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HERE SHALL THE KERNEL ALL STUDENTS RIGHTS MAINTAIN

J. "SUNNY" DAY, Editor-in-Chief
ARTHUR MUTH, Managing Editor

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving—what does it mean to us?

Thanksgiving is a day of praise, a moment when, turning from the wild, swirling rush that is humanity, a nation pauses, humble, to thank God for His blessings. It is a time of gladness, of praise, of peace. It is man's tribute to Divinity.

Thanksgiving is the period when families are reunited, when differences are forgotten and harsh feelings lost in the spirit of goodness, when greed is transcended by gratitude. It is the hour of love and mercy and tenderness. It is an act of compassion that soothes the tired heart and administers comfort to the suffering.

Thanksgiving is the day when served and servitor, rich and poor, sinner and saint, weak and strong, all bow in reverence to a greater force; when businesses are suspended and the work of men ceases; when the light of God shines brightest into the lives of mortal beings and we are led to a closer view of Him.

Thanksgiving is a holiday: schools close their doors; young men and young women dash for the freedom from restriction; they are happy, carefree, alive; they hasten to the welcome of home; they feast upon delicacies and are well-tended; they enter into the joyful, merry escapades that only youth can fashion; they are blessed. Can any one of them, any one of us, scorn Thanksgiving?

Thanksgiving—it does mean much to us.

OPEN DIPLOMACY

European powers, big and small, were asking each other yesterday, "Who are your allies?" One of the biggest questions that has enveloped war-scarred Europe in the last few months is whether this treaty is binding.

The result was a renewed attempt by one European statesman, at least, for recognition of one of Woodrow Wilson's noted 14 points, basis of settlement of the Versailles Treaty. Premier Benito Mussolini, who has more than once this year dispelled European war clouds, has urged the League of Nations to outlaw the secret commercial entente, and military agreements.

This movement, the first since Wilson acceded to the European demands during negotiations for the 1918 peace, may be the beginning of a new school of diplomacy. That there are arguments for such secret diplomatic maneuverings goes without saying—for mob psychology is still a problem.

But the many advantages of openly dickering for commercial support as well as support in arms reduction and navy control overcome this handicap. Japan may realize that to obtain naval parity with the United States, she must dicker not only with this country but England, as well. Germany might also realize by this open diplomacy that she is walled in by the powers surrounding her and must stop her nationalistic policies and become a part of the Central European bloc for internationalism.

Adoption of this important provision of Wilson's must become a reality in the next few months if the present European warfare is to be limited to words.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been active on the campus of the University of Kentucky for a great number of years and has had a worthwhile influence on the different student bodies. It now comes forward with a plan to reach an even greater number of students by the establishing of the Tuesday Luncheon club.

A number of the students that will be brought in contact with the organization in this manner could not be reached in any other way. Many of the ex-Hi-Y boys would be glad to take a part in W. M. C. A. find that with their

studies and various social activities they have not had the time to spare to attend meetings that have been provided for them by the "Y."

Now, through the Luncheon club students can meet and enjoy the programs and at no loss of time from their studies or other activities. It would be worth the time of every one who has the chance to avail himself of this opportunity.

JEST AMONG US

With Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers both off the air on Sunday nights now, maybe we can get some of those erring souls to church once in awhile.

Since this column is supposed to be written from an unprejudiced point of view, we will refrain from commenting on the recent ODK selection of pledges.

We have to be particularly careful in poking fun at people that we don't hurt the feelings of the wrong persons.

A certain nearby restaurant specializes in steaks that are mistakes, beans that are has-beens, bread that is ill-bred, peas that do not appease, and eggs that are extraordinary.

In the list of this year's ten best news stories just released, poor old Huey Long wasn't even a runner-up.

The enterprising Kernel reporter who designs to mix with campus organizations has one advantage—he can usually manage to put his name first in any story.

A Letter

P. O. Box 114
Galveston, Texas
November 21st

J. "Balmey" Day
Editor-in-Chief
The Kentucky Kernel
University of Kentucky
Lexington

Dear Sonny Boy:

After reading your TO YOU—which you should have set to the music of I LOVE ME—and your PREPARE FOR PEACE, I felt it my duty to let you know just how absolutely idiotic and childish you appear to be to an old graduate; but, being a Kentuckian, and flattering myself that I am a gentleman (one of the Kentucky Taylors, sub) I have decided that good taste would not allow me to take such a course of action; and I am merely overlooking the first editorial, and am allowing the SATURDAY EVENING POST to answer the second.

Remember me to Margie and Enoch, and tell them I think they must surely be ashamed of themselves for tolerating you in the department.

Best regards,
GEORGE F. TAYLOR, 24.

P. S. If you feel like getting insulted at this, don't. Instead, I suggest that you consult the annual for '34 or ask any of the old timers on the campus—they'll all tell you I'm crazy anyway.

And A Reply

Mr. George "Aged in-the-Wood" Taylor
Galveston, Texas

Dear Half Pint:

I cannot thank you sufficiently for your tremendous kind, considerate, and encouraging letter. I appreciate it all the more in that I can see that you are a man of precision and accurate observation by the manner in which you spell the name of our paper.

You must have been a guiding light on this campus in your day. There is no doubt in my mind but that you were a star member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet.

When I received your epistle, I took the liberty of reading it to the Ethics and Principles class—much to their enjoyment, needless to say. In fact it received a veritable ovation and one enthusiastic student proposed a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Taylor for his typical alumni spirit.

In all due modesty, however, I must not take all the credit for those editorials. I wrote the one headed TO YOU under protest after continued suggestion from Professor Grehan. PREPARE FOR PEACE was written by one of my associate editors, John St. John, with the express purpose of firing students to write in, in opposition, that we might have a basis for constructive argument.

Your letter offered another reason for rejoicing. Not having received due publicity concerning your accomplishments since you left school, we were afraid that you might be deceased. Now that we know that you are residing at P. O. Box 114, everybody is happy.

A Very Merry XMAS to you,
JOHN F. DAY, Editor.

The FERA is assisting nearly 100,000 young men and women to attend colleges this fall.

SCANDAL SNICKERINGS

By "Black Ike and his Misfortunate Stooges"

I've heard enough about our "erstwhile friend Girdler has deserted us for all weeks to come," as a way to open this column, so I'm gonna tell the awful truth. I'm writing this column to keep my own name out of it more than anything else. I'm a busy man, but my stooges get around a bit, and they tell me they know a thing or two—or three.

"Tongue-Tied Tim" comes to me with a long story about Chio Lucy Guerrant, but being as how he can't talk plain and has to make signs, I could only get the gist of the thing. It seems that Lucy, on a recent trip to Georgia, met her ideal man, and this time she's really gonna marry the guy—without the aid of Papa Guerrant's shotgun. Sigma Chi Edwin Faber, whose pin she has been lugging around for some time, is said to have given her quite a talking to the other night at the Chio house. Personally, I don't see that this had much kick coming—what about K. A. "Pop" Heady, and the Phi Delt from Duke—she had their pins before she took Erwin's. Looks like to me they should be able to get in a word edgewise.

"Pop Eyed Peri" says that Kappa Ida Greenleaf has lost a muff that she wants back. Ida doesn't remember where she lost it, but she says that if the person will return it, she won't ask any questions—that is if the finder won't do any quizzing either. Now I ask you—ain't that fair? Come on now, you mug, give it back to the little girl—it's gonna be a long hard winter.

"Three-Legged Tom," one of my very best stooges, who covers a lot of ground on account of his leg advantage, says that Phi Delt pleb Joe Scholtz ain't doin' so good lately. It seems that he had a date with Sarah Slack last Friday, but she got a campus for Friday and Saturday nights. She and Joe and Kappa "Toddy" Borries were talking it over in Dunn's and Sarah remarked that the only thing she hated about the campus was the fact that she would miss the Kappa Sig dance Saturday night—Looks like Walkin' Papers to me, Joe.

"Grove in Bloom"

"Knock-Kneed Ned" wants me to warn all you boys concerning this little Mary Groves. Chio pledge, who is now a free woman, being as how she sent Delta Chi Jimmy Carroll's pin back on a calling card. She's dangerous enough as it is, but when Professor Farquhar gets through with her, she's really gonna be tough. He's teachin' her to "bloom." She is to quit smoking, get up at six every morning and walk five miles, eat raw eggs, go to bed at nine, and quit a lot of things I don't think you could do and live in "Pat" hall. After this routine the Professor says she'll begin to "bloom." Boy! if she's only budding now, what will it be then?

Nice Chaps!

It's hard to believe, but Sigma Chi Reynolds Faber and John Lawhead have taken up spinning. Oh, yes they have, too. Sometime last week they marched (after a fashion) into the Alpha Gam house, went upstairs to the top floor and got the old spinning wheel. According to the best of my knowledge they haven't taken it back yet, and "One-Eyed Pete" says they won't until they have finished a new suit apiece.

"Cautious Carl" ventures to say that even if Mary Andrews Persons will try anything once, there's one thing she won't do again, and that's trade licks with "Bob" Hess. It seems that the two agreed to trade licks with the paddle. Mary hit first, and as according to her nature, she put everything she had into it. Hard-hearted Hess thereupon forgot that she was a female and drove her through the wall. They tell that Mary is still picking the splinters out.

Chisler!

About all I could find out at the dance Saturday night was that even though Edna Evans is supposed to belong to S. A. E. Steeley, she still gets beautiful watches and things from Alumni Pikap "Ted" Cassidy on her birthday, which comes about this time of the year if I remember right.

One of my stooges reports that Sigma Chi Smathers says he is still going with Tri Delt pledge "Sis" Tate, but one of the other boys tells me somebody is wrong, because "Sis" said that it wasn't so.

"Big-Eyed Henrietta" says that the Kappa's are all wet if they think none of the little pledges haven't been pinned as yet. She says she knows one who lives in "Pat" Hall who wears a Sigma badge somewhere under her dress (she won't tell where) and the girl isn't a freshman. Over in Boyd the same thing has happened—this time it's a Kappa Sig pin, and the little dame has wicked eyes. If I tell any more I'll have to tell their names, and both of these guys are bigger than I am.

Yoo-Hoo, Howard!

Frank Fowler, Guignol director, says that as a rule he usually prefers brunette boys to blonds, but this Howard Smathers really gets him. Howard had the lead in the last play.

She Can Take It!

My personal nomination for the

most persistent young lady on this campus goes to little "Lizzy" Redd, the perpetual Chio pledge, who just won't quit. When she started after Bob Gaitskill she weighed around 150 pounds, now she is a mere shadow of her former self. Bob says that she is his shadow, too. Chio Jean Allen now weighs around 107.

We feel that we owe an apology to Sigma Chi Bill Dawson. He didn't like the manner in which his singing of "Lost in a Fog" was taken in. It was when he was being sewed up that the singing occurred, and that only after his joy at discovering that his sister and the other members of the accident were all right. Bill, at the time, was full of morphine. We were sorry about this Bill, and I'm serious you mugs.

This is something else I found out myself. Mary Armstrong Elliot, transfer from Transylvania, decided to put her cards on the table with "Cat" Buckner, law student and K. A. from Virginia State. She put 'em on the table all right—the whole deck, but "Cat" refused to take a card and the trick didn't work. It's all over now, except that Bruce Shepherd don't know much about cards. He might draw, Mary.

So long, you rats and ratsies. If my stooges don't all get killed, we'll be back soon. Of course, I'm not responsible for what gets in here you know—I'm just a rewrite man. Sure 'nuff.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

By CAPEL McNASH

John Franklin Day is his name, and because he has red hair, a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor, people call him "Sunny." He was born in Flemingsburg, Kentucky, in 1913, and is Editor-in-Chief of the Kentucky Kernel, president of the Men's Student Council, a member of Omicron Delta Kappa, Strollers, Guignol, Sigma Delta Chi, Pan-Pollikon, and was associate editor of the 1934 Kentuckian.

Sunny belongs to A. T. O. fraternity, and for three years tooed a trombone in the band. He is English-Dutch by descent, and his favorite desert is charlotte russe—the delicacy J. F. D. finds easy to eat but hard to spell.

Sunny thinks Glen Grey's orchestra is about the best, and dancing, tennis, and swimming are his favorite pastimes. He is exceedingly fond of dogs and has no objection to snakes, but doesn't like dumb girls with slushy lines, and when a bit younger was always getting in bad for shooting the and on....

LITERARY

Conducted by DOROTHY WHALEN

We have met "The" Jesse Stuart and we are completely under the spell of his lovely poetry. Without a doubt a dozen roses should be awarded to Chi Delta Phi in bringing about such a gigantic coup. He talked about his book, "Man With the Bull-Tongue Plow," with such sincerity and honesty that every one, whether they liked his poetry or not, listened and marveled that one so young could express himself so plainly yet so truly. His ideas are clean-cut and very simple, but he has such a power of color that they are symbolic of great poetry. He is extremely young, very enthusiastic, but modest, and quite original.

Jesse Stuart is on his way to the top. Many of us will look back and say "I met him when."

Shattered Rhapsody

It was cool along the lakeside drive, and the wind was strong. Slanting rays of the autumn sun fell among the dry, scattered leaves in the park, and glanced on the yellowing grass. The few benches under the bare trees were empty, and the broad expanse of sand to the left was wet and untracked, except where the receding waves left thin lines of foam on its surface.

Lawrence Hunt walked slowly, his hands clenched in his overcoat pockets and his chin in his scarf. The automobiles on the boulevard moved past in an unbroken line, but he walked on, unheeding. Occasionally his foot crushed a leaf which had blown from the park across the drive. Lawrence wondered, vaguely, how the leaf had escaped crushing under the speeding, relentless wheels of the traffic. Escape from wheels, only to be crushed by a careless boot. He pressed his lips together, and raised his head. He was surprised to find that his eyes were full of

neighbors' cats. His ambition is to write for newspapers and magazines and perhaps teach in a university. In fact for the past three summers Professor Day has been teaching Fleming county lads their ABC's in one of those little "one-room jobs," as he calls them.

Sunny has lived in Iowa, Arkansas, and Ohio, but prefers the South, and especially Kentucky. He is frequently seen with Bettie Bosworth and thinks she is "the sweetest."

The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to Sunny occurred at a church wedding last spring. It seems he was singing "I Love You Truly" as a solo, when he inhaled one of the files that was hovering near some adjacent flowers. The song ended abruptly, but Sunny's embarrassment lingered on getting in bad for shooting the and on....

cluster of light far down in the city. An automobile flashed past him with its triumphant head lamps, leaving him in darkness until another blazed down the driveway. Lawrence turned his back to the lake and walked across to the park. Here he sat on a cold, wet bench, deep in the grass, and lay his hat on the ground. The wind was becoming cold, now, but on his hot forehead it was refreshing, and Lawrence lay his head back against the rough bark of a tree and closed his eyes. A flurry brushed damp leaves about his ankles, but he did not move.

Presently, out of the darkness, a figure moved into the circle of light under the street-lamp on the corner, and her shadow moved across Lawrence's face. He opened his eyes and looked at her, calmly. She did not speak, or turn, and after a little, Lawrence's eyes moved beyond her, across the wide boulevard with its chains of light, to the flat, dark surface of the lake. There was only a thin line, now, to separate sky and water, and soon there would be only the blackness of a void. The man shuddered, and turned back to the silent figure under the street-light. His eyes rested on her wonderingly, questioningly, and then wandered down to his white clasped hands.

He was forty-one. Forty-one. In ten more years, those fingers would be limp and colorless. And now, while they were strong, he was so helpless. Helpless to use them, to give his strength to a creation of his own. He felt the rage of a hunted animal whose last pathway is blocked. But then the shadow moved again, and left Lawrence's face in the light. He looked up at her, and smiled.

—HELEN

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