

The Kentucky KERNEL

University of Kentucky

Vol. LVI, No. 108 LEXINGTON, KY., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1965

Sixteen Pages

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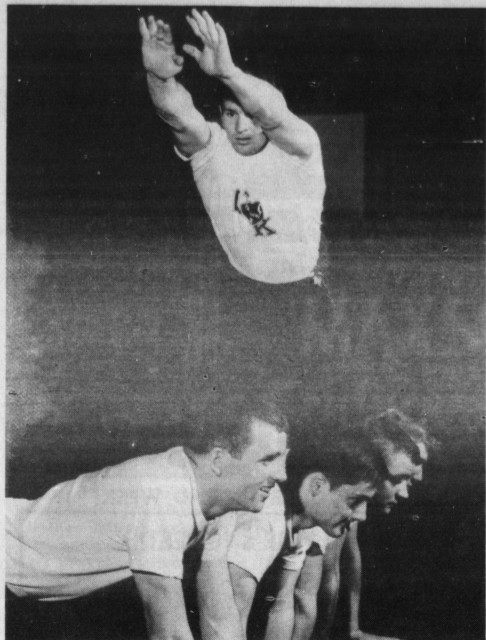


Photo by Dick Ware

Troupers Get Ready For Show

Tumblers practice tricks in preparation for the annual Troupers' show which opens tonight in the Alumni Gymnasium. The Troupers are a group of student amateur variety performers. The theme of this year's show is "College Life."

Many Negroes Considered, Athletic Department Says

By HENRY ROSENTHAL
Kernel Sports Editor

Reacting to criticism of its policy of recruiting Negro athletes, the Department of Athletics disclosed today that well over 20 Negro football players have been considered during this recruiting season.

Recent attacks have been made upon the Athletic Department for singling out one outstanding Negro athlete in basketball and football and attempting only to recruit "his one."

Assistant coach Homer Rice said that he had personally talked, to "13 Negro football players and that of the 13 about 12 could not come to the University because of their grades."

Rice said, "Only one had grades and he did not feel that he was good enough to play in our league." Rice said that this prospect was a quarterback in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Head football coach Charlie Bradshaw said, "The thing that has hindered us is the grades of prospects and the lack of films on many of them. This does not enable us to evaluate them properly." The UK coach pointed out that this was a situation

which developed regardless of race.

One Negro who had been recommended to the University was Leobie Jackson, a high school football player at Merry High School in Jackson, Tennessee. There were no films available on this prospect.

Bradshaw said that the lack of films on athletes in the South made it especially difficult to recruit in that area.

George Boone, an assistant football coach, said that he had also examined the record of several Negro athletes. He said, "If the University wants to make special provisions to let some of these boys in, then we will recruit them. If not, then most of them cannot get in. This also goes for white boys."

He said, "Many people want us to recruit just anybody. We don't do that with white boys and we aren't going to with colored. We will sign good football players and gentlemen regardless of race."

"The only home that Coach Bradshaw has visited in regards to recruiting, unless we are sure that boy might be signed, is that of Garnett Phelps," Boone added. Phelps, a Negro quarterback in Louisville, selected the University of Missouri to do his collegiate playing.

"Coach Bradshaw does not have time to visit football prospects because of meetings and clinics. That is our job," Boone said, referring to the assistant coaches.

SC To Coordinate Bulletin Board Use

A Publicity Board has been established by the president of the Student Congress to improve the visual quality of the environment of the campus.

The organization will provide an orderly, unified, and handsome system of displaying the numerous posters and announcements and circulars related to University life.

The Board has complete authority over posting on all campus grounds and the exterior of all buildings.

The Board has set up certain regulations for bulletin board use. Posting will be limited to bulletin boards unless express permission is otherwise given by the Board.

Everything that is posted must have a removal date clearly marked on it. This date must be no later than one day after the occurrence of the event which the material is announcing.

All persons and organizations posting any announcements or posters have the responsibility for the maintenance and removal of their own materials, regardless of weather. If anyone fails to comply with the rules set down by the Board the result will be automatic removal of all posted material.

The existing Board members as of April 14, 1964, are Richard Robbins, chairman; Barry Porter; and Maija Avots. Membership to the Board is open to any full-time student on the campus.

New members will be selected by the existing Board, a member of the Student Publications Board and a member of the faculty.

Students' Cooperation Lags In Preregistration

By TERENCE HUNT
Kernel Staff Writer

As is the case with all computerized systems, the new preregistration system is dependent on human cooperation—and that's what's worrying the registrar's office.

Associate registrar R. L. Larson reported that by 5 p.m. Monday, only 1,187 students had turned in their preregistration cards. Between six and eight thousand students are expected to preregister this month.

Miss Sarah Utterback of the registrar's office estimated Tuesday afternoon about 200 more students had dropped off their registration cards.

She said there is never a crowd waiting to deliver the cards. She thought the busiest time was on the hour as most classes break.

The new preregistration system calls for all returning students to preregister, and threatens those who don't with registration during the late period, after classes start.

This threat is now applicable to the majority of students.

Mr. Larson attributed the problem to apathy. He thinks students are just waiting until the last minute to preregister.

For these students, Mr. Larson foresees trouble—a pile-up at adviser's offices. Mr. Larson said he doesn't think the advisers will be able to handle a rush of students on the last few days of April. So he is encouraging students to preregister early.

Mr. Larson said, "This registration system was devised by the student-faculty registration

committee, and was thought to be the best solution to the registration problem."

"It will give students a chance to get scheduled without going through the mill (registration in the Coliseum)."

Mr. Larson added, "even preregistered students with incomplete schedules will be better off—they will have priority for classes not filled."

So why aren't students cooperating? Student's excuses are many and varied.

An Arts and Science sophomore explained, "I am afraid of seeing my adviser because of my mid term grades. He'll kill me."

Another student said he had not decided what to take next semester. This was the most common excuse.

Still others are just planning on doing it later.

There may be a legitimate excuse for some freshmen. The college of Arts and Science has sent out letters to all freshmen enrolled in the A & S college appointing a time to report and register. These students are supposedly waiting for their appointments.

Representatives of other colleges contacted were optimistic of the registration's success.

Dr. Stanley Wall, assistant dean of the College of Agriculture, said, "our students are coming through in good shape." He estimated about half of the agriculture students had picked up registration cards.

According to Mrs. Errington, of the Commerce office, com-

merce students are responding "pretty well." She estimated half of the students had picked up the registration cards.

Dr. Lyman Ginger, dean of the College of Education, said about half of the education majors returning in the fall have picked up the registration cards.

A secretary in the office of Dr. A. D. Kirwan, dean of the Graduate School, believes, "it is only human nature to wait until the last minute." She did not know how many graduate students had preregistered yet.

The registrar's office is not the only office experiencing trouble with a lack of students. The University's photographer—John Mitchell—is feeling the same woes.

Mr. Mitchell said Tuesday only about 1,200 students have had their ID pictures made for the fall semester. He expects between 5,500 to 7,500 students will need to have their ID's made this month.

He said, "I can see there are going to be a lot of people waiting in line toward the end of the month."

Unless students have the ID made this month, they will not be able to attend any University function requiring an ID until after Oct. 15, the make-up date for pictures.

Mr. Mitchell said they are set up to shoot about 150 students an hour. This figure is what they are averaging—a day.

The photographer is on the third floor of White Hall, and the advisers are in their offices—waiting.

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Registrar's Office Issues Information

The registrar's office has issued some additional information about ID cards and registration.

During the month of April a University photographer will be in Room 314, White Hall from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday for the purpose of making ID pictures for the fall semester.

Everyone who is returning next semester should have his picture made during this time so that identification will be ready in the fall.

Make-up date to have pictures made will be Oct. 15. If pictures are not made at this time, admittance to games, concerts or other University functions before Oct. 15 will not be permitted.

In regard to registration, students will be assigned to courses using the spring semester grade point standing as a priority. During the summer the schedule of classes will be mailed to all students.

Schedules will be mailed to the same address used when spring grades were sent. It is

important to have mail forwarded if the same address is not being used.

It is essential that everyone receive class schedules and bring them back to the University to complete the last step in fall registration, the registrar said.

If the schedule is complete registration will be finished Sunday afternoon, August 29, in the Coliseum. Students with incomplete schedules will report on Monday and Tuesday, August 29 and 30.

Whether the schedule is complete or not, everyone must be at the Coliseum on the designated day, or it will be assumed that you are not returning for the fall semester and your preregistration will be canceled.

Upon such cancellation the class cards which had been reserved will be redistributed for general use. Anyone who appears after that cancellation will be required to preregister during the late registration period which begins on Wednesday, September 1.



Greetings, Mothers!

A giant horde of roses greeted the mothers who attended the Mother-Daughter weekend held by Keeneeland Hall. The Mothers were seated and dinner and treated to a skit performed by the dormitory women.

Keeneeland Hall Welcomes Mothers

Keeneeland Hall girls last weekend turned the dorm over to their moms for the annual Mother-Daughter weekend. The room ate, slept, lived and took advantage of the facilities used by their daughters.

Mothers began arriving as early as 10 o'clock Friday morning and continued to arrive throughout the entire day.

The festivities officially began at 10:30 Saturday morning. The theme for the weekend was "Keeneeland Fun."

As the mothers entered the dorm they walked under a "swath of roses" which was around the floor. Stretched across the swath was a banner saying "Welcome Moms to Keeneeland Family Shabbies."

Inside the lobby hung a large racing flag borrowed from Keeneeland Race Track. Around the front desk was a giant picture of a horse, a stable.

Many of the mothers and daughters spent the rest of Saturday afternoon at the races, at the show, shopping, or just sitting around talking.

Saturday evening all the

daughters took their mothers to the program planned by the dorm. Entertainment was provided by the girls in the dorm, consisting of singing, dancing, and a skit.

At the conclusion of the program the annual presentation of the Miss Keeneeland award was made.

Janet Perry, senior education major from Williamstown, was named Miss Keeneeland. Miss Perry was president of the dorm the spring and fall semesters of 1966. Her attendants, all seniors, were Peggy Pruitt, physical education major from Louisville, Nancy Hurt, speech and hearing

major from Fountain, Indiana, and Judy Smith, education major from Louisville.

The girls were chosen and elected by the residents of Keeneeland Hall. They are chosen because of the outstanding work they had done in the dorm.

Each of the girls was presented with a small silver bowl and a bouquet of red roses. Miss Perry had her name engraved on a big silver bowl given to the dorm by the Keeneeland Racing Association. Her name is placed beneath the names of the other girls who have been honored with the title of Miss Keeneeland in the last ten years.

Elections

THE TAU

President, Jim Jones; vice president, Steve Hartley; treasurer, Hansel Hirsch; secretary, Hank Davis; scholarship chairman, William Cary Fleck; house manager, Gary McKenzie; assistant, Joe Richardson; social chairman, Jim Freeman; rush chairman, Bob Meyer.

ZETA BETA THU

President, Joe Dugas; vice president, Allan Nowitz; treasurer, Robert Shapiro; secretary, Allen Chisovitz; historian, Mark Smith.

BETA ALPHA PSI

accounting. President, Allan Wierzal; vice president, Richard Haytien; secretary, Don Little; treasurer, Carson Harrell; faculty vice president, William Ector.

OMICRON DELTA KAPPA

President, Steve Miller; vice president, Tom Beros; secretary, Tom Woodall; faculty adviser, Dr. Warrick Clay; faculty secretary, Dr. Jess L. Gardner.

LAST DAY!

"SYLVIA"

KENTUCKY

STARTS TOMORROW

At Regular Price



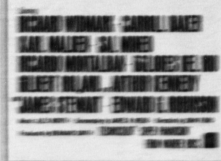
LAST DAY!

"SYLVIA"

KENTUCKY

STARTS TOMORROW

At Regular Price



CINEMA

ENDS TONIGHT

"ONE MAN'S WAY"

STARTS TOMORROW

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST!"

"BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR!"

"THE CRIMSON BLADE"

"SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON"

"KIM STANLEY AND RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH"

"SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON"

No Admission After Start of Feature!

At 7:20 and 9:30

OK Grill

WALT DISNEY'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT!

Mary Poppins

JULIE ANDREWS - VAN DYKE

STRAND

The Kentucky Kernel

The Kentucky Kernel, University Station, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky 40506. Second-class postage paid at Lexington, Kentucky. Published four times weekly during the school year except during holidays and exam periods, and weekly during the summer semester.

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DRIVE-IN THEATRE

TONIGHT

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INVITATION TO A GUNFIGHTER

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Jackpot \$200.00 (At Press Time)

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The Immortal Hank Williams

Your Cheating Heart

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Starting MIRIAM HOPKINS

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MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE

—Louella Parsons

the exciting LETITIA ROMAN as ...

THEY SAID IT COULD NOT BE FILMED!

PLUS "LILI" in Color

LESLIE GARDW

Starts 7:30 — Admission 90c

THE SCREEN STRETCHES TO VAST NEW HORIZONS, TO TELL THE EPIC STORY OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST!

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PH. 252-4495



Bob Dylan's new album "Bringing It All Back Home" adopts faster tempos and a stronger beat, developing philosophy instead of protest in extra-long-playing selections.

Record Review

Bob Dylan Is Accepting His Early Maturity

By SCOTT NUNLEY
Kernel Arts Editor

Bob Dylan's newest album, "Bringing It All Back Home," appears to be undertaking something other than the protest themes of his earlier work.

Besides selections with as much power and beauty as Dylan has ever shown, the new album presents several songs which seem to be aimed more positively, perhaps at the beginnings of a Dylan philosophy.

"Gates Of Eden" in particular advocates some vague principles of thought that might be considered philosophic. Eden has long been a symbol of innocence, and in Dylan's song it is only in Eden that Truth resides.

What is being led up to is a wild postulation, an attempt to give at least one name to this disjointed preaching of Dylan's. The term is "Self-Reliant Innocence."

Dylan's Self-Reliant Innocence appears throughout the album. In "She Belongs To Me," he sings of a girl who is an artist and dependent upon no one. But we are to understand that this girl is pure in her own way - valentines don't influence her.

"Love Minus Zero/No Limit" is probably the best song of the collection. Little connected to the fantastic title, it tells once again of the girl the singer loves - and again she is a figure of innocence, safe from the clutches of the world.

The outside world is greatly in need of some saving degree of innocence. "On The Road Again" describes a sordid family situation, perhaps in some ways like the one Dylan himself ran from.

When you go looking for Self-Reliant Innocence, you run the risk of stretching the point out of proportion. But even the poem of Dylan's on the back jacket of the album seems to reflect this decision to turn from the world into a more innocent existence:

"needless t say, i split fast go back t the nice quiet country. am standing there writing WHAAT? on my favorite wall. . . " "A poem is a naked person," Dylan says. "Some people say that I am a poet."

But frequently the selections of "Bringing It All Back Home" suffer from sheer length. "Gates Of Eden" is nearly six minutes long; "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream" is six and a half minutes long, and "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" is a full seven and a half minutes.

Parts of these songs are quite good. "It's Alright, Ma" is very powerful in places. But the excessive length is simply crippling to the listener. Or are they philosophy?

From early pained revolt to early philosophic maturity, Bob Dylan is still growing. Whether

he really is presenting Self-Reliant Innocence, (and appropriating the Mersey Beat to do it) must be decided at last by the individual listener.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Higbee Mill Road
at Clays Mill Road

10:45 a.m.

Service and Church School

Speaker . . .

RABBI WILLIAM LEFFLER
Temple Adath Israel

Title . . .

"Facing A Kentucky Lottery"

Television

The Spy Business Booms

The outlook for television next fall is once again a game of Follow The Leader. While last year's axiom seemed to be "Comedies will sell," the word for this fall is "Espionage is big business."

On the boards are such Mata Hari types as "F-6" "The FBI Story," and the current "Burke's Law" will expand into the swim with "Amos Burke - Secret Agent."

Following upon the heels of the successful Ian Fleming James Bond movies, America's three television networks are racing to see who can add the most spy-type adventure series by next season. The once faltering half-hour series "Danger Man" has already been boosted to 60 minutes under the subtitle "Secret Agent," complete with rock-n-roll theme song.

There will be more to come. One series has already combined the best of both worlds by aiming at being a spy-comedy, "Get Smart," with Mr. Smart as a bumbling Bond.

But it is not primarily James Bond's exploits that have done this to American television. Only a few years ago, espionage was strictly a no-sell item, as the ambitious 60-minute series "Five Fingers" quickly established.

Investor concern has been reassured by the outstanding success of one show this past fall and spring, NBC's spy spoof "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," recently

rated as the top series watched by college viewers.

When originator Fleming could not escape from his commitments long enough to write the TV scripts for his super-hero Napoleon Solo, NBC stuck with the idea and hired a team of excellent writers.

Also half-comedy, "U.N.C.L.E." goes so outrageously overboard in portraying the fight against Evil that many viewers cannot decide whether to take it seriously or not. They soon learn to relax, enjoy the excitement, and laugh along at the satire.

One "U.N.C.L.E." show this month had star Robert Vaughn parodying Bond himself in a fine spoof of Fleming's novel "You Only Live Twice." Like Bond, Vaughn as Napoleon Solo found himself being tortured in an old castle by a revenge-seeking enemy.

Riding upon the success of Bond books and movies, the path paved by "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," next fall American TV screens will present instant cloak-and-daggers for everyone.

Methodist Student Church

Maxwell at Harrison

Good Friday Holy Communion

12:00 to 1:00 p.m.

Easter

6:30 A.M. SUNRISE SERVICE

10:50 A.M. EASTER WORSHIP

KENTUCKY TYPEWRITER SERVICE

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METHODIST STUDENT CHURCH

Maxwell at Harrison

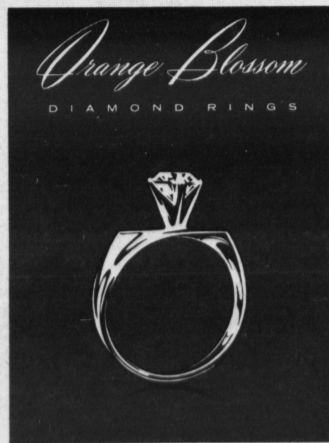
MORNING WORSHIP
EACH SUNDAY

Sunday School, 9:45

Morning Worship,
10:50

REV. TOM FORNASH
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1.00 to 3.75

Come see our collection of stuffed animals and dolls! You'll love them to "perk up" your room, as mascots, or gifts! From 1.00 to 3.75.

On-The-Campus, 381 S. Lime — Across from Holmes Hall

A Student-Inspired Move

For years campus leaders have bemoaned the apathy of students living off campus when it comes to participation in University activities, but the Town Housing Council, formed on student initiative, has struck out against the old cry of nonparticipation.

Formed by students living outside University-owned housing, the group's initial purpose is to help the student find high-quality and comfortable off-campus housing. Since recent housing policy decisions and increased enrollment will push more students off campus, this need is more crucial than ever.

The Council, which is now seeking University approval as an official organization, proposes to print a mimeographed bulletin describing available housing in Lexington. When possible, former tenants will include comments. In view of the discontinuance of official University inspections several years ago, this would certainly be a valuable aid to house-hunting students.

They also propose to draw up contracts between student renters

and landlords to prevent unanticipated rent rises and other problems.

In addition to its avowed purpose, the Town Housing Council, if it can become a strong, active organization, can be a unit of cooperation for town students, much as a residence hall, sorority house, or fraternity house can be for on-campus students. The Council can be an organ through which the off-campus students can be brought into contact with a wealth of other campus activities. Already campus organizations are including the Council on their mailing lists when sending out announcements, reports, and applications.

We applaud the students who formed the Council and back them fully in their efforts to provide a student-initiated solution to a pressing University problem. We hope they will grow in strength and become the coordinating unit the off campus students have needed for so long.

We urge that the administration to give its sanction and support to this budding organization.

"You're Really Rolling Up Quite A Record"



CULTURE JUMPERS: PART TWO

Volunteer On The Job: Mostly Alone

By THOMAS S. PLAUT

There have been complaints of the Peace Corps alienating the intellectual from its service. Critics claim the agency has become an "international boy scout troop," where volunteers are closely supervised and "mothered" on the job. This, it is contended, is borne out in Peace Corps training, where potential volunteers are closely watched and "brainwashed" by Peace Corps psychiatrists.

The Peace Corps has to leave its volunteers in the field pretty much on their own. There simply is not enough staff for hand-holding. Volunteers are considered to be mature and responsible enough to say and do whatever they think is right. The staff provides logistical support and tries to keep the volunteer in good health. Most of the directing comes from host governments and their agencies. What the volunteer puts into his service, and what he gets out of it, are up to him.

A soul-searching as well as instructive and toughening training period is inescapable. Before sending a man to work in a foreign country, the Peace Corps wants to know why that individual wants to serve and make sure that individual

knows why. An average of 12 weeks is provided to teach a volunteer a new language, specific skills needed for a specific assignment and resiliency to "culture shock." The training is arduous for one of the most individual jobs available anywhere in the world.

And the jobs are available. There are more than 10,000 volunteers in the field. Most of their host countries are asking for still more. Volunteers returning home having completed their service must be replaced.

Working conditions are not necessarily primitive. Volunteers live in accommodations similar to citizens of their host countries who are doing the same kind of work. Whereas a rural community development worker in Latin America might well have to "rough it," a college teacher in Nigeria lives in modern, spacious apartments.

Any American citizen 18 or over is eligible for Peace Corps service. There is no upper age limit. Married couples may serve if both qualify for the same project (not necessarily the same job) and have no dependents under 18. There are no foreign language requirements. Peace Corps service cannot replace military service although deferment



can usually be obtained from local draft boards. Volunteers receive allowances to cover food, clothing, housing and incidentals. All medical care and transportation is provided. A readjustment allowance of \$75 (less taxes) is banked in the United States for each month of service, which comes to about \$1,800 grossed after two years. Volunteers receive 45 days of leave during their term of service.

A college degree is not required for Peace Corps service, making it an attractive proposal for students who want to break up their undergraduate studies to gain time to choose a career.

To apply, students must fill out the Peace Corps Questionnaire, available at all post offices, and take the Peace Corps Placement Test, which is not passed or failed, but simply serves as an indication of what the applicant can do best.

It's a good job for those who care about the world—for those who care about people.

One of them said, "All my life I've been sitting on the sidelines watching the world go by. Nobody asked me to help. The Peace Corps asked and now I'm in the middle of it."

The Peace Corps provides an opportunity for all to join in Mr. Hutchins' race toward world understanding. The task is still overwhelming, but the Peace Corps is proving that it's not impossible—as long as there are enough Americans with the guts and intellect to put their ways of life on the line and go culture jumping.

(Thomas Plaut is a writer at the Peace Corps Office of Public Affairs. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1960.)

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Kernels

When a man seeks your advice, he generally wants your praise. — Lord Chesterfield.

It's too hard to be an atheist; you don't get any days off. — Mort Sahl.

The relation is very close between our capacity to act at all and our conviction that the action we are taking is right... Without that belief, most men will not have the energy and will to persevere in the action. — Walter Lippman.

The Kentucky Kernel

The South's Outstanding College Daily
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

ESTABLISHED 1894

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1965

WILLIAM GRANT, Editor-In-Chief
DAVID HAWPE, Executive Editor
LINDA MILLS, News Editor
WALTER GRANT, Associate News Editor
C. SCOTT NUNLEY, Arts Editor
SID WEBB, Managing Editor
HENRY ROSENTHAL, Sports Editor
BLITHA RUNDSDORF, Feature Editor
Business Staff
TOM FINNIE, Advertising Manager
MARVIN HUNGATE, Circulation Manager



Poem

There are times after all these times
 We have come to. . . It is this:
 That not only to awaken but
 To awaken slowly, knowing
 It is only for
 Once—for one time—and
 After all these times even
 If it were wished by us,
 Or upon us, without our knowing,
 Never to return to the same place again.

Captivity

Like a prisoner held
 against his will
 but held no less
 the sun
 on his eternal circle
 (good behavior)
 looks out
 with each rebirth
 not to beg for pardon
 but to pardon all
 he sees
 though he is blind
 and the warden
 is invisible

—Larry D. Wilson

October Sun

the october sun
 gone down
 behind dead trees;
 a pocketfull of
 frost and stars
 as cold as ice
 is

—Harley J. Beal

Knowing

Let us go together if
 we must go at all and we
 will watch the water when
 we know it is not all to
 talk of things and then
 we will begin to know
 again the things we
 knew before.

—Joyce Hancock

—Joe Nickell

Poem

(1)
 Youthful earth stones
 Brachiopods—
 With lime packed lips
 Question

The life noises
 Of buried surf
 Leaping
 From ocean shells
 To my thin ear

(2)
 Somewhere
 Across the old snow
 I blend
 With the wind song

I dance the last seed
 From the pine tree
 And whisper warm
 The worn white
 Of winter

—Ron Rosenstiel

Photography for the Kernel literary supplement was provided by Sam Abell, prize-winning Kernel photographer and managing editor-elect of the Kentucky.

Prose and poetry were selected and edited in collaboration with members of the staff of Stylus.

Coordination and layout for the supplement were by David V. Hawpe, Executive Editor of the Kernel.

A Student-Inspired Move

For years campus leaders have bemoaned the apathy of students living off campus when it comes to participation in University activities, but the Town Housing Council, formed on student initiative, has struck out against the old cry of nonparticipation.

Formed by students living outside University-owned housing, the group's initial purpose is to help the student find high-quality and comfortable off-campus housing. Since recent housing policy decisions and increased enrollment will push more students off campus, this need is more crucial than ever.

The Council, which is now seeking University approval as an official organization, proposes to print a mimeographed bulletin describing available housing in Lexington. When possible, former tenants will include comments. In view of the discontinuance of official University inspections several years ago, this would certainly be a valuable aid to house-hunting students.

They also propose to draw up contracts between student renters

and landlords to prevent unanticipated rent rises and other problems.

In addition to its avowed purpose, the Town Housing Council, if it can become a strong, active organization, can be a unit of cooperation for town students, much as a residence hall, sorority house, or fraternity house can be for on-campus students. The Council can be an organ through which the off-campus students can be brought into contact with a wealth of other campus activities. Already campus organizations are including the Council on their mailing lists when sending out announcements, reports, and applications.

We applaud the students who formed the Council and back them fully in their efforts to provide a student-initiated solution to a pressing University problem. We hope they will grow in strength and become the coordinating unit the off campus students have needed for so long.

We urge that the administration to give its sanction and support to this budding organization.

"You're Really Rolling Up Quite A Record"



© 1965 HERB BLOCK
THE WASHINGTON POST

CULTURE JUMPERS: PART TWO

Volunteer On The Job: Mostly Alone

By THOMAS S. PLAUT

There have been complaints of the Peace Corps alienating the intellectual from its service. Critics claim the agency has become an "international boy scout troop," where volunteers are closely supervised and "mothered" on the job. This, it is contended, is borne out in Peace Corps training, where potential volunteers are closely watched and "brainwashed" by Peace Corps psychiatrists.

The Peace Corps has to leave its volunteers in the field pretty much on their own. There simply is not enough staff for hand-holding. Volunteers are considered to be mature and responsible enough to say and do whatever they think is right. The staff provides logistical support and tries to keep the volunteer in good health. Most of the directing comes from host governments and their agencies. What the volunteer puts into his service, and what he gets out of it, are up to him.

A soul-searching as well as instructive and toughening training period is inescapable. Before sending a man to work in a foreign country, the Peace Corps wants to know why that individual wants to serve and make sure that individual

knows why. An average of 12 weeks is provided to teach a volunteer a new language, specific skills needed for a specific assignment and resiliency to "culture shock." The training is armament for one of the most individual jobs available anywhere in the world.

And the jobs are available. There are more than 10,000 volunteers in the field. Most of their host countries are asking for still more. Volunteers returning home having completed their service must be replaced.

Working conditions are not necessarily primitive. Volunteers live in accommodations similar to citizens of their host countries who are doing the same kind of work. Whereas a rural community development worker in Latin America might well have to "rough it," a college teacher in Nigeria lives in modern, spacious apartments.

Any American citizen 18 or over is eligible for Peace Corps service. There is no upper age limit. Married couples may serve if both qualify for the same project (not necessarily the same job) and have no dependents under 18. There are no foreign language requirements. Peace Corps service cannot replace military service although deferment



can usually be obtained from local draft boards. Volunteers receive allowances to cover food, clothing, housing and incidentals. All medical care and transportation is provided. A readjustment allowance of \$75 (less taxes) is banked in the United States for each month of service, which comes to about \$1,800 grossed after two years. Volunteers receive 45 days of leave during their term of service.

A college degree is not required for Peace Corps service, making it an attractive proposal for students who want to break up their undergraduate studies to gain time to choose a career.

To apply, students must fill out the Peace Corps Questionnaire, available at all post offices, and take the Peace Corps Placement Test, which is not passed or failed, but simply serves as an indication of what the applicant can do best.

It's a good job for those who care about the world—for those who care about people.

One of them said, "All my life I've been sitting on the sidelines watching the world go by. Nobody asked me to help. The Peace Corps asked and now I'm in the middle of it."

The Peace Corps provides an opportunity for all to join in Mr. Hutchins' race toward world understanding. The task is still overwhelming, but the Peace Corps is proving that it's not impossible—as long as there are enough Americans with the guts and intellect to put their ways of life on the line and go culture jumping.

(Thomas Plaut is a writer at the Peace Corps Office of Public Affairs. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1960.)

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Kernels

When a man seeks your advice, he generally wants your praise. — Lord Chesterfield.

It's too hard to be an atheist; you don't get any days off. — Mort Sahl.

The relation is very close between our capacity to act at all and our conviction that the action we are taking is right... Without that belief, most men will not have the energy and will to persevere in the action. — Walter Lippman.

The Kentucky Kernel

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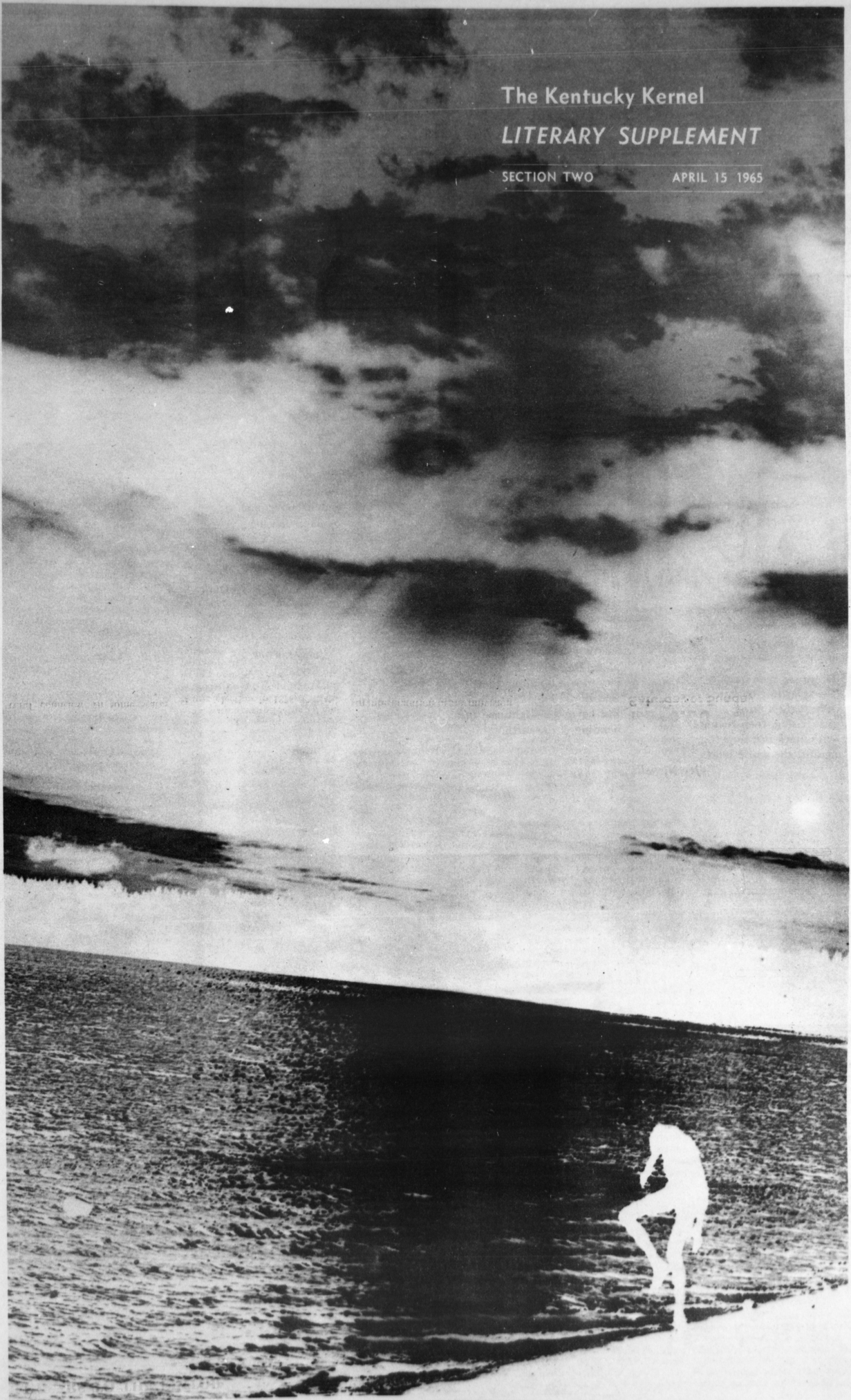
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SECTION TWO

APRIL 15 1965





**Sonnet From
North Bay**

The trees were piled up
just beyond the sand,
smouldering constantly against
the green flames of
the water, and the water's
web of smoke rising high
like a white net
against the darkening sky—
Dropping then quickly with
the splashing of night,
it brought a great
hiss, rising, then falling
with black fish flopping
against the white sand.

—Joe Nickell

Past The Apple Tree

Weeds among the
ashes where the house
stood, the crib the shed
the barn standing like weathered
stones over the tombs of days—
the cattle: clumps of sumac
eaten all the grass.
Coming again to this
place, the smell of
city grown up around me;
and an old logging trail—
lost beyond a slight rise and
bending of the earth.

—Joe Nickell

Coldspun

Limpid wind
Over the Mercury-torpid land
Drysand
Deadleaves
And no
rain
fall
ChipMond on a gravestone
Graven stone
In the Year of Our Lord

Burrow beneath
Nestled in the Drysand
Final Resting Place of our Beloved
Lined with Deadleaves
And he
He is glad
that
no
rain
fall

A hand
holding a pen
Is a strange thing
Its independent movement
Horrifies me
to Act!
But I must learn
So that
When the firey flower grows

I too
may burrow
in the drysand
Wallow in Deadleaves
Learn to rejoice
That
no
rain
fall

—Jerry Allison



Incantation: Lamia Noted

The basilisk dissembles; the lamia
reclines, declines. Ah Lamia whose muted
fingers, more beautiful than blood, solicit our undoing,
guard this my metamorphosis—
muted fingers behind whose nacreous
shining white bones dissemble.

—C. Lee Sharp

Lilith

Water falls on the summer factories
drops with a message to the little girl
whose song cannot be heard above the machinery
she sings a song without a story
just tune-words-harmony-almost bacchillian almost bach.

Early morning rain that kills the gasoline
but the fumes can be found if you look at the right place
count and countercount: left-right-left-right
two and two is four: four and four is eight
early morning song in the tuneless grass.

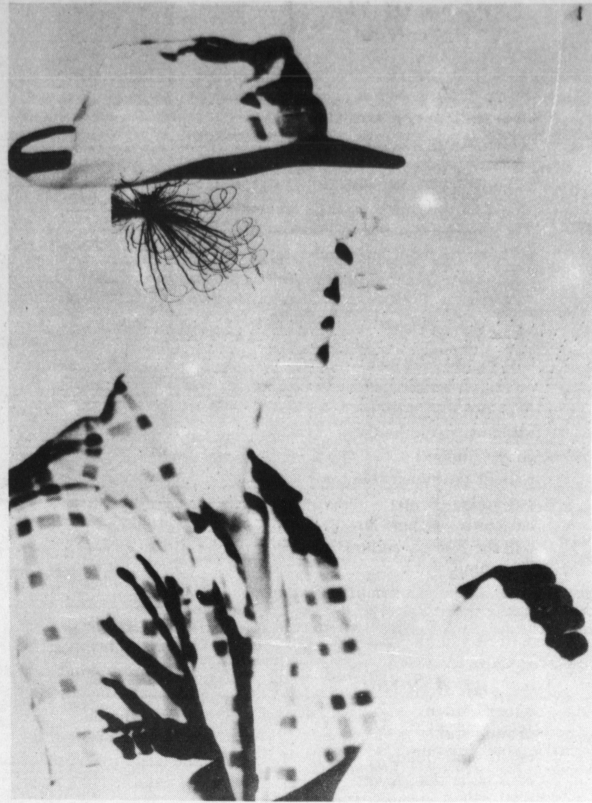
Pock-marked sand on a dirty sidewalk
high heeled raindrops scratch an oblivious unshaven visage.

—Robin Schold

Protest

I am a green
and growing poem
yet,
they ask me to smell
with owl big eyes
the corpses—stacked
as old prom flowers
among the pages

—Ron Rosenstiel

**'Going Home To Sally'**

By JOYCE HANCOCK

Mrs. Haley was up fixing up the fire. The noises she made carrying in the coal bucket, shaking down ashes, tearing newspaper were loud morning noises. A match popped a flame which lit the wads of paper under the kindling, under the coal, in the rusting black cylinder. The small sound of its burning grew as the flame grew; its murmuring became a crackle then a roar then the wood noise went away and the coal began to burn, slower than the paper and kindling, and quieter and heavier. Day would come with no frost in the air and with breakfast and with the heat that smoothes the stiffness and cold quietness of early morning.

Someone knocked on the front door.

Mrs. Haley moved through the unheated dining room and hall and opened the door. A young man and woman stood on the front porch.

She's got a stomach ache said the young man.

Mrs. Haley led them through the cold room, the linoleum stiff under their feet, and into the kitchen where the fire was. "They told us about you at a gas station," he said. Then she hurried to wake the doctor. When she got back to the kitchen the girl was in hard labor.

Doc Hale was a notoriously slow dresser. His bulk, age, and arthritis made him slow. He struggled out of bed and out of the snoring sleep that kept the pain away from his legs and back, and stood on the floor, tired by it. Although he had quit practicing medicine when he reached seventy-five, hurt and sick people who had known him since he was a boy and their pregnant daughters and granddaughters still came to him for help.

Mrs. Haley came back to hurry him. "Just put on your slippers." Doc Hale told them what Mrs.

Haley already knew, that Sally Dunn would have to be taken to the city right away.

The city was twenty miles away, and yesterday's snow was packed and frozen on the long hill that led out of town. Roger drove slowly, leaning close to the windshield, nervous, and irritated by Doc Hale's loud and frequent sneezing.

They reached the city in time for Sally to have her baby in the hospital. The woman was terrified and the baby was small, but otherwise both were well. "I just called Sally's mother," Roger said.

Doc Hale put the baby in an incubator because it was small and because his age somehow increased his concern in these young people. The next day Roger asked if Sally could leave the hospital.

"Leave the baby?"

"Uh, yes sir, we thought we could rent an apartment here in town and..."

"Why?"

"Well, it's just that... oh, it's better, and we would wait in town until its strong enough to leave the hospital."

Roger and Sally moved in their rented apartment, and when Doc Hale and Mrs. Haley went there for lunch, they found that the Duns had a full stock of baby things, from bassinets and buggies to bottles and toys.

Mrs. Haley smiled at their enthusiasm in spite of her disappointment about Sally leaving the baby alone.

"Going to ship all this home with you?" the doctor asked Roger.

This reminded Mrs. Haley that the couple weren't even sure at this time that the baby would live. Other things bothered her too. Why were they on vacation in wintertime? And why go north in such weather? Were they married at all? And why this back-in-the-sticks place? They had no kin here, or friends. And why

leave so far from home when Sally was so pregnant? Is it his at all? But Roger was so nice and appreciative, and he was so young and seemed to think so much of Sally. So, scolding herself for being so uneasy and suspicious, when the two of them needed help and care, she kept her doubts and lavished her attention on the young family.

The baby developed diarrhea and almost died. That afternoon Roger told the doctor he and Sally was leaving.

"I've got to get back to work. Anyway, you could watch the baby, if you would be so kind, and then I could come back for it if it lives."

The doctor's face changed expression as he listened to Roger present his case.

"We're not doing anything here anyway," Roger added.

mamma ohmamma come here goddamn you come here they're in this house they're in here someplace MammaMamma come here come here I've got to get up oh hell I've got to get out of bed.

His rubber tipped wood cane pounded the yelling out in the night-morning out through the house out through the bedrooms out in the town.

help me get out of bed I'll find them oh mamma please come please come I'll kill them mamma come here damn you I'll kill the bastard baby and the bitch help me find my slippers.

The cane beat on the white enameled table on the floor and the sobbing was when the beating was still he was sobbing.

She came and turned on the light with the yellow burned shade and made the room a movie through the bedroom door.

Don't cry Daddy's just sick, they're alright in the wardrobe. Don't cry Doc Hale no one's here go to sleep now you don't want to get up—don't cry little baby he'll hear you.

In the yellow room movie they

were struggling help me get up I've got to get up they're somewhere in this house they're hiding it's yours she's yours and I've got to find them and get them out of my house god god oh help me get out of bed.

Through the bedroom door in the yellow movie room the morning night yellow light got knocked over goddamn you help me get up they're here they're here.

Sally and Roger left the next day in the snow to go back home and the baby lay unconscious in the incubator. Doc Hale and his wife drove into the city almost every day to see it. As it grew stronger the couple's fondness for the strangers' baby grew. In six weeks the baby was fat and healthy.

"There's a handsome boy here waiting to go home," Doc Hale boomed into the receiver.

Roger thanked the doctor for watching after the baby, paused, thanked him again, and then said, "Sir, there's a little trouble here, it's just that, well, Sally's been in the hospital here, she had a nervous breakdown when we got home and she just isn't in any condition to have a baby around."

Mrs. Haley watched her husband's face. "Just you wait until you see him, you couldn't leave here without being the proudest paper ever," Doc Hale said enthusiastically.

Roger waited a moment then went ahead. "Well, sir, we were thinking, like, if maybe you would like to keep the baby. I mean we would just give him to you—you could adopt it." He said adopt as if he were thankful for the legality of the transaction and had just remembered about it.

Mrs. Haley took the receiver from her husband's reddening face before he could speak. "Roger? What is it?" She listened patiently to Roger's story. "But Sally was happy and well when you left. What happened?"

"Don't know, Mrs. Haley, just don't know."

"Surely, Sally's mother could..."

"Sally's mother works."

"Your mother?"

"Works too."

At supper Doc Hale and his wife talked about taking the baby. "They'll love him when he gets home, they have to."

"We don't have the money for another baby, and hell, those kids should want their own child."

"Oh, they will."

"There's something wrong, though. That Roger is lying about Sally. She was fine and crazy about the baby too."

"Let's keep the boy, Doc Hale, I want to."

But finally they decided they couldn't afford it, and besides, Doc Hale said, "It just isn't right." They phoned Roger again.

"You'll love him when you see him," Mrs. Haley told Roger and added, "His hair is curly."

Roger took a plane the next day and again demonstrated the over-enthusiastic gratitude Mrs. Haley so distrusted, and he left with the baby the same evening on the plane.

"They'll do fine," Doc Hale told his wife.

"And did you see him grin?" she asked.

After several months and no word from Sally and Roger, Mrs. Haley wrote a letter to her niece in Roger's city: "I just wish you would get in touch with them, Christine. Am so anxious to know how that little boy is. I wish now more than ever we had kept the baby, because somehow, I don't think Roger wanted it. Something was very wrong."

"The little fellow must not have been as healthy as the old doctor thought," Roger told Christine over the phone. "He didn't make the trip. Yes, the little tyke died on the plane before we ever got home to Sally."

Poems Of The Apocalypse

I

Old gods live in a white hour
Alone in their gray wrinkles
Ice robes grip the thin ruins
White-dark silence runs between
Its endless race bit after bit
Atoms of pale quiet count the hours
The nymphs have gone to crystal
In a white hour old gods sleep.

—Pirie Sublett

Sham

Cryptic speculations
on undeliverable messages—
pens run dry in their
attempts to clothe the
truths chipped
to befit the staring doubts—
patiently pile up
curious to see how far
will the last ray endure
stretching.

—Marianthi Coreneou

A Shrine

a rock garden
of stars and
raked-sand clouds
eons older than Kyoto

—Harley J. Beal

Dust

Sometimes we fall
And lying there
Discover the dust
That carelessly moves over the ground.
It is then that we can conceive
A world
Of dust,
Of shapeless particles
Moving together,
Slowly without direction
Carelessly without motivation.
Easily moved by any foot.
Drowned and settled by a single drop of rain.

Sometimes we fall
And lying there
Discover the dust
of us.

Elegy III

One could probably suggest
that behind the lack of focus
was our reflection searching
for syllables
to spell out the charge against
morrow filching time
dropping casual souvenirs
for partial expiation.

Or one could suppose,
judging by our rheumatic backs,
we were fermenting the progress
of Cain & Co. with remarkable succumb,
as any loyal servo-mechanist
should.

But you and I do not care any more
to disillusion either
by opening the saddlebags of curses
which have so fondly immunized us
against the syndromes of reaction.

A stentor? Where is a stentor??

Oh! not Sisyphus again!

—Marianthi Coreneou



Poem

snow
crusted deep
on tombstones;
a frozen wind
cracks the chiseled
features of
Christ's face

—Harley J. Beal

'Escape'

By FRED SCHNEIDER

I wish you could take my place
just for one period, for the period
of one of these terrible situations
happening inside me. I am sick
of it. You would give me the
chance to stay away for an instant—
just stay away, not to forget,
because one cannot forget
after having lived with it.

You don't want to, I know
and I can understand it. You
want to live with your eyes and
ears closed. You don't want to
have to speak.

Here it starts again. One of
them is carried away after his
corpse is already stinking and
the other one is on the way.

I can never enjoy my emptiness
long. If I am cleaned up,
it's because that is the one thing
they do well.

I am ready to be the cell for
another of these creatures. Poor
creatures. Creatures because they
aren't able to think any more;
they are burned out. They are
hollow.

It is true the other one is on
his way. Not by himself, no, he
is not able to move by himself;
they drag him. He is probably
unconscious.

When I was new, I cried with
them, I felt with them, I sobbed
with them, and I could smell the
open wounds and feel the pain
and I tried not to be cold and
hard. But now I have to realize
that I can't be of any help,
they are already dead alive.

They shouldn't open the door
that suddenly! because it hurts
me. I forgive them because they
don't know I am. But here is the
new one, like all others: bleeding
all over, sweating and unconscious.
It will be quite a
while before he opens his eyes.

Then he will try to stand, he
will stagger around, he will touch
me, find the door and try to open
it—realize it is of steel and there
is no air coming in. He will be
at the end of his strength and fall
down. Unconscious again.

This will go on and on. Then
he will rest, longer, wait till he
feels better, and try it with
strength and sound. He will beat
me, kick at me, and shout shout
in shrill unarticulated sounds,
and he will resign himself. Every-
thing is quiet then.

Now he is breathing, perhaps
thinking. Suddenly he will jump
up and run from one side to the
other, beating his head always
on the same spot against me.
This is the end. They wait for
that. They know exactly when
that will start and then—usually
they make it very short. At
first I had to cough because I
wasn't used to this sweet-tasting
stuff, but now it's all right.

You want to take my place?
I know there is no sense asking
you. Stay clear of it.

—I had a nap for a short

while. I usually have a nap after
they arrive, because then they
can't disturb me.

Something is different.
Strange, they threw a knife in.
Oh, they have another trick, and
now I know why one side of me
was left bare stones.

He moves around like the
others at first on his knees seach-
ing for something on the floor.
He will be the only one to find
something. Now he has it. His
swollen eyes open a bit, his
toothless mouth grins. He takes
the bait, now he will be their
study object.

He moves closer to me and
there is that smell, penetrant and
aromatic at the same time.

He leans against me and he
starts to scrape scrape scrape.
I am really not as solid as I
thought I was. The sand is loose.
He works faster, faster, but his
strength will not hold. Yes, a
sigh out of this dry empty mouth
is the last sign of consciousness.
He leans now against me, ex-
hausted, his breath coming ir-
regularly, his terrible breath.

Wake up, wake up! You have
quite a way to go. This bone of
mine you've been scraping on is
already loose. Don't give up now,
use your fingers!

It is almost as if I could com-
municate: he uses his fingers, but
his face shows the pain he has
to suppress, they pulled the nails
off.

How cruel they can be—he's
doing it, the bone moves, he
has part of the stone in his
hands! Pull, move it, pull move
it—with the stone in his hands he
sinks back to unconsciousness.

If he is happy, hopeful, if he
thinks he can escape, I could tell
him it's just a trick of theirs.
It's terrible to think he has to
realize it. Or he may not be able
to understand, he may be work-
ing like a robot already. I'd like
to warn him there's another wall.

I was right. He doesn't show
any reaction, he's not a bit des-
perate, surprised. He takes the
knife and starts to scrape on the
second wall. He doesn't even
look up.

And again: scraping, moving,
unconsciousness; smell of sweat
and blood, animal sounds and
sighs; moving the stone breath-
ing in exhaustion with unchang-
ing facial expression; he is at
the end of his strength. Faster
now, scraping, fainting, the pat-
tern again and again: moving
the stone, fainting, breathing,
sighing, breathing sighing—

There now! They must not
have—he will, he will! Light
comes in. The stone is out! He
moves, he shouts, his arms are
through! He stretches. Go, move,
hurry move, m. o. v. e. . . move!
There is movement, nomove. . .

Tear me down. Help me. Take
over. I don't want anymore.

A One-Act Play

'MANIN'

By Scott Nunley

The Players:

MANIN—a small, stooped man in spectacles dressed for dinner in the style of Venice, 1849.

SIGNORA MANIN—his wife, harshly aged.

CAPTAIN REVONTI—a quiet, middle-aged captain of the Venetian Civil Guard.

TOFFOLI—a tall, thin man, dressed for a night walk.

PALO—a strong young man, handsome, uniformed with a cloak.

(A room in the home of Daniel Manin, Venice, August 23, 1849. The time is just before seven p.m., a dinner party is about to begin. The rear of the room is lined with bookshelves and a wall map of the city. Near the front is an armchair, its lamp and a low table. A door right leads into the dining room. An archway at the top of three steps left gives onto a landing. From this landing, the door to the street and the stairs to the second floor may be reached, as well as entrance to the rest of the house.)

(When the curtain rises and the lights come up, Manin is seated in the chair smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper. He lays it aside and looks above the audience.)

MANIN—It's nearly seven. It's so late.

SIGNORA MANIN—(Calling from the dining room.) Daniel: When are your guests coming?

MANIN—(First to himself, then calling.) They'll be here soon, Love. They'll be here soon, Love!

SIGNORA—When people are starving, when the whole city's starving, you invite four guests to our dinner!

MANIN—(Softly, going back to his newspaper.) Three, Love. You invited the fourth.

SIGNORA—And if I hadn't invited Lt. Palo the entire dinner would have been a complete bore!

MANIN—(Reading.) 'Captain Revonti of the Civil Guard now places the estimate at 25,000 Austrian projectiles that have reached the city since the bombardment began July 29th.' (Calling to her.) You know how they do it? Palo found out the other night. They dismounted their guns and put them on heavy timber beds at 45 degree angles. Three and a half miles. (Listens) It hasn't begun yet this evening. (SIGNORE MANIN comes in from the dining room carrying a linen napkin. Unlike her robust husband, she is pale and sickly looking.)

SIGNORA—What did you say about Palo?

MANIN—He led a patrol out to scout the Austrian gun positions a couple of nights ago. They're tilting them up so they can reach Venice from shore: three and a half miles, a new artillery record I believe.

SIGNORA—I didn't know that people were leaving the city. Is it so easy to get in and out?

MANIN—(Laughs drily.) We hope it's not easy to get in, but you can get out. Of course it's getting stickier, an English merchantman was sunk slipping out this morning. I wouldn't be surprised if foreign vessels gave us up for lost before long.

SIGNORA—We're not lost, Daniel? We still have gold, we still have the army?

MANIN—And the plague now, it seems.

SIGNORA—I had the doctor stop by this afternoon to look at your daughter—

MANIN—Good God, woman, she's not showing signs of the cholera?

SIGNORA—No, no. It's the same thing, always her nerves, but she's weaker this month than last. She's so frail, if she were to take it—

MANIN—She won't, she won't. We've all managed to avoid it, and we'll keep on avoiding it. Were you down at the hospital again today? (She draws a deep breath, nods.) Look how tired you are. Let the other women nurse the sick for a while. You've got two children of your own to look after.

SIGNORA—They expect it of the President's wife.

MANIN—We've got to look after ourselves, too. I never asked to be president.

SIGNORA—(Laughs tenderly.) No? Give it up then, let someone else be president. Let Toffoli do it. He'd like to.

MANIN—(Looks away, sighs) I quit them once, remember. Why did I come back?

SIGNORA—Because, because—oh, you were born to it. (There is a knock at the street door. She goes out into the dining room, as he goes to the door and admits Captain Revonti.) Go see who's at the door, I hope it's your guests come to their dinner.

REVONTI—Mr. President. MANNIN—Come in, Revonti. I was reading in the paper that you said 25,000.

REVONTI—What, sir?

MANIN—Twenty-five thousand Austrian shells have hit us.

REVONTI—They haven't done much damage as it sounds, sir. A lot of them fall in the canals, in the empty streets—the boys chase them for a game.

MANIN—What about the fire?

REVONTI—They're still cleaning out after this last one. But it didn't spread this time.

MANIN—Is the cholera slackening?

REVONTI—(Turns away, sadly.) I'm sorry, sir.

MANIN—How many last week?

REVONTI—We've just finished estimating 1,500, sir.

MANIN—My God!

REVONTI—Some of those who take it manage to live through it. Maybe a third, or a little less. (The whistle of an incoming shell is heard as the bombardment begins again. Both men listen for a moment as the intensity increases, explosions begin to be heard distantly.)

MANIN—How much powder do we have left?

REVONTI—I haven't gotten to that yet, sir. Since you ordered the cease fire, I've been busy with rationing the bread supplies. (Pauses) There was a brawl this afternoon over on the Via Conduri, in the food lines. Some of my men broke it up before the people could get wrong ideas into their heads. But I'm afraid it may break out again tonight.

MANIN—Do you think they might come here again?

REVONTI—I think you've convinced them you don't have any hoarded away, sir.

MANIN—(Smiles weakly.) I'm having some people in for dinner tonight; it might be hard to explain. My wife doesn't think much of the idea, either. But it's necessary, absolutely necessary tonight. Tonight.

REVONTI—I understand, sir. I checked the harbor.

MANIN—Are they all leaving?

REVONTI—Most of them are. Some of the ships' captains say it can't be long till you surrender, so they'll just wait and, plead neutrality. The others are sailing out before dawn. I don't think there'll be any more to try to come in.

MANIN—They're so sure I'll surrender, are they? Has the panic ground around to the city yet?

REVONTI—Not yet. There may be trouble when it does.

MANIN—Rumours. All the Austrian artillery in the world can't hurt us as bad as a revolt here, from our own people. Do you think we can hold it off much longer?

(Revonti shakes his head) Mobs, Revonti. Mobs and masses. They're the peril of every democracy. (Reflecting.) Remember when the Assembly was forcing me to resign? The mobs stormed the Assembly Building to support me, to make it do what I wanted. What I wanted. I had to take a rifle and stand at the door and tell them that the only way they would get in was over my body.

REVONTI—They couldn't understand you, sir.

MANIN—How can you teach them? God knows I've tried to do it. When I saw that I was popular with them, I went down to the factories and the docks and I spoke to them. I wanted them to understand that they could build a republic here, while all the rest of Italy was in slavery. And they voted to become subjects of His Majesty Charles Albert of Piedmont. (Excited) Subjects, when they could have been free men! (Quiet again) I learned from that. You can't let the mobs and the masses make the decisions. It has to be the individual: 'we will all hang together—'

(He laughs) But those were men hanging together, Revonti. Educated, dedicated, courageous men. Not a street rabble. But what about the ships?

REVONTI—I spoke to the captain of a French vessel that looked the most seaworthy, sir. He's drawing anchor at dawn, and he'd be delighted to have Signora Manin and the boy and girl aboard.

MANIN—He's bound to Paris, I suppose. There aren't any American ships?

REVONTI—Only one in now, sir, listing with a hole in her side. The Frenchman is well-gunned and undamaged.

MANIN—Well, good, Revonti, good. Very well done, thank you. What time will they go?

REVONTI—At sailing time, sir, there's always a mob trying to bribe their way aboard. (Manin looks at Revonti in surprise, then sighs, nods.) With your permission, we'll avoid that, sir, we'll go earlier.

MANIN—Midnight?

REVONTI—I'm sorry. The crew is about by then, stowing the ship for the sailing. Your family will have to be at the ship and in the master cabin before midnight.

MANIN—Before midnight? That's not enough time, Captain, that's just too soon!

REVONTI—I understand, sir. But if they're to go on the Frenchman quietly, I'll have to come for them by eleven. You could bring them to the docks yourself, wait in the master's cabin until they are ready to sail—

MANIN—(Waves his cold pipe, shakes his head emphatically in despair.) No, no, I must be here all night, I must be seen. (With a knock at the door, Toffoli lets himself in, the other two men stiffen. Toffoli smiles warmly.)

TOFFOLI—I just wanted to drop by and tell you I'm glad you're having a dinner party and not inviting me. Good evening, Captain Revonti. I see the Civil Guard is missing its dinner, too. Or have you been invited?

MANIN—(Revonti bows in recognition while Manin welcomes Toffoli.) Toffoli, come in come in! How did you know about my dinner party? Oh, Revonti is afraid there may be bread riots tonight.

REVONTI—My men broke up

one this afternoon over on the Via Conduri. Some of the people are getting edgy.

TOFFOLI—It's the shelling. Listen to that, all night long. Go look at the sky, it's like fireworks. God put the moon and stars up there, but it would take the Austrians to drive us crazy with fireworks.

MANIN—Is it that bad? I didn't think they were really doing much damage to us.

REVONTI—Most of them are just falling when they get here. (Laughs.) The other night, Dunsany, the English ambassador, had an Austrian ball pass right through his room. He was lying in bed and the shot dropped through the ceiling, between his legs, and right on through the mattress!

TOFFOLI—Ha ha! Maybe we'll get the English in against the Austrians after all.

MANIN—I hope Dunsany isn't too hurt to enjoy a good dinner tonight.

TOFFOLI—You've invited Lord George Dunsany, too? But he's not the one who told me. He never would have, stretched out on the rack: Dunsany takes his job too seriously to talk about it. I heard it from your other foreign guest, or one of them, the gallant Major-General of France.

MANIN—Oh, Moraine. He only thinks he's serious.

TOFFOLI—Yes. If he thinks. So I know three things about your dinner tonight—first, Gen. Moraine is coming; second, George Dunsany is coming; third, Toffoli the tailor isn't.

MANIN—(He knows Toffoli too well to take this seriously.) I'm going to try one last round with them, my friend. Come here. I keep this in my bookcase where people won't point at it. You've seen it, though. (Manin brings out a portrait of George Washington.) The French helped Washington, but they won't help Manin. The English hate the Austrians, but they won't commit any English ships to lift this Austrian blockade.

TOFFOLI—I think Dunsany is sympathetic to Venice.

MANIN—(Replacing the portrait.) Yes, yes, so do I, so do I. But he has to be persuaded to make London sympathetic. Toffoli, this seige has to be lifted! Do you know how much food is left?

TOFFOLI—I was at the graineries this morning. They were starting to carry the last sacks to the mill. I know.

MANIN—And the cholera, the cholera, Toffoli!

TOFFOLI—Thank God you haven't gotten it yet.

MANIN—I've got to have help to lift this seige.

REVONTI—Mr. President, I'd better get back to my rounds. Goodnight, Mr. Toffoli.

TOFFOLI—Wait a minute, I'll walk with you.

MANIN—Are you going somewhere in particular?

TOFFOLI—No, I was just walking. I thought I might stop by and nettle you. Enjoy your dinner. Good fishing.

MANIN—Stay and help me fish.

TOFFOLI—Oh, you've given me enough to do in this government of yours. My soul is the Republic's. But my nights are still my own. Besides, Signora Manin would never forgive me for adding another plate. Good evening. (He turns at the door with Revonti.) Is there a third for dinner?

MANIN—General Pepe.

TOFFOLI—Our commander. Pleasant company. A fourth?

MANIN—Lieutenant Palo. And that's absolutely all.

TOFFOLI—Ah, that's enough, that's quite enough. (He comes to Manin.) Ask your wife if she

can make five. I'm not very hungry.

REVONTI—I must be on my rounds, sir. Good night. I'll stop back by later.

MANIN—Yes, I understand. All right, all right. Good night, Captain. Thank you very much. (Revonti goes out.) He's got me worried about the riots tonight.

TOFFOLI—We've put them off this long, Daniel.

MANIN—Yes, yes. But tonight.

TOFFOLI—What did the ultimatum say, Daniel?

MANIN—(Surprised, looks at him, then sinks into the chair.) So you knew they'd sent it.

TOFFOLI—Only a moment ago, I came over right then. You kept it a secret for an entire day. What did you expect?

MANIN—I need the night.

TOFFOLI—Tonight? (Manin nods, Toffoli paces and thinks.) They're pressing it. Why? What are they afraid of? Can you get an extension?

MANIN—The longer I wait, the worse their conditions get. Toffoli. Now do you know what it is?

TOFFOLI—Unconditional surrender.

MANIN—Almost, almost. They'll allow anyone to leave the city before they come in, except for their special list. You know, they've got you on that list, my friend. You and your wife. If I should surrender—(Toffoli shrugs slightly.) And the common soldiers in the army will be spared to go without punishment. But the city itself, the republic itself—they won't take any conditions. They want it!

TOFFOLI—If you don't answer tonight, it'll be worse to-morrow night?

MANIN—And the plague gets worse, and if there're riots—

TOFFOLI—The beautiful dream will be tarnished. Daniel, what if it tarnishes? What if we hold out another month, another two months? (Manin looks at him quizzically.) Well, they're pressing you. That means they don't like the delay we're giving them. Why? Maybe they are overextended here, it's a long supply line to Vienna.

MANIN—(Stands, walks to the bookcase tiredly) That's what Pepe says. He says that the rest of Italy is ready for another revolt. When they see that the Austrians can't take Venice, there will be another mass uprising. Charles Albert will lead the Piedmontese Army here against the Austrians; and with Venice on one side and a free Italian army on the other they'll be crushed.

TOFFOLI—All right. Isn't that what you want?

MANIN—I don't know. Toffoli, would it work?

TOFFOLI—It might. General Pepe is from Naples, and he came here to fight for us. Others might if we hold out.

MANIN—What if Pepe came here to fight for Pepe?

TOFFOLI—You're afraid Pepe might take over the republic?

MANIN—No, no, he's too strong a liberal to be a military dictator, I'm sure of him there. No, what if he was fighting here, just because this is the only place left in Italy to fight? Not for us, not for Venice, not for the idea of the republic, or the people. Just to fight. Then what would he tell me? Would he say: 'Manin, I advise you to negotiate an honorable settlement of the war in the best interests of Venice?' He wouldn't have any interests of Venice in his mind. He'd be thinking: 'fight, fight!'

TOFFOLI—It's hard to defeat a determined man like that, he

Continued on Page 6

'MANIN'

Continued From Page 5
puts backbone in the whole city. All the people feel it. Have you ever heard him speak to them?
MANIN—I've heard him. I've seen them cheer him. I'm afraid of determined men like that.
TOFFOLI—Why did you invite him here tonight? And particularly why that Tony Palo?
MANIN—Lt. Palo is a fine young man. He's always been good to my daughter, my wife appreciates that.

TOFFOLI—You're talking about the Tony Palo who was such a grave young scholar at the University. He's been back from Bologna six months now, Daniel. At the universities they learn funny things.

MANIN—That free Italy you were talking about. The only hope of this ragtag nation of ours is education.

TOFFOLI—Now you're talking more like a Jefferson than a Manin.

MANIN—Am I? I'm so tired today, Toffoli. Remember when it was all starting, when they had me locked up for circulating a petition—

TOFFOLI—About the danger of cholera.

MANIN—(Startled.) Was it? God, what a cunning trap I'm in, Toffoli. I've gone a circle in a year. Yes, I remember the petition now. (Laughs) But mostly I wanted to embarrass the Austrian governor. They threw me in prison, and you paid the bills on the house while I was locked up. You parceled out my cases to the other lawyers in the city, so that I didn't lose any of my practice. And then they let me out at last and I lost it all.

TOFFOLI—The people let you out. The crowds came through the streets fired with the news of revolutions in Paris, and they went straight to the prison to let you out. You were already a hero, my friend! (Toffoli embraces the seated Manin happily a moment.) And when you wouldn't go! Ha ha! You refused to leave your cell until the warden brought you a signed release!

MANIN—(Laughs) He brought it finally.

TOFFOLI—That Austrian jailer was happy to get rid of you! The mobs nearly took the whole town away from the Austrians that day. I remember the speech you made in the square.

MANIN—(Nodding, smiling.) Yes.

TOFFOLI—It wasn't the greatest speech you made in that square, with St. Mark himself looking down on you!

MANIN—No. 'San Marco, San Marco—'

TOFFOLI—Yes! There you were up on a chair shouting: 'San Marco! San Marco!' And the people took it up and we had our republic.

MANIN—(Excited, remembering happily.) I was waving my arms around, I was so dizzy up there, I couldn't see anything but faces turned at me from everywhere! And I looked up at the balconies—

TOFFOLI—(Deep in laughter.) And there was Count Palffy with his Austrian nose stuck out of the Governor's Palace listening to you just as intently as any of them!

MANIN—When he saw me looking at him—

TOFFOLI—He banged the window shut on the spot! (As both men dissolve into laughter, there is a particularly near burst of artillery that shakes the house, bookcase and lamp.) (As they stop in sudden alarm, a closer burst blows open the door scattering its glass on the landing. A third blast puts out the lamp and plunges the room into darkness.

Blue moonlight streams in the door and reflects from the shattered glass like ice crystals. A cry can be heard in the street outside.)

MANIN—Toffoli! Toffoli! Are you all right?

TOFFOLI—(With difficulty.) I'm all right, was just knocked down.

MANIN—(About the cries out-

TOFFOLI—Oh hell! Get some water and wet a cloth. (Palo moans and Manin pauses before going into the dining room) Hurry with that! We've got to get a doctor for Palo! (Manin returns with a wet cloth and bathes his wife's face.)

MANIN—How bad is she, Toffoli?

TOFFOLI—(Going to see to

just don't want it in front of them any more. They'll build a dozen new ports.

TOFFOLI—It'll take a lot to do that. They'll have to commit every cannon, every bit of explosive, every man right here. Daniel, don't you see, Pepe is right! The Italians will catch the whole Austrian army right here and wipe it out!



side.) Listen! Who's that?

TOFFOLI—I'm afraid, I'm afraid—(He hurries out, Manin goes to the door; they drag Palo in.)

MANIN—It's Palo!

TOFFOLI—Yes, the poor young bastard. Get that lamp. SIGNORA—(Off in the dining room.) Daniel! Daniel! I can't see!

MANIN—All right! I'm coming! The children are upstairs. (Manin gets the lamp lighted, Palo is stretched at the base of the landing with Toffoli working over him.)

TOFFOLI—He's alive. (Manin hurries past him and up the steps to the second floor. Signora Manin finally comes from the dining room barely able to stand. Toffoli notices and rushes to help her into the chair. He feels her forehead, her cheeks, the back of her neck: he is suddenly greatly worried. She is moaning for 'Daniel' all this time.)

TOFFOLI—Sit still, lean back.

SIGNORA—Daniel! Daniel. All my crystal, all my fine crystal and the linen. And the food, the dinner! Daniel, I'm so tired—(She notices it is Toffoli.) Toffoli! How nice, will you have dinner with us, too? Oh, I feel so, oh I've been so tired—(She passes out and Toffoli keeps her from slipping to the floor.)

TOFFOLI—My God, my God. Her face! (Manin returns, pauses by Palo, comes surprised to his wife.)

MANIN—Was she hurt?

TOFFOLI—Feel this, here: feel her face.

MANIN—(He does so, recoils in horror.) Oh no! Oh, God, no. Toffoli!

TOFFOLI—It's the cholera.

MANIN—It can't be.

TOFFOLI—Look at her face, she's really bad with it.

MANIN—Good God, man. Here, let me have her, you'll infect yourself.

Palo.) She's bad, I'm afraid she's bad.

MANIN—Can she travel like this?

TOFFOLI—Like that? Not till the fever passes. Not for a week.

MANIN—I have to get her out of here tonight!

TOFFOLI—It's all right, they're shelling further away now. It was just a lucky hit, they don't usually catch people in the open after dark. Palo, you ass.

MANIN—No, they're shelling this part of the city because they know where I live. It's part of the pressure.

TOFFOLI—(Leaves Palo and comes to Manin.) Yes, they might try that. You see how desperate they are for you to give up? Why, Daniel, why?

MANIN—For God's sake, Toffoli, I don't know! I don't know. Maybe we could hold out, maybe they have reached their limits. Maybe, maybe—Oh, hell, it doesn't matter, it won't work: they're going to destroy it, they're going to destroy the whole city!

TOFFOLI—What?

MANIN—Yes, yes. That's part of it you didn't know. They're going to destroy the city completely, going to level it.

TOFFOLI—No. If you don't surrender tonight? They're going to do like this, blast it completely?

MANIN—And, when they take it, bit by bit, they're going to mine the buildings and bridges and blow them all up. Then, the Austrian ultimatum was so precise! they're going to set fire to it all and burn the entire city out of existence.

TOFFOLI—Can they do that?

MANIN—I don't know.

TOFFOLI—They won't. They need this port. That's the whole purpose of the fighting—

MANIN—Oh, I don't believe there is any purpose to the fighting! I think they'd do it if they could. I don't think they want this city any more. I think they

MANIN—(Rising in a rage which suddenly passes.) The Italians! The Italians! What the hell do I care about the Italians! What about Venice! (His scream fades, and he is emptied, spent.) I can't leave her here. What about Palo.

TOFFOLI—He's dead. His whole stomach was gone.

MANIN—Ah, God, if I hadn't brought him here—

TOFFOLI—No, it wasn't that. He knew what he was doing, he knew to stay near the walls and stop in the doorways. He was standing out in the middle of the street when I came.

MANIN—He was what?

TOFFOLI—He was watching the house. That's how I knew the Austrians had sent their ultimatum to you: he found out.

MANIN—Palo?

TOFFOLI—Remember how he was when you ordered the cease fire?

MANIN—We had to save powder. We weren't hurting them.

TOFFOLI—He went around telling everyone then that he had a pistol and he carried it with him all the time, and it was for any man who tried to surrender the city.

MANIN—Yes. They told me about that. Pepe talked him out of it.

TOFFOLI—(Shakes his head.) Pepe told him to wait, to see what you decided to do. It might not be necessary to kill you.

MANIN—(His horror growing.) But tonight, when he heard—

TOFFOLI—I found out he knew about the ultimatum, by the time I got here he was standing outside. Palo you were such an ass. He was standing with his right hand inside his cloak, like an actor in some bad Spanish play, right out in the middle of the street.

MANIN—Did you say something to him?

TOFFOLI—I spoke to him, and he just nodded. He had the pistol next to his stomach. The shell must have hit close enough to explode it. He would have probably died anyway, standing out there in the middle of the street like an ass.

MANIN—Toffoli, I've got to get them out of here.

TOFFOLI—You can't move her, Daniel. Not now. It'll kill her to move her before the fever breaks. And what about the children? Your daughter is weaker—

MANIN—My daughter and now my wife. If the boy wasn't strong— She'll be all right if I move her, I'll be careful. She can't stay here. The nurse is getting the children's clothes packed. (For an instant he smiles weakly.) She was more frightened than the children were.

TOFFOLI—Do you have a place for them to go? You can come to my house.

MANIN—No, no, I have a place. Revonti, Captain Revonti will be back at eleven to take them. What time is it?

TOFFOLI—Just after seven.

MANIN—So late. (His wife begins to stir, to moan faintly.) Here, Toffoli, help me get her up.

TOFFOLI—You should let a doctor see her before you move her.

MANIN—What doctor's coming out tonight? Besides, the doctors are busy. how many did he say died last week? (Toffoli only stares at him.) Help me get her to the steps, I can get her upstairs by myself. Palo, Palo—

SIGNORA—(Very faintly, hardly standing supported by the two men.) Palo? Tony? (Together they get her over the body, Manin helps her on upstairs. Toffoli stands for a moment and then lifts Palo and carries him over the landing into the rest of the house. Manin comes back down just before Toffoli returns, sees the body gone.)

MANIN—(Nods, tries to straighten his clothing.) The nurse has put her to bed. (Laughs.) They just meant to warn me, the firing's moved away. I still have guests for dinner. I wonder if any of the wine was left?

TOFFOLI—You're not going to stay here?

MANIN—What? Oh, no, no, I'm not going to stay. The nurse is packing my clothes, too. Have you ever seen Paris, Toffoli?

TOFFOLI—No, I never have.

MANIN—(Laughs.) It's no America.

TOFFOLI—Yes. I remember what you always told them when they asked if you dreamed of being Doge—

MANIN—(Poses.) 'Ah, my aim is so much higher, I hardly dare tell it to myself—Washington!' (Laughs.) Yes, yes. My aim. Listen, my guests are coming. Go upstairs and get us ready to travel? You and your wife will come with us, Toffoli, how do you like that?

TOFFOLI—(Smiles, shakes his head.) We're not much to travel. And nobody blew our front door in, I don't think! I'll get your things packed.

MANIN—Toffoli! The list, man, the list!

TOFFOLI—(Turns on the step and slaps Manin's shoulder with a smile.) I'll be upstairs if you need me. There your guests are—(Toffoli disappears up the stairs, Manin stands half out the door as footsteps and joking men's voices can be plainly heard now. The lamp dies, leaving Manin framed in the blue moonlight and broken glass. He raises his hand and calls, smiling.)

MANIN—It's about time! Here, watch the glass, we've had a little trouble with dinner—
Curtain



Tobacco Firing

old man-laughter
and the smell of damp hay;
fire crackling
in the barn
smoke squeezed
through cracks
toward clumps
of mist
kneeling in damp furrows

—Harley J. Beal

No Man

He is no man
scathed with the false
dreams of a world of
crude Passionates,
Swept up in self and
oblivious of fact.
Bashing free in
Population's myriad,
They smell of
rosedust standing
on Tennyson's tables.
Stick old Prometheus
on an anthill and
Let him swelter
Icarus-style.

Who will see—
You with one eye.

—Henry Rosenthal

'Assassination'

Relate this on your journey Tiresias
And you old man who sailed with Ulysses
Tell it to Orwell when you get there.
Buildings meant
for tickertape
and confetti
Hid the waiting steel present.

—Henry Rosenthal

Selma

Chocolate-shaded school kids
Stand like a crunchy Hershey Bar
Waiting to be devoured
By Jeff's great grandchildren.
The pot-bellied enforcer of Justice,
a blind goddess with eyes
gouged and pus-soaked,
Sticks his thumbs into two belt loops—
Smiles a Puck smile—
And eats a chicken leg
fried in a soot-colored pan.
Tossing the greasy bone into the tar-specked
and gravel-filled dust,
He wipes his sun-parched lips
And spits on mainstreet.

—Henry Rosenthal

'Street Women'

I.
Down stucco-clad streets and
Pocked gutter-laden roads
They went
passing lights—
just lights for they gave them
no impressions—and the park benches
Were blank areas surrounded
By the Unfathomable lights.
Even in free July, the
World and the Park in
the sunlight remained
locked from Antwerp to
Cairo, over the Ural and
into Phoenix.

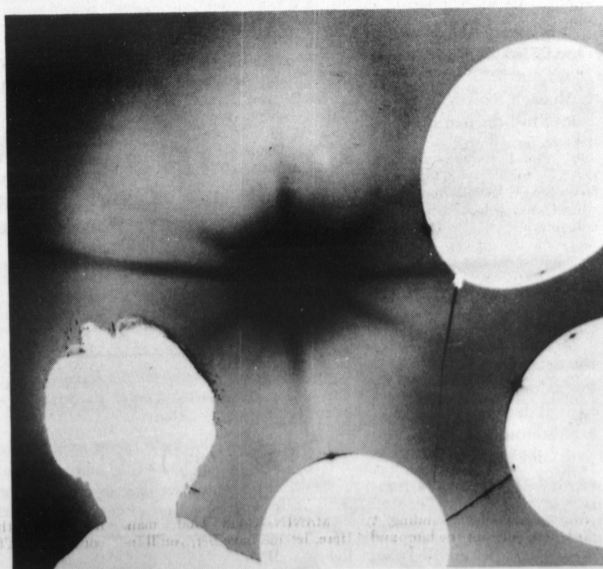
Street women flutter in all
these places, and all others.

—Henry Rosenthal

Their Men

II.
Men, tie-clad, sleeve rolled,
Swelter in skyscrapers
leaning toward the Brooklyn Bridge
And falling toward the Carribean.
Old men in dry houses, wind hewn,
and young boys at Innesfree, carefree—
dumb.
North of the world's end, void
and sterile with suspended
Pods of life.

—Henry Rosenthal





Poem

There are times after all these times
 We have come to. . . It is this:
 That not only to awaken but
 To awaken slowly, knowing
 It is only for
 Once—for one time—and
 After all these times even
 If it were wished by us,
 Or upon us, without our knowing,
 Never to return to the same place again.

—Joe Nickell

Poem

(1)
 Youthful earth stones
 Brachiopods—
 With lime packed lips
 Question

The life noises
 Of buried surf
 Leaping
 From ocean shells
 To my thin ear

(2)
 Somewhere
 Across the old snow
 I blend
 With the wind song

I dance the last seed
 From the pine tree
 And whisper warm
 The worn white
 Of winter

—Ron Rosenstiel

Captivity

Like a prisoner held
 against his will
 but held no less
 the sun
 on his eternal circle
 (good behavior)
 looks out
 with each rebirth
 not to beg for pardon
 but to pardon all
 he sees
 though he is blind
 and the warden
 is invisible

—Larry D. Wilson

Knowing

Let us go together if
 we must go at all and we
 will watch the water when
 we know it is not all to
 talk of things and then
 we will begin to know
 again the things we
 knew before.

—Joyce Hancock

October Sun

the october sun
 gone down
 behind dead trees;
 a pocketfull of
 frost and stars
 as cold as ice
 is

—Harley J. Beal

Photography for the Kernel literary supplement was provided by Sam Abell, prize-winning Kernel photographer and managing editor-elect of the Kentuckian.

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Coordination and layout for the supplement were by David V. Hawpe, Executive Editor of the Kernel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reader Complains Of HCUA (HUAC) Stand

To the Editor of the Kernel:

It is very interesting to note that your editorial page has been devoting much space to criticism of the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives.

In your editorial in the March 26, issue under the heading Junky Insinuations, you criticize activities of the committee which you incorrectly call the "House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC)." It is the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

When I saw Herblock's cartoon reproduced in Sunday's Louisville Courier-Journal from the Pink-leaning Washington (D.C.) Post, the thought occurred to me that it will probably show up in the Kernel. Sure enough, there it is in the April 6 issue, in all its gorey detail, depicting the House Committee as a hooded bloodspattered executioner carrying a beheader's axe dripping blood.

There have been other cartoons and statements in the Kernel this year vilifying the Committee, which is a body of respectable men who were elected to their posts in the Congress by Democrats and Republicans. They are trying to protect our form of government and our freedom by conducting public-hearings of cases in which people have been cited for acts directed toward causing riots and violation of federal and state law.

On Dec. 8, 1964, your paper printed a lengthy article entitled "100 Petition Congress to Abolish House Committee." In it you refer to the committee incorrectly as HUAC 12 times. Let me remind you, and our teachers, that the Communist Party in the United States regards the Committee as its mortal enemy. We have Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's word for this.

Your paper also printed a cartoon by Herblock, ridiculing Mr. Hoover (Oct. 8, 1964). Please recall that President John-

son spoke eloquently about Mr. Hoover's outstanding work and nearly 40 years of service to our country on the occasion of his 70th birthday anniversary, and asked him to continue to lead the FBI in its extremely important work.

Some people think the FBI should be given the duties of the HCUA, but they forget that the FBI is a fact-finding organization not empowered to conduct hearings or to prosecute.

Getting back to the matter of the Communists' determination to have the HCUA abolished, is it correct to say that such people as James Roosevelt, who made speeches on the House floor demanding the cutting off of funds for the Committee's operation, is aiding the Communists in this respect? His proposal was defeated 342 to 6. I note in this morning's paper that Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of FDR's sons, was soundly defeated in the election held yesterday to choose a Mayor of Los

Angeles. The incumbent, Mr. Samuel Yorty, beat him by 145,400 votes.

H. ALEX ROMANOWITZ
Chairman, Department of Electrical Engineering

Town Housing Council

On March 30 I attended my first Town Housing Council meeting. I had heard various comments about this group and thought I should find out more about it.

The Town Housing Council impressed me as having a sincere desire to aid the students of the University. This desire I have previously found missing in most campus organizations.

I urge my fellow students who are interested in the coordination of action and improvement of conditions for town students to help the Town Housing Council help the University. BARRY ARNETT

Sophomore Math Major

RALPH McGILL

Lawyers Think Voting Bill Is Constitutional

Surveys of opinion from some of the nation's best known lawyers and professors of law heavily support the belief that the proposed voter legislation now before the Congress is constitutional. Some Southern political figures are contending it is not. Most of these are doing so merely to keep potential opposition off balance and to silence segregationist extremists.

There is no argument that many of the Southern states have been abridging the rights of voters because of race for 85 years and more. Until recently, these restrictions were statewide in a few states with some small relaxation in cities. In others, denial was confined to the more rural counties. In some states abridgements continue to the present in the more rural counties.

Southern "tests" vary widely. All must be measured against the 15th amendment which states: "The rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Opponents argue that Article 1, section 2 and 4, of the Constitution makes unconstitutional the legislation now before the Congress. These sections give the state legislatures the right to set qualifications for candidates and

to establish "the times, places and manner of holding elections." (Even the laymen will hardly insist this wording permits the practice of establishing voter qualifications that abridge the rights of the voter.)

The 15th amendment is quite clear. The congressional approach is merely a means of enforcing the main article of amendment 15 by the "appropriate legislation" specified in the concluding sentence of the amendment. The manner of holding elections is not in any way touched by the pending legislation.

Decision by Southern states to disfranchise the Negro directly and the poor white indirectly came with a rush after the Tilden-Hayes election in 1876. (Mississippi, to be sure, had made earlier beginnings.) The Hayes forces made a deal for Southern support to assure Hayes' election. The price was an end to reconstruction and a removal of troops. The 14th and 15th amendments quietly and conveniently were forgotten. In 1895 the separate but equal court decision, brought in a case of rail travel, quickly was applied to all aspects of life.

Southern "tests" vary according to state history, the presence of large cities—or lack of them—the amount of industrialization, population percentages, and so on.

In Alabama, for example, a new state bill was introduced

this year by State Sen. Hawkins, of Gadsden. "We know," he said, in putting his bill before the legislature, "that voting registration has been very restrictive in Alabama. It has been designed to keep people from voting."

One of the more flagrant provisions of the still existing Alabama law is a requirement to have someone already registered to "recommend" or "vouch" for a would-be voter. Since no Negroes were registered to vote in many rural counties and no white man would dare "vouch," no Negroes could register.

Mississippi has the most restrictive registration of all. Six complicated steps must be taken. One of these is to read and write an interpretation of any provision of the 285 sections of the state constitution, many of which are too complex for the best lawyers. Another step demands the writing of an essay on the "duties of a citizen under a republican form

of government to the satisfaction of the registrar."

The further absurdity of this is that there are no educational requirements for the registrar, who is not obliged to explain his decision. (Voting participation in Mississippi is the lowest in the nation.) Louisiana has equally restrictive qualifications.

A long dark period of ignoring two constitutional amendments is ending.

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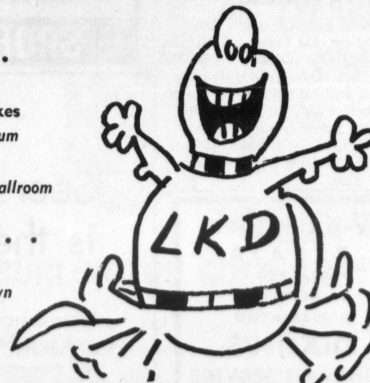
Friday Events . . .

7:30 p.m.—Queen Contest
Debutante Stakes
Memorial Coliseum

9:00 p.m.—Dance
Student Center Ballroom

Saturday Events . . .

10:00 a.m.—Turtle Derby
Alumni Gym Lawn
1:30 p.m.—Saturday Races
Sports Center



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Sports . . . By Henry Rosenthal

Butch Beard . . . Sincere But?

When Butch Beard, the highly sought after Negro basketball star visited the University, we had the opportunity to walk around the campus with him.

During the tour—which to the out-of-shape as well as to the athletes which were along was a very long one—we could not help but be impressed with the sincerity that Beard showed.

In becoming the first of his race to visit a Southeastern Conference school, Beard broke down one long standing precedent. It remains now for a Negro athlete to sign with an SEC school. While Beard may not sign with the University, it seemed, at least for the time that he was here, he was impressed with UK.

Of course, this is typical of almost any athlete when shown about a campus. He is naturally going to tell those that are with him—unless he is completely uncouth—that he has "enjoyed it," and it has been "very nice." Such may have been the case with Beard.

A lot of people may say, "He just went up there to show people that he could." We don't think so. Beard's coming to UK was, in our opinion, one of his own choosing and interest.

He may not come to UK, but he was here out of general interest. It would be impossible to say that he has no qualms about becoming the first Negro athlete to play in the South because anyone placed in his position must be aware of them. It will be a difficult decision for him.

Obviously, because of his great talent, he can select from practically any school in the nation—except those in the Deep South, an area covered primarily by the SEC.

If he does not come to UK, we think that he will have thought it over carefully. If he does come to UK, then, he will have arrived at his decision.

Such schools as Louisville, Students Invited To Scrimmage

Head football coach Charlie Bradshaw said Tuesday, "All UK students with ID cards are invited to attend our next scrimmage which will be held on Saturday at Stoll Field. If Stoll Field is wet on Saturday the scrimmage will be held at the Sports Center and the students will be welcome there also."

which reportedly has an inside track on Beard because of the possibility of teaming him up with Westley Unseld have gone to a lot of trouble to recruit Beard. This is not to say that UK did not. After all, the governor was on hand watching football practice the day Beard toured the University.

We believe, though, that Beard will make his selection based on other things. He appeared to like UK, but after all you cannot really tell. If he does come to UK, he will be a credit to the campus—not just because of his ability to bounce a basketball or throw it through a hoop—but because of the type of individual he appeared to be and the type of boy he seemed to be when we first heard about him. He would be a credit anywhere.

To play as the first Negro in the South might be rough, but if anyone could do it, we feel it could be someone like Butch Beard. He can do a lot more for a school than just play basketball, especially at UK. His contribution could go much further than just to the sports world. But, if he does not come to UK, then we feel that he will have made a choice true to Butch Beard.

Bird, Antonini Guide Offense Past Defense

Fourth quarter touchdowns by Rodger Bird and Frank Antonini enabled the Blue Team to beat the aroused defensive team Wednesday at the Sports Center 31-22.

Joe David Smith, converted from quarterback to end this spring, caught a 15-yard pass from Roger Walz to open the scoring for the Blue team. Rodger Bird scampered 60 yards for the second score, and Andrihetti added both conversions. The defensive Whites contained other drives, however, to make the halftime score 14-13.

Bird's change-of-pace running and Frank Antonini's quick hitters, plus a Norton to Spanish pass culminated in a 20-yard field goal by Andrihetti to make the score Blue 17 White 14. The Blue's next drive stalled, however, and Andrihetti missed a field goal attempt from the 15-yard line.

The defense went ahead of the offense, 19-17, when Walz' pass was intercepted by Terry Beadles, but the offense came right back to score in the fourth quarter on a 69-yard pass run play, Norton to Bird. The white team added two more points, recovering a fumble, Frank Antonini ended the day's scoring when he plunged over from the 1-yard line.

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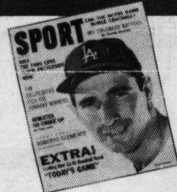
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Johnson Offers Aid To Tornado Victims

The Associated Press

The overflowing Mississippi River swirled across the lowlands of Minnesota today on a rampage forcing thousands of persons from their homes.

The Red Cross estimated that more than 31,000 persons were homeless in five flood-ravaged states.

At least 11 deaths in Minnesota have been blamed on the floods.

Melting snow and ice pushed the Mississippi and its tributaries over the banks in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota and Illinois.

The Weather Bureau warned the worst is still to come. The Red Cross said 1,700 families were affected in Iowa, 4,811 in Minnesota, 75 in North Dakota, 564 in Illinois and 820 in Wisconsin.

President Johnson, after viewing the stricken Midwest Wednesday, proclaimed Indiana, Ohio and Michigan areas hit by a

swarm of deadly tornadoes Sunday as major disaster areas.

The President inspected the flood areas and tornado-torn regions on foot and by plane. After returning to the White House, the President granted the requests of the governors from the three states that the areas be proclaimed disaster areas.

The action means federal aid funds will be available to the areas.

Latest reports of the number killed in the tornadoes were 128 in Indiana, 54 in Ohio, 46 in Michigan, 7 in Illinois and 3 in Wisconsin, a total of 238. In Indiana, the worst-hit state,



LBJ SURVEYS DAMAGE

the town of Sunnyside once had 201 homes. Now there is one.

"We have one home standing, but it's not where it should be," said Deputy Sheriff Charles Keck. "It's out in the road."

Twenty-seven died in Sunnyside and an estimated 200 were injured. Six were members of one family.

In Dunlap, Ind., William Rodman, 49, said, "The tornado picked me up and blew me out of the house. I don't know whether I was on my knees or what, but I recognized the church playground. Then it blew me right back into the house, but put me down at the opposite end of it."

UL Solicits Outside Football Program Aid

University of Louisville president Dr. Philip Davidson announced that UL has begun efforts to "pep up" its football program.

In a story in the UL student paper, The Cardinal, President Davidson was reported as saying that although any increased funds for football would have to come from outside the University's budget, the sport is not on a one-year trial bases.

"The Trustee's decision was not for a one-year effort," Dr. Davidson said.

"Since the level of the University's financing support for football has been clearly set, more athletic scholarships and additional coaches to aid Mr. Camp (head football coach) can come only from community support," he explained.

Organizations which The Cardinal said were listed as instrumental in raising community funds were: University of Louisville Associates, fraternities and sororities, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Quarterback Clubs.

President Davidson prophesied that for next year's "football renewal" more fans would attend the sport and would be more interested in it. He also indicated

the same would be true for basketball.

Football coaches hope to get four more coaches in addition to 25 more athletic scholarships as compared to the present 50 per year. The Cardinal said.

Dr. Davidson commented that, "I do not mean to emphasize football over any other sport. The campaign is designed to run year-long, every year, and all sports will receive their share of benefits."

The UL President indicated a hope for both "monetary and psychological" support from Louisville.

Junior Reception

President and Mrs. John W. Oswald and Vice President and Mrs. Robert Johnson will host a reception for the junior class from 4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Thursday at the Helen G. King Alumni House.

Fifty faculty members and their wives have also been invited in an effort to have the faculty and juniors become better acquainted.

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FOR SALE—1962 Roycraft trailer, 50'x10'—2 bedroom, wall to wall carpet. Call Ext. 2728 or 255-4041 after 5:30 p.m. 13A4t

FOR SALE—1957 Plymouth 6 cylinder, standard shift, \$100. Dave Kelleher, 252-9534. 14A4t

FOR SALE—12 volt Motorola car radio-transistor. \$39. Metronome \$10. Eric Mills, 255-5325, after 8:30 p.m. 14A3t

FOR SALE—1958 Austin-Healey 100-6, pacific green. Wires, new paint, rugs; upholstery refinished. Excellent condition, \$1195. Eric Mills, 255-5325 or see at 315 Linden Walk. 14A3t

FOR SALE—LP's, Peterson, Brubeck, Shearing, M.J.Q. etc. \$1.00 each. Eric Mills, 255-5325, after 8:30 p.m. 4A3t

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Student Publishes Article In 'Y' Magazine

By JOHN ZEH
Kernel Staff Writer
"Protest! Against Poverty," an article on the efforts of UK Appalachian Volunteers written by Tom Padgett, has been published in the March issue of "Intercollegian," national YM-WCA publication.

Padgett, an arts and sciences sophomore, is director of the UK Volunteers.

The main asset which college students take to the war on pov-

erty is energy and spirit, he writes.

"In addition to the most basic service—letting the mountain people know that they have not been forgotten, that there are those who find them interesting and their futures important—the Volunteers can communicate some of the skills and values of the world outside the mountains," the article continues.

"The Volunteers, through their enrichment programs, their

libraries, and their very presence, bring the world to these people

Appalachian Volunteers, Padgett says, "are the outgrowth of the late President John F. Kennedy's dream that young people of America would stand up and unite to defeat those stigmas that mar the American ideal."

"President Kennedy challeng-

ed the youths of the '60's by saying: 'Not in the first 100 days. . . or 1,000 days. . . or maybe even in our lifetime on this planet will we finish the work to be done. But the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans. . . Let us Begin.'"

"Sir, we have begun," the article concludes.

English Teacher Raps 'Slick Life'

By The Associated Press
WAYZATA, Minn.—Douglas Sarff, a high school teacher for 10 years, says the students of this Minneapolis suburb are "self-centered, frivolous and lead a slick, empty life" and he is fed up.

Sarff, 30, an English teacher in 10th and 11th grades at Wayzata Senior High School, paid

\$140 for a full page in a weekly newspaper to air his opinions.

"It is a shrill, hand-waving, convertible-riding round of trivialities, and for the young a blurred descent into oblivion, because, having exhausted its substance by age 17 and knowing nothing else, they become bored with themselves, with others, and with life," said the ad.

Fashion Notes

From The Kentuckian Shop

Consolations for those hot days, and beautiful weather, and concentrated cramming; only three more weeks! Besides, the river's still awful muddy. The April here is upon us, bearing goodies and no-doze, and possibly a few crib sheets to line those Madras baskets. Students of the world unite, arise and shake off the shackles of winter; y'all Spring is sprung.

Casual wear is the key word for these balmy days, and the Kentuckian Shop can fill your every need in this department. For those last hectic class hours, you will find yourself cool and perfectly in style with Dacron and cotton slacks, wash and wear or dry-cleanable in a variety of colors. The sta-press model provides at least a partial answer to the budget problem, and the actual cost is nominal too, \$6.95 and \$7.95. To complete your Fashion-plate image, try a smart sport-sleeved shirt, either sport or dress. The best bet appears to be a button down collar dress shirt in pastel shades or pin stripes. These traditional cut shirts, with long collars and trim-taper are a must for both sport and dress. If, perchance, sport shirts are your preference, the Kentuckian Shop offers a wide selection of patterns and colors, including the old favorite madras and those new tablecloth checks. Also popular this season in the Henley collar, or perhaps one should say collarless, shirts. While possibly a fad, these shirts have received wide national coverage, and enjoy an increasing popularity.

To top off your casual attire, drop into the Kentuckian Shop and select from the wide choice of traditional Miller belts. Especially promising this spring are the new leather link styles in madras and leather. To complete the picture, try the stretch type Marum or Gold Cup sock. In a wide range of colors, these tough durable socks will withstand even the most rugged daily-Weejun-wear.

Before you depa.' for egg-rolling and the other rituals of the end-of-the-year festivities, why not drop into the Kentuckian Shop and insure your style correctness.

Maxson's

125 E. MAIN

UK Bulletin Board

ANNOUNCEMENTS of any University organization for the Bulletin Board must be turned in at the women's desk in the Kernel office no later than 2 p.m. the day prior to publication. Multiple announcements will be made if a carbon is furnished for each day of publication.

VICE PRESIDENT Johnson will hold an open student conference at 4 p.m. Friday in the lobby of Holmes Hall. Everyone is invited.

RONALD STRATTON, trumpet, and Anna Laura Hood, pianist, will present their senior recital in the Guignol Theatre of the Fine Arts Building at 8 p.m., Monday, April 19. The recital, open to the public, is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of bachelor of music in Music Education.

THE ANNUAL WOMEN'S Athletic Association-Blue Marlin Awards Banquet will be held at 6 p.m. in the Small Ballroom of the Student Center. Tickets are on sale in the Women's Gym, in all sorority houses and residence halls by the intramural representatives. The price is \$2 per person.

A FILE has been compiled in the Summer Session Office of summer catalogues and schedules across the nation. This is being made available to students and faculty. Also, publicity fliers from various institutions are posted on the bulletin board near the Summer Session Office, Room 209 Chemistry-Physics Building.

LECTURE and exhibition by John Levee, visiting artist from the University of Illinois, sponsored by the art department and fine arts club. The lecture will be given in the Student Center Theater today at 8 p.m. A reception will follow.

APPLICATIONS for president and vice president of the UK student body are now available in the student government office, Room 102 Student Center. The deadline for applying is Wednesday, April 21. The election will be held Tuesday, April 27. Voting machines will be located in the Student Center and at several other locations throughout the campus.

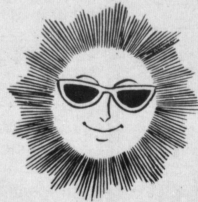
Candidates are required to attend the Conference on Student Organizations to be held April 17, where they will make their views known to the assembly. This conference will propose a resolution for a new structure of student government, proposed by the committee formed after the last conference, March 6.

THE APPALACHIAN volunteers will leave for their final project of the semester at 10 a.m., Saturday. Those persons interested in participating should pick up an application at Room 102 or the information desk in the Student Center. The deadline for returning these applications is 5 p.m. Thursday afternoon.

Information and applications for the volunteers' summer project are also available, and these applications must be returned on or before the departure time for this final project.

JEWELL HALL will sponsor a jam session Saturday in the Grand Ballroom of the Student Center from 2:30 to 5 p.m. The Magnificent Seven will play. All are invited.

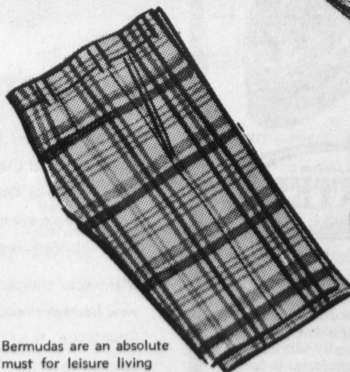
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