

The Kentucky Kernel

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Member
Lexington Board of Commerce
National College Press Association
Kentucky Intercollegiate Press Association
International News Service

A member of the Major College Publications, represented by A. J. Norris Hill Co., 185 E. 42nd St., New York City; 123 W. Madison St., Chicago; 1064 2nd Ave., Seattle; 1031 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Call Building, San Francisco.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON

HERE SHALL THE KERNEL ALL STUDENTS RIGHTS MAINTAIN

NORMAN C. GARLING, Editor-in-Chief
FRANK BOHRER, Managing Editor
SAO KASH, Asst. Managing Editor

OHIANS REAL SPORTS

For the second time in the last eleven days Kentucky has crossed the border of the sister state of Ohio to engage in athletic contest with representative men of that great commonwealth, and both times has returned with the positive conviction that they had met and either conquered or been conquered by real sportsmen.

The football game that the Wildcats played with Xavier, in which they came off with a comfortable balance to their credit upon the gridiron, and at which time they enjoyed a reception by representatives of a great and forward looking university was not one whit less gratifying than that which the Wildcats enjoyed in Ohio State's magnificent stadium last Saturday afternoon.

The fact that Ohio State is fortunate in the possession of a football machine that stands as a threat against any other contender for the American championship, lent serious and dramatic purpose to the contest between Ohio State and Kentucky.

Not many times, if ever, has Kentucky met a manlier, cleaner, more sportsmanlike team, nor a finer, nor friendlier body of men composing its coaching staff; and if it may be said without the possibility of being successfully denied that the Ohio people gather in their great stadium with the intention of giving Kentucky every meed of praise that was her due. Indeed when outstanding plays were made by the "Fighting Wildcats" they received as unstinted applause from advocates of the Buckeyes as they received from their own fellow citizens gather in the stands. We are told that at the close of the game these stalwart young, clean sportsmen of the Ohio squad gathered about the "Fighting Wildcats" and congratulated them upon their great battle.

This is sportsmanship of the type which stirs the heart of the true Kentuckian, and THE KERNEL, official representative of the student body, desires to acknowledge their gratefulness for the treatment and courtesies our boys received in a gridiron contest, destined to go down in history as a great one, and in memory as an occasion not soon to pass from the recollection of those who witnessed that hard fought battle.

TRADITIONS OR STANDARDS

Despite the efforts of certain organizations and college officials to the contrary, Kentucky is getting away from traditions. In fact, colleges and universities all over the country are getting away from tra-

ditions. We have heard much about the value of historical tradition in building spirit and love for the old Alma Mater, but the trend away from traditions to standards has continued and there has not been a noticeable change in the loyalty of the graduate and the undergraduate to his or her institution. Therefore the time has come for retrospect as to what has caused such a change and whether it is for the better.

Before one enters college he hears much talk about this and that traditional affair—such as the serenading of the coeds at midnight, the early rising to witness the tapping for Eta Beta Pi, honorary for whoozis etc. We hear of how the graduate leaves college with remote memories of ivy-covered walls, shady walks, babbling brooks etc. There are traditions ever present which bring tears to the old grad's eyes and haunt him with hallowed memories of days gone by.

But today we have no more of this. Perhaps it is because of the age's general tendency towards "de-bunking". Perhaps it is the thirst for something new, but rather we should say that it represents a general change from traditions to standards.

Such a change does not necessarily mean the abandoning of all customary functions, but it does imply the abandoning of those which are carried on simply because of useless tradition. We have all heard "My dad used to do that in '08" or "My aunt was chairman of the committee for that in '05" etc., and many traditions have been carried through the years for just such sentimental reasons.

Times have changed. No longer do we find the college graduate a hallowed article which is to be revered when he "cries over the initials on his pipe or chants the songs of dear old Siwash". Today the college graduate must constitute a well-trained, efficient machine which can produce something of value when called upon. The mere fact that he went to college in no longer sufficient to throw the world at his feet.

Thus inevitably we find that traditions are on the way out and standards are on the way in. We still witness a few traces of foolishness, but in a few years, even these will have gone. Those few traditions which are practical will remain but those which have been retained for the sake of "pure love of the past" will fade into oblivion. And so we say "hurrah" for the new deal in college life—the replacing of traditions by standards.

MAN OF DESTINY

"Italy! Italy! Entirely and universally Fascist", rang the words of Mussolini throughout the world as he called his subjects to battle last week. Why shouldn't the modern dictator crave the noise of battle? The chaos, injustice, and disillusion resulting from the last war boosted him to power. He is in his glory.

The times made Mussolini and Hitler. Both possess the necessary qualities for utilizing a political, social, and economic breakdown. Mussolini, immutable as the rock of Gibraltar, handsomely dramatic, and Napoleonic in make-up, is the child of expediency.

A master of emotions, Il Duce can so dramatize his routine life as to create a response of awe and fear. That he has a faculty for administration no one can deny. A better Italy is his goal, if he himself can ride the crest of the wave.

Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, all built empires and established ef-

ficient legal systems but they had to stifle the liberty of their subjects to do it. Pity the man who possesses the qualities necessary to lead his people out of confusion and misery but who lacks the foresight or hindsight to interpret history.

Italy is over-populated and economically sick. All Europe suffers from the disastrous World War and its even more disastrous peace terms. Other nations got more from the peace pot than Italy. But another war cannot successfully settle the difficulties in question. It can only plunge the nations deeper into the abyss of economic and political ruin.

Until the leaders of men can give mankind the fruits of their wisdom without taking blood and freedom in return, we must expect a continuance of the cycle. The greatest of leaders tried to do this almost 2,000 years ago, that is, to build an empire on such principles as love and fair play. He did not use coercion but reason; he was not glamorous but humble; and he had to die in order to leave even the nucleus of his empire. And until this empire impresses its statesmanship upon the empires of the world, we will constantly fight.

TRIBUTE TO WEEKLIES

Some of the late Will Rogers' philosophic and humorous paragraphs will go down in literary history as masterpieces. And perhaps one of the finest of these is his tribute to the "home town paper," one of his last writings.

"Take away my ham, take away my eggs, even chili," said Will, "but leave me my newspaper. Even if it has such purely local news as 'Jim Jones came home last night unexpectedly, and bloodshed ensued' or 'Jesse Bushyhead, or local MD, is having one of the best years of his career, practically speaking—but they just won't pay him when they get well,' the county seat was packed yesterday with prominent people from out of town, attempting to renew their notes' and 'election ain't far off and everybody is up for office that can sign an application blank.'"

"Now all that don't seem much news to you. But it is news to you, especially when you know the people and they are your own folks. So no matter how punk you may think your local newspaper is getting, why just take it away from you and see how you feel. The old newspaper, I think, is just about our biggest blessing. So let's all read and be merry for tomorrow the paper may not have enough ads to come out."—Journal-Democrat, De Pere, Wis.

Hoi Polloi

By BOB HESS

Well, here we are back in good ole Lexington after a glorious week-end in Columbus. And it's mighty good to be back where not only weather is warmer, but the people are warmer.

This talk of moral victory may be a lot of bunk, but if ever a moral victory was scored, Kentucky scored it against Ohio State Saturday.

It is our contention that the many Kentuckians who wore themselves out yelling during the game were the proudest people in all the world after that game. Our boys were in there fighting every minute giving all they had. That team out there representing the state that has more colonels than Ohio State University has students, had the

night and day

By ENGY

Most of this was observed in Columbus. Did you go? Every one that did seemed to have had one grand time. Ohio State was lucky to defeat Kentucky. Two breaks gave them the victory. The sickening rides on the elevators in the Neil House. The conglomeration of ATO's in the Neil House night club on Friday night. Phi Delt's were also well represented. The cute singer with the orchestra there. Every stag in the place tried to get a date with her. The Pan Hel meeting in the Neil House bar. Those represented were SAE, Phi Gam, Phi Delt, Sigma Chi. What a crew. The crowd in the Ionian Room of the Deshler-Wallick, Saturday at noon. The uncomfortable ride to and from the game. Did you notice the condition of the Neil House lobby about 2 o'clock Sunday morning. The masses of people on the street about 5 o'clock Saturday morning. The many persons who had the jitters Saturday. Crooked streets of Columbus. The loyal Ohioans who were giving 50 points on the Scarlet and Gray team.

The long ride back. The many aching heads. Drug stores did a good business Sunday morning. The potency of the whiskey sours in the Neil House. The many Ohio people who were sore because they did not defeat Kentucky by a larger score. How high the press box was above the playing field. The compliments of the New York reporters on the Wildcats. Looks like Johnson will be an All-American. How much the Kentuckians out-cheered the Ohioans. Eighty-six fraternities and sororities on the Ohio State campus. The many traffic jams. The Alumni headquarters. Who did not see them. How they played the Ohio State song in the State Restaurant after playing "My Old Kentucky Home".

How bad people looked Sunday morning. Tomato juice was the life saver. Alka Seltzer and Bromo got a big play too. The sandwiches and hot chocolate served in the press box between halves were certainly delicious. The number of high school buses on the Ohio campus. How would you like to go to school there. Fraternity and sorority houses seem to be forty miles from the campus. It was quite breezy for those who had to ride in rumble seats. How proud UK students are of their Wildcats. What will we do to Georgia Tech next Saturday. Heard the scandal writer had his ears and eyes open while in Columbus. The finest spirit that we have ever seen on the gridiron.

We have a fine bunch of boys that make up a fine team, and we are anxious to let the world know that we are proud of them.

Squibs from Columbus

Georgia Turnpseed phoned "Peck" Tanner all the way from Virginia. It must have been important, for they talked about seven minutes. Bill Heath was with Dot Curtis, as usual. Billy Spicer, who escorted Midge Wheeler to the game, took Midge to her room about ten o'clock Saturday night, and then proceeded to stag it. Was it five or seven crown, Billy? Figure this one out. By merely sliding under a door, Louis "Slurp" Brock saved six boys thirty cents. J. Franklin Wallace was cavorting around the lobby of the Neil House with a keen looking little gal just half his size. Dos Ried and Helen Young had their usual argument. Nancy Quicksall and Mary Lillian "Bright-Eyes" Sellers were escorted to the Grill of the Deshler-Wallick with eleven young men Saturday night. "Garfish" Staples waited around the lobby of the Neil House for Nell Craik about two hours Saturday morning. She finally arrived with Phil McGee. Nice of you, Phil. A tall, dark, and handsome lad planted a smacker on the luscious lips of Frances Woods in front of 56,000 people in the stadium. Who signed their name as Louie Jackobs in the register of the Port Hayes Hotel in order to beat the bill? The Deshler-Wallick Grill was lousy with Kappas. Phoebe Ellis

with two elderly gentlemen in the D-W Grill; dinner and champagne. Liddy Finley courting Anna Bain Hillenmeyer. Wonder where Bruce "Stinke" Davis was. Boucher, Beltz, and Dye, Ohio State backs, said that Nevers was one of the toughest men that they have ever encountered. After the game Dye fussed about the poke in the kisser that Red Symphon had delivered. Caroline Sparks nearly went crazy when "Double-O" McMillan did so fine during the melee. Saturday night, Williams, Ohio State's sophomore whisk-o-wind, said that Davis and Johnson were about the best he had ever seen. You're tellin' us?

The Roses

Here you are, Betsy Allen. A beautiful bouquet of roses all for you, because you are one of the keenest girls that the Chios pledged this year. Those Chios are certainly bragging about the fact that they hooked those pledge ribbons

on such a cute little girl. Yep, Betsy, you'll make them a fine girl, and congratulations.

Trapeze Again
Last week, "Shotgun" Wedding was hanging by his toes from the bar that holds the shower curtain in the KA bathroom. His toes slipped, and down went "Shotgun". But what were the details of the fall, fellow?

We Saw
At exactly 5:40 p. m. Wednesday, in front of Dunn's, we caught Chikkey Penn and Julia Maryfield getting in a little smooching. It must be love, Chickey, and ain't love grand? But you might try the little road that leads into McVey Hall from the south. It's might private when Kelly, the kampus kop, isn't around.

Floating Power
The Sigchi boys told us one on Pren Douglas. Pren was sitting around a sorority house with a Greekette, so the s'ory goes. All of the sudden, the girl ups and says, "Frenny, dear, do you want to kiss me now or wait five minutes?" If anyone can tell us who the girl is, please give us a ring at 4234.

Cracker Eating
It was on a dark and cloudy night, SAE Bill Dawson walked into the pantry at the KD house. Clip! The light went on, and lo and behold, there was C. T. Hertzsch in a corner with—we don't have to say who. We have you there, C. T. You can't play bridge in the dark, you know. Dawson ate crackers too!

Dripings from the Quill
Tom Clower and his passion, Harriet Lancaster, had better not take Flem "Water-Bottle" Congleton to the Club Joy on Sunday night anymore. Flem just can't make his Monday morning classes after an evening spent in the company of Tom and Harriet. Rosie Clinkscals is going to make the perfect band sponsor. Lou Henegan is taking Italian just in case. He claims that he is being solicited to become chief-of-staff of the army under that guy Benito. Some think that Mary Andrews, Pearson is still in circulation, but it appears that Waddy Platt still has the edge on you fellows. Jean Short's new nickname is "Jennie". Barbara Wiley, when asked if she had fallen in love yet, said, "I have to have myself just smothered with attention before I will fall in love." Louie "Slurp" Brock seems to be doing a pretty good job, don't you think, Barb? Who was the keen blonde that Bill Holster was seen escorting from his apartment late one night last week? 'Tis rumored that Buck Ewing went home last week-end to see a little home town girl.

How 'bout you, Virginia Ferguson? We wonder who the filly in the Miner Apartments is that has the Lambdachs g-g-ga. Although "Engy" gripes about the rotten service in Dunn's, we notice that he goes there plenty. Engy is certainly courting a swell blonde, but he simply won't introduce anyone to her. Little Audery just laughed and laughed when a frosh known as Emer Mullins walked away from Martha Ammerman at the frosh "mixer" Wednesday afternoon, leaving Martha standing in the middle of the floor all alone. Nate Elliot is beginning to worry about Nancy Dyer. Yep, none other than Bob Davis has been showing Nancy some attention.

"Short-weight" Westbrook, pride of the chain stores, has opened his soft drink stand in the west end of the gym for the second year and dispensing drinks to the thirsty dancers. Watch your change, folks!

Where's George?

—gone to...
GRAVES-COX

George knows the ropes, don't worry about that. He has just dropped into Graves-Cox for an Arrow regimental club stripe necktie at \$1.00.

ATTENTION CO-EDS!!

Y.W.C.A. MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN
Tues., Wed., Thurs.,
October 8, 9, 10
SIGN UP NOW AT:
Woman's Building
Residence Halls
Sorority Houses

EASY WAY TO WAKE UP IN THE MORNING ...AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

RISING SUN (A) THROWS BEAM THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS (B) WHICH LIGHTS FUSE SETTING OFF CANNON (C) WHICH BLOWS HUNGRY PARROT (D) ON TO PERCH. PARROT EATS CRACKER (E) SEPARATING ROPE RELEASING WEIGHT (F) ON FOOT OF BED (G) WHICH CATAPULTS STUDENT INTO PANTS (H) — P.S. ON CLOUDY MORNINGS SIT UP THE NIGHT BEFORE

I MADE A SURVEY — PRINCE ALBERT IS THE SMOKE THAT'S MILD, COOL, LONG-BURNING IT'S THE TOP

AMERICA'S FAVORITE!
MADE UNDER A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT TAKES OUT ALL "BITE" CRIMP-CUT, SLOW-BURNING, MILD AND MELLOW! JUST TRY "P.A." AND YOU, TOO, WILL CALL IT "THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE"

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

FROM STONE TO STEEL

THOUSANDS of years ago, a skin-clad workman pounded away with a cobblestone on a slab of hard rock. In a few years, that slab might be passably square and smooth.

Today, busy machines, supervised by trained workmen, pare off crisp, curling ribbons from whirling blocks of steel, as one would unwind ribbon from a spool, shaping the metal to a thousand purposes — to an accuracy within a few ten-thousandths of an inch.

CARBOLOY — a modern tool material developed by General Electric research — has made possible this speed, this precision. It cuts materials hitherto unworkable — cuts faster and holds its edge longer than steel tools — can be run at red heat without losing its temper.

CARBOLOY is only one of the contributions made to improved industrial processes by G-E research — research that has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar earned for General Electric.

GENERAL ELECTRIC