

The Campus Landlord

The University is a modern landlord. It must be respected as a great land holder in the Lexington community, for it has invested in over 100 residential properties located near the campus. Its holdings grow greater yearly. To many nearby homeowners, especially those who live in between a UK parking lot and a condemned building, the University is often termed a "growth."

According to George Kavanaugh, who is in the Real Property Division of the University, acquisitions are made, "in conformity to the general campus expansion plan, the result of outside consultants, and this overall plan being approved by the Board of Trustees, the Office of Real Property Division acquires property in the areas of priority for future expansion of our educational facilities." For instance, the area of first priority is the "Triangle" in front of the Medical Center between Rose and South Limestone. Each property is acquired at the asking price of the owner when possible, or by negotiation at a price not in excess of the current fair market value as determined by a competent appraiser employed by the University. Each transaction must have prior approval of the University Vice President—Business Affairs, the University Counsel, and the Commissioner

of finance, Commonwealth of Kentucky." Priority for the University thus, means destruction of old residential neighborhoods bordering the Lexington campus. Mr. Kavanaugh describes the rental picture as "virtually limited to the University family."

The 110 residential properties owned now by UK comprise 133 rentable units. When renting these properties, preference is given to University employees and students over non-University personnel. Former home owners, many who have lived near the University all their lives, now move farther and farther away from the growing boundaries of the campus. They have no other choice.

Because the University's property needs are great, what it cannot acquire through negotiations, it condemns. Rarely though, said Mr. Kavanaugh, does the University exercise its power of condemnation. "Our past experience has shown that acquisitions are successful from negotiations with property owners."

On Lexington Avenue, a street where the University owns numerous properties, two houses are presently in the process of being leveled. A woman who lives

next door to one of these houses, described the past few days as "very, very unpleasant." The University phoned us the other day to tell us that the house next door to us was coming down, she said. We only rent this house, and the University, as far as I know hasn't asked my landlord to sell.

How long Lexington Avenue will remain a residential street is unknown. The houses on one end are owned by UK, those on other end are owned by the Good Samaritan Hospital.

As far as the future location of property needed by the University goes, little is known. There is no "master plan," for the acquisition of property except for the areas of priority established and the policy plan. Mr. Kavanaugh has said that purchases may be acquired ahead of construction project plans.

Thus the physical growth of the University continues, old neighborhoods disappear for the sake of educational needs, and an administrative office called the Real Property Division takes its place in an academic community so well symbolized by yet another new building—the 22 tower office structure.

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

Thursday Evening, June 26, 1969

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON

Vol. LX, No. 143

Negro Girl Shot, Omaha Mayor Alerts State National Guard

Ruins were made out of a six-block stretch of business buildings in Omaha, Nebraska today after a night of burning, looting, and sniping in the predominantly Negro section near the north side of the city. There were no serious injuries reported.

The disorder was touched off yesterday by the fatal shooting of a 14-year-old Negro girl by a white policeman—30 year old James Loder.

Police reported that vandalism and looting occurred in an area 55 blocks long and 24 blocks wide.

Bricks and bottles were thrown at firemen, who refused to fight fires in the business section until provided with a police escort. Several shots were also fired at policemen, said Police Lieutenant Lewis Ruberti.

Police armed with riot guns were positioned around the fire fighters in the early hours of the morning.

At least 30 persons were reportedly jailed on charges ranging from carrying concealed weapons to illegal entry of a building.

Small fires broke out in sections surrounding the Omaha business district, although most of the fires were confined to one section.

Looting and vandalism were reportedly widespread.

At the request of Mayor Eugene Leahy, the Nebraska National Guard were standing by for further orders.

The shooting of 14-year-old Vivian Strong occurred Tuesday night when police answered a call of a reported break-in at a low-income housing area. Loder was charged with manslaughter Wednesday in Omaha municipal court. He pleaded innocent and was released on \$500 bond.

Loder has been suspended from the police force for 15 days.

New English Chairman

By MARY TAYLOR

Dr. Stephen Manning was officially named the new chairman of the English Department by the executive committee of the UK Board of Trustees, June 17.

He will succeed present chairman, Dr. Jacob Adler in July for a term of four years.

Dr. Manning said that he intends to continue along the same lines as Dr. Adler. One of his main interests will be the improvement of the graduate school program. His first step will be to look into the possibility of restricting undergraduates from some 500 level courses, thus leaving them open only to graduate students.

Dr. Manning said that the English Department's main problem is the lack of teachers. This lack, he said, is due to the "service courses" such as Freshman Composition and the Humanities which must be offered. These courses require so many teachers, and no more can be hired within the limits of the budget. By increasing the size of the Human-

ity courses some teachers could be freed to teach other courses. In that event, some new courses could be added to the curriculum such as Contemporary Poetry, Studies in Fiction and Shakespeare. These courses were approved by the Department two years ago, but have not been offered yet because of the need for more teachers, said Dr. Manning.

Dr. Manning, who received his Bachelor of Arts degree at Catholic University, Washington D.C. and his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. came to UK in 1967. He is a specialist in medieval literature and has written numerous articles on the subject. He has also written one book, *Wisdom and Numbers* which is a critical appraisal of the Middle English religious lyric.



KERLEY HONORED

The University of Kentucky chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) today honored Robert F. Kerley, Vice President for Business Affairs, for his special concerns for faculty and students.

Kerley, who leaves July 1 to become Administrative Vice President of Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, was honored at a special luncheon in the Student Center.

Professor J. W. Patterson, President of the local AAUP chapter, presented Kerley with a special plaque which made special note of his role as the University's chief safety and security officer.

The plaque cited Kerley for "his constant concerns for the rights of men, which contributed significantly to the preservation of the University as a place for meaningful decent and academic freedom."

Patterson said that Vice President Kerley has consistently shown a keen awareness that academic institutions exist for "the transmission of knowledge, the pursuit of truth, the development of students, and the general well-being of society, and that free inquiry and free expression are indispensable to the attainment of these goals."

Patterson added that AAUP was cognizant of Kerley's efforts "to develop policies and procedures which provide and safeguard these freedoms."



Pardon the inconvenience,
but the wheels of progress must
move down Lexington Avenue

Helton Invests His Money In Medical Research

By JANIS HALE

Money is tight and research grants are hard to come by, so Norman Helton, a chief technician in the College of Medicine's Department of Surgery, spent his own money to develop a pulsatile pump for use in open heart surgery.

"No one said we need a better pump. Let's make one," said Helton.

Helton went ahead and made one. He spent one year developing the \$2,000 device, one and a half years testing the pump; it took six months to be manufactured for operating room use.

The pulsatile pump, in use here almost a year, will be in use nationally soon. The pump is a component of the heart-lung machine into which all blood is diverted during open heart surgery to allow the surgeon to work on the empty heart.

Most heart-lung machines, which oxygenate and circulate the blood, now employ a roller pump that forces blood through the body in a steady flow. Helton's pump provides a more natural intermittent or pulsatile flow and perfuses blood through the body better than the roller pump.

The pulsatile pump causes less damage to the blood and body tissues than the roller pump. The roller device crushes the blood and the longer it is used the more damaged the blood is.

It didn't matter that some blood was crushed 12 to 15 years ago when heart operations only lasted a half an hour, said Helton. Now heart operations usually last five or six hours and the blood has to last along with the operation.



The limits at which the pump no longer works safely has not yet been reached during an operation. Tests are planned to run it on experimental animals for full 24 hour periods.

Outside of surgery the pump could be used only as a support to the patient's heart. It could not be used to replace the heart or to sustain, by itself, the patient as he awaited an artificial heart or transplant.

Transplants are not popular with Helton, who thinks a lot more questions can be answered through animal research before transplants are used. "Personally, I think Canada had the right idea, said Helton. "They outlawed them."

He suggested that an artificial heart would be more prac-

tical than a transplant because it would avoid certain rejection problems. Helton added that the use of artificial hearts would avoid the problem of having to choose the individuals who would receive the one available transplant for every 100 possible recipients.

Research on a self-contained artificial heart is going on now in the laboratories of national companies. However, due to lack of money no research of that kind and little research at all is going on at the UK Medical Center.

Helton described the Medical Center as having some of the best research facilities in the country. But he said his research on new devices is "just waiting for money and time—mostly money."



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GOING HOME IN AMERICA:

Elizabeth Hardwick

Lexington, Kentucky

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Elizabeth Hardwick left Lexington to go to the University of Kentucky and Columbia, and she is now living in New York. A novelist and critic, she is advisory editor of The New York Review of Books. Some of her essays were collected in A View of My Own.

This was, in truly home to me, not just a birthplace. I was born here and educated here, left when I was twenty-three, but have always returned, even though my visits have been less frequent in recent years. Mama and Papa are dead, but my brothers and sisters remain and a few friends. And Lexington? The mud of the present years flows peacefully over the mud of the past. That which remains the same is the most altered. The bird returns and finds the old nest, rotting, but still shaped by the dusty brown twigs. In the distance there are strange, new trees, never seen before, full of pink and blue and aqua feathers and rainproof straw and chirpy little birdlings whose will and wishes are a mystery. The bright unknown somehow casts a pall over the squat memorials, those things even more than fifty years ago thought to be comfortably antique, warm with time. I am astonished, gazing out over the rooftops of bank buildings, at the peculiarity of my feelings, the oddity of my

passions, the meagerness of the landscape that I singled out for myself, like a surveyor pacing off a plot of stony soil, the rocks appearing like diamonds, constituting a chosen claim. I loved only Main Street, the ten-cent store, the old cigar store, where newspapers and magazines were sold, the Ben Ali, the Strand and the State movie theaters, the lobbies of the Lafayette and Phoenix Hotel, Liggett's, the sandwiches on soft, white Kleenex bread at Morford's Drug, the July dress sales at Embry's and Wolf-Wile's.

A crescendo of anxiety accompanies the past, and the new is only boredom on the surface, incomprehensible to me in its true nature, its unvarying plants and shoots flowering to their fate, its structures square and double-storied or stretched out in the way acceptable to our time, acceptable everywhere, in every city, each state, according to investment. Who can read that history—the history of now? Only some awkward boy or girl sweating in the playroom, swept on by the electrified jarrings and groanings of the house, will return to tell us what it has been—whether about Lexington or not is hard to say, for the glory of the place is a certain vault-like unreality, deadening to the lilt of the questioner's voice, since you have only to ask to be told what the Bluegrass is all about, what Lexington means.

In any part of the South, the

mind struggles, wondering whether to lie under the blanket of the past or to endure the chill of the present. It is a difficult place, the enemy of the concrete and the particular. "How can you be from here, and think like you do?" What can I answer except to say that I have been, according to my limits, always skeptical, and that I have, always, since my first breath, "been from Kentucky." So much that is mean and unworthy in our country is appearance: people are always acting a part, banal, tacky, unfeeling, inauthentic. Social wickedness and follies are "received" just as the emotion we feel sometimes about the flag in a breeze; they seem to unite the one with the many. They imagine themselves Southern, image themselves white people: imagine that this is definition, that the equation will have a certain solution, that the answer is their own. They are like the Aztecs with their bird god; prophecies that brought unceasing pain were nevertheless a daily consolation. There is a dreamlike, piercing pleasure in whiteness whenever it stands, even on a precipice, within sight of blackness. Poor people have lived on that alone, amidst every diminishment and insult, returning to it, as to the awakening sun in the morning.

Old families; no, our ancestors are horses. I would have gone to the ends of the earth to escape from ashtrays with horses on them, from the holy frescoes of turf scenes, winding around bar-

rooms. And yet I store up in memory one or two rural treasures. The old Elmendorf horse farm lives on in me, like some beautiful, leafy, vineladen Piranesi landscape. I seem to remember the damp, dark olive green of its lawns, the shaded black trees, the paths rolling, here and there brushed with sunshine, and yet closed, forest-dense, and only the pillars of the old mansion standing. Calumet Farm, with its Derby Winners, its white fences and milky barns, trimmed with red, bathed in cheer and hope, always seemed to me a bit of Californian. These are our cathedrals and abbeys.

Heroes. Man o' War ("a strapping fellow, in color a dark chestnut") was on view in the old days. There was a grandeur of muscle and a splendor of coat; memories of many a costly stand as stud seemed to linger in his coffee-brown eyes. Still an interview with this old Adam was of a singularly unresonant kind; you came away only with what you had brought with you. The thud of hooves, the highly bred, valuable thoroughbreds, were felt to bring honor to citizen and wanderer. Wizen, stunted jockey and luckless, strapped bettor took his place, each in his niche, engaged in a special pageantry.

1788: The Kentucky Gazette:

The famous horse Pilgarlic, of a beautiful color, full fourteen hands three inches high, rising ten years old, will stand the ensuing season at the head of Salt

River at Captain Ave Irvins, Mercer County, and will cover mares at the very low price of ten shillings a leap . . .

What does the occasion of return call for? Description, comparison? Truth to oneself or to them? There is something gainful in being from a middle-sized, admired place, a place with an overbearing mythology. When I was in graduate school at Columbia, I met a girl who had grown up on a great rich person's estate in Long Island. Her father was a gardener and her mother a cook. It seemed to me that this was a fate sweet with possibilities, a sort of lighthouse, from which you could see a great deal that was meant to be hidden. It is easy to reach an ironical wisdom from a low spot, especially if you are disinclined to hopeless feats of emulation and not easily moved to admiration. But this girl, her whole life scarred by a brilliant and somehow unaccommodating intelligence, was inarticulate and bitter and wild with rage. In her twisted little heart the blood beat with hatred when the cars drove up the driveway. She, with her eternal reading of James and Proust, hated the very smell of the evening air, filled with the unsettling drawl of debutantes; but true hatred came to rest in the sound of her father's gardening shears at the hedge and the swish, swish of her mother in rubber-soled nurse's shoes and a hairnet, bending forward with a bowl of vegetable

Continued on Page 5, Col. 1

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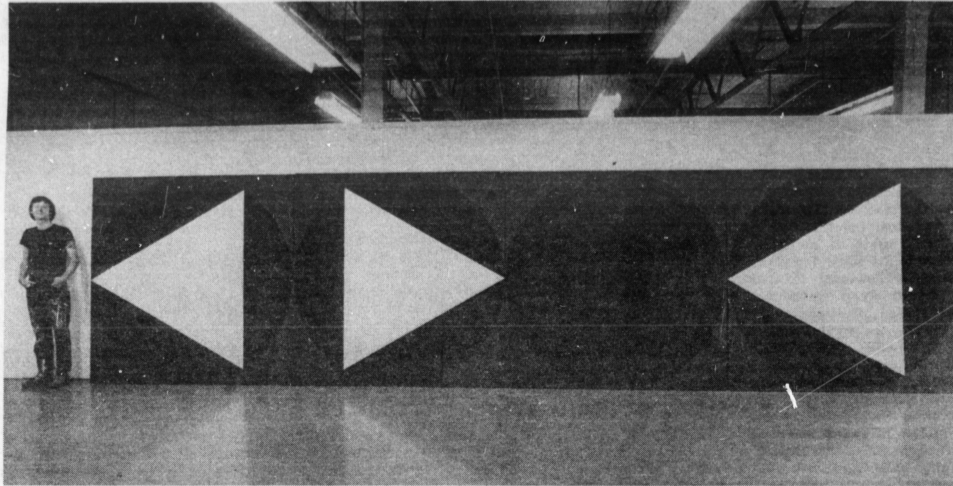


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JOLLITIES & CONVIVIAL HAPPENINGS



Bill Gruters: "My images are equilateral triangles. By controlling their attitudes and molding their personalities (within the composition, relative to other triangles and potential triangles), they become letters for new visual words, the vocabulary for a new visual language." Gruters paintings on exhibit at the University of Cincinnati.

WBKY Radio

By RAY HILL

Like classical music? Ever wonder why people smoke pot? Or about parental influence on student scholastic success?

Generally curious about things?

If you answer yes to any of these questions, you'll probably enjoy listening to radio station WBKY at 91.3 on the FM dial.

Owned and operated by the University of Kentucky, WBKY programming covers a wide range of material.

"Sixty percent of our air time is devoted to music," says station manager Don Wheeler.

"About 10 percent of our music is easy listening," Wheeler said. "The rest is classical."

The other 40 percent of the station's air time is devoted to talk.

And that talk covers many subjects.

Recently, on "Night Call," WBKY listeners heard the director of Kentucky's Federal Narcotics Bureau and a lieutenant from the Detroit Police Narcotics Bureau discuss marijuana.

And then, to get the picture from the other side of the tracks, poet-writer John Sinclair, facing a 20 year prison sentence for the sale of marijuana, presented his views to the audience.

Four full time staff members and 15 part time student employees presently help keep the station's one kilowatt transmitter going seven days a week.

Presently, Wheeler said, WBKY's effective signal extends for a radius of about 20 miles.

WBKY is affiliated with National Educational Radio.

Theatre

Shakespeare in the Park, (Central Park) A different play each week. Wednesday - Saturday, 8:30 p.m.

"The Legend of Daniel Boone," beginning Friday, June 27, and continuing nightly except Mondays through Aug. 31 at 8:30 p.m. in Old Fort Harrod State Park amphitheater, Harrodsburg.

"Public Prosecutor," Pioneer Playhouse, Danville, beginning today and running daily except Wednesdays, at 9 p.m., through July 8.

"Witch of the Wood," Berea College Arena Players, a musical adaptation of the Hansel and Gretel story by Mercedes Gilbert, with score by Robert I. Haskins, performances scheduled Sunday, June 29, and July 13, 20, and 27.

"The Stephen Foster Story," musical in the Talbott Amphitheatre, My Old Kentucky Home State Park, nightly except Mondays at 8:30; matinees on Sundays at 3 p.m.

"Brush up on Your Shakespeare," nightly except Mondays at 8:30 in Shakertown's Old Meeting House at Pleasant Hill, near Harrodsburg.

"Once Upon a Mattress," Showboat Majestic on the Cincinnati riverfront, through July 6.

Art

Lexington Art League, Doctors Park, 1517 S. Limestone, **Paintings** by John Grimes, through July 11.

Cincinnati Art Museum, Eden Park, Cincinnati. Open 10-5, Monday-Saturday, 2-5 Sunday. **"Japanese Prints of the 20th Century and Three Women Painters of Cincinnati,"** through August.

University of Cincinnati, Tangeman University Center, **Paintings** by UK artist Bill Gruters, and **sculpture** by UK artist Jim Taylor, until July 6.

Music

The Lexington Philharmonic, "Oliver," Tuesday evening, July 15, at 8:30, at the Kentucky Theatre. Two invitations will be given for each \$25 donated to the Philharmonic Society, with a limit of ten invitations to any one donor. Donations may be sent to The Lexington Philharmonic Society, Box 838, Lexington Ky. 40501. Cincinnati Summer Opera, "La Boheme," at the Zoo Pavilion. Opens Wednesday, July 2. "Il Pirata," July 5 and 9, "Rigoletto," July 11 and 13, "La Forza Del Destino," July 16 and 19, "Elixir of Love," July 18 and 20, "Faust," July 23, 25, and 27, "Carmen," July 24 and 26. Mail order for tickets are being accepted at the Community Ticket Office, 29 W. Fourth ST., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Movies

Chevy Chase Cinema, 815 Euclid Avenue, "True Grit," 7:40 and 10 p.m.

Cinema on the Mall, Turfand Mall, Walt Disney's "Peter Pan," (Cartoon) 8 and 10 p.m.

Cinema Theatre, 220 East Main, "Lion in Winter," Monday and Tuesday, 8:30 p.m., Wednesday, 2:30, 8:30, Thursday and Friday, 8:30, Saturday and Sunday, 2:30, 8:30.

Circle 25 Auto Theatre, 1071 New Circle Road, NE., "Ice Station Zebra," 9:35, Bye Bye Braverman, 12:25.

Family Drive-In Theatre, 1106 New Circle Road, NE., "The Dirty Dozen," 9:35, "Grand Prix," 12:25.

Kentucky Theatre, 214 East Main, "Finian's Rainbow," 6:20 and 9 p.m.

Lexington Drive-In Theatre, UK 25 South, "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," 9:30, "Sam Wiskey," 11:45.

Southland 68 Auto Theatre, Harrodsburg Road, "Che," 9:25, and "The Magus."

Strand Theatre, 153 East Main, "The Shoes of the Fisherman," 6 and 8:45 p.m.

TV Highlights

Kentucky Educational Television, WKLE, Ch. 46, Lexington **Thursday, June 26**

5:30 **The Investigator:** "Facts and Frauds" are hard to distinguish when it comes to medicines and health aids. First in a series about popular misconceptions about scientific developments.

8:00 **NET Festival:** World of Bossa Nova. From the glamorous beach at Ipanema to the arid Sertao, or northeast plain, the program examines Brazil's rapidly changing music scene. (60 minutes)

9:00 (Color) **Critique:** Electronic Music of Luciano Berio. The works of a leading avant-garde composer are presented and discussed with their creator. (60 minutes)

Friday, June 27

8:00 (Color) **Sounds of Summer No. 3:** Folk Festival of the Smokies. From Gatlinburg, Tennessee, highlights of the annual three-day festival which brings together Appalachian folk artists and craftsmen to show off their traditional skills. Steve Allen is host. (two hours)

Monday, June 30

7:30 **New Orleans Jazz:** "Mr. Jelly Lord"

8:00 **NET Playhouse:** Delius

Tuesday, July 1

9:00 **Conversation:** William Grier

9:30 **French Chef:** Chese Souffle

Wednesday, July 2

7:30 **Antiques:** Furniture Forum

9:00 **NET Black Journal**

Thursday, July 3

8:00 **NET Festival:** Carlos Chavez

9:00 **Critique:** Poetry of James Wright

Friday, July 4

8:00 **Sounds of Summer:** Cincinnati Pied Piper-Boston Pops Old Timers (2 hours)

Monday, July 7

6:00 **Focus on Horses:** "Showtime for Saddlebreds" kicks off a week of films on horses. This film was made in Kentucky.

7:00 **Conversation with Eric Hoffer No. 3:** Talking about the "role of the weak," Hoffer says the problem of communism is getting people to work.

7:30 **NET Jazz:** Woody Herman and the Swingin' Herd perform and talk with syndicated jazz columnist Ralph Gleason.

8:00 **NET Playhouse:** "A Man on Her Back" Peter Luck's comedy about a love affair between an earnest young musician and his hopelessly soft-hearted girl friend. (60 minutes)

Tuesday, July 8

5:45 **Just Imagine 31:** Listening and Sounds. First in a series of stories for three-seven-year-olds.

7:30 **Astronomy for You:** Methods for measuring time and distance are based on motions of the earth and moon.

8:30 **Folk Guitar 326:** Guest is Phil Ochs.

9:00 **Conversation:** Robert Short, author of "The Gospel According to Peanuts," is guest.

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I often felt guilty later, a fraud, that I knew nothing about the mountains . . .

Continued from Page 3

resting expertly on her open palm. In truth, here was a great spirit destroyed by feudalism—a knotty little peasant reared in a Southampton cottage.

And so the horse farms were a sort of estate and, previously, people spoke of them almost in a hushed voice, but the owners, mostly well-known, immensely rich sportsmen, were absentees, like the old landowners of Russia who lived in Petersburg and often went years without visiting the estates. The horse was supreme, but the great owners hardly existed in our folklore, fortunately. Our golden stallion, standing on the courthouse as a weather-vane, was our emblem, and the prince came from afar not for our graceful Lexington ways and our beautiful girls, but for our creatures, chewing limestone to

perpetuate a dynasty of swift bones. It is said that certain of the rich farm owners now spend a part of the year in residence. "When the W-s put their children in school here, the teachers were afraid to correct them." How close to the surface, like the capillaries of a vein, are the traditions of local life. A glimpse of the truly rich, and the diseased relentlessness of their consumption, diminishes the claims of the local gentry. The prestige of "old families"—based upon what forgotten legacies beyond simple endurance in a more or less solvent condition?—cannot stand up to those bodies decorated with the precious minerals of the earth, covered with the skins of the most astonishing animals, seeking comfort and pleasures from the possession of every offering of the ground and the manufac-

turing imagination. Indeed who is old Dr. So and So, and Miss Somebody, with her garden and her silver cups? A blooded horse could buy and sell the lot of them.

Tobacco—that is truly more local, but I know nothing about it except that I would rather see the full-grown plants in a field than the quivering, wavering beauty of a new foal. The old warehouses and the tobacco sales, with the gossip of prices, the farmhands, the grading of the leaves—there is still something of a century ago, something of the country scenes in George Eliot. The memory of furtion, of sowing and reaping and selling and sowing and reaping again. Allotments and bargains with tenants and country agents and rage at the government. But all I know about planting, all that I remember, are the violets and lilies of the valley at Castlewood, or is it called "Loudoun"—a brownish-gray stone Gothic Revival house—where we wandered; and tomato plants in our own resistant garden, and gladiola bulbs, yielding after effort, finally, their pinkish-orange goblets; and the difficult dahlia, forever procrastinating, heavily blooming at last, a liverish purple, or fuchsia. How I wish I could remember the names of the strains: weren't they Eleanor Roosevelt or Martha Washington? Papa at six in the morning, smoking a cigarette, staring at the staked tomato plant, the staked dahlia, the staked gladiola. Never anything you could put in a vase.

Winter visits from New York on the George Washington of the C & O, wearing a putative mink from the Ritz Thrift Shop on 57th Street. The train passed through mining towns in West Virginia, down through Ashland, Kentucky, through Olive Hill and Morehead, a stinging, green stillness along the way, the hills rising up on either side, to cradle the train as it slipped through the valley. Square, leaning cabins, clinging like mountain goats, ribbons of wood smoke stabbing Pine, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come . . . I often felt guilty later, a fraud, that I knew nothing about the mountains except

their songs, nothing firsthand of Appalachia, the martyrdom of Floyd Collins, of exhausted mine strips, of miners and their shy and resigned families, of the company stores, the rapacious mine-owners. I read all that in *The Nation* and *The New Republic* and grieved and fumed like an idealist from the Bronx, but somehow I never met anyone who was going up that way, although I knew many who had come down from there, bringing the disreputable vowels of Harlan County, of London and Hazard, into the Bluegrass.

Beyond the business streets, there was nothing that held me except the older section of town, just north of Main. The newer "East End" with its 1920 stuccos and colonials, its nice tree-lined strips, its Drives and Ways and Avenues, its complacent children, its new Episcopalians and Christian Scientists: all of this was handsome and prosperous and comfortable and yet it lacked any compromising hint of history, seemed an elaborate defense against all the sufferings except alcoholism. There were, out there, no Negroes just around the corner, no truck routes to Ohio, no bums in cheap hotels, or country people arriving on Saturday. There was not a town of a similar size in the land that did not have its own nearly identical houses and laurel bushes, which told in their own hieroglyph the same story. Real Lexington was, to me, the old central core. It was Gratz Park and the Public Library, Morrison Chapel at Transylvania College, the John Hunt Morgan House, Dr. Buckner's house, called Rose Hill, and surviving amidst the rusty oilcans of a filling station, backed by the peeling frames of poor people, a fine old garden facing an adjoining rectangle of old pipes, broken clothesline, Coke bottles, and the debris of hope—those unchurning washing machines, discarded toilet bowls, rusting tire rims. In the North End, poor and rich, black and white, lived together blankly and, on the part of the white people, regretfully; but there it was, a certain tradition attaching to the serene old houses on Broadway, on Second and Third on Lime-

stone and Mill. Alas, neither group could be thought of as enlarged or ennobled by the forced coupling; blankness, yes, blankness, rather than blindness, an absence, a Sahara, with its caravans of Fords and Chevrolets looking straight ahead toward the beckoning oases, those divisions and subdivisions, developments and superdevelopments.

In all our decades in Lexington, we lived in only two houses, both of them modest indeed; the first surrounded by Lack people and the second, somewhat "nicer," a few blocks away. It was in this North End of town, this mixture of the unlikely, among the races and classes, flung together by time and accident rather than by design worked out by building contractors. Negroes, the ill-lighted, rather darkly protected streets around the Public Library, Transylvania, where my two older sisters graduated, the dilapidated alleys, the race fights on Fifth Street, the depressing red-light district to the east, where the offerings on the porches or in the windows usually seemed to be missing some limb or another, the "bad black men" in their saloons on, yes, Race Street, where you didn't walk, but often drove through, quickly, in a car, vaguely troubled by the flash of knives, the siren of the police wagon in the night. The most interesting thing was to be witness day in and day out to the mystery of behavior in your own neighborhood, to the side-by-side psychodramas of the decent and wage-earning, and the anarchic and bill-owing, to the drunken husband and the prayer-meeting couple. Of course that is just "life" and the monk in his cell, the tycoon at the golf links cannot escape these contraries. Still, the individual existence must take place somewhere and you live under the illusion of the particular, caught up in the spell of the setting.

The old Lexington race track burned down. The horses screamed all night. This meant that during the season, fall and spring, we would, from the sidewalk, no longer see the cars

Continued on Page 6, Col. 1

I Am Curious (Peter)

By CHUCK KOEHLER

The Bluegrass can feel proud in its early showing of an avant-garde film about the tortured mind of a youthful, existential hero, as portrayed through the literary talents of James Barrie and the celluloid talents of the Walt Disney studios.

"Peter Pan" (now showing at the Cinema on the Mall) makes a strong argument as a children's adventure film. However, the film is actually an extended, allegorical cartoon, a form introduced and perfected by the Disney genius.

The hero—the boy-faced Pan—is first seen completing his identity in a symbolic scene where his id (shadow) is reunited with his ego. Furthermore, this act is performed through the talents of a virgin nymph, clad only in a pale blue nightgown.

In an almost "Bonnie and Clyde" allegory, the two "fly together" to points beyond the normal imagination—there to confront evil as personified in the vengeance-minded Captain Hook. Not coincidentally, Captain Hook's voice is also that of the young virgin's father; an Oedipal theme runs throughout the plot.

And in the great tradition of Norman Mailer, there are the "lost boys." Wendy (the nymph) consents to be their mother, actually a reminder that this country faces a serious issue in welfare assistance for unwed mothers.

Hippies are portrayed as a lost Indian tribe, seeking to relate to a complexly technological environment with savage simplicity.

The meeting of these ethnic elements—orphans, savages, pirates—is in an existential apothecary of the superhero, Pan. Pan's penultimate decision lies in the young virgin, Wendy: whether to succumb to emasculation and enter into wedlock, or to existentially deny himself animal instincts and continue as superhero in a land distraught with conflict and evil.

In grandiose style, Pan forsakes his animal instincts. Evil is conquered, but not subdued (it will return); Wendy is returned to reality, now a woman of the world.

Incidentally, there were only about 20 in the audience at the 10 p.m., Saturday night showing; none of them were children.

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Continued From Page 5

streaming by, the pedestrians hurrying, nor have bedded down all around us, on cots in the neighbors' living rooms, the old monkey-faced jockeys. I remember little of this, but an image remains, as of an ancient troll; it was an old jockey, drunk, wanting us to play "Funiculi Funicula" on the piano, while he sobbed, for joy and sadness . . . Harken, harken, music sounds afar . . . In the 1930s, under Roosevelt, one of the first housing projects went up on the site of the destroyed racing course. This place absolutely fascinated me, with its rules and its applications, its neat little plots, and there was always a good deal of talk about who was "in the project" and who was trying to get into it. Why should these uniform structures inflame the imagination that was repelled by subdivisions? No doubt it was the sway of sheer idea, of reclamation, even of a sort of socialism, of planning, price, and accommodation brought into a reasonable harmony. The project endures, looking a little quaint and small and subdued, but still bringing to mind Roosevelt's first term.

Autumn nights, the maul and jar of Halloween, fear as I ran alone, at eight o'clock down the little lane beside our house, with only an old street light, like a distant moon, to lighten these last steps. Everyone in his house, cool wind, working people thinking of going to bed soon. A few years later, across town, at Henry Clay High School, I remember best a light rain splashing the windows of cars, and the hours and hours and hours, the eternity, of students parked outside Saloshin's Drug, drinking Cokes. They are all married and some have been dead for a long time. "Drinking himself to death" is not a mere phrase. It was the fate of quite a few that I have known, gone in their youth, and the ones thus seized quite unexpected. It seemed to fall upon them, the blackness of night. Peace be with you all—Earl and Billy and Bobby and Betty and Sammy and Lutie!

A cold snap in the winter, japonica in the spring, the trees arching overhead on Bryan Station Pike. Teeth pulled early, the nuns at the old St. Joseph Hospital. The mind is shaken by the memory of certain lives it bore witness to, day in and day out, without being particularly friendly, actually not friendly at all, merely in a proximity. About so many of these one feels as William James did of the memory of a poor epileptic in an asylum: ". . . a black-haired youth with greenish skin, entirely idiotic. . . . He sat there like a sort of sculptured Egyptian cat or Peruvian mummy, moving nothing but his black eyes and looking absolutely non-human. This image and my fear entered into a species of combination with each other. That shape am I, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me from that fate, if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him."

A neighborhood girl, later a woman, for whom we all felt an intense pity and wonder and a mystical and mutual shunning. The fall of man, the loss of grace, in youth certain pathetic and benighted souls seem to represent the fallen state too vividly and openly to be endured. Without economic necessity, this girl became a prostitute, and spent her nights in the most sordid and degrading dumps and rooming houses, wandering around raw saloons near the old wholesale houses. She was the much-loved daughter of a railroad

worker, a responsible hard-working mother, and a tall, fair, old grandmother who smoked a corn-cob pipe. Juanita! When she was still in high school, before her "career" began, she stood around the yard a lot, with her fat, sausage curls nestling near the collar of her freshly-ironed dress. She was very tall, and while perhaps not designed for perpetual good luck, also not born for this desolating misery. I am far from sure that she took money, and I know that she drank but was not a drunkard. Still she suffered terribly from her dissipations and was most lovingly nursed through her tears and pains by her family. Late at night, you could hear the car door slam on the street behind us and down the narrow, dark moonlit lane came Juanita, her heels clicking on the pavement. Or sometimes she arrived by the street in front of our houses, by taxicab or by car. The yellow lights shone out in the darkness, all still and sleeping. The screen door of Juanita's house slammed gently. You could imagine the bodies of her parents turning, with relief, in their beds. Home at last was this tall, curly-haired, curious voluptuary, asleep once more was the by now swollen and coarsened pleasure seeker. It all had to be paid for. She cried a lot, in pain, perhaps from hangovers, and later from venereal disease. Patience and devotion and sympathy whispered to her at home. "Juanita is not feeling well today," her raw-boned old mother, large and neat in her long, full housedress, would say. "Maybe she's catching a little cold." And not too many years later Juanita fearfully died, of prodigious pains and sores, expiring with unbelievable suffering.

When I looked at the awful record of Victorian lechery, recorded in the appallingly cold-hearted and obsessive *My Secret Life*, every hideous fornication of that Victorian gentleman and his wretched street girls, nearly all of them harassed by poverty and born into misery, made me think of poor Juanita and her foul existence. But due to what?

November walking around the decayed streets where I had lived for so long, everything was sad, empty in the midmorning, broken down. But how unbelievable, unloved, but defiant, much stronger than we are. All of them still alive!

Poor neighborhoods are vulnerable to winter. Gray sky and bare lawns, stripped trees reveal every weakness, every sagging seam and rotting board. Muddy yards and dusty porches furnished with last summer's reclining deck chairs, soggy vinyl cushions, left to the storms. Walwreck; Duncan Park is a bomb site. (Here my oldest sister and her husband met, with whistles around their necks, as "playground directors.") In Duncan Park we learned to play volleyball and tennis and listened to band concerts on Thursday night, Mama and Papa and all of us, with the young ones parading in Hollywood bobs and hand-me-downs, giggling above the breathless wrong notes of the French horns and the slippery scales of the cornet. I cannot remember a single melody played in the bandstand at Duncan Park during these elated evenings. And this is odd, since my whole life in Kentucky is punctuated by the memory of light classics and popular music of all kinds. The sixth grade and Miss Fox, our music teacher: off we went to the state Music-Memory Contest in Louisville, the first step I ever took out of Fayette County. The

list of the tunes we were to identify, by a sort of multiple choice I think, are fixed in memory forever: "Poet and Peasant Overture," "Anvil Chorus," "Amaryllis" by Ghis, "Humoresque," etc. In Duncan Park, too, we learned a great deal of old-fashioned wisdom before we wanted to.

Everything now is Negro, black, where Maryanne lived, and Billie Joe suffered, and Hope and Eleanor, and the preacher, and those who went to the Methodist Church and the Baptist Church, and the Crittenden Home for Unwed Mothers, and the house, new, right next to ours, where an abolitionist, a woman, strange, sinister as a kidnapper, lived for a short time, and where there was once Old Mrs. This and the Blank Sisters, and those who worked at the front desk of the Lexington Laundry, the saleslady at Purcell's, the man from the Gas Company, the postman, the man who rode a bicycle, and Mrs. Keating, "a character," and Mrs. Newman, widow of a professor of engineering, her daughter teaching in the Canal Zone.

Red brick interrupted by the blankest of windowpanes, through which could be seen patches of black flickering like dark birds on the edge of the sea. This was our junior high school and memories of it descended on my brain like chloroform. I, a visitor now, skeptically at the door, facing the worn hallway, felt like a wife at the penitentiary on a Sunday. It is not without reason that all these places are called institutions. Young Negroes, heirs to my beaten-down junior high school, seemed to be studying what we had studied, nothing much. And there, flying high above, lost in some smoky cloud, were white teachers, like our teachers—Miss Owsley, Miss Skinner, Miss Wallace, Miss Denney. Surely all that was a thousand years ago, on some green sward, in a smoky, broken hut. A horrible sameness, nothingness mixed in the air: these poor black people had moved up to the nothing we had vacated—the textbooks, the lesson plans, the teachers, struggling through humid summer school in education courses at the University of Kentucky. The merest glimpse of the white teachers and they, not the children, looked like prison inmates, stuck with a sentence. Was there one, carrying like a burdensome tumor some inspiration, some love or devotion? Humor? Life? The principal of the school, a Negro, was going out for an appointment. He told me that the remaining white people in our neighborhood, most of them, had simply within the last year fled the scene, abandoned the turf. Chalk shrieked across the blackboard, restless bodies moved in the seats, the office typist struck the keys. Across the way, the old tumble-down grocery store, foul with pickles and a half a century of artificial flavors, waited impatiently for the afternoon pen-

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

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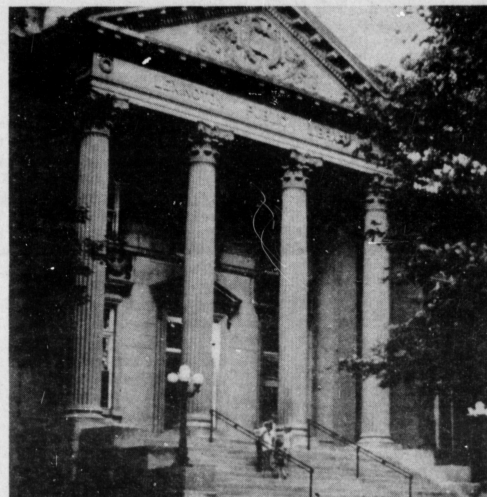
nies. Trucks braked down Fourth Street. The locked cars of the staff snoozed in the driveway.

Did we learn anything at Lexington Junior High? I have only one blazing North Star that steers me back to the seventh grade. Our class went by bus to Pee-wee Valley, Kentucky, to visit the house "immortalized" by Annie Fellows Johnston, the author of *The Little Colonel* books. Art and life came together then, in the dappled sunshine, and the house was made of white dreams. A long, maple-lined driveway, gracefully, slowly curved up to the great plantation mansion, laid out as peacefully and romantically as words on a page. Precious little mistress, sweet and gentle Little Colonel: was she there, we wondered, almost sick with pleasure, was she there in the farthest strawberry patch? This does not seem very advanced for the seventh grade and its loss is scarcely a deprivation. The bells rang out, the black students, and a few white ones, filled the halls, and the teachers, convicted, exhaled, breathing hard into the gloomy air. Torpor, nothingness, like an orphanage.

Transylvania College, Con-

clerks, your dreams are made of the pink lampshades in the Bluegrass Room, memories from a hundred towns. The electric organ in the Shenandoah Bar, plastic rhododendron in the Claridge Lounge, green and blue waves on the wallpaper of the South Pacific Club, floors like those of a sour shower stall in the Tahiti Grill: the downtowns from Atlanta to Bangor are the nostalgic remains of America.

Is not Kentucky truly "the dark and bloody ground"? Was there a mysterious race of Mound Builders here before the Indians? White (yes indeed) and of high culture (yes), greatly superior to the Indian tribes who came down from the North, like some Danish barbaric tribesmen sighting Rome? If that is not enough, think of Big Bone Lick in Boone County as the graveyard of extinct animals, prehistoric elephant and mammoth. Tusks eight feet long, thigh bones four or five feet long, and enormous teeth weighing eight or nine pounds! I got all of this from a small blue school book of the 1930s (introduction by Irvin S. Cobb) . . . Nothing is to be gained by reality, but much is lost in illusion.



stantine Rafinesque, "one of the strangest and most brilliant figures of the middle frontier." Botany, shells, flora, stalking the wilderness, bearded, wearing a cape, looking like a Jew peddler, and perhaps he was, although he claimed Turkey and France and Germany. Too many roots arouse suspicion. My sister, Annette, was crowned Miss Transylvania on the steps of Morrison Chapel on a June morning. "Dusty" Booth was Mr. Pioneer. Annette was wearing an off-white evening dress, the skirt in layers of ruffles, short in front, and going down in the back. Thus she symbolized the conquest of the wilderness, the hacking of the Indians, the capture of the fields, and the massacre at the spring, at Bryan Station.

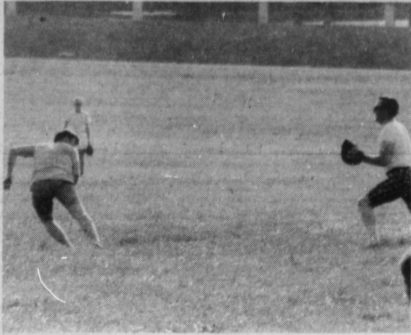
High, nasal, "Thank you, ma'ams" in the shops, play-acting domineering fantasies of women clerking in Better Dresses. I keep thinking of the deerlike shyness of country people, msking the rounds on a Saturday morning, with their eggs and chickens and sometimes a guilt. I suppose they stand in the place of something else, as the figure in a dream is really filling in for someone more important. These faces, hardly real, and the dingy nylon curtains, the groaning air-conditioners, the empty Coke machines of a downtown hotel seem to mtrite, to represent the past. At the hotel desk, listening to the courtesies of the elderly

The mirror gives back a blur. They'll go to the woods no more, that we know. A bizarre new life, ears tuned above the noise. The paths of little businesses, their night lights flickering in the dark, their stocks and displays, their expansions and contractions and family lines. Established, 1917, in blood and mud, a little shoe store, fifty years of cash and credit, deaths, disappointments, summer weddings, old report cards. The years chronicled in the A&P ads in the Lexington Herald-Leader.

Mary Todd Lincoln is nothing to be happy about. Neurotic, self-loving, in debt at the White House, a bad wife, a rotten mother. Isn't there a story of them in a carriage on the way to meet Grant in Virginia and Mary Todd meanly rapping the whole way, berating him who was no-account? A Lexington girl. Perhaps he was not sorry to go, after all. He had backed off from her once, but then, losing his nerve, returned.

Up the same old streets again, and suddenly, after a broken fence the devastating whiteness, undimmed by the slate-gray November lawn, of the manor house, too grand, at Third Street. Beautiful long windows, clear, calling to the light. On the east, the north, the south, and the west sides: the same old downward path.

"Who speaks of victory? Survival is all."



"See the alert base runner as he cleverly stretches his single into a double."



"Well, maybe a single will be good enough."



"Hey . . . see my beautiful single!"

Intramurals Rule UK Summer Sports Scene

By GERALD CENTERS
Kernel Staff Writer

Portly professors and staff members may be seen limping sorely around campus now that way.

Intramurals during the regular semesters are limited to student teams, but during the summers, faculty and staff are afforded an opportunity to participate. Larry Newman, director of intramurals and recreation, commented; "Even though the summer program was planned on an informal basis, the competitiveness of the faculty and staff is at a high level—they're more eager to win than students."

Of fifteen teams entered in the

softball division, thirteen are faculty and staff. It is reputed that one professor became so overwrought with the competitive spirit, he had to be ejected from a game.

Professors, generally considered to be more oriented toward academic endeavors rather than physical achievements, have

surprised members of the student teams. Theoretically, an obese, 230 pound professor can not slide second base, upend the second baseman-sprint to third, physically assault the third baseman who is trying to "tag" him out and calmly lurch toward home plate, amid cheers of teammates and fans. It may be a looooooong season for student teams.

Officiating, although done by team members of whichever team is at bat, has been excellent, attesting to the high integrity of intramural participants.

An interesting aspect of the faculty-staff teams, is the manner in which they rationalize their losses. "Well I'm only out here to lose fifteen pounds, winning isn't terribly important, dammit," is the most popular comment.

For relief from the rigors of studying, one might drop by the sports center field where games are played in the afternoons from 5:30 until 7:00 o'clock, Mondays through Thursdays. One might enjoy a comedy of errors or an excellently played game, depending on how participants are playing that day, but an observer will be assured of an interesting and enjoyable spectacle.

The softball teams will play seven games, and then in a single elimination tournament, a champion will be determined.

The other major sport, of the summer intramural program is three-man basketball with five teams entered.

Games, consist of three thirds, each third ending when 20 points have been scored by a team, and the winner of the best two out of three is declared the winner of the game.

The purpose of the summer program, as stated by Newman, is exercise and entertainment, and it appears that these objectives will be amply fulfilled.



"Don't hog the bag chubby, There's room enough for both of us here—I hope."



"I'm going to hit that ball so hard and so far, why I just might get a home run."



"Boy the zinc oxide sure doesn't stay on your nose when you slide face down." or "There's gotta be a four-leaf clover here somewhere."

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WANTED

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AN EXPERIMENTAL treatment program is being conducted this summer for female students who are unduly afraid of snakes. Those interested in obtaining this free treatment please contact Dr. R. Doctor, ext. 2836. Only one and a half hours of your time will be involved to overcome your fear. 2634

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Kernel Photos
By Dick Ware



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"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—Old Testament, Proverbs XXIX, 18

Poverty War Defectors . . .

The latest available state minimum wage rates from the Bureau of Labor Statistics help us to understand why two Kentuckians starve to death each week in the most prosperous country in the world . . .

These are INTRA-STATE rates and must not be confused with the protection given to Kentuckians working in INTERSTATE COMMERCE who are covered by the federal law.

Of those states with minimum wage laws on the books—14 states have none—Kentucky has a minimum wage law that is third from the bottom!

MINIMUM WAGE RATES BY STATES

Alaska	\$2.10	New Hampshire	\$1.40
Arizona55	New Jersey	1.40
Arkansas	1.00	New Mexico	1.40
California	1.65	New York	1.60
Colorado	1.10	North Carolina	1.00
Connecticut	1.40	North Dakota	1.00
Delaware	1.25	Ohio75
Dist. of Columbia	1.40	Oklahoma	1.00
Hawaii	1.25	Oregon	1.25
Idaho	1.15	Pennsylvania	1.15
Indiana	1.25	Rhode Island	1.60
Kentucky65	South Dakota43
Maine	1.50	Utah	1.15
Maryland	1.15	Vermont	1.40
Massachusetts	1.60	Washington	1.60
Michigan	1.25	West Virginia	1.00
Minnesota70	Wisconsin	1.30
Nebraska	1.00	Wyoming	1.20
Nevada	1.25		

The minimum wage law in Kentucky—65c an hour for a 48 hour week—is regarded as 2/3 lower than the poverty line.

Over one year ago, the Kentucky State AFL-CIO presented over 1,000 names of Kentucky residents who were asking, under the laws of the state, (KRS 337.220), for an investigation of low and oppressive wages that should have resulted in a higher minimum wage order.

Kentucky's Governor Louie Nunn, and Kentucky's state Labor Commissioner, John "Boots" Young have to date done nothing on this matter although the Governor suggested a few months ago that the state should buy a jet airplane possibly so that he could make an aerial survey of poverty in the Commonwealth.—From *The Kentucky Labor News*

Kernel Forum: the readers write

To the Editor of the Kernel:

One point managed to emerge last Thursday from your muddled and mystifying editorial—that you are among those who, either deliberately or by lack of enquiry, show racial bias in your treatment of the news. You wax eloquent, poetic almost, about the plight of the four black men who "tried to burn University buildings." You psychoanalyze them, with tearful condescension and, no doubt equally tearfully and dramatically, place them in prison ahead of the trial, which is still to come.

I happen to have talked to these men and it seems that the newsmedia have misrepresented their story. Their act was an inebriated prank, not well considered, but certainly without deep, Freudian, racial or University-hating motives. They are just people, like you and I.

Why must black people always be under a microscope, their every little-finger stirring twisted into an act of sociological significance? These students are too intelligent, anyhow, to try to set fire to a building (even if they wanted to) by starting with a concrete bridge, near a brick wall, with nothing remotely combustible nearby! Has anyone ever given them the chance to publicly state what their story is? I suggest that you make up for your fanciful editorial by seeking

out these students and talking to them, then writing another editorial in which you substitute fact for fancy.

D. Britz
Lecturer, Chemistry.



EDITOR'S NOTE: All letters to the editor must be typed, double-spaced and not more than 200 words in length. The writer must sign the letter and give classification, address and phone number. Send or deliver all letters to Room 113-A of the Journalism Building. The Kernel reserves the right to edit letters without changing meaning.

The Hall Of 'Justice'

To attempt to add a chapter to the volume written by the UK community during last April's "Mother-May-I" student rebellion would be futile at this time. One astute campus observer labels the present situation as the usual "hotbed of student rest". Nevertheless a footnote may be in order.

The cases of three of the four students whose suspensions after their arrests for sale and possession of dangerous drugs sparked the brief campus uprising are still being litigated. However, the case of the fourth student, Mr. Carroll Brown, is worth someone's attention. In early April, Brown was suspended from the University for constituting a "clear and present danger" to his fellow students. Brown's tuition was not refunded, and he wasted three months effort for he was not allowed to take his final exams. A month later, however, the trial commissioner declined to turn Brown's case over to the grand jury for further action because it *lacked sufficient evidence*.

Perhaps the students of the Uni-



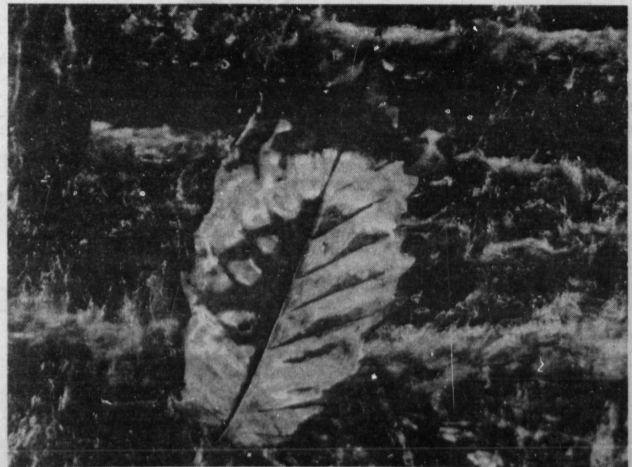
versity should express their gratitude to the Student Affairs Office for its outstanding efforts to protect us from a villain which the Lexington authorities, who are not renowned for their compassion, saw fit to release in our midst twice; First by releasing him on bail and later by dismissing his case. Or perhaps we should try to believe the incredible story presented by Dean of Students Jack Hall.

It is reliably reported that Mr. Hall, who was involved in the suspension of the students, was recently asked by higher officials why Brown was suspended if there was such an obvious lack of evidence of his guilt. Hall replied that he had possession of certain evidence which the Lexington authorities lacked which proved Brown's guilt. When prodded as to why he did not turn this evidence over to the police Hall stated his belief that the University should protect its students when they needed its help. In other words Hall's Court of Justice had found Brown guilty enough to suspend him, but not guilty enough to release any evidence leading to his suspension. He was too dangerous to be allowed to return to our innocent midst, but he wasn't quite dangerous enough to be prosecuted. His case was too clear-cut for the Dean of Students Office to admit the possibility of a mistake, but not important enough for the public to be made aware of the decision making process.

Turn toward the holocaust, it approaches on every side, there is no other place to turn. Dawning in your veins is the light of the blast that will print your shadow on stone in a last antic of despair to survive you in the dark. Man has put his history to sleep in the engine of doom. It flies over his dreams in the night, a blazing cocoon. O gaze into the fire and be consumed with man's despair, and be still, and wait. And then see

the world go on with the patient work of seasons, embroidering bird-song upon itself as for a wedding, and feel your heart set out in the morning like a young traveler, arguing the world from the kiss of a pretty girl. It is the time's discipline to think of the death of all living, and yet to live.

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In Memoriam

Dr. R. J. Amick, Associate Professor of Agricultural Economics

Dr. Paul Geren, president, Stetson University