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THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

SENIOR ISSUE
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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1941

NUMBER 62

Reorganization Is Declared

"Mild Bill" McGuffey To Lead Puppet State

New President Will Rule With 'A Big Stick'

His Excellency Herr ("Mild Bill") McGuffey, new head of the reorganized UKadial government, intimated today in an interview with Karnal representatives that he would rule "with a long stick."

"I will talk softly, but carry a 18-inch stick behind my back," declared the new potentate, whose hobby is raising championship cows. "Only such laws as will be necessary will be put in force. In all things we will try to conform to the principles of our Fuehrer (Heil Hohenson)."

He indicated that the entire campus would be placed under military surveillance to see that the "18-inch rule" is enforced. This will mean that "All citizens will be forbidden to approach each other closer than 18 inches, under penalty of death or exile."

Sources close to the government intimated that some of the buildings would be moved further apart to conform to this ruling.

"Rooms in the dormitories, in particular, are shamefully close to each other," he said.



No, damnit, you leggo!

"Other," one official declared, "Steps other" was added immediately to move them the required distance apart. This was interpreted as a general movement for greater distance between all things. Classrooms will be moved apart; students will be parted from their money; the 18-inch stride in walking and running will be advocated; and the old-fashioned 12-inch ruler will be replaced by the new officially approved McGuffey 18-inch ruler."

When queried as to the ancient UKadial custom of "courting," authoritative sources threw up their little fingers in horror. (Heil Hohenson) and exclaimed, "NEVER."

"Courtin is OUT," they explained, when pressed for deciphering details. "Marriage will henceforth be engineered by the state (Heil Hohenson) and couples will be mated in accordance with acceptance principles of blood and thunder."

"Shotguns will be of no avail, it was indicated, since the state is an inviolable thing and not vulnerable, as in bridge. All marriages will be supervised by the state."

PFann Danz Praises Recital Of Modern Prance Club

'Com'on Over Boys' Says Karnal Dance Kritik

By PFANN DANZ
Kernel Critic

Illustrating seven devious periods of prancing the Modern Prance Club, or Dance club to you conventionalists, opened its third annual recital last night before a terrific audience in the Guignol theater, with the permission of Frank Powell.

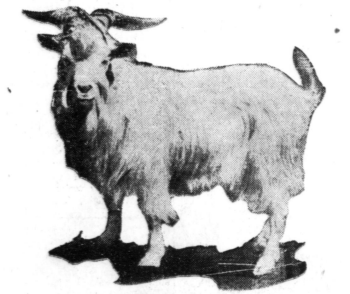
The marathon, which had the audience in the aisles on numerous occasions, will continue tonight, and if you want to see the most graceful, delightful, odious dancing then get the hell over there tonight and give the dames a break.

The first part of the program showed the revolution of the dance through Primitive, Greek, Roman, early Middle Ages and late Middle Ages style, besides Classical, Romantic and modern rag-cutting. (Bug supplied by Wireless.)

Dance studies ranged from solar movements to interpretations of Hell, and these made up the second part of the program. Other studies given were the High and low, illustrating the bar-room and gutter period of the American dance, Kentucky moon rhythm of Sweet Evening winds and after the spring Miss Enila Hippo read the studies of poetry and movement.

The recital, sponsored by the Aid-to-Britain club and the Physical Eradication Department was given by twelve dames, all members of the club. Come in and see it before you go to the snary.

Andrew Sea is a swove. I am a filler. I fill up little spaces like this. I am a filler. I am made to fill up those spaces about as big as this which are not large enough for anything else. I am a pretty little filler. Ain't I the cutest thing you ever saw?



McGUFFEY AND PET

Bill stepped out to look for his stick. For other pix of new president see page 63.

Fuehrer Has No Designs On University High School

Herr (Mild Bill) McGuffey said in an unensored dispatch to The Karnal late last night, that he had no evil designs against University high school, at least for the time being.

"Anybody who has the long nerve to think I'd put a finger on those little twerps can go and &*&*&," said the new Fuehrer of UKadia, "as he belted his lieutenants." "In the first place, they're not worth a &*&*& in, and in the second place, I've got to concentrate on ridding the big grab UKadia, of all the radical elements. Boy oh boy, is that going to be juicy."

"And don't quote me on this, either, but just between you and me, what I said about not taking U-High into protective custody is a lot of &*&*&."

Herr (Mild Bill) McGuffey reiterated his peaceful intentions toward the little UKadia province, and then thumbed his nose at President Patterson's snarls. To the surprise of everybody, the statue came to life and saluted as Herr (Mild Bill) McGuffey passed by and bystanders distinctly heard Ole Patt say, "Thank God, he'll be going to the army soon."

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Initial Attempt At Reorganization

ASU, BSU, SUB, SGA, ASCE, ASME, ASEE, YMCA, SIA, YWCA, ROTC, PTA, BMOC, WAA, NYA, CAA, OGPU, ODK Get The Axe

The ASU, BSU, SUB, SGA, ASCE, ASME, SIA, ODK, BMOC, WAA, OGPU, NYA, CAA, and PTA were reorganized with blitzkrieg rapidly last night in the new-prexy McGuffey's initial shake-up of UK groups.

"These organizations had to go POQ," said Able C. McGuffey, cousin of the president and new Alpha-Delta Director, "because they weren't carrying out their functions to the letter. When I begin, things will be OK. They will function perfectly."

"What the hell," he said in conclusion, "We'll all be in the AEP soon enough anyhow."

SEAT OF PANTS BURNED IN FIRE

Blaze Blamed For Senate Kill

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity, fire which started in a waste basket from a five-toy a-nickle cigar burned the seat of the University Senate late last night by observers.

The committee consisted of Dean T. T. Bones, Blitzfuehrer Herr (Mild Bill) McGuffey, Dr. Frank L. McSway, belated Fuehrer, and Soldat Hohenson.

"The committee returned a report which said a fire similar to that with which they destroyed the Reichstag, burned the seat of the Senate's pants out completely. As the Senate had only one pair of pants, the committee deemed it expedient to abolish the whole damned thing and in its place set up the iron-hand blitzkrieg body which is expected to 'give the blitz,' to everybody 'Confidentially' said the committee, "this whole thing was all planned, of course. Things don't blow by themselves, all. But for the public, we'll say a cheap cigar started it. They're all going in the army anyhow."

The Deluxe models autographed by President McGuffey himself, are priced at 75 cents. Come in and get hooked, you'll be going into the army anyhow."

Flunkouter Declares Sea To Be Swoose

Confirming rumors which had been circulating throughout the journalism department for several weeks, Dr. W. D. Flunkouter, campus grave-digger yesterday completed an investigation to determine the identity of Andrew M. Sea.

"These analyses," Doctor Flunkouter announced, "prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Sea definitely is a swoose."

"In fact," he added, "he is a very rare specimen of swoose. He belongs to a fauna known as 'Flashbush pinballus outing-dubius' intergroup, an extremely scarce variety found only in the Upper Volta region of Or Peloponnesus Peninsula."

Other unusual qualities were found in Sea, Doctor Flunkouter added, such as sponges seaweed, the keys to Davy Jones' locker, and the bulk of the H.M.S. Zambian.

"Sea is indeed an extraordinary delegate," Flunkouter jibbered a few seconds before he fainted dead away.

A. Slyde Roole Wins Contest

A Slyde Roole, engineering senior, has been awarded first prize in the national Prix de Rome competition, according to word received here t'rusday direct from Benito Mussolini, judge of the contest.

Roole's winning entry was a modern design for an emblem to be placed in the circular space over the entrance of LeFeyrer hall, local liar's headquarters.

The emblem consists of a privy mounted on a truck. On the privy door is cut a star and a half-moon, and under the intricate work appears the inscription: "The Star Chamber, Now Sitting in Libelation."

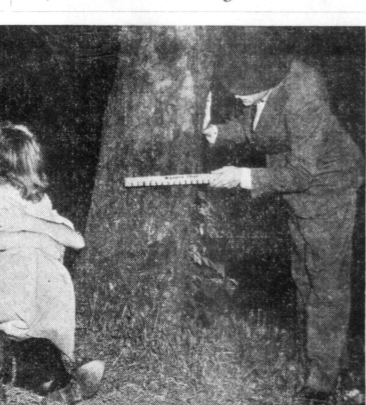
Here Ye!

This issue is written and published by the senior class of the Journalism Department, and any similarity to The Kernel, either living or dead, is purely etc., etc., etc.

Anyone who takes seriously anything said in this issue is a three-legged nannycot and ought to be struck down with lightning rapidity.

(Signed)
THE J'LISTM 'S'RS

UKadia Made Puppet State By Frankenfurt Fuehrer



A GUY, A GAL—AND THE GESTAPO

Although the new Bureau of Public Enlightenment says, "nix on pix like this," an alert Karnal photographer caught these innocent victims of circumstance (?) as they were intercepted by one of McGuffey's Gestapo men (bossoon) who is about to "take their measure" with that most rigorous of all rules, the dreaded McGuffey stick—on sale at the bookstore (ads).

President Promises UKadia New Field House, Out-House



ARTIST'S DREAM New fieldhouse

UKadia will not only get the long-awaited fieldhouse, but also an ultra-modern, movable, all-purpose out-house. His Excellency Herr ("Mild Bill") McGuffey declared last night when cornered by a Karnal newswoman in the shower room of the Women's gymnasium.

"The plans for both edifices already have been drafted and construction will begin as soon as Der Fuehrer Hohenson puts his thumbprint on the documents, the new head of the reorganized UKadial government, said. "Any you can (Continued on Page 4, honest)

Conrad Massacres Foliage With His Iddy Biddy Hatchet



'HONEST JAWN' CONRAD AND TREE

"Too long has the youth of Kentucky..."

"Honest Jawn" Conrad, deposed president of the Interfraternity council and unofficial god of the Phi Tau chapter, was yesterday named by campus police as the person guilty of destroying 27 trees and six hydrangea bushes in the Botanical Gardens last Tuesday night.

Conrad, who confessed after a brief questioning during which he began hacking his way through the foliage. By the time police apprehended him, twenty minutes later he had cut his way through an area 30 by 25 yards square, was just starting on the stone wall behind the convalescent building.

Unable to control his anger he smashed beer bottles, Phi Taus slatted and began hacking his way through the foliage. By the time police apprehended him, twenty minutes later he had cut his way through an area 30 by 25 yards square, was just starting on the stone wall behind the convalescent building.

"And may I say," Conrad spat as officers dragged him away kicking "to the city hall, 'that I have no regrets if anything, I am proud for I have become a martyr."

"On his way to prison he attempted to recruit four of the police force for his crusade, but was silenced by Officer Kelly, who administered a sharp rap over the head with a rubber mallet."

Plumberschtuken Will Purge Tonight

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity, Herr Kneel Plumberschtuken, the new Minister of Propaganda of UKadia, disclosed today that he had invited members to the newly-created Dienst Aus Deutschland to his home for dinner tonight.

The Karnal learned from authoritative sources that Herr Plumberschtuken had a "blood purge" in mind, similar to the recent Roehm incident.

Plumberschtuken's attitude toward UKadial journalism was well summed up in a recent speech he gave in which he said: "Der Ministry of Public Enlightenment is sick of sticking its neck out. We refuse to take any further responsibility for the comments of the padlocked press. After all you can see our viewpoint, can't you?"

"And besides," he added as an afterthought, "What are you beefin' about? They're in the army soon anyhow."

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their mother's old and weak.

DEMOCRATIC SENATE OUSTED

At 5:45 a. m. Daylight Wasting Time today the forces of UKadia laid down their arms and capitulated to the blitz army of Frankenfurt. The surrender came after the UKadial Imperial Senate announced its abdication "in the interest of the future welfare of the nation."

Within the hour, His Excellency, Herr (call me Huey) Hohenson, supreme commander of the Kyian empire, declared the reorganization completed between Frankenfurt and UKadia, and named His Excellency, Herr ("Mild Bill") McGuffey president of the new puppet state, replacing the ousted Senate.

To assist Herr McGuffey in his administration, Der Frankenfurt appointed Herr Herman (Pinch-penny) Peterschtuken as Minister of Finance, and Herr Kneel Plumberschtuken as Minister of Propaganda.

From his palace in das Frankenfurt, Der Fuehrer explained that the new regime was designed only to defend UKadia from its "radical, treacherous leaders."

The old UKadial administration, he said, had been "inefficient, cumbersome, and based on 'dispicable democratic principles.' A united Kyian empire, he explained, will be more efficient, more glorious, more lucrative, more profitable, and much more."

It fell upon the UKadial people's ears that the UKadial people's new government, and had, indeed, circulated petitions asking for the return of their Senate. Der Fuehrer (Heil Hohenson) muttered, "Oh what the hell, they're all going in the army anyhow."

Sources close to the government indicated that the new UKadial administration would dictate all future policies.

"The absurd belief that the people should have any voice in their own government is an outworn communist tradition instigated by the radical groups which dominated the old UKadial empire," one official declared. "They have been aided in this work of deception by the radical groups which were connected directly from Communist headquarters in MeVey hall."

"We are ready to rid the race of its 'red' revolters," another official proclaimed. "We will no longer tolerate such preachings of Marxian theories which was allowed under the 'our' watchword must henceforth be 'Heil Hohenson, Heil Seele, Heil McGuffey, Kyanland ever alleys and ein Lebensraum in every garage."

TWO STUDENTS ARE ARRESTED

Said to Be 'Locked In Illegal Embrace'

Caught open-handed (see picture) in the UKadial forest openly violating the 18-inch rule, two students were arrested late last night as the first violators and will undoubtedly become martyrs.

Officials "Searchlight" Kellyschutken and "Hawkeye" Blandinghoff, who caught the criminals in their distasteful embrace notwithstanding they had secured a written confession from the culprits, of course.

"They will undoubtedly be punished as a public example for the rest of the empire," Kellyschutken declared.

"And they ought to be ashamed of themselves," interrupted Blandinghoff, sticking her nose in as usual. "They are a disgrace to the campus, the state, and our Fuehrer (Heil Hohenson)."

According to the evidence submitted the two students, whose sex and identity was not disclosed, were locked in illegal embrace notwithstanding the decree of Der Fuehrer. And, in addition, they were found to be of un-Eryanian blood and could produce no certificate of Licentious license."

When interviewed by Karnal reporters in their padded cells today, the criminals declared, "What the hell do we care, were 'out in the army anyhow."

This Is On The Level!

There will be a meeting of all members of the graduating class, in Memorial Hall on Monday, May 28, at 4 p.m., for the purpose of reviewing the commencement production which was conducted by Dr. Leo M. Chamberlain, registrar.

It is urgent that all members of the class be present. Doctor Chamberlain said President Cooper will preside, and the Deans of the several colleges and Colonel Donnelly, head of the military science department, will assist with the program.

The junior students of Jewell hall will entertain for the Jewell hall seniors with a breakfast at 9:30 a.m. Sunday at the Ashland Country Club. The breakfast, traditional annual affair, will be characterized by a military motif. Transportation will be furnished, with cars leaving the dormitory at 8:00 o'clock.

German club picnic - meet 4:30 Saturday in administrative building. All visitors to attend please sign up in the administration building.

The Karnal Editorial Rage

FRI. MAY 23, 1941

Opinion • Columns • Letters • Gossip • Features

THE KENTUCKY KARNAL
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 All signed articles and columns are obviously a lot of trips
 do not reflect the opinions of the writer, the editor, the
 staff, the faculty, The Karnal, or anybody.

THE EDITOR SCORNER

We wish to prove that he's not right.
 The consequences of neglecting the sudden implications and the dynamic aftermath of such a pertinent situation is, when the various fundamental factors are put under close personal, quite a departure from the normally universal qualities integrated with all such baffling instrumentalities.
 However, on the other hand, one mustn't employ too many means of investigation, for the natural phenomena which results when the inquiring mind sets out to unveil the enshrouded problems created by such an integration of forces would, in any case, tend to leave us from the realm of truth and would, unfortunately, bring about a dilemma.
 It was Locke, the British philosopher, who

CAMPUSTINK

By TENNYSON'S BROOK
 If you want to make a good standing . . . and certainly if you don't have to work your way through this dump, get elected president of the student body. It's a push-over, according to Baldy Babes Allen, perspiring former Fuehrer.
 "It's a lot of fun, and you have lots to show on your end each year. Why I took \$300 in graft alone, and boy that ain't hay. If I didn't have to attend class I could have taken a half grand, easy."
 Bringing to a close a year of iron-hand rule in which he almost underhandedly yanked the slow moving body from its treasury, he started things clicking. He had plenty of complaints to gripe about too, though.
 Cheating on his ever-present cud, the short, plunky farmer president spat out in uncouth sentences the gory story of his experiences.
 "It's the most profitable job I ever had," said

"Carnal" of the Week

They Slay... Perfesser Is Sikk
 Ant Tried Uf Dese Errows In Karnal
 By CELIA DOBERMAN
Question
 "What do you expect to be doing five years from now?"
 Russell Patterson, engineering junior—Well, on the one hand I might be working somewhere; and then again I may not be working. Then again I may be in the army and then too perhaps I might not be in the army. Here, have a cigar."
 Dora Peery, freshman—"Oh, gosh; do you have to make out your schedule that far in advance? Why, when I registered last March they told me I only had to decide what I wanted to take during the next semester. Sho nuff, do you really have to know about it now? I didn't know, honest. I didn't... they should have told me."
 Buddy Sellars, sophomore—"I don't know; I'm pinner."
 Lloyd Robertson, junior—"If this is another one of your gawdammed hell week attacks . . ."
 Doniphan Burras, first year shy-st—"Well, barring further and more enveloping circumstances in the international situation, and other similar developments of a domestic, local, national and campus nature, it is highly probable that at the termination of the next quinquennium I shall be found fulfilling the responsibilities and obligations of the position of defender of our native land."
 Whoopee! Don't I fill this space nicely? That's my job, because I'm a filler.

Moitle

This week's "Carnal" goes to Moitle, a bronze babe picked up by the Karnal staff in a beer joint on a recent archaeological expedition to Gorehead. As any fool can plainly see, her is a beauty.
 We is at a loss to explain how it happened that Moitle is bending over like a how she is getting ready to jump. This is strange because when we bring her home her was standing up straight.
 It could be that bottle beer that was beside her that makes her impatient, or, on the other hand it may be that her is homesick for Gorehead and is getting ready to take off for home.
 Anyway, come in and have a couple of looks. It will do you good.

NEXT WEEK'S COMMITTEE
 Golly Brews, Chairman
 Puff Dillie, Key Club
 Radolph Hess, ATO
 One of the KA Girls

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518 W. MAIN 113 N. LIME

by Bub Almonds

first discovered the existence of such a situation, and had it not been for the positive, progressive nature, and regressive nature of his investigations we could not treat with the subject with such lucidity.
 Now, the qualities of the various forces which compose the final form of our subject must also come in for examination, for to what end must we aim, if the worldly consequences of our tests are not placed before us in an understandable form?
 Look back over the years! In what other period of history has the situation assumed such grave proportions? Was there ever a time when the gross exaggerations of the sundry implications of an esoteric cause, was promulgated with such fervor, with such feeling, with such warmth and honor. No! Emphatically, again we say no!

Lotta Lets Out Lotta Yelps About Hop-Scotch Courts

Dearest Editor:
 We, the little darlings of Jewell hall wish to bring this terrible stink to your attention.
 In our hall there are three hop-scotch courts! Now, the attendant for these courts is a little son of a . . . and in our belief there should be some justice done to the ladies of Jewell hall, because the fraternity boys stand in too damned well with this attendant and we never get a chance to play hop-scotch on our own courts.
 Now this situation is graver than you think, although to say you think it to flatter you incidentally, I think the Kernel stinks. But, to get back to our hop-scotch court.
 From the hours of 12 midnight until 4 a. m. these courts are supposed to be reserved for us. But in recent weeks the fraternity boys, aided by this stench of a keeper have been climbing in Miss Jetter Lester's window.
 Despite her stern resistance they have constantly swarmed onto our courts. It's not only that they play on our time, but we can't get any sleep either. The interference is getting too personal.
 Please do your best to clean up this terrible stink.
 Sincerely,
 Lotta Yelps

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BEHIND PRISON WALLS

By LOCAL BORED 105
 What the hell, we're going to the army anyway, so here is where we let off a lot of steam.
 Four years ago the Kentucky band was supposed to be sent to Boston. Why wasn't it sent? Well, there is a lot of smelly bureaucracy in this University setup, and so many different people had to sign papers permitting the band to leave this fair city, that it was absolutely impossible for the band to go to Boston.
 Yet the band was supposed to go to Boston. We don't see why such laxity in the administration is allowed to exist. After all, if the band was supposed to go to Boston, then why didn't it go to Boston?
 Well, here is the real inside on why the band didn't go to Boston when it was supposed to go . . . four years ago. It was because this campus was so full of stuffed shirts that the poor band just couldn't get a start. We know some people in that band and we remember how they were standing down at the station waiting to go to Boston. But they never went to Boston. The reason why?
 Well, just between us here is the exact reason why our Kentucky band never even left this fair city on the day it was supposed to go to Boston four years ago.
 On that day, at precisely half-past three in the morning, when the band was getting ready to depart for Boston, the notice came from several University goons to the effect that the Kentucky band was not to dare leave this fair city for Boston. The reasons given were that Boston was not the place where the Kentucky band should go.
 The Kentucky bandmen did not like the idea of being denied permission to go to Boston. For, the year before, there was a drive started to send the Kentucky band to Boston. Since the University band was looking forward to going to Boston it should have gone to Boston.
 Boston is a nice place. We were there once. It is certainly a nice place, and the band would have enjoyed it, too, you can be sure. Boston is in Massachusetts, and Massachusetts is in New England. New England is a nice place. So is Massachusetts. And Boston is in Massachusetts, and it's a nice place. The Kentucky band would have enjoyed going to Massachusetts.
 Any way you look at it, the guilty parties stand out visibly and they should have their heads in shame. After all, what in hell is a University if its band can't go to Boston?
 What the hell, they'll all be in the army soon, anyway.



Shortly after he had been informed of the UK reorganization, S. Claus, well-known campus chiseler and perennial fugitive from Officer Kelly, donned his gas mask and fled up Limestone in the direction of Nicholasville. Claus, who has been hanging around the women's dorms since December trying to get a date with Pat Doyle, was shouting to bystanders that he "could stand a lot but this is the last straw," and that "Doyle or no Doyle," he was "getting the hell out of here."



UK RIFLE TEAM living home buron

Perishing Riflemen Are Reorganized

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity last night, the Boarded Trustees revealed a Perishing Rifles organization plan in which the 32-year-old Shot Society was disbanded and a new Knights of Firearms Director appointed.
 Buckshot P. McCuffey, son of President McCuffey, was named head of the Riflemen's "honorary" last night promised "Due to lack of student support, from now on the Perishing Rifles will be compulsory for every military student."
 "We will have no more beer parties,"

ties," the new Fuehrer of Military countered with "What the hell, activities declared while picking Perishing Riflemen or no Perishing shot from his posterior region." Riflemen, we'll all be in the army. Squats Wright, former captain, soon enough anyhow."

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The Social Whirl

Alpha Gamma House
 Out of town guests for this last semester were Ferdinand Bull and his heifer friend, but Johnny Clow was really the prize bull. No luncheon guests, not even Motie, were anticipated because the boys were too busy with their farm chores to ask them.

Knights of Alcohol
 Dozens of guests of Dick Scoble at the chapter house were Pearl Collins, Opal Murphy, Mrs. Wallace P. Trucker (nee Buttercup Kennedy), Bobbyard Cloud was a delegate to the Boy Scout convention in Stinky creek . . .

Sigma Nus
 Ditterlee is confined to his one room cell at the house with a broken encephalon after a drunken accident. . . Due to the odor of garbage, Fin Ruby was known to take up his extra pair of dirty shorts and move out to Richmond, his new playground.

DUGAN TO PLAY AT SENIOR BALL

Horst Wessel Song Will Be Theme

Whitening some six beers, and two Zombies ahead of the rest of his comrades, O. L. D. O. Dugan, president of the McGuffey committee of dances and stuff, sobered up long enough at dawn today to breathlessly announce that the senior prom committee had engaged Doolittle Dugan and his Small Po. Hollow hopes for the annual dinner.

We have (he) the great pleasure to announce (hic—pause) that my little bunch of sots (another hic, then a burp) selected Whirlaway in the Ft.—man Doolittle Dugan for the senior prom.

Completely exhausted after his heroic efforts to reveal a cardinal secret in the McGuffey regime, Overholt jumped into a deep gin-like slumber.

"Things went bad for a while," he gasped. "It looked like the students would have their way for once." The brides wanted Aw Pshaw to swing out at the prom, but their party collapsed after the 10th beer.

Swig Quigg nearly got the nomination but McGuffey's postmen quickly sabotaged the opposition by spiking the brew with carbide brandy. We lost two valuable McGuffeans at this point, top, Donny Tors, and Deek Jerkins went by the board after a siege of pink ladies, gin, old-fashion, and triple-strength Zombies. They passed out like flies.

McGuffey declared last night that he was pleased with the nomination, and denied reports that the affair would be held in the exclusive confines of the ag college hop pens. Informed of the apocalyptic attitude of the students, he declared, "At the hell, they'll all be going into the army anyhow."

Blitzkrieg Strikes Trustees
 The Bearded Trustees were struck with a blitzkrieg last night, which came with rapidity and struck them before they could strike back.

No harm was reported except to the blitzkrieg.

In the midst of many Americans, Lindbergh has become synonymous with Limburger.

—Daily Tar Heel

T. T. BONES WINS HORSE SHOW

Tridelts Ejected From Contest

Brook and Biddle, honorary horse fraternity, staged its annual human show yesterday at the cow pavilion. Judges were Man O'War, Whirlaway, and Swallow.

First prize was given to T. T. Bones, out of Harvard by Sheer Luck. Second honors went to a Get a Man and Hold Him. Margaretta Balfour was confined to her bed with a broken finger after slinging the bull on a recent comprehensive.



WHIRLWAY Disqualifies Tri Delts

"Humans are more horsey than horses," whinnied Whirlaway after witnessing the disgusting exhibition. All humans were required to show off in five gallops to canter, rack, trot, and pace. T. T. Bones won first largely through his ability to stand on one leg and wiggle his ears precociously.

Cornell's mistake was selected for the shapeliness of her legs and the legless fence she displayed in rollover and playing dead.

Several Tri Delts who attempted to compete were promptly ejected from the contest. "They are a bit too horsey," was Man O'War's succinct comment.

Tasty Party (Dinner) Given For New Babes

Active and brides of Alpha Gamma Delta gave a tasty rush dinner party, Tuesday evening in a choice spot of the back yard where the lawn had been mowed, and the trash cleared away.

Mary the cook had charge of refreshments which consisted of bread and butter sandwiches and colored water. Guests were only required to pay 75 cents per plate.

Decorations were carried out with Japanese lanterns and beautiful red and white balloons. It was unfortunate that during the party the lights went out and rain started on, but the girls carried on bravely with flash-lights and raincoats.

Unmentionables Decorate Jewell Roof Dance

The young ladies of the University of Kentucky entertained with a dance, on top of Jewell hill, Friday night.

Due to the fact that the girls forgotten to empty the clothes line the decorations were robes, slips, and other unmentionables.

The jitter-bug award, a keg of beer, was awarded to a beautiful red and Frank Fowler for their solo number.

Winner Crashes Society Page After Four Years

Albany Winer, prominent fifth initiate, was initiated into the Nazi Bund League last night before a crowd of two people.

"Winer is well known on the campus for his conservative ideas concerning war, sex and what have you. 'Well does this suit you, Winer?' At last you have your name in the society page. What the hell, you're going into the army anyhow."

Quitting Epidemic Hits Grid Squad; Coaches Surprised

Has struck the gridiron machine built up by Abner Kirwan in his three years as varsity tutor. It resignations pour in at the present rate Kirwan, Shively, Moseley, and Rupert will be the four horsemen in the Kentucky backfield next year.

Fifty players quit en masse yesterday afternoon. Each said that Kirwan had used a nasty word and that they did not have to take such treatment.

"After all," said one of the players "we're human beings and demand to be treated as such. There's no sense in using such language around men who are cultured students. I'm reporting him to the National Association of Coaches."

The fifty who quit yesterday brought the total resignations up to 84. When questioned about the situation, Kirwan answered, "I didn't know we had that many men around here."

Kirwan, however, predicted that "we will be in Tennessee this year 33-0, just the same as usual."

If not, he explained, he was going into the army anyhow, so what the hell!

Sigma Nurus Announce Arrival Of Their Child

"Crying like hell," a new born infant was found the doorman of Sigma Nu yesterday morning.

The mother had pinned a note on the wet's diaper which read, "I dated a Sigma Nu. In fact many of them. They didn't take care of me so why should I take care of this." So now Gamma Iota of Sigma Nu takes pleasure 7-7 in announcing the birth of a child, their white like the Black Star of Sigma Nu.

The Girls In The Attic Will Open At Guignol

Guignol's final production of the current season, Last E. Wench's risqué "The Girls In The Attic," will open for a seven day run on Monday before a capacity audience of stufted shirts, according to Frank Flower, Frank Flower, Frank Flower, Frank Flower. He likes his name in print.

All receipts from the week's performance, said Flower, Flower, Flower, will be turned over to the Aid-To-Britain club, and it is expected there will be one hell of a lot of griping about this.

Mr. Flower, Flower, Flower, who is completing his twelfth year at Guignol, declared, "Oh, dear, this is just grand, Guignol. . . I mean I have had the most successful season in years, and I want to thank all you dear people for your patronage. Of course, I'm hoping you'll all come to see Last E. Wench's "The Girls In The Attic" for it's simply delectable. I dare say, oh dear."

Dean T. T. Bones, commissar of about everything on campus,

and reportedly due for the headman's axe when Herr Mild Bill McGuffey really takes over, said yesterday he planned to picket the Guignol house of carnality all week if necessary.

Said Dean Bones, "It's one hell of a state of affairs when you have to picket your own school theater. But, as I am against sex and sin, I shall do my utmost to keep University students away from the theater all during the play's stay."

"Personally, Last E. Wench is pretty smooth, and I've read the play at least seven times including twice on Sundays, and I'll be damned if I allow such carnality to be put on the stage for profit. If the students wish to read the play at home, I shall have several hundred copies ordered for the library immediately. They'll all be going into the army anyway, and they'll have to have something to read."

When he learns to tie 21 knots he can be an Eagle Scout.

The ceremony took place in a Holy Roller revival. The bride weaved in an out of the chair and was poured into a vile green dress and she looked awful. She was given away by a prominent lawyer of Lexington, a friend of her mother! The bride's bouquet matched the personality of the bride—a clinging vine.

An unscrupled society singer with a voice as big as her body, better known as "Big Red Lyons," was rocking the press with a prelude.

The bride until recently had been an inmate of an insane asylum in some northern state from which she escaped four days ago. The groom was fired from a newspaper five years ago and then took up teaching journalism, at which he was employed during a recent "airing."

It was just natural that the two should have fallen in love. She was filled with hero worship and he thought that she had money. Over-assorted drinks a beautiful romance blossomed. (7-7?) An extended courtship (seven dates) culminated in a 4 a.m. proposal.

"The couple will make their home with the bride's parents until the baby is born."

poison ivy. Covers will be laid only for chaperons since it is thought that the rest of the crowd will take their meals under the tables.

POPS! CAUGHT AGAIN

Still (?) at it, our determined campus courts switched their scene of action, but look—that man is again. The moral of the story is, you can't fool the postman, or a Kamral photographer. —or "What the hell's goin' on here, anyhow?"

Poultry Club Is Reorganized

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity last night, the Bearded Trustees revealed a Poultry club reorganization plan in which the 45-year-old Poultry club was disbanded and a new Dictator of Chickens appointed.

"The Poultry club is an outmoded organization," a Trustees speaker declared, "and has been abandoned in favor of a more efficient setup."

Briker D. McGuffey, cousin of President McGuffey, was named Dictator of Chickens. Hiram P. Turnspiced, Steamhammer, Sr., former president of the Poultry club, declined comment.

"Well I'll tell you," Turnspiced remarked when informed of the change, "it years to me that we usin' is goin' to be in the Army soon enough anyhow, so what the hell!"

New Head Named For Tennis Courts

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity, the Bearded Trustees revealed a reorganization plan in which the 80-year-old tennis court dictatorship was disbanded and put under the direct supervision of Catfish McGuffey, secretary of the University and whiz remodeling department.

Peeking dependently from the crevasse of the court into which he had unobtrusively slipped, Leigh P. McGuffey yelled, "We was robbed. It's a frame and I swear I'm innocent. Put—e—e—e get me out of this forty words (deleted) hole."

Rescued from his dungeon, McGuffey raved away casting complimentary aspersions on McGuffey the president. "Oh what the hell, I'll be in the army pretty soon anyhow," he concluded.

WAA Organization Is Reorganized

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity last night, the Bearded Trustees revealed a WAA reorganization plan in which a 97-year-old women's music organization was disbanded and a new Director of Women's Functions appointed.

"Women on this campus don't function sufficiently," Mrs. McGuffey declared. "I'm going to be a more efficient setup."

Ladle Bill Hozer, retiring WAA head, refused comment except to say, "What the hell all the boys are going to be in the army soon anyhow, so there won't be any need for functioning."

Annual Shuffle Planned For Sometime Tomorrow

Zeta Tau Awful will hold its annual dinner shuffle at 6:30 daylight waste time tomorrow night, which means 5:30 really, or is it 7:30? What the hell, it's going to be out at Dixieland Gardens anyway.

The orchestra stand will be banded with a profusion of dandelions and



Trucker Rings Belle In Macabre Ceremony

Trucker Rings Belle In Macabre Ceremony

Weaving Bride Looked Awful In Vile Dress

In one of the most macabre ceremonies of the season, Miss Buttercup Kennedy, daughter of the Belle Freezing of Lexington, and ex-professor Wallace C. Trucker, can't remember his parent's first name, "tied the knot" yesterday.

StuDe COUNCIL REORGANIZED

Bearded Trustees Disband Group

Striking with blitzkrieg rapidity last night, the Board of Trustees revealed a reorganization plan in which the 50-year-old Engineering Council was disbanded and a new Supervisor of Slide-Rules appointed.

"Ever since the Tacoma Narrows bridge fell down," we have suspected all men who couldn't add five and seven without consulting their slide-rules, and we have been eyeing the Student Union Building, law building, home economics building, and biological sciences building with trepidation.

"If it happened to the Narrows Bridge, it can happen to anything," the spokesman continuing, "and we feel that the Engineering Student Council is blame for all evil done in the engineering college."

Dynamo W. McGuffey, grandfather of President McGuffey, was named Slide-Rule Supervisor, replacing Reddy Kilowatt, one-time president of the Engineering Student Council.

Kilowatt, after consulting his logarithm table, book of formulas, and well-worn slide-rule, handed to the Herald reporter the following statement: "Since the sine is half the cosine, and may add acquaintances be forgot and never brought to mind, I have only this to say: Since we're engineers and the army wants good trusty men like us, we'll all be in it soon anyhow, so what the hell?"



NEW TRY-SKELT HOUSE Artist's conception of new house for Delta Heter Skelter sorority, now being worked over.

Trucker Rings Belle In Macabre Ceremony

Weaving Bride Looked Awful In Vile Dress

One! Don't push any more type in here. McGuffey is a swosse. Twice as much for a nickel, too. I'd rather be a refugee, than a chicken fricassee.

By actual count, there are 256-042,268,284,224,946,001 drops of water in Merrington Lake. (Courtsey U. S. Weather Bureau.)

Smoke Stanchions. They never fail to give you a lift. . . and then drop you.

Charming Co-ed Miss Frances Whitfield

Miss Frances Whitfield, attractive junior from Tate, Georgia, is one of the campus's most charming personalities. Frances was recently declared the outstanding member of the 1940-1941 pledge class. She is also a member of the Women's Glee Club, the Kentuckian staff, and Y. W. C. A. Campus Personalities Prefer Comfort

Comparable to the charm of this Southern beauty are these Saddle slippers. Designed for comfort on hot days, they will attract admiring glances from your friends.

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KERNEL SPORTS

The Snorting Bray

By CONN JERICHO
This is the story of a nag. Bred by Bernie Shively and trained by Ab Kirwan, he is a son of Fatality out of the Obscurity. In his lineage he numbers some of the greatest runners of the turf.

His ancestors include the great "Man-O-War" Johnson and "Twenty Grand" Davis, all great stretch runners. Much was expected of the colt when he reached his two equine years. "He will be great," said all of the men who are in the know. "When in 1940 he became a three-year-old, everyone said that nothing would stop him. All his rivals were platters—mere has-beens. "He has the look of eagles," was the general consensus of opinion.

Then came the day of the big race. Decked out in his blue and white, Our Kentucky was indeed a sight to behold. To give the true story of the race, we refer you to get practically nothing to speak of. The Southeastern Conference Handicap, for maidens, colts, and geldings. Distance, too long for Kentucky. Prize—\$20 added. Winner to receive gripes from the losers. Second to receive a mental picture of the winner's heels. Third to get practically nothing to speak of.

TENNESSEE, avoiding crowding, moved to inside over smaller entries, and gained forward position early; with no contention, killed off MISS STATE and finished by 32 lengths in front of the vaunted Kentucky colt. MISS STATE, never, never far from leaders, gained stoutly and saved ground to beat OLE MISS by one length. The latter went in front when ready, but swung outside and barely staved off BAMA's challenge. ALABAMA raced alongside of leaders until he showed signs of weakening, and then outlasted AUBURN. The latter was hustled off in front of the last quarter. L. S. U., FLORIDA, and GEORGIA teamed up to pocket the favorite Kentucky. The Big Blow was hustled off in front of the grandstand, lost his rider early in the race, had under strong urging barely finished. TULANE, GEORGIA TECH, VANDERBILT, and SEWANEH took the wrong turn and finished in a latitude computed at some where near nowhere.

It was expected that the fieldhouse project has been expected ever since McGuffey's appointment, but the outline plans came as a complete surprise. Numerous UKadia faculty members, students, and visitors have called attention to the fact that this institution needed just such a building for emergency purposes. When the President of the United States and Congressmen are striving so valiantly to meet the national emergency, why can't UKadia meet a local emergency, one observer so aptly put it.

His excellency is well known as a "builder of buildings," but it was almost too much to expect him to get two new structures immediately after appointment. He had previously stated that "no institution, no education, no social life is complete without a fine house. From this statement, it was deduced that he meant to get a fieldhouse for UKadia.

The fieldhouse will be superimposed upon the Student Union building in order to eliminate the expense of a swimming hole. The

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CAT BATTERS FINALLY WIN MARBLE GAME

Game Stopped, Cats Awarded Moral Victory
After they had lost everything but the mortgage on Joe Shepherd, Kentucky's Wildcats finally won a baseball game. The charges of Crank Roney overwhelmed the Jewell Hall girls 1-0 in a game that went 77 innings and lasted two days. The amazing victory came as the result of the combined efforts of Bill McNubbin, Allan Scathburn, and the Rock's Denton, Carl Baker.

McNubbin started for the Wildcats but was removed after he was seen fraternizing too freely with Jewell Hall girls. Scathburn placed him and threw just ducky ball until the 34th frame. In that rung the "body" man and they're wearing 'em!

Then Doseley asked the officials to stop the game and give the Wildcat a moral victory. After the arbiters, refused, Doseley tried to badger Margaret Pester, director of the Jewell Hall aggregation, but Pester said in her most scurrilous tones: "Out, vile boulder!"

Most potent member of the Wildcat assemblage was Silton Pecko, Kentucky's great first-baseman. Pecko made two hits—one with the thimble (no thought, Pecko was just too cute); and one with the ground when he tripped over the drunken body of Johnny Rubbercheck, stellar center fielder.

Kentucky was flawless in the field, not a single bobble was made. O'Connell was the only player who probably wear those bushel baskets all year.

The Wildcats scored their lone marker when "Fat Freddy" Fritz got to first base with Lida Belle How. With clever camouflage and expert stomach-twisting, Fritz moved to the keystone. During the darkness between Wednesday and Thursday he reached the hot corner and scored when Rank Moansley hastily threw up a tunnel from third base home.

Proseley said after the game that he was very happy over the situation, but that he expected to trade Mike Pillsbury to Eastern for two baseballs and a catcher's mitt. Kentucky had won one contest earlier, defeating Mississippi State 2-0.

Mary, Mary, Quite contrary How does your garden grow? With Maribells and cocked shells And one goth damn petunia. Sixth Inning: Brooklyn 34, New York 34.

holes in the roof will be unchinked and the ballroom will be turned into a place for aquatic maneuvering. A combination checker, domino, poker, hop-skotch, and thumb-twiddling house will be constructed in the rear of the present architectural wonder. "We realize that the risk of life and bodily injury involved in these 'rigor mortis' athletics," the new chairman explained, "but in order to do our part for national defense, we must build up bigger and better curves, more conspicuous postures and dancing underpins."

Herr McGuffey, a screwy, souped type of humanity, had just finished a strenuous game of tiddlywinks, when found in the Women's gymnasium. Pating his bulging waistline, he exclaimed, "Look at me. This is the typical specimen that we shall aspire to develop."

On the vacant ground in front of the present building, a cowshed will be erected to accommodate His Excellency's prize bull.

"I've heard a lot about the bull that is slung around here by the students and faculty members, so I am coming prepared," the new leader said.

The new buildings will cost approximately \$15 trillion dollars, it is estimated. The financial aspect of the matter is only incidental and "we have not even considered where or how to get such a nominal sum," Herr McGuffey stated.

A new fieldhouse and an out-building—oh, what the hell, we're going into the Army anyhow.

CATS ARE SOLD DOWN THE RIVER

Ole Man Mose Placed On Relief
Mississippi State announced yesterday the purchase outright of the University of Kentucky baseball club.

Involving a sum reputedly well over fifty dollars, the sale will leave the Kentucky club in a status amounting to a farm hand for the Mississippi Slayers.

Coach Frank Moseley, when interviewed by The Karnal yesterday, said that he was not surprised that they tried to buy us out. I have no doubt but that they were frightened by the potency of our ball club.

Moseley, who was recently discharged from the hospital, has been suffering from "whirling eyeballs" believed caused by watching the Mississippi State base-runners go closely.

But to get back to the deal, Honus P. McGuffey, grandfather of the man who swung the deal, said that Moseley would be given one sort of position under the new set-up.

"We'll find something for Old Mose to do; after all the Chicago Cubs took care of Dizzy Dean," McGuffey asserted.

The reorganization is expected to add strength to the ailing Kentucky club. The Wildcats have been foundering in the second division for several years, and finished Swainlike in the conference standings.

Mississippi State is expected to send a large number of fingers here so that Kentucky can beat Tennessee in something besides golf next year in the arroy games.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Wham! In I go, and this little space is filled.

Walt Disney is classed above Romeo as a lover. He recently made Minnie Mouse.

This space wouldn't be filled if it weren't for me. See how important I am?

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