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FAREWELL
Once again, the seniors of the department of journalism have been given the opportunity to edit the last edition of The Kernel. With it, they are making their last written contribution to the University through the medium of the student newspaper.

With this issue, comes the culmination of their four years' association with college journalism. No longer will they have the power to interpret the events of student life of the campus. They have served their apprenticeship, and relinquish regretfully the responsibilities which have been theirs in The Kernel which they have seen the expression of their handiwork, and between the type is written the pleasure they have received.

THE DAY'S WORK
Four years have passed since an open-mouthed motley collection of high school graduates from nearly every state in the Union and many representatives of foreign nations strove self-consciously up along Main Drive toward the Administration Building. These boys and girls were to compose the Freshman class of the University of Kentucky for the year of 1929. In the passage of years, a steady filtration and decrease in numbers has taken place; today only a few more than four hundred of the original number remain to claim their degrees. The Day's Work had found unerringly which of the former number would survive the ordeal of achieving higher intellectual training in their preparation for life.

Still further depletion in number was evident when registration for the third year closed. There were less than five hundred names of the original Freshman roll which appeared on the Junior list. Monthly others shook their heads despairingly and dropped along the way. The Day's Work, in its difficulties and decrease for constant application, relentlessly claimed its victims, but those remaining squared their shoulders, rolled their sleeves tighter, and called upon reserve energy for their last great drive toward the world of men and women who boast of college and university degrees.

The latest figures available on Seniors who will be graduated show that only a few more than four hundred have survived the ordeals of The Day's Work and may be eligible to claim degrees. These few could not be swayed from or slowed in the pace into which they stepped during their first year as students. The work may have tired them, low grades may have caused temporary feelings of defeat, but each of the survivors "squared off" and went at The Day's Work a bit more determinedly.

Now they shall succeed; they have done each assignment regularly and with precision; they may well be proud of themselves in their success. For them The Day's Work is done.

JOURNEY'S END
We have come to the end of the road, and so, like travelers who have reached their destination, we pause to look back upon the way we have come and to take stock of our time and the way we have spent these important and crowded years.

The way has been long. If it were trying at times, at least it never has been boring. We find ourselves at the end of the journey with mingled feelings of regret and gratitude—regret that these pleasant days are over

forever, and the gratitude and satisfaction that comes with the knowledge of a task well done.

The road behind looks strangely short, seen in perspective, and the most recent events seem to blot out other important incidents that have happened in other years, just as when one looks back upon a long stretch of track, and sees with clarity the smaller objects that at hand, while the rest is all behind and receding in one reaching into the past.

Sunlight and shadow color the path behind; all looks fair ahead of us, as we turn from the well known road into a strange new thoroughfare, with only pleasant memories of the days spent on our journey and the hope and expectation of new days ahead, fraught with the same happinesses that we have known.

To an out-of-the-state student, many things are important which Kentuckians have always taken for granted; the beauty of the woods and the campus in the spring, the glory and color of the fall when the trees are scarlet and red with the first touch of frost, will remain with us always. In the years that are to come, the sudden song of a bird or the glimpse of a flame oak tree in the autumn will bring us many pleasant memories, and for a little while we will forget that our way lies through seeming cities and strange countries.

For the space of a minute we will be back in Kentucky again where the woods are red and golden and green and the mocking birds are singing their gay and amusing little songs because it is spring-time once more in the Bluegrass.

Other students will come to take our places, walk through the halls and attend the lectures we have known; they will cheer a new team in the stadium we shall never see. We know that we will only read about the University in newspaper accounts or, perhaps, write these accounts for others to read. We will be forever, inevitably lost to the intimacies and familiarities we have known as students. Others will do the things we have done and take our places at the dances and on the campus. May they enjoy it as much as we have done—a good wish, as Homer says, for there is no better one that we can leave them.

JOURNEY UNDERWAY
As the seniors wend their way along the shaded paths of the campus for perhaps the last time, thoughts arise in the minds of those who remain behind to pursue their scholastic activities. These thoughts take the somewhat transient form of retrospective remembrances and prospective dreams.

To peer eagerly into the future, to hazard a prediction as to what will have happened to those being graduated, in the years to come, is folly. These seniors face the future with a copious supply of natural enthusiasm and energy, surpassed only in intelligence by those who have preceded them through the portals of Kentucky and who have been seasoned in the daily strife of life. Many persons are more than willing to give sage advice to these students. Much of this advice is the time-worn phrase, "Keep your face toward the setting sun, lad" and similar adages, given in earnest, in all good faith but never varied to meet the changing conditions in the social and economic world.

Arriving at the practical side of this glance into the future, the gallant young men and women who walk forth from the gay and care-free life of a university campus into the teaming cauldron of worldly existence, are beset with endless problems, the like of which has seldom been seen among the civilized nations of the earth. It is with no little hesitancy that those being graduated are reminded of this fact. It must be faced and the graduating class of 1933 is expected to take up its share of the work necessary to alleviate these conditions.

The fight undoubtedly will be one of many trials and disappointments, but honesty with self and the ingenious application of the principles learned in college will survive the test of any economic chaos. If the verve and quality of character displayed by Kentucky students is maintained by them throughout life, nothing need be feared.

We who remain to complete our pursuit of a university career gladly clutch the torch you seniors throw to us. We pledge ourselves anew to a trust which will endure always. With a hearty hand-clasp and the breathing of thoughts of good fellowship and success in bountiful measures, we watch you as you leave Kentucky in body, but not in spirit. Remember us, we won't forget you!

JEST AMONG US
How any precursor thinks that a fellow can listen to his talk and write acceptable paragraphs for the Senior edition, is more than The Jester can understand.

Preparation for Visitor's Day seems to have progressed awfully; all the great and the small, the surplus taken off; the botanical garden is trimmed in its newest summer attire, and the entire campus looks like the gayest of Kentucky's well kept and famous "Blue Grass" farms. Adding to the smile, The Jester might mention that a deal of ploughing seems to have been done even on the roadways.

Professors who will give exams have to do twice the work of the students who are subjected to the punishment—consequent the professor has to make out the questions, read and grade the papers, and figure out term grades for each student. Incidentally, they get paid for it.

WE'RE LEAVING
By A SENIOR

We're leaving. All the rush and work of our college days is over, and all the dances and parties and moonlight rides to the reservoir. There's nothing left now, but to pack up what text books we can't sell, and the few clothes we may possess, and the memories of these four years, and leave. The books will mould in some attic box, and the clothes will wear out, but the memories we will treasure, and so, being careful persons, we will pack them very carefully in some coveyby corner of our hearts, and so have them always.

I shall want to remember so many things about these last few years, not that they were particularly grand or glorious, but because they formed a strange quality of happiness which I have no doubt that we will not find again, and because the road ahead will be strange and sometimes hard, and such things will be pleasant to remember.

Things like the Engineer's Ball, for instance, back in the days when it WAS a Ball... The Tavern after the Thanksgiving Game last year... Shipwreck Kelly coming through for one of his long runs... the look on Babe Wright's face when he caught a mis-directed pass and started running wild; the ball carelessly clasped against his chest... Ellis Johnson looking warily around the floor as he dribbled toward the basket... the last few minutes in the Washington and Lee game "way back in '30" when two over-times didn't seem to be enough for the well-matched teams... the heart-breaking conference games of other years...

The Kernel Press Room where Dave helped us run off the type we had set in class... The News room with its quaint mural decorations... the editor who thought he was a one-man newspaper, and the editor who really was... elections... the pre-election campaigning, and the post-election explanations... Johnnie Wadits and his wholesome denunciation of politicians... certain politicians... last year's mid-night election... the Phi Delta dance this year... Ruth White as May Queen... Six Willis the year she was the Most Beautiful Co-ed... Guignol plays... Peer Gynt in particular...

Journalism classes and one night class in history... the old library and the dark corners in the basement... the reading room in the Administration building... Pep meetings... Forrest Sabe unfolding a map... Judge Stoll's condemnation of students who lacked school spirit... the torch parade...

The birds in front of Mechanical hall... Dean Anderson's sign... should be called an office but "office" is inadequate... the parrot who shouts "Elo, Elo!"... the pink bird that walks on your fingers... Professor Grehan's beautiful vocabulary... Doctor McVey looking like Woodrow Wilson... Mrs. McVey's teas and "Boy" he dignified black dog...

Funny how things are so chronologically jumbled, and still so clearly defined in memory... unimportant things, mostly, some rich in association, and some really magnificent... like the rock garden in moonlight... the Guignol gardens at twilight... Memorial hall one Easter dawn... the new library and the stadium at night, standing still and solid in the starlight...

Miss Margie's gay camaraderie... Professor Portman's children young Stanley looking like an angel asleep... and Virginia Hatcher walking the floor with him one evening when we woke him up... Sullivan's rose garden in May... the Grace Stedman's cherry chest and the crystal balls that she brought from Japan... fascinating, those crystal balls... nothing in fortune telling, of course, but it's reasonable that they could reflect some of the things they've seen...

Wilbur Fry who didn't like noise in the editorial office... Yeets Thompson who never kept quiet... Yeets had a nice laugh... Frances Holliday busily laying out the editorial page... and anyone who crossed her path when she was busy... Johnny Kane striding across the campus in his shirt sleeves... The band playing Washington Post March just by way of variety... Laura Pettigrew when she was sponsor...

Nights and days in Old Kentucky... Louisville early one summer morning... the ride from Frankfort on the train... the little restaurant at Nicholasville that looks like the inside of a china dish... the lights of Cincinnati from the train at Covington... looks like the Hills of Rome, and the millions of tiny lights look like stars... the thunder of horses' hoofs at the tracks... Colonel Bradley getting out of his car at the Phoenix hotel one morning...

Dances... the ATO Hobo Hop one year... and the Dells who called for their dates in a patrol wagon... O.K. Juson, and the sad state of our room when there was a dance... or when there wasn't a dance... Louise George and her quaint drawl... took things literally... "Why Do!"... the time I told her I had eaten her missing sliceker... the mice in Boyd hall... Glynn Hiett and "L" Jennings... hope his broken leg has mended by now... Pat Thompson and his fiddle... Gene Royle playing "Sugar Blues" in way to put Clyde McCoy to everlasting shame...

It isn't very exciting now... we will be graduated... did we really want that degree so very much? we will leave and we will be forgotten and you underclassmen will become seniors and complete the cycle, but we cannot forget, nor even lose the memories that we have. And that is the priceless heritage which we have received, and which we pass on to you... may your memories be as pleasant as ours!

And The Clowns?
Days When Commencement Was Held in Tents, Is Recalled

When, on graduation morning you see the orderly and impressive ceremonies by which several hundred young men and women will receive their degrees, try to imagine what the exercises were years ago, when the old chapel which is now the geology museum in the Administration building, was quite large enough to accommodate the University officials, the graduates, their relatives, and friends, and the townspeople who all came to hear Doctor Patterson address the group.

Mrs. Maud Lafferty remembers those graduations of other years, and sitting in Dean Anderson's sun room, she kindly gave her time to The Kernel representative who wanted to know in what manner this year's graduation would differ from the graduations of other years. Let her tell you about it—she can do so much better than we can:

"The graduation ceremonies have gone through a complete evolution since Doctor Patterson's time," she said.

"We soon outgrew the old chapel," she smiled, "And then came the strangest arrangement of all—they put up large tents, first in the front yard of Patterson hall, and then in front of the Main (Administration) building. They were always too hot with the flaps down, and if the flaps were left up, a wind was sure to blow and shake the whole tent or else it would rain. If the roof didn't leak, the

QUO VADIS by CRADDOCK



ground would be a sea of mud. There were camp chairs inside, and many a famous Kentuckian has received his degree in one of these tents. They were colored tents, too... just about the color of that apricot jacket you're wearing!"

Mrs. Lafferty told us many other things, and Dean Anderson, who is never too busy to help out anyone in

need, cheerfully stopped what he was doing to add his reminiscences to the conversation. "Those were the days," he chuckled, "I'll never forget those old tents; looked just like a circus or a carnival..."

Pershing Rifles won in a competitive drill among the universities of Ohio State, Indiana, and Illinois, 1932.

CASH FOR USED BOOKS CAMPUS BOOK STORE McVEY HALL

We Thank You! We take this opportunity to thank the students of the University of Kentucky for their patronage since our opening. Upon your return, we hope that we can again serve you. We also thank the entire personnel of your newspaper, The Kernel for their cooperation and results obtained from our advertising in their columns. We heartily indorse it as a real advertising medium in Lexington. Our contract will be renewed with them next year. Tailor Maid Shoppe 159 S. Limestone

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Senior and Undergraduate Kentuckian at the Book Store

SOCIETY ELIZABETH HARDIN, Editor Phone Ashland 6990

WANDERERS Wide are the meadows of night. And dancies are shining there.

WALTER DE LA MARE. The Alpha Tau Omega fraternity entertained Friday evening with a "Bridge Shuffle" dance at the alumni gymnasium.

A. T. O. Bridge Dance The Alpha Tau Omega fraternity entertained Friday evening with a "Bridge Shuffle" dance at the alumni gymnasium.

The lighted fraternity shield hung at one end of the room and... The pledges are Messrs. Bill Heath, Edward White, Bill Carroll, Bill Daniel, John Strow, Milton Easler, Paul Slaton, Fred Thompson, Sunny Day, O. D. Sparks, Champ Ligon and Doc Bolton.

Chaperones were Dean and Mrs. C. R. Melcher, Dean Sarah Blanding, Dean Sarah Holmes, Prof. and E. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Ellison, Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Couch. Several hundred guests were present.

Wrecking Son Mr. and Mrs. Gayle A. Mohney are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Jack A. Mohney, Jr., Friday at the Good Samaritan hospital.

Kappa Delta Kid Party Epsilon Omega of Kappa Delta sorority entertained with a kid party for 50 guests Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Jane Allen Webb, Cherokee park, where games were enjoyed in the garden.

FRATERNITY ROW Kappa Delta alumnae met at 7:30 o'clock last night with Misses Ruth Mayes and Mary Alice Sarsars at Miss Mayes' home, 259 South Hanover avenue.

Kappa Sigma Dance The members of Kappa Sigma fraternity entertained with a house dance Saturday night in honor of the active and pledges of the chapter. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Kentucky Night-hawks orchestra.

Recent Dinner-Dance The Sigma chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi entertained Friday evening with a dinner dance at the fraternity house on Transylvania park.

Scandal Snickerings By TINY

We received another anonymous note several days ago. It read thus: "It has been rumored around the campus that a great big, tall, strong, handsome brute, Triangle 'Bing-Wing' Miller of Savannah, Ga., has been getting the 'run around' by a certain little etc..."

The secret passion of Tri-Delt Peggie "BB" Haskins has at last been revealed... No, he doesn't go to Washington and Lee. It is nothing more than spring onions... (And the little girl has dates right along)...

On yes... We just about forgot... Our friend, Alphagan Mildred Holmes is proudly exhibiting the Alphasamacho badge of Smith Broadhead... Congrats, Smith.

Several issues ago we made an announcement of Tri-Delt Virginia Hatcher's wading party in the Guignol garden... One ed suggested that the entire group who play in "A Mid Summer's Night Dream" go for a wade...

Recently seven Kadees appeared at the lodge attired in bright red dresses... It seems that each one was unimpaired of the others intention.

During a rehearsal at the Guignol theater for the last production Lambdaky George Farris forgot a line of the Shakespearean play... George quickly arose to the occasion and replied that "Everything is gonna be O. K."...

The morning following the Pershing Rifle drill met a number of the visiting Pershing Rifemen

were instructed to go to one of the houses for breakfast... Well, the boys showed up at the Kadee mansion shortly before 7 a.m. for breakfast.

We have just been informed that the "College Boy's Friend," Al Watson has announced his candidacy for Magistrate... But he is getting a tough break... his district only extends to South Limestone street...

L & N Round Trip Excursions May 27, 28, 29 One Cent Per Mile (for each mile traveled)

Table with 2 columns: City, Rate. Includes Knoxville (\$4.30), Atlanta (7.90), Jacksonville (14.70), Cincinnati (1.75), Louisville (1.70), Owensboro (4.00), Evansville (4.20), St. Louis (7.35), Nashville (5.45), Memphis (9.30), New Orleans (15.50), Pineville (2.85), Middlesboro (3.10), Harlan (3.60), Jackson (1.80), Hazard (2.70).

OTHER ROUND TRIP FARES TO Chicago \$12.45, Detroit 12.00, Cleveland 11.85, Toledo 10.85.

Tickets good on trains leaving May 27, 28 or 29. Limit for return to leave destination up to and including June 3rd.

Tickets good in comfortable coaches and also in Pullman cars on payment of berth or seat rate charges. Half fare for children of 5 and under 12 years of age.

Special Round Trip Pullman Rates—Save 25 per cent For further particulars, reservations, tickets, etc., call E. J. TEDD, Ticket Agent Union Station, Phone Ashland 6688 F. R. GARR, General Agent W. H. HARRISON, T. P. A.

MEYERS BROS. Main & Mill Sts. Phone Ashland 4792 Military Outfitters Complete stock of high grade military uniforms and equipment: BLOUSES, SAM BROWNE DRESS BELTS, CAMPAIGN or SERVICE HATS, RANK and CORPS INSIGNIA, CAMPAIGN SERVICE BARS, SABRES, BLACK TIES, DRESS BOOTS, FIELD BOOTS, PUTTEES. SEE US BEFORE GOING CAMPING The most complete stock of camping clothes in the city for boys and girls at popular prices.

Some things you can Prove

Like the Milder, Better Taste of Chesterfields

JUST trying a package or two will show you that Chesterfields are Milder and Better-Tasting. But you can't learn much about why they're that way... except by taking our word for it. Wherever cigarette tobaccos are on sale, there you will find our buyers, busy picking out and purchasing ripe, mild tobaccos—almost good enough to eat. Then they are blended and cross-blended—Domestic and Turkish both—in just the right proportion... so that there'll be just one good flavor and aroma.



Chesterfield They Satisfy people know it

BARGAIN ROUND TRIP TICKETS ONE CENT PER MILE For each mile traveled MAY 27 - 28 - 29 Final return limit June 3 ROUND TRIP FARES FROM LEXINGTON Ashville \$6.90, Chattanooga \$ 5.15, Atlanta 7.90, Knoxville 4.30, Birmingham 8.00, Jacksonville 14.70, Cincinnati 1.75, New Orleans 15.10. Proprietate Fares to other Destinations REDUCED PULLMAN FARES Buy Railway and Pullman Tickets in Advance SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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PAIS MERRYMAKER DANCE

ADMISSION \$1.50 BOURBON COUNTRY CLUB

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1933

10:00 TO 2:30

seen from the press box by Ralph & Johnson

Two places have to be filled in the Athletic Council...

The new Southeastern conference rules will go into effect...

During the year 1933-34 there will be no broadcasts of athletic contests from the University...

The coaches were called into the meeting and the new eligibility rules set forth by the university...

Len Miller has been retained for the following year as assistant coach...

The following resolutions were adopted by the council: The University of Kentucky Athletic Council has learned with profound regret...

Therefore, because of the sense of irreparable loss which the passing of such a devoted and unselfish member has brought to the Council...

That this inadequate, yet sincere, expression of our personal admiration for the bereavement over his passing, be spread upon the minutes of the next meeting...

Personal opinion of the dullest couple on the campus: "Rec" Simpson and Greathouse.

Chairman, Committee on Resolutions, University of Kentucky Athletic Council.

Captain-elect Doug Parrish and Captain Howard Baker have returned from the Southeastern conference track meet.

If The Kernel could have waited until tomorrow to appear we would have had a fine big fat story on the Intramural department...

STATE Matinee... 10c Nights... 15c

Now Playing "FAREWELL TO ARMS" GARY COOPER HELEN HAYES

Tues. and Wed. "TRICK FOR TRICK" RALPH MORGAN VICTOR JORY SALLY BLANE

Thurs. and Fri. "STATE FAIR" JANET GAYNOR WILL ROGERS

Now Playing "Perfect Understanding" GLORIA SWANSON LAURENCE OLIVER JOHN HALLIDAY

Wednesday "BE MINE TONIGHT" JOHN HALLIDAY NEIL HAMILTON CHAS. RUGGLES

PARRISH, BAKER SCORE IN MEET

Due to the efforts of Capt.-elect Doug Parrish and Capt. Howard Baker, the University...

Parrish scored his four points by placing third in the high hurdles and fifth in the low hurdles.

Baker also competed in a record breaking event when he stepped the two mile course in the dust of McQueen, of Auburn...

The entire meet was a carnival of record smashing. The day started off with a new record in the mile set by Stout of Tennessee...

Oh, yes! Before I forget it! I was told not to mention this but I simply won't be threatened by a country boy.

Friday night Bud Hoeker, lanky Nicholasville two miler, appeared in the Guignol theater.

It was not a bad idea to use it to see the Guignol play at all, but he only wanted to pay 90 cents.

While I was writing this column as regularly as I could muster up energy, I rarely had a compliment on my work...

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Field, Visitors' Day Set for Tomorrow

(Continued from Page One) military work for the school year and the officers will leave immediately for Fort Knox...

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CINCY DEFEATS DOWNINGMEN 6 TO 3

In the last home engagement of the season, Coach H. H. Downing's tennis squad lost a hard fought match with University of Cincinnati, 6 to 3, Saturday afternoon.

Friday the Kentuckians entered five players from Eastern Kentucky College in a practice contest in which the matches were divided evenly, 2 to 2.

The three matches which the Wildcats won were all taken in straight sets, but Braden whipped Shaprio, 6-1, 6-2; K. P. Smith conquered Baxter, 7-5, 6-0, and "Papa" Johnson defeated Luedeck, 7-5, 6-3.

The Ohioans won all three of the doubles by straight sets, but with a long count in games, Willson and Roger Klein played the No. 1 doubles and lost to Ratliff and Uble, 5-7, 3-6.

"Well, there was a big flood in my home town and when the water struck our house, father got on a bed and floated down stream."

"And you?" "I accompanied him on the piano."

4-H Club Chooses Mathis President

Charles Mathis, Fayette county, is the new president of the University of Kentucky 4-H club...

The club adopted a new constitution and by-laws. Activities of the club will consist of assisting freshmen in the University, keeping informed on 4-H club work...

LAST PARADE HELD The fifth and last regimental parade before Field day was held yesterday afternoon on Stoll field at 4 p. m.

And off we go! Home... vacation... summer job... no matter where you travel, Southeastern Greyhound Lines can serve you best.

Look At These Bargain One-Phone Fares CHICAGO \$7.25 CINCINNATI 1.75 NEW YORK 15.50 MIAMI, FLA. 22.25 ATLANTA 6.75 BIRMINGHAM 7.90 LOUISVILLE 1.75 NASHVILLE 4.80

FREE-ATTRACTIVE FOLDER ON ALL-EXPENSES PAID TOURS TO WORLD FAIR.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

Comic strip panels showing a man with a razor blade and a woman. Text: "LAST NIGHT I SAW A MAGICIAN SWALLOW A DOZEN RAZOR BLADES AND A PIECE OF THREAD. THEN HE PULLED OUT THE BLADES ALL THREADED! I MIGHT BE!"

Comic strip panels showing a man with a razor blade and a woman. Text: "HE HAS A SET OF VERY DULL BLADES ALL THREADED AND HIDDEN IN A SLOT IN THE SPOOL OF THREAD. HE PALMS THE FIRST SET OF BLADES AND PUTS THE THREADED BLADES IN HIS MOUTH."

Comic strip panels showing a man with a razor blade and a woman. Text: "GOOD TASTE IN A CIGARETTE COMES FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO. THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS, TRYONE."

Advertisement for Camel cigarettes. Text: "BE A MAGICIAN FREE.. send no money.. FREE. 36-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MAGIC BOOK CONTAINING 23 MYSTIFYING CIGARETTE, CARD, AND COIN TRICKS. YOU CAN FOOL THOSE 'WISE GUYS' THAT KNOW IT ALL WITHOUT SKILL OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. MAIL THE ORDER BLANK AT RIGHT WITH THE FRONTS FROM FIVE PACKS OF CAMELS."