THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

Maintenance Report Shows \$1 Million Spent In Past Fiscal Year

57 Typewritten Pages Are Used To Decribe **Operation Of Division**

The total cost of the UK Division of Maintenance and Opera-ns for the 1951-52 fiscal year was approximately \$1,000,000. Figures listed in the Annual Report, submitted to Frank D. terson, University Comptroller, show that of the million-dollar total, \$190, 592.42 was used for job orders. Job orders include such rolls, and purchase of equipment.

Annual Short Course For Poultry Raisers To End Here Today

'Family Life' Is Discussed By Henderson

One of the smaller problems Mainsis the checking and recharging of some 1300 fire extinguishers each year. Also, the 400 refrigeration units on the UK campus are checked These units range from the small These units range from the small These units range from the small commission has announced an anounced an extension of filling radio engineers.



'Everybody Do His Part' Fever Struck Campus 10 Years Ago

Plans Being Made For New Dormitory To House 336 Men

Architects Are Trying To Cut Cost

UK Grad Wins Yale Award

Schedule Announced

Look Lawyers Win A Point In Rupp Suit

Certain Faculty Members Are 'Thieves' (And Admit It)



Specialization Shouldn't Lead To Neglect Of Other Areas

A little learning is a dangerous thing:

Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian spring.

Pope, Essay on Criticism, II

Although we don't expect to ever get over to Greece to taste the spring in long-gone Pieria, the suggestion offered by Pope is one that modern edu-cators might well take to heart.

cators might well take to heart.

One of the greatest failings of colleges and universities today is the tremendous importance attached to specialization. Of course a man should know his field and know it well, but to neglect whole areas of human knowledge in order to become learned in one small field is hardly our idea

of education.

An example of specialization is the engineering curriculum here at UK. A future civil engineer, in addition to his technical work, is required to take only nine hours of English, including a course in business English. He is not required to take any work at all in literature or speech. One readily sees the blind spot. The young builder learns nothing of the rich store of written treasurers that are the heritage of the Western world. Of course, in this day when it is elemental that every man be a communicator, especially vocally, the lack of speech training leaves another vacant spot.

In other fields, the young engineer is required to take one course each in Commerce, Political Science, and Economics. Two more courses are left open for "non-technical electives."

Nothing at all is required in the fields of psy-

Nothing at all is required in the fields of psy-chology, history, sociology, the humanities, and the

Summer Informality Might Have Value **During Other Terms**

The informality that accompanies summer classes teems to us a strong argument in favor of hotearther education. After a long, stuffy winter of lasses in which professors and students maintain a almost inhuman level of dignity, it is highly resching to see professors, coming to class in sport hirts thrown rakishly open at the neck.

Being strong believers in naturalness in all things, t seems to us that the casual air of summer classes actually conductive to learning. How much easie:

tis to sit and listen to a follow human being talk han it is to suffer through the intricacies called lectures' which seem mandatory in the colder nouths of the academic year.

Another factor that makes summer classes more

months of the academic year.

Another factor that makes summer classes more
stimulating is the presence of older students, usually
back in school to get their Master's degrees. The
vital interest these people bring into the classroom
provides some of that "intellectual curiosity" that
the campus seems to lack at other times.

It's a shame the pleasant aspects of summer terms aren't carried over into regular semesters. We understand the University has lately evinced an interest in student and faculty morale. Might we suggest that a furtherance of informality would do would be reignessed to the contract of th

Of course we don't advocate light-weight sport shirts for winter professorial garb, but frank and friendly relationships between teacher and student could do much to eliminate the impersonalness that almost always is a part of a large university.

fine arts. The tragedy here is evident. Fresh from college with his newly-inked degree comes the planner of our world without any formal background in the more or less humanistic fields. The result is likely to be a drawer-of-blueprints who has no conception of the potential uses, in the large sense, of his plans. He has no understanding of his position in society because he has no knowledge of society.

Perhaps we're being a little hard on engineers because the same basic fault is common to other fields of study too. So many of our doctors, law-yers, teachers, and business men go forth with only a smattering of learning about the world they are

a smattering of learning about the world they are to live in. At the risk of being declared heretical, or perhaps a campfollower of some of the more radical educa-tional theorists, we wonder why our schools couldn't require all students to take a basic two-year course in socio-cultural subjects. Then each person could specialize in the field of his choice, after having ob-tained a full educational background to draw upon. If something of this sort were a general practice, we might find that science and the social sciences and the arts all have a concrete kinship.

Current Exhibition In Fine Arts Gallery Is By Able Artist

By DONALD L. WEISMANN Head, Department of Art

By AUNCE ATTURES

By DONALD L, WITSMANN

Bead, Department of Art

University students and staff members should respond most favorably to the current exhibition in the Fine Arts Callery of the University. It comprises fifty pictures in oils and pastes by the English-born artist, Leslie Cope, who lives in Roseville, Ohio.

Mr. Cope, still under 40 years of age, has been painting for more than 20 years. His work has been shown in the galleries of the Smithsonian Institution, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the National Academy, the Carnegie Institute of Art, and the Columbus Callery-of Fine Arts. He is represented in the permanent collections of the Library of Congress and the Carnegie Institute, and has been awarded prizes by the Society of American Etchers. It is apparent, after seeing this sampling of Mr. Cope's work, that he is entirely able in his craft. His style is free and bold within the limits he has set for himself. His subjects, animals and people in landscape, are treaded in a manner that evidences first hand knowledge of them.

Mr. Cope finds a lyric quality in the rustic life he chooses to paint, and he paints it in a thoughtful manner. He has no affinity with such modern intuitive painters as Mondrian, Matisse, or Motherwell. He is content to document the farm and country under the varying influences of time of day and time of year.

A sampling of titles of Mr. Cope's pictures may give some suggestion of the character of this artist interests. Among those on exhibition are "Feeding the Calves," "Sundown," "Winter in Ohio," "Old Bridge, Warvick, England," "Return to the Farm," and "The White Barn.

In such pictures as his "The Junk Dealer" (number 30), and "The Hillitop" (number 1), Mr. Cope concentrates somewhat more on the structure of his painting and the result is a more solid and commanding unity.

The exhibition will continue through July 13.



Abe Lincoln said a house divided against itself shall not stand.

The Readers Speak

Says Editor No Small Town Boy

Dear Editor:

Obviously you have never lived in a small town for any length of time. I'm referring to your editorial praising the merits of living in small towns. In some places that might be acceptable, but definitely not in Kentucky.

Since you seem to enthusiastic about "making a place for yourself" in some nice little Kentucky villa, I can only come to one conclusion: you are actually looking forward to a life of stagnation and boredom. I was unfortunate enough to live in a small Kentucky town for several years, and it was with the greatest of pleasure that I moved away. There is no opportunity, at least not in Kentucky, unless you want to sit your life out watching the tobacco grow and the pastures turn brown in the summer.

tobacco grow and the pastures turn brown in the summer.

Physically and mentally, small town life is, to be blunt, loney. The people are, on the whole, stupid and illiterate. The companionship is not exactly the kind that induces intellectual fertilization, as you will discover if you make the foolish step of establishing yourself in any small town in Kentucky.

My proof is right here at UK. Compare the student from a small town with students from the other states and note the differences in character and intelligence. By intelligence, I mean the ability to size up the world, and not Pa's chicken coop.

The best thing that could happen to a small town in Kentucky would be for it to have an atomic plant installed—and then explode.

"Disgusted Student"

Calls Story 'Tripe'

Dear Editor:
Usually I have allowed the Kernel certain mistakes and indiscretions that I would not tolerate in
any other newspaper, but last week's issue convinced me that censorship of the press might not be
a bad idea.

a bad idea.

I refer specifically to your story, on the front page, concerning the \$12,000 debt of the Student Unior-cafeteria. Does the Kernel, in its attempt to present "real hot" stories, have to hurt people and organizations that are totally innocent of any crime?

It was not the fault of the dacteria that a debt of

\$12,000 was incurred, nor was it the fault of anyone employed by the cafeteria, yet you had to print that story.

Before you print a story don't you think you should give it some careful thought in order to avoid hurting people. After all, the purpose of a newspaper is to present important news, news that is of interest to the students and faculty, not smutty, harmful tripe that does nothing but harm.

52 Education Grad

UK Not So Bad

Dear Editor:

During the four years I have been at UK I have never felt that I was attending a bad school, as so many people have hinted at lately. The basketball scandal had absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the school, and I know that I'm getting the best kind of education offered.

As long as I've been here, I've never had any real complaints to make about UK, with the exception of the faults that one finds at any university. What makes me mad is the fact that the people living in towns in Kentucky seem to think that the baskethall scandal reflected on the nature of the rest of the school, which is not true. Even at home, my parents think that all we do up here is attend games and go to "wild" parties.

I'm sure that UK is better than a lot of universities that are morally worse than we are. My life here has not been a lot of parties and football games. It has been a period of time in which I have been getting an education.

Jo

Wanta Play Chess?

Dear Editor:

The Lexington Chess Club would like to extend an invitation through your columns to all University students who play chess to visit with the Club while they are in Lexington.

The place: YMCA, 239 E. High St. The time:

Dr. A. Dudley Roberts, President, The Chess Club

Rannells Has 'Lived, Breathed' Art At UK

Edward W. Rannells as the second in a series of articles on well-known UK professors. Reader's suggestions for the subjects of future sketches will be

Prof. Edward Warder Rannells received his AB from Ohio State, and his MA at UK after joining the University in 1929. Before coming here he worked as an assistant dean at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Prof. Rannells summarized his career at UK by aying he has "merely lived and breathed" the Art Department here since his first association.

This all-too-briefly includes a score of years which Frof. Rannells has devoted to the ever-growing Fine Arts departments at UK. The increasing de-mands have come to coisume most of his waking hours, but he has few regrets.

"I have been so busy the past few years though, at I have had to postpone indefinitely certain pernal projects," he informed us.

Solial projects, in mormed us.

This includes specifically the task of developing a
text he has compiled for his Arts Humanities class
into a more inclusive study of the humanist approach to art, a field in which he is particularly
interested. He has written many articles and texts
in the past, but as the demands upon his time have
increased, he has slowed up in his outside creative
seed-

Besides his writing, he has completed many draw-ings and paintings, many of which have been pub-licly exhibited. He also is fond of music, but "lately I have no time for anything."

Prof. Rannells, who was formerly head of the Art Department, did enjoy one "vacation" a few years



Prof. Edward W. Rannells

ned that he had been selected after a study of

formed that he had been scienced after a study whis complete works.

Fairly blushing from this compliment, he compiled a formal paper on the visual arts as part of the three-week program. The study was roundly commended, but Prof. Rannells was particularly

gratified because he had finally awakened the Big Ten group to UK's cultural development. One of the lesser known directions in which his talents have been slanted has been his recent re-sponsibility for supervising all painting jobs on the campus. This job was handed him when President H. L. Donovan felt the need for dressing up the

campus.

To Prof. Rannells fell the job of choosing the right colors, inside and outside, for all new structures and remodeling projects. He has chosen the colors for Memorial Hall, the Student Union, Biological Sciences building. Memorial Coliseum, administrative offices, etc.

ministrative offices, etc.

Of course, his big job was the Fne Arts building.

This project was his pet, and he nursed it along carefully. He tediously weighed colors and proportions and worked side by side with the architects.

Prof. Rannells is also the breadwinner for a most unusual family. In his rambling home are gathered a clan of budding young artists.

Martha, 20, has completed her Junior year at Vassar, majoring in dramatic arts. She is an exceptionally talented painter, boasts her father, and has had several exhibitions of her drawings. At the age of 17 she designed costumes for a children's ballet, having 140 patterns cut from her drawings.

let, having 140 patterns cut from her drawings.

At Vassar she recently danced the lead in a Japanese Noh play, and for her senior thesis plans to originate the choreography and direct the dances for a play arranged by a classmate. To keep from losing any of her desterity at the easel (Vassar has neval art classes), Prof. Rannells said that she his devised a novel pictured diary to which she contributed trawings daily.

Molly, 19, does excellent work in art also, said her father, but her drawing is more sporadic. She does

not paint with the same assurance as Martha, he added, but several teachers have commented that actually she is more gifted. She is also a student of the classic dance, and is most able in science and math. She attends Wells College.

Susan, 17, is enrolled at Carlton College. She is more of a mister than her older sisters, Prof. Rannells opined, but she can produce excellent drawings also. Her real forte is journalism, and she hopes to write children's books in the near future (with Martha as illustrator).

All of the girls graduated with honors from University High, and all possess strikingly similar ideas. This is unusual," said Professor Rannells, "because we have never tried to influence them."

The "we" includes his wife who does not take a back seat to her daughters or husband as might be expected. Mrs. Rannells graduated from college at the age of 17, and soon became an assistant curator of oriental art at the Art Institute in Chicago.

After her marriage she began to cultivate her own

We are afraid Prof. Rannells will still be yearning or that vacation again next year.

The Toolbox by Ronnie Butler

Student Critics Of Local Movies Given Criticism

UK has unknowingly produced a large number of movie critics, most of whom do their criticizing in the movies — in loud voices. We admit that Holly-wood produces some stinkers, but what the heek, boys? At least let us enjoy the air-conditioned comfort.

The guy sporting a big UK sweater while seeing "Wait Til The Sun Shines, Nellie" should be shot. At intervals of three minutes (every time someone was killed, died, or otherwise loused up) this offspring of chaos honked his nose in his handkerchief with (we hope) chaotic results. No appreciation for tragedy.

For tragedy.

Tom Skinner, that Big Man of Radio Arts, always looks tired after an 8 am. class he and the Toolbox share (and suffer) together. After moaning about everything in general, especially a future field trip in Geology (probably to be held on the hottest day yet). Skinner goes up to the radio studios. It's nice and cool up there, which leads one to believe that Mr. Skinner does some of his best sleeping there. He always has such a happy look on his face as he walks into MeVey Hall.

While on the inexhau

While on the inexhaustible subject of people, it's only fair to mention that Lou Nichols, 32 graduate from the College of Commerce, has won the Toolbox Award For Outstanding Story Tellers.

Whenever Lou, who is recovering from a broken neck suffered in an accident, takes time off from his belowed cross-word puzzles, he launches into the stuff. At last count Nichols had told over 60 jokes (two of which we can print), 300 tales concerning his Navy life, and myriad miscellaneous adventures, usually involving women.

A question truly suited for collegiate minds was raised in the back row of a certain classroom re-cently, on a particularly warm day: What do Scotchmen wear under their kilts? The Toolbox doesn't know, but he's willing to bet its plaid.

During one of his wandering moments, a professor was explaining to the members of his class why men walk on the outside of the sidewalk when accompanying a young lady. It seems that in the old days people tossed their garbage out of overhanging second-story windows. So the men gallantly served as slop stoppers.

The Toolbox suggests that the custom of tipping the hat came about when a few smarter-than-usual fellows decided to catch the stuff in their toppers and then nonchalantly dump it in the gutter. Two bits says barbers sold a lot of perfumed hair tonic.

bits says barbers sold a lot of perfumed hair tonic.

For people who have nothing better to do than to watch the great Human Pageant, we suggest that you observe the female jealousy of the older miarried women now attending classes. They have a good time giving comfortably clad younger gals the eye. We have a good time eyeing them too, although not for purposes of criticizing.

Which reminds the Toolbox that specially good looking co-eds wearing summer dresses with thin slips should be arrested by the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Men. Three men have already gone blind from trying to keep the sun in front of them all day.

The men unfortunate enough to be in Journalism have a plea to make to anybody with a little pull and a lot of sympathy. Delicacy must be forgotten, modesty overlooked, for we are faced with a problem that surpasses all previous problems.

The towel dispenser in our rest room is on the blink – as a matter of fact, it has been on the blink since time immemorial. Whoever supplied the \$4,000,000 for the Coliseum, won't you give us a new dispenser? We'll dedicate a statute to you . . . right by the dispenser.

Another plea: Will the people who walk out of classes in the Journalism Building looking like cosmopolitan, hard-boiled newspapermen (and women) please come down to the Kernel Newsroom and put your vast knowledge to use?

It's not that we're short of reporters or anything, but Grandma Moses is getting tired of mailing news to us.

The Toolbox nomination for The Person We'd Like Most To See Tortured goes to the girl who, standing in front of Anderson Hall, said, T've got the new Kernel, but don't bother reading it. Same old news — no social security for University em-ployees, SUB cafeteria \$12,000 in the hole . . . don't see why they can't get some news." BRAAAAACKI

Since no one answered our request for new jokes, we will continue our time-honored system of swip-ing those of other magazines, papers, rest room walls, etc.

The Kentucky Kernel

University of Kentucky

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THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

The Social Side by Dolly Sullivent

Student Union Offers Tours To Farms, Louisville Opera

Seven Scholarships

Given In Engineering

TV Eases Into UK Life As Greeks Get New Sets

Kernels

Seven Si00 scholarships have been sarded to students planning the College of the College of the College of Regimeering, Description of the College of t

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(All times are CST)



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2—Color, Cartoons—2 Sun-Mon-Tue, July 13-14-15 CARBINE WILLIAMS

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR Joan Fountaine—Ray Miland

WHEN IN ROME Van Johnson—Paul Douglas



Criminology School To Begin Next Fall

A criminology school will be luded in UK's fall curricu Trooper William M. Stephens of Centucky State Police Bur Trankfort, said this week.

Paul Dietzel, UK Assistant Coach,

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SHE'S WORKING

THROUGH COLLEGE

TECHNICOLOR I

Sulzer To Leave UK University Sept. 1, he anthis week. will have or-all charge of o and television programs de from the Indiana school. Ily known for his work in Hypnosis Symposiu Mypnosis Symposium Dr. Frank A. Pattie, professor of

aby were holding a conversation in i maternity ward. It went somehing like this:
"Tm a little girl baby."
"How do you know?"
"Oh, I just know."
"Yeah, well I'm a boy baby."
"Can you prove it?"
"Sure, look," He pulls up his skirt
"See? Blue booties."



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