to how he kisses. (Sometimes she uses demonstrations too.)

Sometimes it affects her differently. She thinks the other occupant of the room is asleep. In fact she is very careful to make not a sound so that no one will wake up. She has a dreamy look in her eyes as she undresses and very carefully hangs her skirt upside down in the press and puts her gloves in the wringing drawer. She walks to the mirror, looks at herself critically then smiles very fascinatingly. She checks up the hand mirror and turns around to get a back view. She fluffs up her hair then combs it again. She practices a few alluring smiles, rolls her eyes, sighs and begins to rub cream.

She's goofy.

One dance there was a little girl who spilled two glasses of food tea on the floor the night after he got put out of the boarding house where she works. The same night she turned over a tray of glasses and

Many Thanks To Everyone

The time has finally come when we must say good-bye, but before you go we want you to know that we have sincerely appreciated your patronage. We wish you all a pleasant vacation and we hope we'll be seeing you next fall.

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