More and more is said these days about raising the academic standards at UK, the purpose seemingly being to create an intellectual atmosphere on campus. Why, then, is an anchorman such as Stag Day allowed to exist? Stag Day belongs to another age.

It has been gleamed from the days of rah rah, zzzz, and drunkenness, when Betty Coop and Joe College would rather have committed Hari Kari than see ole Frizby U. go down in defeat.

Those days have faded into obscurity. Students today are faced with a more complex and challenging world. Their time is too valuable to be spent on such superficial projects. Imagine what visitors most think, and how they estimate others, after witnessing the Soky holocaust.

First there is a boisterous entrance by the band, followed by interest drinking passing women up and down the stands, and battling with boos. There are also lights, drums being carried into and out of the stands, and other varied atrocities.

Yes indeed, on Stag Day it is most evident that the University of Kentucky is making great strides in education.

Those of us who came to the University for an education have this to say: rah rah boys, go home! Go get drunk somewhere else and let the rest of us use the University the way it was intended to be used.

It is our hope that the University has held its last Stag Day.

Perhaps, however, even more than this, the people need to be educated spiritually. Man is a spirit, and man de-spirited is not complete. Many of these people have not developed spiritually in the same manner that they have not developed their mental capacities. Even if we were to provide them with facilities, we could not truly overcome all dangers of communism unless the people know the spiritual truths which the communists deny.

Bill Mongillon
Christian Student Fellowship

The fine old American pastime of football, we are told, lies as one of its main objectives to the development of character within its players. It would seem to us that our present football coach has either neglected or forgotten this fine-breasted tradition.

We offer as proof of our statement the public appearances of Mr. Bradshaw, both on radio and television. On successive weekends, one winning and the other losing, we have heard him refer to his players as "not having enough desire to win," and also boasting his charges to "punish" the opposition. While the Kernel does not wish to seem unappreciative or dissatisfied, we feel that it is time that some very definite facts should be recorded for the sake of posterity.

First, after a grueling week of hard work for his "Thin Twenty-Nine," the very elegant Mr. Bradshaw resorts to playing the very minimum number of players during the game, then complains about their efforts with ten or twelve fresh ball players having ridden the bench. It seemed very reasonable to us, who do not allow our living coaching a football team, that a better reason is in evidence.

The walk -in tunnel under your pupil is a short one, Coach, and at its end lies a fitting reward. Your leader for this week (Murphy) Bryant took the blame last Saturday when his team was upset. It is not possible that just a portion of the fault lies with you and not entirely with the squid. Although we do not expect an open admission of this apparent fact, one cannot disregard the obvious.

It is a well known fact that an elite coaching staff of several years has resulted to "rougging up" players for various reasons. The Kernel earnestly salutes those sparsity footballians that have had the guts to stick it out under the most trying conditions.

Secondly, we realize that the prime requisite for a football coach to achieve is the habit of winning. But when, after defeating Vanderbilt 7-0, Mr. Bradshaw publicly instructs his team to "punish the opposition," we feel that it is time to call a halt to this senseless talk. That type of talk should be left in the dressing room, and should not be put up for public consumption by people who do not understand its underlying principles. Winning is fine, coach, but not under those conditions. And on the same, a little tact can go a long, long way.

We hope Mr. Bradshaw and his coaching staff look upon this article in the manner in which it was meant— not as downright criticism, but as a reminder that we are all supposed to be gentlemen (hooh and off the field). It would be a pleasure in the future to see our work coming to some good end. Until then we will just wait and watch.

The Readers' Forum:

Student Opinions On Stag Day

A Damn Mess
To The Editor:

Few words can express my feelings concerning the "Stag Day" which the University sponsored Saturday—WHAT A DAMN MESS!—William R. Patterson Jr.

The Gods Are Angry
To The Editor:

It was indeed a shame that the weather during Saturday's game was so rainy and unpleasant. It would appear that the Gods were merely looking after the weather. But before some of the previous games, the skies were threatening but no rain fell. Why did the rain come Saturday? The answer is quite clear to all THE GODS ARE ANGRY WITH FOOTBALL AT UK!

This may be a startling conclusion to those who have not been observing the recent trends in celestial politics. However, the analysts tell us that this upswing is merely bad fortune that the weather was inclined. But consider before some of the previous games, the skies were threatening but no rain fell. Why did the rain come Saturday? The answer is quite clear to all THE GODS ARE ANGRY WITH FOOTBALL AT UK!

Who Won The Game
To The Editor:

Overheard on "Stag Day"—

"Who's got the bottle?—Yes, team. Did you see that?-"What glasses?—Who do you play—What are all these band members doing here?—We want Goldie!-Are you drunk already?—Look at the brothers—Who's playing?—DON'T PASS GIRLS THROUGH THE CROWD—Who's got the ball?—DON'T PASS BOYS EITHER!—All the G.D. freshmen are stealing all the broads.—We want Goldie!—Watch out for the Goldie—Oh, man, Goldie!—Isn't this barbark?-Who's got the ball?—Send us a girl.—What do you mean we lost the game?—The G.D. freshmen are stealing all the girls.—Who's got the ball?—I wonder why we didn't win the game!—Yes, I wonder.

Frank B. Bippert

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Put The Blame Where It Belongs

"Agora, I have a question to ask. Why, when the Apollo was flying through the atmosphere, did it burn up?"

"Athena, how could the Apollo burn up when it went into the atmosphere, in the first place?"

"Euripides, that's not the question, you fool. How could it not burn up when it went into the atmosphere?"

"Oh, it's because the velocity of the spacecraft was too high, you oaf."

"How can we prevent this from happening in the future?"

"Well, we could reduce the velocity of the spacecraft, but that's not really practical."

"Why not?"

"Because the spacecraft would take too long to reach its destination."

"But what about the safety of the people on board?"

"We could use a heat shield, but that would add weight to the spacecraft, which could reduce its fuel efficiency."

"So what's the solution?"

"Well, we could use a combination of heat shields and aerodynamic design to reduce the heat load on the spacecraft."

"How does that work?"

"The heat shield absorbs the heat from the atmosphere, while the aerodynamic design reduces the surface area exposed to the atmosphere, which reduces the heat transfer."

"That sounds complex. Can't we just use a simpler solution?"

"We could use a simpler solution, but it wouldn't be as effective. We need to use the best technology available to ensure the safety of the passengers."

"Okay, I understand. But what about the cost?"

"The cost of the technology is a concern, but we need to prioritize safety over cost. We can always work to reduce costs in the future."

"I see. Thank you for your time, Mr. Engineer."

The Engineer nods and waves to the people on the street. He knows his job is important, but sometimes it feels overwhelming. Suddenly, a bright light appears on the horizon. The Engineer smiles, knowing that the spacecraft is approaching. He feels a sense of pride and accomplishment, knowing that he and his team made it possible for the passengers to reach their destination safely. He knows that his work is important, and that he has made a difference in people's lives.