

BULL PEN

By GEORGE H. KERLER

WHILE pigskin pundits knuckled their eyes and dope sheets quivered with amazement, Kentucky's Wildcats walloped Manhattan Saturday as local snow-specked patronage watched the lovable upset written into the Big Blue's book of achievements. Manhattan's interment marked our first major victory since the 'Cats trounced Tennessee two Thanksgiving ago, 27-0. Saturday's unexpected reversal also set off the danger flares planted here by the remainder of Kentucky's schedule dates. Alabama, Boston College, and Tennessee may know who's coming, but they don't know what's coming.

The generalship employed by Dick Robinson and later by Joe Shepherd was a grandstand coach's delight. It seemed that everything worked. By the middle of the second chukker Kentucky was 19 points lofter than the Jaspers. From that moment on all the Wynnemen had to do was play safely and craftily and keep the New Yorkers in their own territory. Aside from one late second quarter drive when the Japs hammered their way to Kentucky's 18 yard line, the Cats were never in jeopardy.

Every time the Broadway Guys crept into our back yard we were for down, intercepted their frenzied passes, or forced them to punt. When Kentucky took the ball the quarterback ordered two offensive thrusts and then a kick. He commanded every situation admirably. Manhattan was waiting for a break—a fumble or a block punt—but everything worked. Saturday and the invaders never had a chance.

Immediately following the kickoff, Manhattan encountered unopposed opposition. They had definitely intended their offense through the Wildcat line. Their first two off tackle spurts were smacked to the sod with bewildering ease. This necessitated a Kringle kick and he was obliged by booting it out on his own 39.

Kentucky's initial ground gaining attempt was just what you would expect. They practiced the play all week long. It has the aroma of the Howell-Hutton era. Bob Davis with two man interference starts out on a long end sweep. When the secondary is convinced that he is trying an end run, they rush toward him. All of which is Davis' signal to halt and heave to Garland who has quietly jogged down to where the safety man ought to be. However, when Bob stopped this time he threw a long, high pass which enabled the Jasper keepers to get back to Garland. Two Manhattanites socked and drove him away from the ball. Refs ruled interference with a pass receiver and gave the oval to Kentucky on Manhattan's seven yard line. No protests.

From this point Simpson and Hodge belted the line but it would not yield. Again Davis stepped back and started on a wide end sweep. Dick Robinson was running interference and the way he handled himself kept the Jasper tacklers in doubt as to whether he was a pass taker or just plain interference. But he led Bob so far out that the Meehanmen started after Davis thus leaving Robbie lonesome. Davis berried him with a short toss and there was touchdown No. 1.

Manhattan elected to kickoff and hid the Cats to the punting point. But the Jaspers could do nothing with the ball when they tried to move so Kringle dropped back to shoed one to Davis standing on his 27.

Just how Bob ever evaded that first troop of green shirts will always remain unsolved. He ran, side-stepped and cartwheeled his way through sixteen seizing arms and shot into the open. When he reached the Manhattan 40 yard stripe, a Kelly Green started to bear down on him. But Whirley Hodge, who followed the gallop down the field, jockeyed himself into the correct angle and bombed the Yank with a block that knocked the Greenie into Row 12, Section C, North side. And Davis went on his merry way.

Kentucky's last score capped another end run, stop, and fling a pass. This was beautifully performed by Dameron Davis and Larry Garland. Dameron got into the ball game after the New Yorkers had busily thumped Bob each play. They had a way of making sure Davis No. 1 was securely availed with each tackle.

From then on Kentucky just railed round the idea of keeping Manhattan far from the Cats' home. Meehan sent in the veteran Vic Fusia to execute a few miracles. But the northerners were rattled and argued among themselves whenever a play failed. They seemed to play desperately but they were in a stupor. They never seemed to be able to shake off their pregame conviction that victory belonged to them. It must have been a miserable afternoon for Manhattan.

Naturally the dressing room scene after the game was one of delirium. The Kentucks danced, chided Alabama, and made open love to the Davis brothers. Stan Nevers was on hand weeping joyously. And staking through the happy thunder was Coach Chet Wynne, solemn, fists in his hip pockets, plooding about asking who was hurt, worrying over Bob Davis' dead right arm. Hodge's twisted knee, and the bruises and cuts of the linemen. When we walked up to him, we said nothing. But Coach knew what we wanted.

"That first half team was the greatest football eleven I have ever seen on the field during my stay at Kentucky. For our play throughout the entire game—it was smart,

Mermen Asked To Report For Swim Team

It was announced yesterday by Felix Murray, manager of the boys' swimming team, that a meeting will be held Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock in the assembly room of Bradley hall. All boys interested in swimming are asked to report to this meeting.

heads up football. We blocked and tackled effectively. The kids did everything right. The line deserves more credit than we can heap on them and—"

He was off to inquire why Dameron Davis took off his knee guard so carefully.

The dispositions of the North and the South were characterized in the Manhattan and Kentucky huddles. The Jaspers formed a rectangle, then a phalanx and then clicked in to an unbalanced line. The mechanical precision was unique.

But the Kentuckians wandered into their conferences and strolled out of them. Things looked loose and easy—until the play. We gained 120 yards through the Manhattan line. Better than half of what the Texas Aggies, Michigan State, and Villanova could do. Their aggregate yardage adds to 214.

A medal of distinction must be awarded to line Coach Tom Gorman who scouted Manhattan against Villanova. The way we bottled up the Jasper juggernaut is evidence of a thorough job of pigskin espionage. It is one phase of football that goes too much unnoticed and unappreciated.

Miss L. Gene Musick Will Be In Charge Of Hollywood Premiere

Acting as general director for Hollywood premieres from coast to coast throughout the United States, Miss L. Gene Musick, of Pittsburg, Penn., will manage the presentation of the Lexington "first night", scheduled for Wednesday and Thursday evenings, October 27 and 28, at the Ben All theatre.

For the past 16 years, Miss Musick has been actively engaged in professional work. She was a member of the cast of the John B. Rogers stock company of Frostoria, Ohio, and later organized her own company, the Hoffman-Musick producing company.

She was instructor for a number of years in the M. W. Barth school of dancing in Pittsburg, one of the largest schools of its kind in the United States.

The last four years, she has been engaged in the direction of Hollywood premieres, having complete charge of the opening nights and producing them in accordance with true Hollywood style. Most of her time has been spent in eastern states, especially in New York and New Jersey.

"The premieres are given a tremendous ovation," she stated. "We always play to capacity houses and interest in local talent always runs high."

"I enjoy this type of work very much," was her further comment. "It is much more interesting than professional vaudeville and stock productions."

"When searching for doubles of the stars in local people, we always find an abundance of definite types; such as Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, for the men; and Janet Gaynor, Joan Blondell, and Ginger Rogers in the women. And of course there's always Garbo," she added.

Miss Musick returned Sunday from Indianapolis, where she staged a premiere, following a first night of the same type given in Paris last week.

If every day of the week, every month of the year, seven residents of New York State were picked at random and put in front of a firing squad, how long would it take New Yorkers to recognize and dread the menace? The toll of fatal automobile accidents was more than seven a day for the first eight months of the year. Does it have to be regarded as inevitable? N. Y. Sun

'CATS-JASPERS

(Continued from Page One)

Taking the leather meteor Davis found himself confronted by several Kelly Greens. Just how he danced through that first cluster is a matter of conjecture but nevertheless he tricked his way about, got loose at midfield and set out for the corner. Bearing down on him was Tubby Savage, Jasper full-back, at the 15 yard line when Davis' continuance was jeopardized. Walter Hodge appeared and dove in front of the chasing Savage, toppling him with a block that was a fitting finale to a run so sensational. Garland's place kick was misdirected.

Until the end of the first quarter both backfields tried line plays and third down punts. Kentucky's line proved itself just as tough and the much-publicized Manhattan wall. Also the Manhattan punter was booting the ball out of bounds now instead of to Davis.

Dameron Carries On

On the first play of the second quarter Bob dashed around left end for nine yards and a first down. He was injured on the play and Dameron replaced him. Dameron's first running attempt was stopped by Dorsey for an 11 yard loss.

Hunny then tried a pass and if Garland had not slipped it would have been completed. So Hodge kicked to the Manhattan 35. Manhattan tried power plays and gained nothing and punted to the K-39.

Kentucky could do nothing and returned the kick compliment to Migdal on the Jaspers' 23. A line buck was intercepted so Migdal passed to Mitchell good for 12 yards on the visitors' 35. Flushed with success the Greenies tried another but Dameron intercepted it on the 50 and wormed his way to the Manhattan 30.

Faking an end run Dec Davis threw a long pass to Garland who hugged it on Manhattan's seven and toddled over untouched. Dameron kicked the extra point but the Cats were holding. Simpson tried the long one but the plunger fumbled, picked it up and lateraled it to Red who vainly sought a receiver and wildly threw ball away.

The remainder of the game is merely a recount of how Kentucky managed to stay out of trouble. Penalties for holding and clipping became frequent but never were the Cats in serious trouble except near close of the first half when the Broadway Boys started an offense of plain power.

After the Kentuckians had driven from their own 21 to the Manhattan 18 with series of line bucks and short passes, the Meehanmen started an excursion of their own. The assault was featured by Migdal's 27 yard run. Passes and off tackle punches brought the ball down to Kentucky's 18 stripe where Hinkbein pounced on a fumble.

Apparently Chick Meehan gave his corps a verbal shot in the arm for the Jaspers hurried into the second half with obvious pepper. But every time their offense started clicking they were penalized fifteen yards for holding or clipping.

After Bob Davis carried a punt to his own 33, Vic Fusia pilfered a Cat pass on the Manhattan 40. Another holding penalty pushed the Japs back to their 25 where they threw a pass which Simpson intercepted and sneaked to the Green's 24.

Hagan made a Dodger catch of a short pass but held on to it and reached the Manhattan 17. Bee Davis slashed through to the 13 and Hodge tumbled to the Jasper seven. Caruso, however, corked the invasion by intercepting Bob's toss on his own goaline and wriggling out to the Manhattan 21.

Coffin Kick

The northerners tried a pass but Hinkbein clouted it to the earth. Kringle punted out of bounds on Manhattan's 48. A pass Bob to Dameron netted twelve yards. Another pass went astray so Davis No. 1 strolled back and calmly and expertly kicked out of bounds on the Green's eight yard line.

Manhattan was forced to punt. The Cats started another push but the Meehanmen bottled the attack and took the oval on their own 21.

Penalties Endanger Cats

A holding mulct put the ball back on Kentucky's 36 where Simpson was forced to kick out to the Manhattan 35. Try as they did the Greenies could make no checkable gains through the Wynne wall so they were forced to punt. Bob Davis made a fancy return to Kentucky's 45 but a clipping penalty placed the ball back on the Cats' 8 yard line. Simpson booted out to the Kentucky 41 and again Manhattan tried mightily to start an offense but nothing worked.

So impenetrable was the Kentucky fortress now that with but three minutes to play the Jaspers were forced to punt and to hope for a fumble. Kentucky jabbed at the line a few times and Simpson shoed the ball to Manhattan's 34 yard line.

The next five Manhattan plays gathered 27 yards but Boaz, sub 'Cat guard, put out the Jasper lights when he intercepted a pass on Kentucky's 40 as the referee charged in yelling, "The ball game is over."

Kentucky made 11 first downs against Manhattan's 10. Kentucky gained 120 yards from scrimmage compared to the Jaspers' 152. Kentucky completed 10 out of 20 passes good for 124 yards and Manhattan completed 6 out of 16 good for 48 yards. The Cats averaged 35 yards per punt against Manhattan's 29.

The lineups and summary: Kentucky: L-R, Dameron, Simpson, Hodge, Davis, Hinkbein, Garland, Fusia, Migdal, Kelly, Green, Caruso, Robinson, Stanger, Hagan, Hodge. Manhattan: L-R, Dorsey, Mollie, Kowalski, Zuck, Jocher, Shula, (Capt.) Daily, (Capt.) Caruso, Fusia, Kringle, Savage. Score by periods: 12 6 0 0-18. Scoring: Kentucky, touchdowns, Robinson, H. Davis, and Garland. Points after touchdowns—Garland 1. Substitutions: Kentucky—Lindor, Dameron, Davis, Phillips, Black, Stanger, Jackowski, Tracy, McCubbin, Brown, Ellington, Boaz. Officials: Back Checkers, Georgia, referee; E. F. Maxwell, Ohio, umpire; R. K. Haxton, Mississippi, head linesman; Wilson Collins, Vanderbilt, head judge.

GOBBLER SHOW ON U.K. CAMPUS

Producers To Meet November 11 In Experiment Station To Discuss Kentucky's Turkey Industry

Kentucky's million dollar turkey industry will receive statewide attention at a meeting of producers scheduled for November 11. The turkey show will begin at 10 a. m. in the Agricultural Experiment Station at Lexington with many representatives of the principal breeds on display.

The meeting, to be held in the live stock pavilion, will begin with a discussion by Dr. J. H. Martin of the national poultry improvement program in relation to turkey raising. The price situation will be discussed by Professor D. G. Card.

There will be other speeches delivered by authorities upon the various phases of turkey raising. M. C. Small, editor of "The Turkey World," will discuss ways and means of increasing profits through direct marketing. H. H. Kaufman, Pennsylvania, will act as judge of the show and will speak on the commercial possibilities of the development of a smaller turkey. J. Z. Humphrey, of the College of Agriculture, will suggest the best kinds of birds to save for breeding purposes. Messrs Small and Kaufman will give demonstrations of judging, which should be of primary interest to all turkey raisers.

The meeting of producers and the turkey show will be conducted cooperatively by the Kentucky Poultry Improvement Association, the Kentucky, and the Poultry Club, an organization of students in the College of Agriculture.

Officers in charge are: Cecil Hinton, president of the Poultry Club; Fred Duncan, secretary-treasurer; Dan Culton, assistant secretary-treasurer; Cecil Hinton and Thomas Culton, premium committee; Andy Hardesty, arrangements and decorations; and Martin Guthrie, publicity.

Three Rally To Save 'Model T's' From Becoming Extinct

When Frank Borries, former managing editor of the Kernel, wrote in the Lexington Herald that the campus institution almost extinct here was those bits of shimmying tin known as the Model T Ford. It seems to be quite possible that a number of goodly persons rose up in revolt to save this so-called passing institution and bought up quite a few of the surviving relics to keep the good name of Model T going. Therewith on the campus of this university is seen the effort to bring forth the last stand of Mr. Ford's famous product.

These old chariots, three in number, stand out rather prominently on the campus scene, and still retain the same characteristics of their predecessors, in that they are embellished with the same type of garish ornament that the fancy of their owners dictate, except possibly that these cannot be run on kerosene or the like, as they are a little old for such foolishness.

The oldest of the bunch is as typical as any with its high top, two air horns, inscriptions, and total lack of streamlining. On the side of its hood is inscribed the name of "Penelope," which isn't a bad name, considering that it has probably been weaving and bobbing as long as the spouse of Ulysses did. The other two are also in very good taste, speaking collectively. One is a topless, rumble-seatless coupe, which to judge by its color, is suffering from a combined attack of small-pox and leprosy. The last is gaily decorated in red and aluminum, and bears the name of "Queen Mary." However, its chief bid to fame is a set of sickly white tires.

But the preservers of this tradition need not worry; the process is one, not of extinction, but of evolution. Already the Model A is succumbing to the same sort of treatment, and the time is to come when these, oh, so swanky V-8's degenerate (or is it mellow?) into the same sort of category.

GUIGNOL

(Continued from Page One)

career of handsome Senator Gordon Keane (Douglas Whitcomb). Her Keane interest is doubled when he is rumored as presidential fodder. Lucy and Irene in a parlor are comparable to Kentucky and Tennessee on the gridiron. Being old reception room rivals the conversations these two put on are masterpieces of subtle, numbing sarcasm.

Also observing Keane's ascension in national popularity is Lucy. When she discovers that Irene is coyetous of Keane's wifeship, she is stricken with apprehension. She understands that Irene will inspire and guide Keane to the nomination. Her Stephen is menaced. It must be stopped!

Therein is the spine of the play. Mrs. Wayne feverishly begins to think. She plans a tea party. One of the guests in Mrs. Creevy (Mary Sue Waldrip) president of the Women's Peace, Purity, and Patriotism League. Says Mrs. Creevy, "Six million women are behind me." And when she turns back to the audience, the scope of the exclamation becomes possible.

Six million women. This plunges Lucy into more knuckle-biting. The chewing brings an idea. She tells Mrs. Creevy it would be a benevolent step if the WPPP backed Carter Hibbard for the presidential nomination. The obese and gullible Creevy immediately agrees. Lucy lures Elsworth T. Ganning (Milton Rosenblum) head of a great newspaper chain into the intrigue. Linked with Creevy, Ganning can reach the kitchens of twenty million Americans!

In the midst of a Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard living room bout comes Mrs. Creevy, Mr. Ganning, and George Mason (Frank T. Ford) one of the justice's close friends, who floridly announce that America will begin to boost Carter Hibbard for the presidency. Upon hearing this statement Irene hurries to her tottering husband and puts on a fireside diversion act, much to Ganning's delight. It is a good selling point.

In all this sudden confusion Keane is forgotten about. Hibbard is publicized as a presidential candidate and the United States, much to Lucy's consternation, wholeheartedly agrees.

This turn of events zooms the temperature for the last act. Lucy tries to unearth something anti-womanhood is Hibbard's law past but finally turns to treaties and Irene's history for a cataclysmic ending.

Much of the acting is praiseworthy. Lucy does a remarkable piece of work as a diplomatic extrovert. Professor Danziger as Carter Hibbard punctuates his sentences with belches, but his diction might name him, the Caruso of Speakers. Emmy Paige (Virginia Robinson) is a Mississippi drawler who worries not, knows little, and in the end fills the bridge path once with Senator Keane and comes home engaged. Senator Tom Hardwick (Wildan Thomas) is an old politician, confused by modern politics and devoted to the days of poker and oratory.

The sets are supposed to be reek-

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