

The
KENTUCKIAN
Magazine

vol. II no. 2 \$1.25

University Archives
Margaret I. King Library - North
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky 40506



THE QUEST

for the Skinny Body

BREAD VS. PLATO

Food for the Body
or the Soul

UK FOOTBALL

Too Good to be True?

RUPP ARENA

How the Hell
Are We Supposed
to Get There?



KENTUCKY'S FOURTH LARGEST MORNING DAILY

- 18,000 Daily Circulation
- Over 50 On- and Off-campus Distribution Points
- * Read Regularly by 95% of UK Students & 88% UK Faculty & Staff
- * Serving an 18-24 Year Old Market That Spends Over \$100 Million Each Year

* Belden Survey, April-June 1975

KENTUCKY
Kernel Rm. 210
Journalism Bldg. UK

backstage

with the editor

We've made some changes in this issue of the Kentuckian Magazine. For starters, we've converted the old "Underwraps" into a new feature called "Ups & Downs." It's a series of shorts on the University and the Lexington community, and should prove interesting.

Also, we've changed the title of our "Out of the Blue" section to "Silhouette." It will still focus on interesting personalities on and around campus.

Our cover story examines the skinny-mania that has been a part of our society for so many years. Mindy Fetterman acted as a guinea pig for some of the more popular weight-losing methods. She managed to recover from all this in time to write her story, but she swears she never wants to see another exercise belt.

"Bread or Plato: Food for the Body or the Soul" deals with the conflict between vocational and liberal arts education and its effect on the University. The information for the article was compiled by our staff and put together into story form by Susan Jones.

In our next issue, we plan to devote the bulk of our space to Coach Adolph Rupp. We plan to show what the Coach's typical day is like and produce an anthology (of sorts) of interesting and best-loved stories about the Man in the Brown Suit.

The KENTUCKIAN
Magazine

The Kentuckian Magazine is published five times yearly at an annual subscription rate of \$5.50, or at a single copy rate of \$1.25 per issue. Any opinions expressed are those of the author and/or editors and are not necessarily those of the University. The staff office is Room 113-A of the Journalism Building. The business office and mailing address is Room 210, Journalism Building, UK Campus, Lexington, Ky. 40506.

Copyright by the 1976-77 University of Kentucky Board of Student Publications. All rights reserved.

Students!



Registration

Xmas Shopping

Dorm Changes

Finals

Take the Load Off
at Wallace's

Instant Cash
on All Your Textbooks!

Check

Wallace's Book Store

385 South Limestone

we're trying to make it easy

The KENTUCKIAN Magazine

Table of Contents

FEATURES

- The Quest for the Skinny Body by Mindy Fetterman p. 4
- Bread vs. Plato: Food for the Body or Soul p.11
- UK Football: Too Good to be True? by Dick Gabriel p.15
- Going, Going, Gone! UK Horseflesh Hits the Block
by Ron Mitchell p.18
- "Dear Mom . . ." At the Tri-Delt House p.22
- All the World's A Stage by Pam Parrish p.24
- The Game Plan: How to Get to the Civic Center & Live to Tell About It p.30

FICTION

- The Mating Instinct by Bob Cochrane p.32

DEPARTMENTS

- Backstage with the Editor p. 1
- Ups & Downs p. 2
- Silhouette: Bennie Raglin by David Brown p.34

Staff

- Editor-in-Chief: Pam Parrish
- Managing Editor: Susan Jones
- Editorial Director: Mindy Fetterman
- Photography Editor: Bruce Orwin
- Editorial Assistants: Elizabeth Finney, Jo Lux
- General Staff: Hugh Findlay, Linda Jackson, Debbie Kalman, Roger Lowry, Bridget McFarland, Valorie Reid, Linda Schaars
- Contributing Editors: David Brown, Dick Gabriel, Ron Mitchell



Hey, Cats!

For the UK fan who has everything (except a winning football team) a "Wildcat Phone"! Yes, you TOO can win friends and influence people with this sleek little kitty on your bedside table. Even the dial lights up at night!

There are several models from which to choose. We have YOUR number: blue on blue, white on white, blue and white, white and blue, blue receiver—white body,



Thumbs up & thumbs down

white receiver—blue body . . . Lots of litters to choose from.

Repairs are rarely necessary for it's the only cat in town that you don't have to get fixed!

So get your "Wildcat Phone"—post haste!



Let's hear it for Student Government President Mike McLaughlin for coming through in grand style (with a little help from UK Public

Safety and LexTran) on his one campaign promise—bus shelters. That's a lot more than most SG presidents can say.

Now those of us lucky enough to get to the shelters first will be able to keep the rain out of our galoshes and off the backs of our necks.

So far, shelters have been put up outside the Chemistry-Physics and Law buildings. Others will be up soon at Shawneetown and the Complex.

No more singing in the rain.



A super thumbs up to the College of Arts and Sciences for sponsoring A&S 300—the Shakespeare on Film course. The course is unique in the nation as it offers 14 films in one semester for free. Talk is going around that the course will be offered again in a couple of years, even though it costs the University \$2,500 to put the thing on.



Curci's Tale

Once upon a time there were three little pigs—D.G. Herald, C.J. and T. Borden and P.R.E.S.S. (Paul B., Rick, B., Earl C., Stuart W. and Steve W.).

They were all merrily tripping through the UK football press corps, writing stories about quarterbacks. D.G.'s was made of straw, C.J.'s of sticks and PRESS' of bricks.

When along came the big, bad Bambino Wolf. And he huffed and he puffed and he bleeeew. "Cheap shot," he cried. "Have you no team spirit?" His nostrils flared and his Italian temper raged. And he huffed and he puffed some more.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't blow down the stories of straw and sticks.

Bambino is safe for now. But if he tries to blow down the PRESS' story of bricks he'll need more than hot air. Because the only way to get into the brick house is through the chimney.

And he'll get his tail end burned.



Bruce Orwin

Who Done It?

The average American diet consists of 43 per cent fat and includes 100 lbs. of sugar a year.

--10-20 per cent of America's teenagers are overweight.

--One of the new fad books, Dr. Atkin's *Diet Revolution* sold over 1 million copies in 11 months and spent 40 weeks on the best seller list.

Ah, America.

The amber waves of grain, the fertile fields of food, the HoJo's on every corner, Baskin-Robbins' pistachio-almond swirl, Big Macs, a bucket of

chicken in every pot, Hershey, Pa.--the national chocolate capital. The Good Life. The American Dream.

Once a land of plenty, now a country of altogether too much.

Over 70 million Americans are FAT. Call it "pleasingly plump" if you will, or "healthy," but it's basically FAT. And the majority of that 70 million are body-worshipping, diet mongers, like you and I.

There aren't any statistics on how many metric-hours are spent poring over the latest "Get Skinny Quick" article or how many people actually READ those "I lost 278 lbs. in THREE

WEEKS and You Can Too!" ads in the back of True Confessions. But it's a lot.

Frankly, the country has gone diet crazy. Our obsession with being slender has reached neurotic levels and we've become a species of knock-kneed, rib-tickling, skinny lovers. Columbia University's Dr. Theodore Van Itallie calls it the "age of calorie anxiety." More time is spent watching skinny people and wishing we were like them than just about anything else. The quest for the skinny body has become a national pastime. Have we gone mad?

Quite possibly. Americans spend over \$10 BILLION a year on the diet

THE QUEST FOR THE SKINNY BODY

by Mindy Fetterman

industry, which includes low-calorie foods, paying for doctors who specialize in treating weight problems, health spas, appetite suppressants, exercise devices, diet books, creams, powders, and pills...pills...pills...

Fat people, we are told are lazy, stupid and have no will power. Books describing obesity as a sickness can be found on any library's shelves. At M.I. King, for example, a rather scholarly volume, **The Importance of Overweight** is right down the row from **Disorders of Sexual Potency in the Male** and **The Social History of Pellegra**. No joke.

What are they trying to tell us?

In all this confusion and self-doubt, obesity has lost its original meaning. Now any 98-pound weakling caught chewing on a chicken leg worries about getting FAT. Men and women spend countless hours pinching and prodding thighs, underarms and asses. We look for nonexistent cellulite and get ulcers worrying about our metabolisms. Everyone thinks he's fat these days!

Who can blame us? The majority of Americans grew up with a Third-World Complex, anyway. "Clean your plate, Harold. There are starving children in

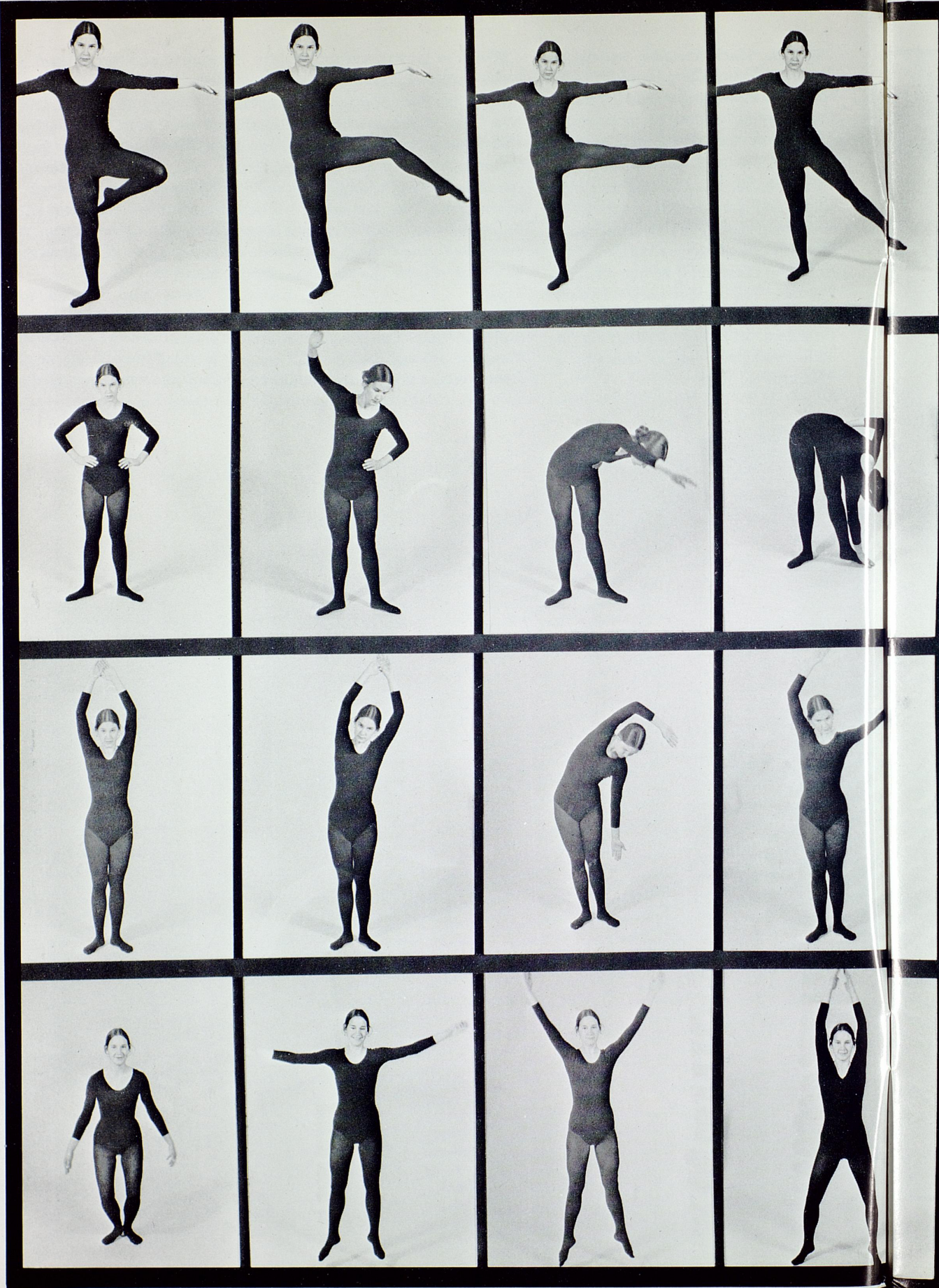
Biafra who would love your brussel sprouts." God.

Jack Sprat and his chubby wife are favorite fairy tales and there is even a token fat kid in "Our Gang."

Yet the brainwashing goes on. Children and adults are constantly bombarded with not-so-subliminal seduction on television, radio and in newspapers. Skinniness is praised above all else.

We've also learned to blame a couple of extra pounds on our mothers, jobs, anxieties and heredity—"It runs in my family." We no longer blame FAT on overeating. That's too simple.

—Sewart Bowman and Bruce Orwin





No, obesity is caused by, "...the presence of tumors of the brain or the adrenal gland or it may follow encephalitis or brain surgery or infectious disease, operations, accidents, or in combination with mental deficiency and other developmental abnormalities," according to one expert.

No wonder we hate fat. Eech.

Despair Not

Yet despite every sensible, intelligent and rational thing Americans have been told about the "Importance of Good Nutrition," we still continue to search for an easy way out—a miracle cure for fat. For weeks we eat only boiled eggs and water, or milk and bananas, gnaw on celery and gum cottage cheese, or take Ex-Lax and pray.

"The biggest single mistake in dieting is the belief that there is some miracle way to lose weight and keep it off with no effort. There is no magic," said Dr. Neil Soloman, a psychiatrist from Johns Hopkins.

Spoil sport.

Nonetheless, one mustn't lose hope. Weight Watchers, started 13 years ago by a housewife from Queens, N.Y., is now a multi-million dollar international organization specializing in broiled herring. And for ye of little faith, there is Overeaters Anonymous, which works on the theory of "confess thy sins and tell us what you ate today."

Even the UK Med Center offers weight reduction workshops called "Leave Your Fat Behind." Clever. "We use behavioral modification techniques and focus on what goes on inside your head that makes you eat—the cognitive approach to losing weight," said assistant program coordinator Susan Gaffield. Gaffield works with small groups of people, concentrating on eating habits and anxiety. She talks a lot about "goal-oriented attitudes" and "reinforcement of rational responses."

But the best thing about her program

is NO DIET. "We don't consciously put people on a diet," she said. "We just discuss what people are eating and why they're eating it. We want people to lose weight and maintain it. So we work within their lifestyles."

Perhaps the most popular weight reduction fad to come out of dietmania is the Spa—those last bastions of health food and nuts.

Going to a spa for the first time can either be a degrading, demoralizing and embarrassing trauma OR an ego-boosting pat-on-the-back...depending on how fat you are.

In my case, the embarrassment started before I ever got through the doors. I lied to my friends about where I was going. Admitting to a trip to the Spa is like saying you had your teeth capped. Everyone wants to be skinny, but no one wants the work to show.

I took a bath, washed my hair and put on clean underwear. (What if I had to go to the hospital or something?) Then, donned my basic black leotard—discreet and tasteful. Added a matching black ribbon and was off.

When I arrived I took a deep breath, sucked in my stomach and stepped through the huge, wooden doors. Gasp. The room is like a bad "artist's rendition" of the Roman Baths. The walls are lined with sleazy gold couches covered with red fuzzy dandruff from flocked wallpaper. Plaster figurines in classic Greek poses hold plastic ferns. Muzak hums discreetly in the distance.

Then my hostess arrived. A pert little number named Stephie or Joie or Charlie or something boyishly charming like that. I smiled. She was skinny. What was she doing here?

Stephie patted me on the back and took me off on a tour of the place..starting with the exercise room. A giant mirror covers three walls and the subtle light from two huge chandeliers reflects off the chrome and steel of exercise equipment: the rack, the iron maiden, the tower of London revisited.

Lyrics like "When you body's had enough of me.." floated through the air giving a kind of nightmarish rhythm to the grunting of 18 overweight women. I held in my stomach and stood up straight.

"Over 11,000 people here use these spas," Stephe said proudly. We have a pool, a steam bath, sauna, showers, sunlamps, massage rooms..." I needed a beer.

"We work with you individually to get that little roll off your bee-hind." She patted my ass affectionately. I needed a beer.

"Don't you worry honey, you got fat? We'll get rid of it."

On with the tour. There were about six very overweight women, five moderately chubby types, four pudgy college students, a couple of glamour goddesses and a 15-year-old track star. They could hardly be stereotyped. However, there were a lot of Alberto VO-5 hairdos around and champa gne pink was the favorite leotard color. One lady even wore a scarf and a Sagittarius broach.

"One, two, three, four. Stretch, two three, four..."

I did the exercises and muscles I hadn't heard from in years were screaming, "Cut this shit out!" About that beer.

"Now honey. We'll put you on a diet—a simple one and in two weeks you'll see the difference," Stephe said. "I know it does cause here's a picture of methree years ago." She showed me a fuzzy snapshot of somebody in a tent dress in the backyard and another of her one year later in a white leather jumpsuit. It looked like my Stephe, but I couldn't tell...

"Remember, honey. No beer." Shit.

We continued through the spa. A sign over the showers said "Face lifts—\$2.50." A young girl (the goddess kind) lowered herself slowly into the whirlpool. "Why do we do this to ourselves?" she laughed. Who's





Bruce Orwin

laughing. Women sat in the saunas and sweated, discussing pork sales at Winn-Dixie. Younger girls stood in the sunlamp rooms with their bras off. I burned my boobs. Older women, 60-infinity, swam demurely in the heated pool and a housewife thumbed through the October Playgirl.

Narcissis would have been proud. "It's a place where I can come to get some exercise and relax," said a grade school teacher. She probably needs it. "For two hours all I do is think about myself and how I look."

From whence came this insanity?

A Little History on Fat

The Spartans, though stark and sturdy Greeks, were perhaps the first real fat-haters. In fact, they were forced to eat at a common table and private meals were forbidden under penalty of amputation of one vital limb or another. Spartans didn't fool around with flab.


Young Spartans were stripped down and checked each month for that "Tell-tale Cellulite." If found, it was 40 laps around the arena.

But as late as the 19th century, fat was considered a sign of success. Never trust a skinny merchant—he's a crook. A successful one was full about the middle of his waist and his purse.

And who could forget those sainted Victorians with their round and puffy women?

But perhaps one of the most famous Fat Men (Jackie Gleason excluded) was Shakespeare's character Falstaff, the fat rogue in "Henry the Fourth." Maybe we should blame Shakespeare for all our overweight griefs, for he described Falstaff as...

"An old fat man' a tun of man...that colting-hutch of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloakbag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly..."

Good God. Who wants to look like that? 

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Coach Adolph Rupp

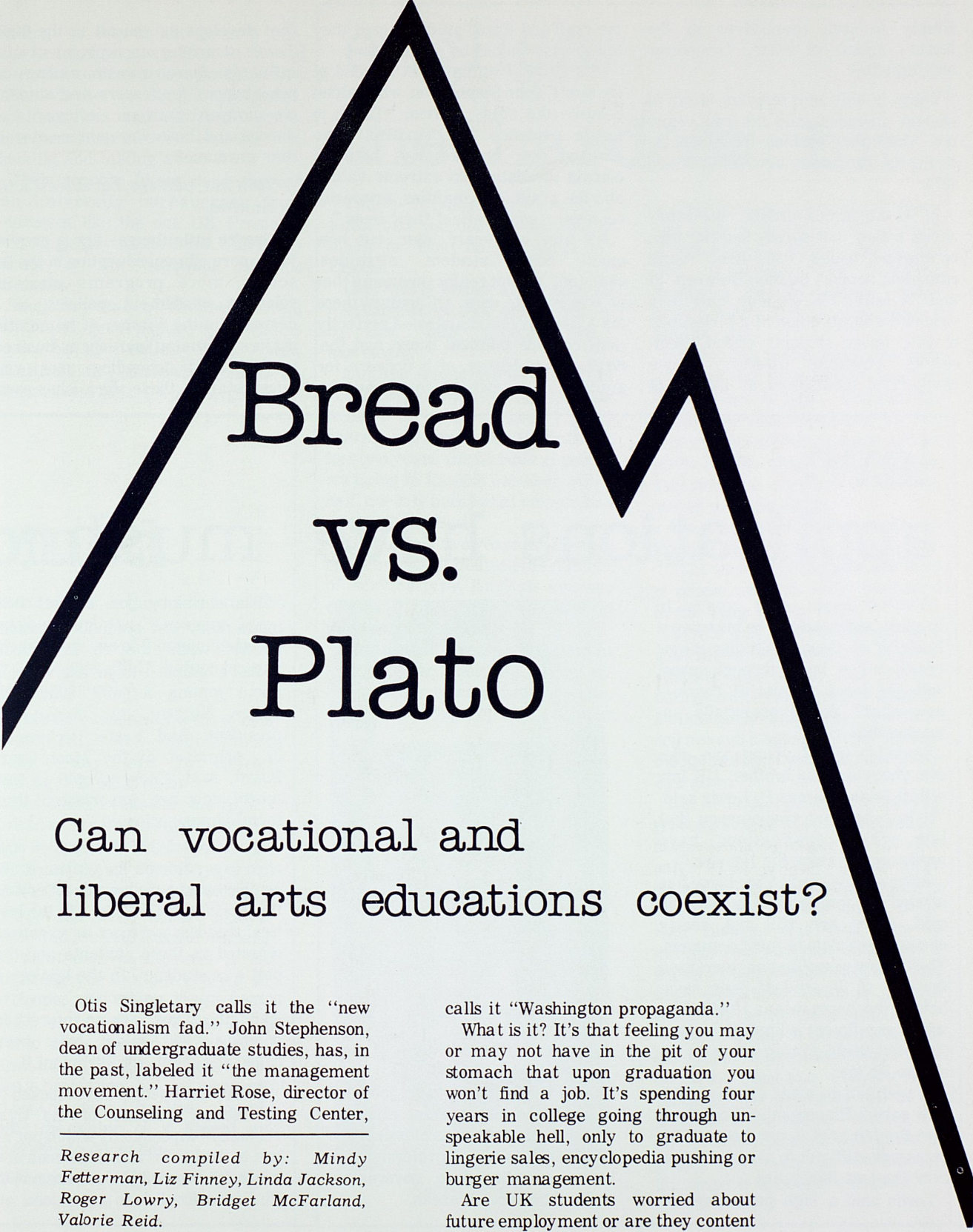
What's your favorite Coach Rupp story?

You can read some of the best ones in the next issue of the *Kentuckian Magazine*. Ex-UK basketball players, old friends and associates, cheerleaders, rumor mongers and tall-tale-tellers will have their chance to get rid of those Rupp stories they've been hiding all these years. If YOU have any good anecdotes about Kentucky's most popular legend, contact the *Kentuckian* offices NOW.

The Coach will have a chance to speak out also. An in-depth interview with the Coach reveals what he's doing now in between his infrequent public appearances, and how he feels about Rupp Arena and Kentucky basketball, among others. He's got a lot to say.

Look for it in February!





Bread vs. Plato

Can vocational and
liberal arts educations coexist?

Otis Singletary calls it the "new vocationalism fad." John Stephenson, dean of undergraduate studies, has, in the past, labeled it "the management movement." Harriet Rose, director of the Counseling and Testing Center,

Research compiled by: Mindy Fetterman, Liz Finney, Linda Jackson, Roger Lowry, Bridget McFarland, Valorie Reid.

calls it "Washington propaganda."

What is it? It's that feeling you may or may not have in the pit of your stomach that upon graduation you won't find a job. It's spending four years in college going through unspeakable hell, only to graduate to lingerie sales, encyclopedia pushing or burger management.

Are UK students worried about future employment or are they content

simply to lose themselves in the literary annals of Plato, Thackeray and Melville?

There is only one relevant study of student attitudes—and it's two years old. The study profiles freshmen entering the University between 1967 and 1974.

In its numerous graphs, the study shows a slow, but steady deterioration of what are usually considered liberal education support beams. Between '67 and '74 fewer UK students said they valued the formulation of a philosophy of life, fewer students called themselves political liberals, more categorized themselves as middle of

the road and fewer students said they felt grades should be abolished.

In a general summary at the end of the study, John Stephenson, who helped compile the study, states, "There is ample evidence that students have reached new compromises between certain idealistic and extreme values and the pragmatic realities, primarily economic, which affect their lives."

It's now two years later, but how much have student attitudes changed? It's not really surprising that no one is quite sure. Of course, there are a few obvious changes—a perfectly calm campus political scene and the return, to a degree, of a concern for grades. Not to mention that headache

that develops as you sit in the Ivory Tower watching unemployment rise.

But is there a war among administrators, professors and students on campus between leftover '60's liberals and those who want to eat when they graduate?

Not a war, perhaps, but at least a few skirmishes.

They're little things—like a demand for a more clinical education in the law school, more programs imposing selective enrollment policies or a decrease in the number of humanities majors versus an increase in business majors. And depending upon your interpretation, these skirmishes mean

law: applications have mushroomed

You've spent four years in English, anthropology or pursuing a Bachelor of General Studies major (BGS) in how to get through school with the least amount of hassle—now what? You're essentially unmarketable, right?

Go to law school, young man—like everybody and his brother. UK law school Dean Thomas P. Lewis said, "It is a national phenomenon that law school applications have mushroomed since the late 60s."

Although the application boom has leveled off somewhat this year, he said, there are still not nearly enough open slots to meet demands. The UK law school has not increased the size of its student body since before the boom began. Total law school enrollment is limited to about 500. And there are no plans to increase its size.

If you get in, what about a job? Law school Placement Officer Paul Van Bouten said it has become increasingly difficult to get jobs in law over the last five years.

Lewis said a high percentage of



Paul Oberst

UK law school grads do get jobs, but many of the jobs are not what are generally thought of as classical law positions. The legal profession has been expanding into government and public service areas.

This shrinking job market has made many law students vocation-minded while they're in school. "Most students I know are worried about getting a job," said Bob Jaffee, Student Bar Association president. And Foster Ockerman Jr., president of the Moot Court Board, said "More people in law school now are job-oriented than social change-oriented."

Law Prof. Paul Oberst has watched law students for 30 years. He compares those in law school now to the World War II G.I.'s. "In the late '60s, students were not as vocation-oriented as these students and the post-war students. In the late '60s a person might go to law school to learn about law with no interest in entering what might have been called the legal establishment."

Oberst said people have flocked to law school because of the tight economy—an economy which put an end to the liberal arts expansion and made it impossible for those with Ph.D.'s in English to get a job.

nothing—or they might mean a tide slowly turning away from a liberal education and towards a practical one.

But whether or not UK professors administrators and students have a clear handle on the situation, they are thinking and talking about it.

Their concern filters down through the University bureaucracy from addresses like the one UK President Otis Singletary made to the University Senate at the beginning of this semester.

Singletary stated, "Another current trend is the great popularity of what is now being called the 'new vocationalism', narrowly defined as education for jobs. I would argue that,

omed

Bob Griffith, a third-year student and head of the Kentucky Law Review, was one of those candidates for an English Ph.D. before he entered law school.

"I am here because I want to be a lawyer, but I also realized there weren't any jobs in college teaching," Griffith said.

"But I don't consider the time I worked on my doctorate wasted. It's easy to poopoo English and the liberal arts and say they aren't useful, but the training is useful.

"You can write better, analyze better and see both sides of an issue. A liberal arts background is not something you can put a price on.

"People do things they aren't suited for to get a job and it's a shame they denied themselves. There has to be a point you decide upon a profession, but not when you first start school. I feel very strongly about the value of a liberal undergraduate education."

Of course, Griffith was able to get into law school.

english: the hardest hit

Time's running out. You're a junior and you don't know what to major in. What do you major in? English.

It probably comes as no surprise that English has been the hardest hit by the "new vocationalism" movement.

English department Chairman Joseph Bryant said that although the number of people taking English courses has increased slightly in the last two years, the number of people majoring in English has been cut in half, not only here but at universities across the nation.

"In the past two years the English department has doubled the number of service-type English courses offered to non-majors because of popular demand."

Bryant said the service courses are necessary because many entering freshmen can't read or write.

Because of the drop in the number

of English majors, Bryant said there has been a tendency not to refill places when a professor retires. And full professors are teaching beginning English courses. "That was a no-no a few years back," Bryant said.

"We've had to reevaluate the way we teach and the value of what we teach," Bryant said. "I think this process has really improved us. The new vocationalism has made us look at the English major not as a major that prepares anyone for anything, but as a vision of life."

Those students now majoring in English are dedicated, Bryant said. "What we are getting now is a core of people who are really interested in the study of literature."

Bryant still believes strongly in a good liberal education and he feels students can obtain that general background by majoring in English. Philosophy, astrology, political science and English are the "ancient disciplines from which a view of life can grow."

But he adds, "Americans have to grow up in their views of education. Education is no longer for the elite only. When it was, the average citizen had no idea of what education meant. They worked hard, saved their money, sent their kids to college. They expected him to get a leg up in life, a better job, etc. But now education, even a college education, is for the masses.

"We're trying to do something in our society that's never been done before—educate everyone. Naturally the emphasis will be on jobs, but in the future I believe the liberal arts education will 'grow in graces' once more, as we discover the sense of a liberal education."



Joseph Bryant

resident
ard Street
K. Manitoba
da R2X 2P8

SALES
If you have a Proven
maintaining an inventory
TOYOTA, a leading
equipment, would like to
of Regional Sales Manager
South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas,
salary commensurate with
experience. We require a qualified, aggressive
to guide and assist existing and prospective
achieving maximum sales and profit
please write in confidence, including salary
Administration Department
1041 East 23rd Street, Carson, California 907
TOYOTA
In Equal Opportunity Employment

PERSONNEL
SPECIALIST
Major responsibility will be re-
cruitment and director. Also will
assist in personnel policy and prac-
tice development for affiliates.
salary studies and employee benefit
programs. We are the national
headquarters office of a major
with over 5,000 employees. The
an opportunity to learn about
field of work and help bring
positive recruitment and salary
practices into our state
operations. Salary in
travel. Excellent benefits in-
cludes Degree in
personnel admini-
strative experience
years experience
application, d
salary history
Box CS-852
An Affirm

BANK
PRESIDENT
for \$50 Million Northwest Chicago Bank. Must have
ten year's Bank experience with heavy emphasis on
credit and loans. Also, Bank investment portfolio manage-
ment, including bond purchases and sales. Complete
fringe benefits and excellent salary.
BOX CS-848, THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

DIPLOMAT
INTERNATIONAL TRADE
Executive wanted to co-ordi-
nate Diplomatic Corps liaison
with Network establishing
unique trading and commodi-
ties activities in 121 countries.
Will train reliable person-
nel. Salary commensurate with
ability. Truly rare equity
participation opportunity.
Kindly send resume in confi-
dence to:
DIRECTOR GENERAL
WORLD TRADE CENTER
307 WORLD TRADE CENTER
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

PRODUCT ENGINEER
Large national company with home
office in Madison has the following
growth positions. All are fee paid
and interview and relocation paid:
BSIE with 2 plus years experience
in design & development of ventila-
tors or pulmonary function est-
imating equipment. Work with digital/
analog circuitry. Salary \$15,600-
\$19,200.
MANUFACTURING ENGINEER
BSME or BSIE plus 5 years experi-
ence of machining experience pref-
erably in non-ferrous metals.
Plus knowledge of foundry processes a
tool requirements, time estimating,
sequence planning, N/C machining,
& manual production equipment.
Salary to \$23,700.
BUYER
BA/BS in Purchasing, Business
Admin. or Accounting. Experience
in buying molded plastic parts pre-
ferred. Familiarity with comput-
terized inventory purchasing sys-
tems a plus. Salary: To \$13,500.
Send resume in confidence to
Employment Specialists, Inc.
Suite 107, 1406 E. Washington
Madison, WI 53703
A licensed employment agency

MANAGER
TEMPORARY PERSONNEL
AGENCY SERVICE
Outstanding career oppor-
tunity for successful indi-
vidual with temporary per-
sonnel agency experience.
Our firm seeks a sales-
oriented manager to de-
velop marketing and re-
cruiting of temporary of-
fice personnel in the Chi-
cago area. Successful indi-
viduals now in profitable
temporary personnel ser-
vice who wish to be their
own boss and achieve fi-
nancial success preferred.
Send resume to:
Street Journal
ARCH

INDUSTRIAL FILM SALES
Midwestern regional sales
manager for a growing pro-
ducer of industrial and special-
ity films. Opportunity for indi-
vidual with 5 to 10 yrs back-
ground in plastic film or indus-
trial product manufacture.
Send resume and salary require-
ments to: Xcel Corp., 200 Ferry
St., Newark, NJ 07105.
Att: J. J. Blair

ASSISTANT CONTROLLER
Privately held wh
tributor of hard line
mass merchandis
dead gauge ad
abilities in
responsibility

from the very beginning in this country, higher education has had two purposes, not one. We have always in this country, pragmatic people that we are, believed in some kind of vocational preparation. Higher education always gets many people ready to earn a living. After all, such things as medical schools and law schools are preparing for careers. You can carry that as far as you like, but in times of pressure we tend to lose sight of the other side. We also have been concerned, in higher education, not just with the way to make a living, but the kind of life one is going to live."

At an October meeting of student leaders, Singletary continued to defend the liberal arts education. "Those who talk about 'new vocationalism' also say we're in danger of educating too many people—that's never a problem in Kentucky.

"Education will play a part in your life, no matter what you do for a living," he said. "The modern university in America is the great pumping heart in society. Society would be much more stratified and less enriched without education.

"There are two universities on this campus—the physical one and the invisible one—the world of ideas," Singletary added. "Some students come and go and don't discover the second university."

Harriet Rose, director of the Counseling and Testing Center, feels the University's concern over vocational education stems from Washington propaganda. When it comes right down to it, she said, students may be worried about what they're going to do when they graduate, but they're not doing anything about their fears while in college.

Only about five per cent of the student body ever contact the center for vocational counseling, she said. Rose said young people are now being encouraged by propaganda to make vocational decisions before they're developmentally ready to do so.

When she provides vocational counseling, Rose never promises anyone a job. "Nowhere is it written that a college education is going to

Continued on page 38

Holding back

Is it too good to be true?

by Dick Gabriel

It creeps up on you...a lot like cheap underwear.

Nobody ever really knows when success has just stopped by to shoot the breeze or is settling in for a long visit. Which explains why some people think Kentucky football fans are holding back their enthusiasm just a tad, to make sure they don't get burned again. The higher the hopes, the harder they fall.

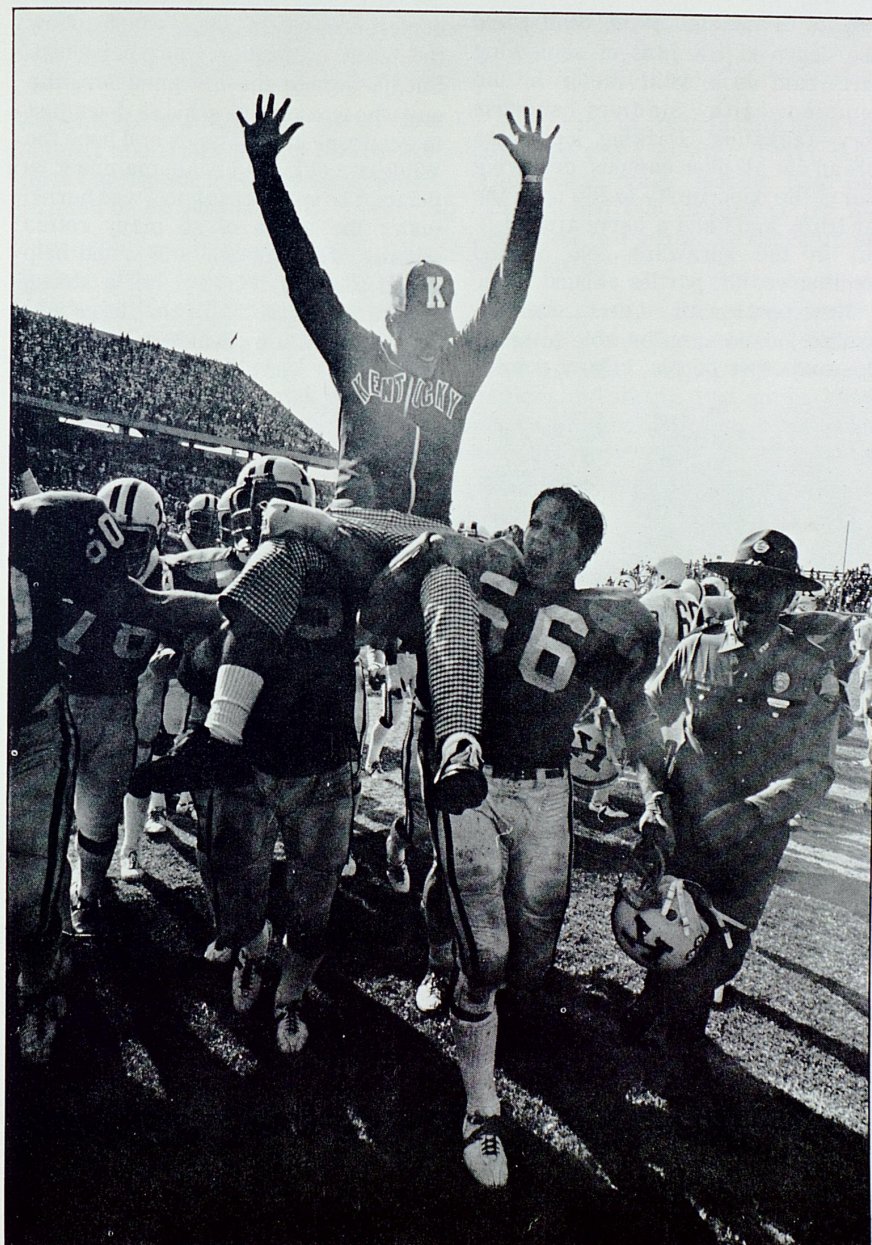
Even when UK was pushing Penn State all over the field a few Saturdays back, some folks wondered if the crowd couldn't be more rabid. "It was like everybody was sitting back waiting for the bomb to drop," said a man who has been following the Wildcats since the Charlie Bradshaw days. "Even when we were up 22-0, it seemed like people were saying to themselves 'Okay, when does it happen?'"

"One play," said a woman who witnessed the win over the Nittany Lions. "We knew that all it took was one play for them to turn it around." But it never came as the Wildcats crushed the struggling Eastern team 22-6.

Many noticed the restraint of the fans who, disappointed so many times before, were waiting to see if the UK team would turn into a pumpkin.

One 38-year-old fan, who has attended every UK home and away game during the last four seasons, not to mention practices, said he did not feel UK crowds are hiding their emotions.

Dick Gabriel is Assistant Managing Editor of the Kentucky Kernel and was last year's Sports Editor.



— Dave Cronen

"I played against Texas, Notre Dame, Alabama and LSU. I've seen all their crowds. But you can't be any more uninhibited than that crowd was at the Penn State game." The fan's name? Fran Curci.

Curci knows about crowds. He had enough troubles with them in Florida, where he coached before moving north to the Southeastern Conference. He took over as head coach at Tampa University with a team that was drawing under 5,000 people to its games. When he left to take the head spot at Miami University, his alma mater, crowds at Tampa were averaging in excess of 28,000. Tampa even drew 65,000 for a clash with Notre Dame. But at Miami, Curci was finally stalemated.

"One of the reasons I came to Kentucky was that I knew the fan reaction at Miami wouldn't change, it would only get worse," he said. Curci took over just as the city was awarded a National Football League franchise, which usually means instant oblivion

for a struggling college program.

So Curci took the UK job. He arrived in Lexington in December, 1972, and gazed at the skeletal structure which was soon to be Commonwealth Stadium. "When I came, I knew the key to the whole thing would be the stadium," he said.

Kentucky had played its home games in decrepit Stoll Field, the joke of the conference as far as football stadiums went. It seemed to house losers well, exuding an atmosphere of despair and hopelessness.

In its dilapidated state, Stoll Field also deprived UK fans of something Curci said is a vital factor in the Commonwealth Stadium success story—tailgating. Parking lots were spread out all over campus, depriving fans of the opportunity to flip open the car trunk and build a party around it. But in the sprawling lots around Commonwealth, parties abound.

"Now people can come to one centralized location and be able to see a thousand other people," Curci pointed

out. "They can bring their chicken and beer and make it a picnic."

Kentucky football and civic pride thrive on each other. Businesses demand tickets, which they use as public relations gestures.

"That's another thing I noticed when I came here," Curci said. "All roads lead to Lexington. I looked at a map and all the major highways seem to end up within 10 miles of the city."

Curci knew that since Kentucky is the only team in the state in a major conference, many people would follow the team no matter what happened. But he wanted the marginal fan, the guy who wouldn't plop his \$8 down just to get drunk in the stands and hope the Wildcats could hold Alabama under 50 points. The spark of support was buried under the ashes of so many rotten seasons. The new stadium would help brush some of it away, but a strong program was crucial if the flame was ever going to be rekindled.

The table was set for a banquet—an



— Dave Cronen



expensive stadium, renewed fan support and a new image. Now it was up to Curci to see if he'd be serving filet mignon or an old boot.

His first two seasons were mighty tasty. The former All-American quarterback delighted partisans with 5-6 and 6-5 records. People actually began referring to "bowl" without any mention of "toilet," a cruel joke of the past. But the jolting reality of last year's 2-8-1 mark was like throwing water into the faces of many fans, who sensed a return to mediocrity.

Whipping Penn State loosened some of the emotional shackles and it finally began to dawn on people that quality Kentucky football was not a rumor.

"I think Dr. (Otis) Singletary (UK president) said it best the Friday before the Penn State game," Curci said. "He feels our program is just about where it should be. He said before the game, 'Everybody doesn't already know who's going to win.' Several years ago people would have said 'I hope we can keep it under 30 points.'"

Kentucky has not yet graduated to the level of "powerful." They are still at the "pesky" stage, the basis for the "On Any Given Saturday" theory. UK can line up and play competitive football with almost any team in the country. UK may not win, but the teams it plays will not be setting records on Kentucky's account. And opposing teams' attitudes have changed considerably.

"They used to come in here knowing they were going to win," Curci said. "They were really looking past us. We've ruined that advantage for us. Those first two years, we snuck up on some people."

So the element of surprise is gone from the Kentucky attack. Visiting teams, rushing into Commonwealth Stadium and shouting en garde, know they're underestimating when they allow UK only the traditional seven-point advantage usually accorded home teams.

"We're getting a reputation here," Curci said slowly, "of 'When you play 'em, you'd better be ready.'"

As UK football becomes more popular with the fans it becomes more popular with high school football players, too. But Curci said recruiting is not getting easier and probably never will.

Kentucky is on the outskirts of the Southeastern Conference and at the bottom of Big Ten territory. The state is flanked by the Big Eight conference on one side and the Atlantic Coast Conference on the other. Independents Penn State, Pitt and West Virginia also recruit in this region.

"It will always be different in Kentucky," Curci said. "Even if you get a national championship, you're right in the middle. Everybody pulls."

Holding a business degree in marketing, Curci said he likes the recruiting competition. "I like the

Continued on page 42



— Bruce Orwin

Wide receiver Fred Bishop (top right) makes a desperation effort at one of quarterback Derrick Ramsey's (above) passes. A swarming defense (left) led to an upset win over Penn State.

Going Going Gone!

UK Horseflesh Hits the Block

by Ron Mitchell

Leslie Combs II, Preston Madden, Lee Eaton, Seth Hancock, Duvall Headley, Nelson Bunker Hunt, the University of Kentucky . . .

The list of breeders in Keeneland's September Yearling Sales catalogue is always prestigious. And somehow,

Ron Mitchell is now a writer-researcher for the Thoroughbred Record. While at UK, Mitchell was managing editor of The Kentucky Kernel.



during the last three years, the University of Kentucky has managed to find its way onto the list.

Not many of those who attended the fall sales this September knew UK was selling—few cared. But Wayne Spurling and T.W. Cox, who paid \$3,000 and \$1,500 for two UK-bred fillies, are both hoping University breeding will win them a small fortune on a racetrack or at stud.

Like some two dozen others bred by

UK each year, the fillies were initially destined to be used either for UK riding classes or horse nutrition studies. But, because of the stud service donations of several local horsemen, the breeding on these particular fillies was good—better than average—and the University decided to take its chances at the auction block.

The breeding took place on a 49-acre section of the UK-owned Maine Chance Farm. The section, managed by

graduate student John Willard, is set aside for horse nutrition studies.

For Willard, a Ph.D. candidate in horse nutrition, breeding a horse for auction takes the boredom out of his job and even makes it interesting.

“It really makes this job fun to be able to breed a horse, feed him and then watch him sell. There have been two other horses sold by UK at Keeneland and I enjoy following their careers,” said Willard, as he gave a



— Bruce Orwin

visitor a tour of the farm. "The only one I know of who has done anything is Northtown Mick. He's three, I think, and I heard that he won a race on the west coast a couple of months ago."

Maine Chance Farm has lost the class and elegance it had many years ago when owned by Elizabeth Arden Graham, the cosmetic magnate. Abandoned equipment rusts in barn corners, horses' watering facilities no longer operate, and of course, the fences could use several coats of paint and a few posts here and there. The money UK makes at Keeneland goes back into the farm.

It's hard to see this farm as it once was—picturesque landscape with championship horses frolicking around the field. In fact, it's hard to imagine Maine Chance as anything other than the dump it is.

Willard is defensive about the farm's condition and is quick to explain that fences will be repaired in the near future and work has begun to modernize the plumbing.

The fence around one field is noticeably dilapidated, with large chunks of wood missing. "Yep, we call these horses chewers," Willard laughed. "They just eat away at the fence. Some horses are notorious chewers."

John Willard knows a lot about horses. He should. He's spent the last 10 years of his college life (a B.A., an M.A. and three-fourths of a Ph.D.) researching and working with horses. Raised in a small Iowa town, Willard is now the type of guy who can take off a layer of skin with Lava soap and still smell like manure.

He has a great deal of respect for horses and often speaks philosophically of the animal. "The horse is a real sonofagun. He's an exceptional athlete and is so tough he can do almost any job. But then he's so fragile he can be crippled by a simple shin injury. Each year we learn more and more about the horse, but he's still a mystery."

Dressed in jeans and a red flannel shirt, Willard walked around the farm with authority. He opened and closed gates and barn doors with the ease that anyone else would open and close a car door. He talked to the horses and it seemed as if they were hearing every word. And obeying him.

"Come here, here boy, whup!" Willard shouted to Mid Arc, a 17-year-old stallion who won only \$9,315 in four years of racing. Grabbing the horse's halter, Willard steadied Mid Arc's head as the two posed for a photographer. "He's a real stud. We never have any problem getting him into a mare."

Walking along one of the farm's dirt roads, Willard explained he hopes his

Willard is the type
of guy who can
take off a layer of
skin with Lava soap
and still smell
like manure'

experience and education will enable him to get a job as a farm manager someday.

"Sure, I would like to be a farm manager. But even if I don't, the experience here has been phenomenal. Working each day with 57 head of horses has let me really know this animal."

Willard knows his horse trivia—and he's proud of it. He can tell you that it's easier on the horse to breed outside on grass rather than on a barn's hard floor. Or that many championship horses are never in Triple Crown races because those races are for three-year-olds. And, like people, horses mature

slowly—their bones are still fragile at age three.

Then there's Dr. John Baker, director of the UK nutrition program in the department of animal sciences. He would rather people didn't notice that the University of Kentucky bred and auctioned a couple of horses at Keeneland. After all, he says, UK isn't trying to compete with professional breeders.

Baker is quick to point out how the UK breeding program began and was eventually worked into the curriculum.

It all started when a wayward Norwegian settled in Lexington and began giving horseback riding lessons. The classes were popular with UK students, and as is the custom for the University of Kentucky, the courses were offered for credit and eventually became a part of the curriculum.

Therefore, UK got into the horse business through the back door, and the next logical step—universities deal in logic—was to start breeding horses for these classes.

So, a couple of local horsemen, wanting to unload poorer quality stallions and mares for a lucrative tax break, gave the University horses for this purpose.

Since Baker joined the UK faculty in 1967, the 20 geldings (stallions involuntarily relieved of their reproductive organs) originally used in the riding classes have gradually been replaced by UK-bred horses.

"We began to receive a large demand for production and management classes, so we decided if the students were to receive any practical knowledge about horses, it would be better for us to offer courses where the technical knowledge they learned in the classroom could be applied," Baker said.

Horse reproduction is now worked into the curriculum with students learning theory and technical knowledge in the fall, advancing to the lab (farm) in the spring where they assist in the breeding process.

Once the yearlings are trained and have matured somewhat, they are sent to UK's Spindletop Farm for use in the riding classes. Older riding horses are returned to Maine Chance to be bred.

Baker says it's important for students to obtain as much knowledge about managing a farm as possible because, "We are seeing the last of the old-time practical horsemen dying off. There are not many of the seat-of-the-pants horsemen left."

Again, Baker makes it clear that the University is not mass-producing future farm managers.


"We don't even pretend we're producing farm managers. We try to make the theoretical courses come

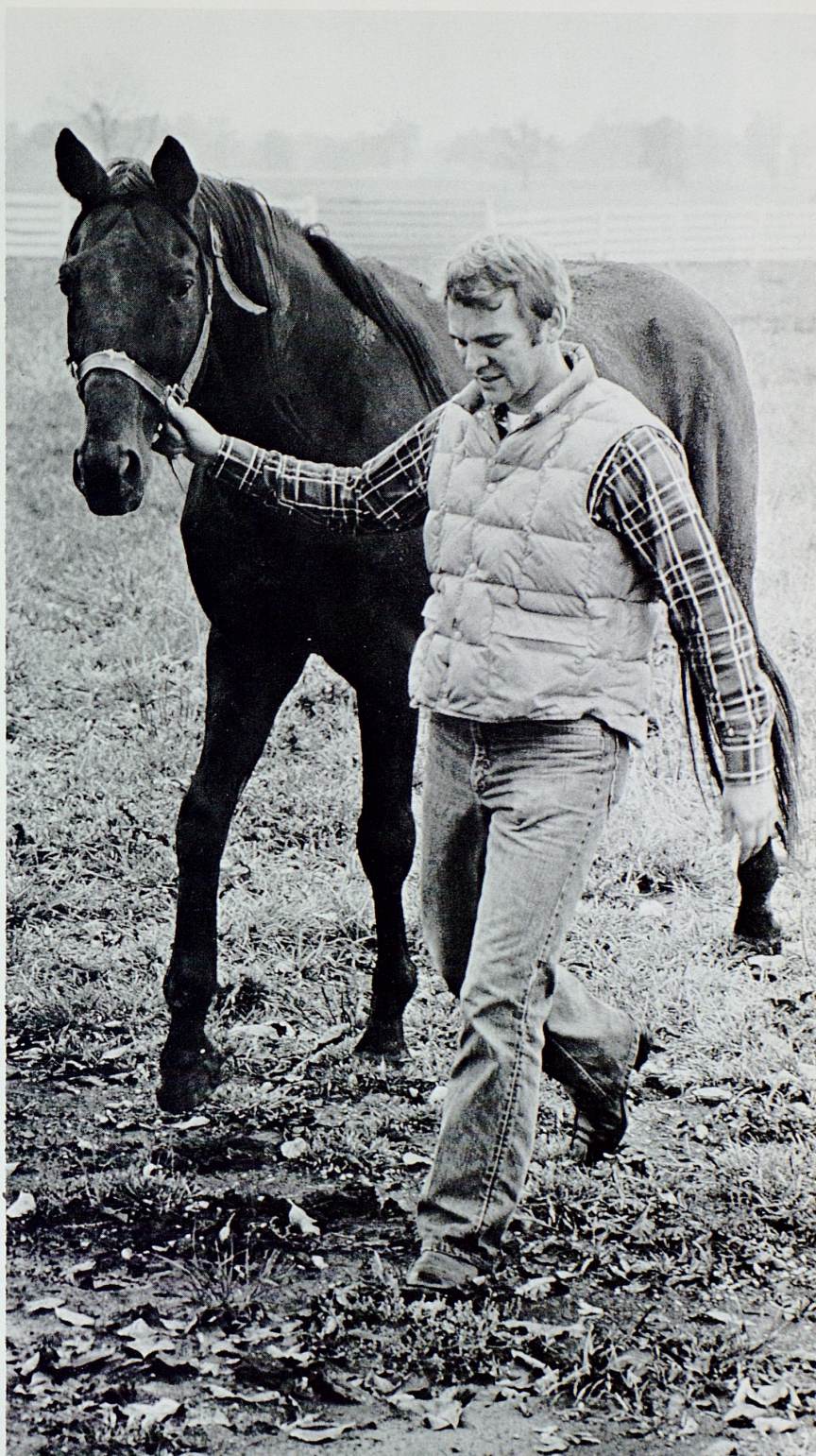
alive for students by training them in specialized programs they want," he said. "But many of the students have the mistaken impression they are going to take these courses and go out and become farm managers. Sure, most of your managers have degrees but they also have many years of hard farm experience."

Baker feels students' interest in the horse industry is growing. "Most of the interest is from girls because they have more affection for the horse, which is an affectionate animal. Most of them decided they liked horses when they saw them at fairs and local pony clubs."

The cost of this program to the University or bred at Maine Chance, considering the high cost of owning and breeding thoroughbreds these days. Since stallions and mares used in the program were either donated to the University nor bred at Maine Chance, UK has only to pay for the farm's management and caretaking.

But still, cost can be substantial. Besides Willard and his wife, two other students work and live at the farm and the 57 horses will consume some 50 tons of straw this winter.

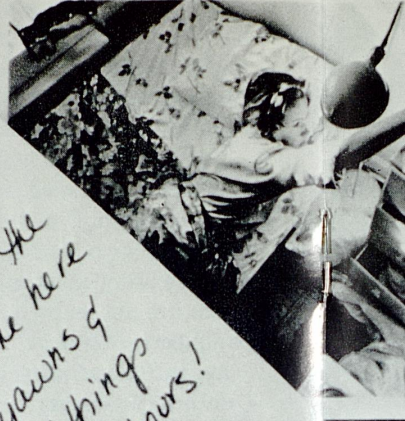
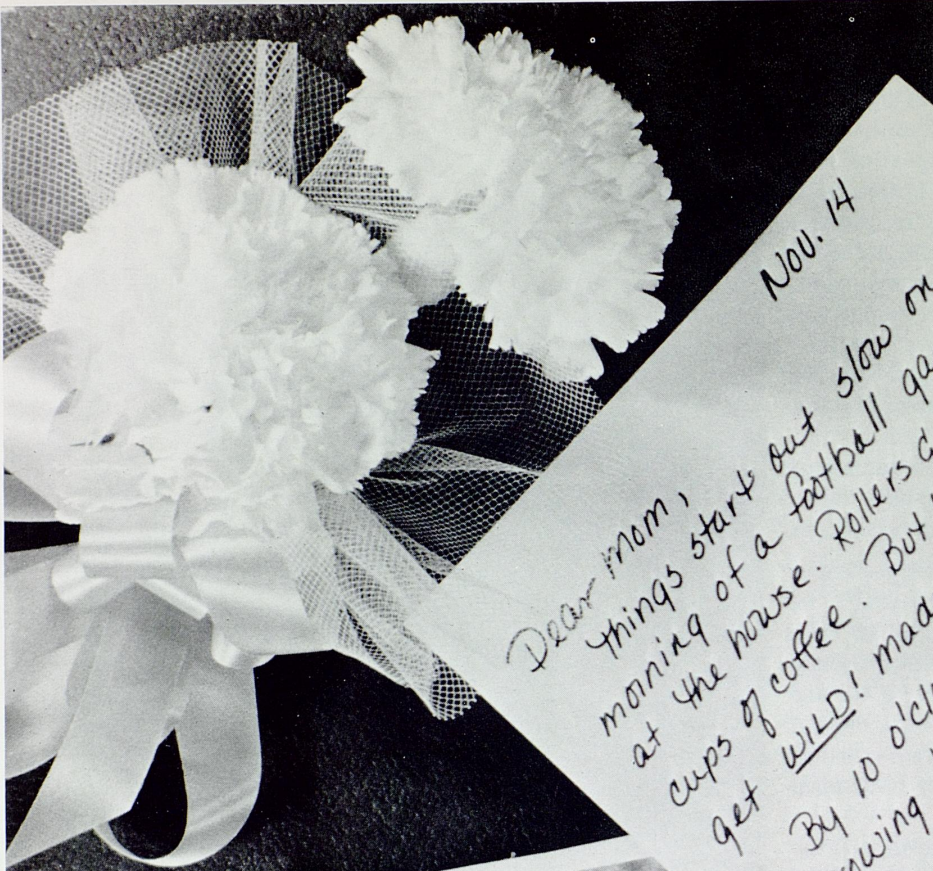
And, of course, there are those fences the "chewers" have been working on over the years . . . 



—Bruce Orwin

John Willard leads Mid Arc, one of UK's Thoroughbred stallions, through the mud at Maine Chance Farm.

At the Tri-Delt House



Nov. 14

Dear mom,
 things start out slow on the
 morning of a football game here
 at the house. Rollers & yawns &
 cups of coffee. But then things
 get wild! madness for 2 hours!
 By 10 o'clock the trading &
 borrowing begins -- I wore Jamie's
 outfit & she wore mine. It's for
 to be able to trade.
 weekends get better, maybe, but better
 just loses control in a
 ville, mom! Its nothing
 ready for the Big
 Game!

SEC. 113 ROW 15 SEAT 31

SATURDAY
 OCT. 23
 GAME

5

7:30 P. M.
 1976

FOOTBALL

GEORGIA vs. KENTUCKY

STUDENT

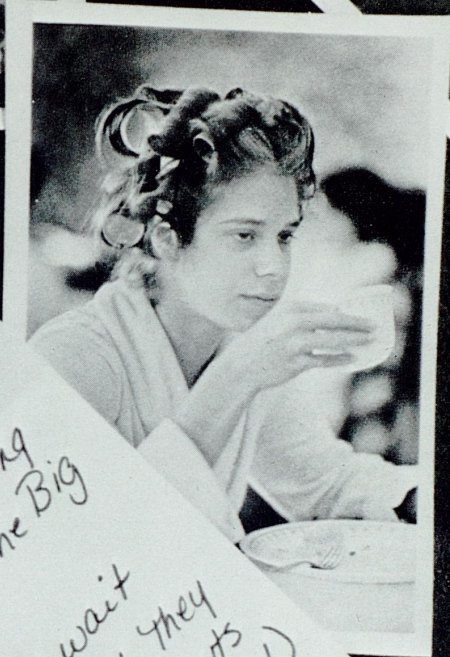
Good only if presented with I.D. and Activity card
 THIS IS NOT AN ADMISSION TICKET

To Facilitate the seating of your Fellow
 Student - Please Occupy This Seat

SEC. 113 ROW 15 SEAT 31

EAST SIDE RESERVED

crazy
 Lexing
 in a fo
 everybod
 ne Big
 takes fi
 townsta
 took s
 in y



crazy
 Lexington
 in a football
 thing like mays-
 everybody's getting
 the Big Date & the Big
 Dates finally come & wait
 downstairs -- quite a ritual. They
 look so clean-cut. (the 1/2 pints
 in their back pockets don't show!)
 Go Big Blue!
 Love,
 Susie

all the world's a stage



by Pam Parrish

The stage was empty and dark; the audience chattered away. Suddenly the house lights went down, the stage lights came up and the singing started, all in the space of a few seconds. The stage erupted into a riot of color—street people, happy and gaudy—the cast of “Madwoman of Chaillot.”

“Madwoman” is a two-act comedy written in the early 1940’s by Jean Giraudoux. But it’s still relevant, with the old “people vs. profits” conflict.

A group of shady businessmen think they have discovered oil under the Paris streets. Being you typical greedy type, they decide to go after it, even if they have to tear up the whole city. But the Countess Aurelia (the

ma
Sha
sche
slig
stan
Jose
(pe
etc.
It
they
life
was
of w
The
spor
B
wor
the
chor
prac
they
The



—Allen Malott

madwoman superbly played by Sharon Kinnison) sees through their schemes. With the help of her three slightly touched cronies (Mme. Constance, Mlle. Gabrielle and Mme. Josephine) and the street people (peddlars, ragpickers, musicians, etc.), she thwarts their evil plan.

It was hard, at times, to remember they are UK students, and that in real life they're totally different people. It was even harder to discern the amount of work that went into this production. They made it look so natural, so spontaneous.

But it's true. The 26-member cast worked their collective butts off—all in the name of art. Every move was choreographed, every vocal inflection practiced over and over, and that song they sang was old music to their ears. They were up until the early hours of

the morning for weeks, but you would never have known it by their faces opening night.

And then there was the crew, all those people who never got to take a bow, scurrying and crawling around backstage. Thanks to them, there were lights; thanks to them, there were costumes, makeup and props; thanks to them, there was a set. It boggles the mind.

The hard work began more than a month before opening night, with the play's selection. Then came auditions, blocking the play (deciding who will move where and when), rehearsals with scripts, rehearsals without scripts, technical rehearsals (when lights, sound and props are used), dress rehearsals and finally the performance.

"I think this play could be really

good," Laura McCann, who played Mme. Josephine, said before opening night. "When people come, they're really gonna see a show."

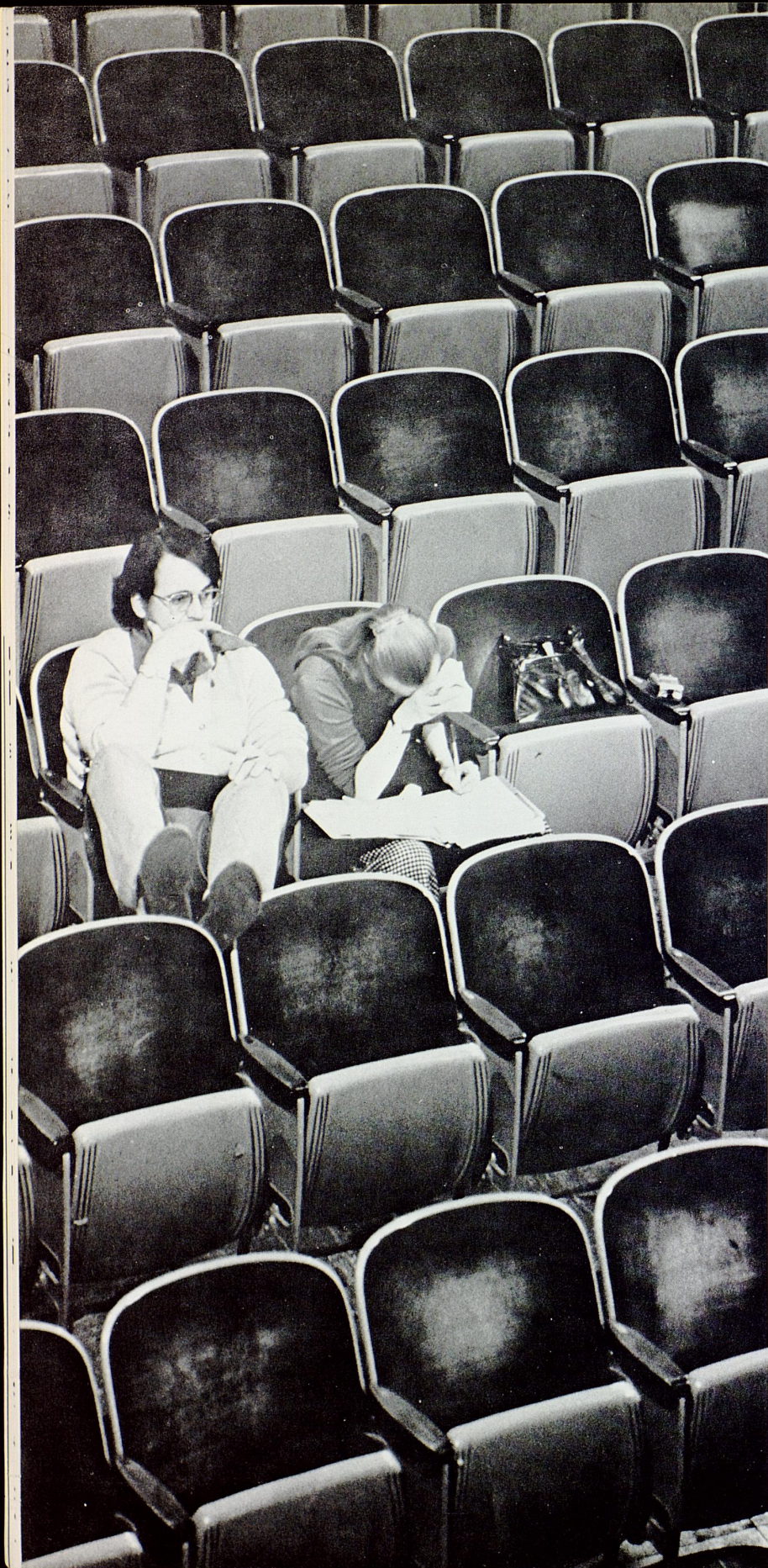
She was right.

But McCann almost didn't make it into the cast.

"I walked in the door (at auditions) and almost turned around and walked out again. I saw all this 'Row, row, row your boat. . . .' But then I decided, what the hell."

Row, row, row . . . ? Well, it all goes back to this crazy theater arts assistant professor, Rick Lynaugh (John B. Lynaugh to program readers). Lynaugh is of medium height, with graying brown hair that barely curls over his collar and wire-rimmed glasses. His idea of auditions is to get a

Continued on page 28



*what
you
don't
see*

What goes on behind the scenes makes the magic of a play work: the makeup, rehearsals, costumes and lots of hard work. Costume designer Mary Stephenson and director Rick Lynaugh (left) concentrate on the details of costuming during one rehearsal. Things weren't as bad as it seems, though.

Adjusting ribbons, snipping threads, pinning pleats . . . it's all part of wardrobe master Nelson Fields' job (above right). Here he fixes Anne Yancey's earring before a technical rehearsal.

Putting on makeup can be the most important part of an actor's costume. Sometimes hours are needed to get the proper effect. Here Lavonda Evanoff (right) gets a hand with her makeup.



—Alen Malott



—Alen Malott



—Alen Malott



—Alen Malott

Keith Clemens, *The Ragpicker* (left), "defends" big business during the mock trial scene in "*The Madwoman of Chaillot*." (Above) Michael Lewis, Dan Peyton, Tony McKonly and Gene Haley (left to right), discuss their discovery of oil beneath the Paris streets.

Co
gr
ha
a
ex
es
G
so
ja
ce



Continued from page 25

group of people up on the stage and have them improvise—pretend you're a banana peeling yourself, for example.

"You gotta expect anything, especially from Rick," Gary Galbraith, business administration sophomore, said. "We did jumping jacks and then sang a song."

But who are we to argue with success? Or to raise our collective

eyebrows at Lynaugh's loosening-up exercises.

Rehearsals for "Madwoman" were just as hectic as the auditions.

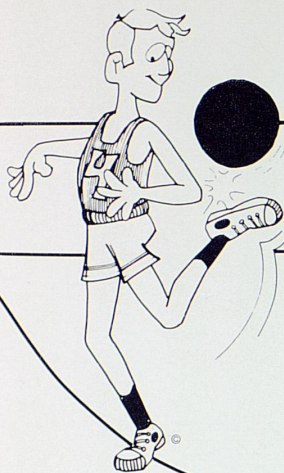
Like the time the cast had to learn "La Belle Polonnaise," the song they sang at the play's start. The song is in a minor key, which has a tendency to sound dirge-like no matter how much you smile while singing. Lynaugh had several methods of overcoming this—ways to loosen up the cast and put in a

zing.

You never knew when he would suddenly yell, "All right, everybody down to the end of the room!", switch on the record player to the latest disco sound and begin ordering "Dance, dance; loosen up, move!"

Then it was off with the disco, on with the polonnaise. The cast immediately formed a circle and danced around, kicking in time to their singing. When

Continued on page 36



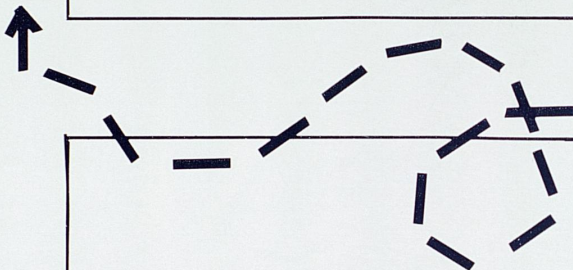
Not far now. The crowds have gotten thicker as game-time approaches. Throngs of people are herded towards Broadway and Vine. Thousands jam the streets and plug the intersections. All is chaos. But our boy makes it.



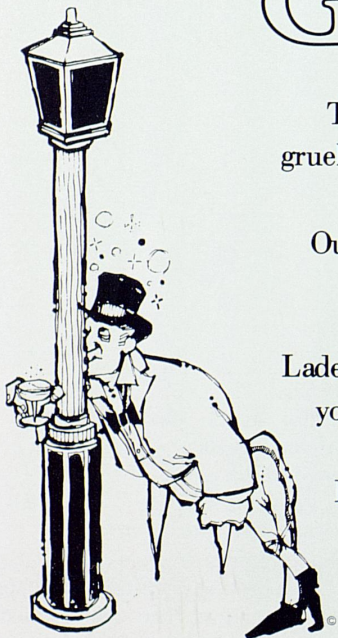
The rest is silence.



broadway



Game Plan



Take heart sports fans. It may seem like a long, grueling trip down to the Lexington Civil Center to catch the Cats at play, but have no fear.

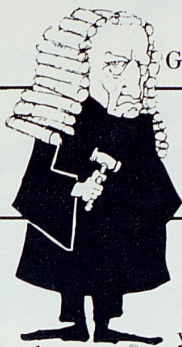
Our reporter, notebook in hand, made that trip—*au pied*—and lived to tell the tale.

Barely.

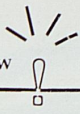
Laden with pitfalls, the route proved to be a challenge to young Olsen. But James persevered. And in the end was rewarded row ZZZ seat 397.

He met the forces of evil and darkness head-on.

His mission: to find out how the hell are we supposed to get there anyway?



Gads! The law



A quick turn on Vine brings Olsen to the upper-class disco beat—haunt of Mayor Foster Pettit. Dance on boy.

main
Main Street is no place for our law-abiding young Republican. So its down the street again—back stiff, eyes straight ahead... Don't stop now!



Now in a drunken stupor, James ambles up Limestone singing, "Pepsi cola hits the spot...." When he is accosted by a sweet young thing from Peoria, Ill. Say sailor...

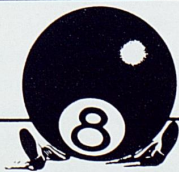
vine



Down Limestone he ventured, only to be way-laid by the promise of a tight waitress, loose whiskey and a warm place to sit. Intoxicated, our boy travels on.

limestone

euclid



First young Olsen encountered the campus pool hall—shady characters. Lost three games and \$47. He escaped before total financial ruin.

START

student center

THE MATING INSTINCT

Fiction

by Bob Cochrane

A plane—the poet was on board at the time—spotted a flock of Canadian geese flying in V formation beneath it, and started to follow. The pilot was quick about putting his craft back on course even though she was not as responsive to his control as he wished. The passengers were jolted sharply by the correction but the unctuous stewardess assured them, with a smile like pilots' wings, that they had just encountered a patch of air turbulence and there was nothing to fear. She said they should fasten their seatbelts, however, for their own comfort.

"I knew I should have taken the train to the coast," the aging poet grumbled at his empty glass as he fished between his legs for the ice cube that was melting through his trousers.

"Oh, did you spill your drink?" smiled the stewardess. "I'll get you another."

"I didn't spill it. This damn thing knocked it out of my hand." He meant the plane in general. "I never ride one unless it's necessary and then they

seem to know instinctively, like dogs, that I don't like them. They always deal me some outrage."

"Well, I'll bring you another drink right away. A whisky sour, isn't that right?"

"And I'd better not be charged for this one."

"Of course not, sir. It's on the house."

He smiled crookedly at her casual use of the phrase "on the house," for he knew that the purpose of a house was to remain fastened to the earth through whatever crisis the climate might be armed with, while this contraption was designed to leave the earth and search the atmosphere for storms not even intended for use on mortals.

The stewardess went for his replacement drink, which spilled on her dress as the plane tugged at her controls like a fiery horse under rein. The pilot again jerked her back on course and began to recheck the rudder and flaps to make sure they were working properly.

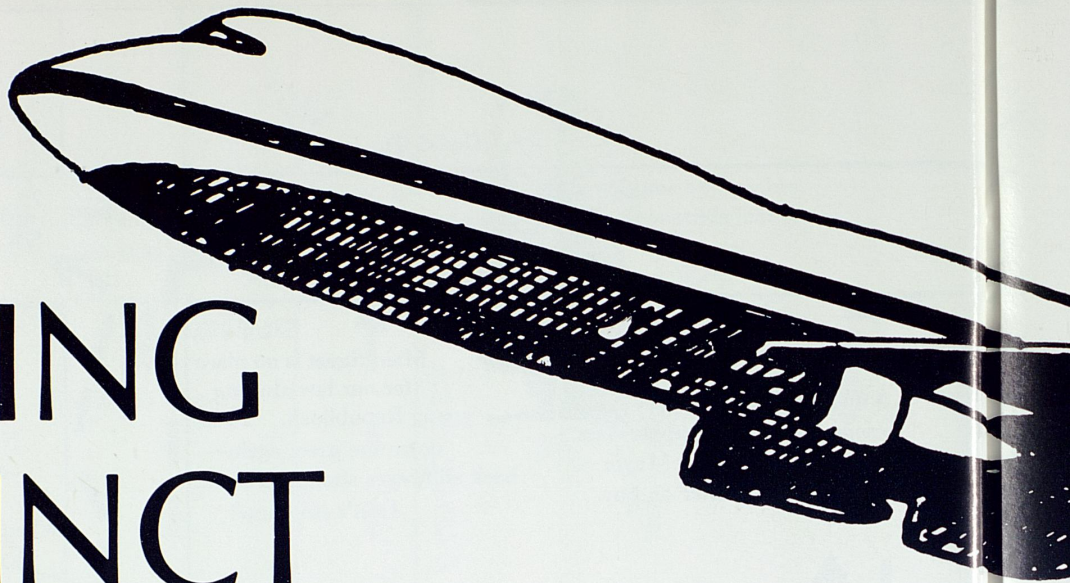
The poet could be heard muttering goddamns over the excited murmur of

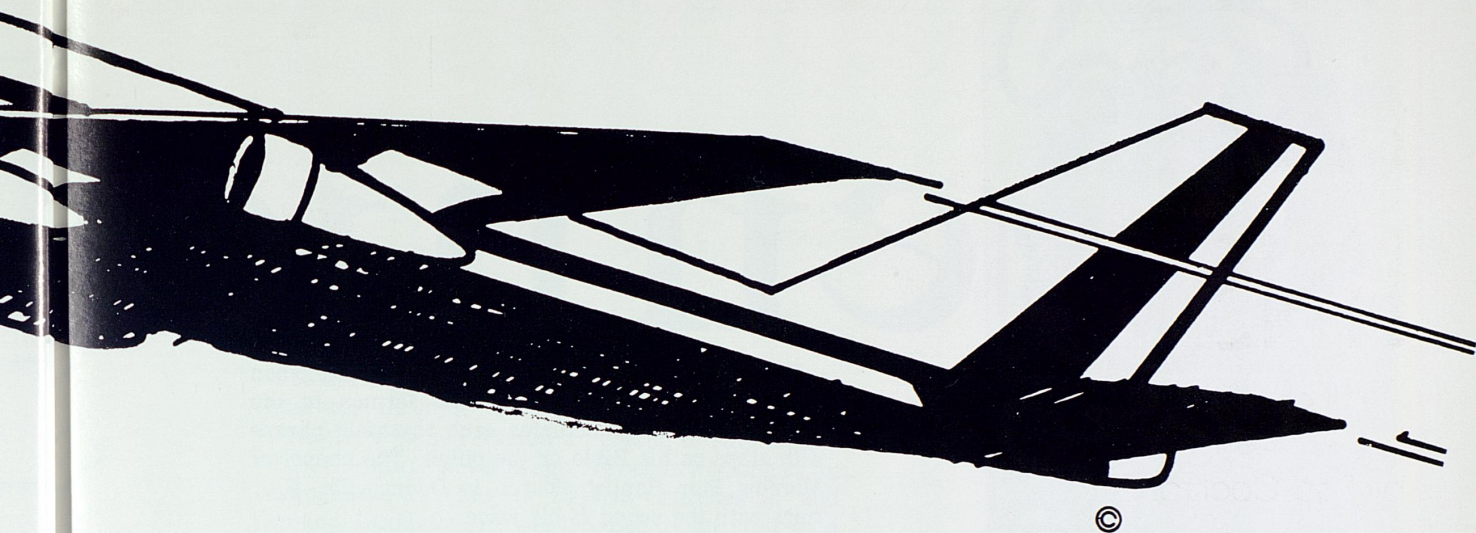
the other passengers.

When the ship seemed to be under control once more, the captain set her on autopilot. She was running perfectly and the pilot had almost relaxed when once again the plane heard honking underneath and dived toward the sound. This shift was violent. The passengers screamed or froze as their bodies tried to stay aloft and their seatbelts pinched their torsos to pull them down. The plane was speeding toward a V of geese and the pilot, who had reacted quickly and mechanically, found that he was powerless to curb her desires. As the plane approached the geese she slowed to take a position at the rear of the V. The pilot cut off all engine power, forcing the plane to drop away from the geese. Now the controls were functioning again so the pilot directed the plane westward before recharging the engines. As soon as the power was at her command, the plane turned around to find her place with the geese.

Up to now only the pilot and co-pilot knew what was occurring and they said nothing of the phenomenon. All the poet

Bob Cochrane is a 1971 UK alumnus.





could do was curse the day Orville and Wilbur's mother made her womb open for business, a womb he referred to as the world's first airplane hangar. The two pilots decided that their only recourse was to cut all the engines and attempt a crash landing at the nearest airfield. They radioed ahead and carefully glided the craft onto a seldom-used strip in Stigford, Utah.

Both pilots had decided that it would not be wise to mention what they knew of the plane's behavior and pretend that some routine mechanical failing had forced their landing. But upon disembarking they splattered diarrhetically, to the first human form they saw, that their crazy craft thought itself a goose and tried to fall in with a flock of northbound honkers.

Of course, the people on the ground thought this a creative piece of humor and laughed loudly as they led passengers and baggage toward a waiting bus. As they were nearing the garage where ambulances and fire trucks had been hastily gathered, they were frozen by a shuddering of the earth around them and a marrow-

thickening goose bellow that emitted like panic from the plane, like the pleading call of a tugboat adrift and lost in a freezing fog. Those brave enough to look back saw that the plane was trembling. No one left the site until dusk, when they were ordered to by police who had moved in to maintain order.

Engineers who had created the trembling plane flew in from Boeing to the dismal little airstrip in Utah. Two Air Force generals came up from California to lend their experience to the solution. And of course newsmen crowded in to try to interview the pilots, who were now isolated in a private jet.

Meanwhile, the poet had obtained a hotel room in Stigford.

"We know only this," the pilot explained, "when the engines were cut she handled normally, and her . . . symptoms, or whatever in God's name you call them, became progressively more bird-like." Indeed, out there on the runway, alone, the plane was experiencing a cycle of exertions and

relaxations, her honkings more plaintive and her flutterings more violent with each round. And the time between cycles was shortening, like the pains of a woman in labor. No one attempted to approach her.

The engineers held a conference and quickly decided on a plan. Since the model was new and highly sophisticated they suspected that the malfunction had occurred in a computer system. Therefore they would anchor the craft securely and carefully remove, piece by piece, the plane's intelligence, until she stopped these bird antics. Then they would study, in exhausting detail, the extracted brain cells.

"Why can't you simply let her fly away!" interrupted the old poet as he burst into the conference room. "Evidently all she seeks is freedom to travel north for the mating season. Why don't you ignite her and let her go? Don't you know anything about flying?"

"Who the hell are you?"

Continued on page 43



Bennie

He is a fire and brimstone preacher who, when warmed up, practically sings his sermon to the congregation. He punctuates each rhythmic phrase with slaps on his Bible or the pulpit. The chapel of Morning Star Baptist Church in Owingsville, Ky., rings with the sound of his voice.

Bennie Raglin is a preacher. He's also a UK custodian, though not typical of University employees. For most, the University is a way of life as well as a source of income. For Raglin the University is only a side-line.

It's not uncommon for Raglin to put away his broom in the middle of a working day, hurry off campus, and drive 50 miles to Owingsville. Few employees feel the freedom to leave their jobs at any time of the day, but Raglin thinks his primary obligations are to his small, black congregation. He is often called away from his job to tend to sick parishioners, or to help the families of dying church members cope with spiritual problems.

"I consider myself a minister more so than a custodian," Raglin says. "I put my ministry first. When I get a call, I go."

Raglin says his absences have caused few problems with University officials. "I've been here so long (15 years) that they will suffer (understand) when you're doing a great cause. We sort of work it out, and we don't have no problem." He often uses sick leave,

David Brown is a journalism senior and former Assistant Managing Editor of the Kentucky Kernel.

silhouette

by David Brown

vacation time or personal leave time to cover his absences, he says.

Raglin says he received a "calling to save souls" from God about 15 years ago. He began working as an evangelist, traveling to Baptist Churches in and around Lexington. He was licensed by the state as a minister in 1968 and was ordained at Zion Hill Baptist Church in 1970. Four years ago he began working at Morning Star Baptist Church.

In those four years Raglin says he has "baptized 39 souls." He says most of the people he baptizes are between 12 and 15 years old, but he has baptized older people. In fact, he says proudly, last September he baptized a 68-year-old man who had been a life-long Methodist.

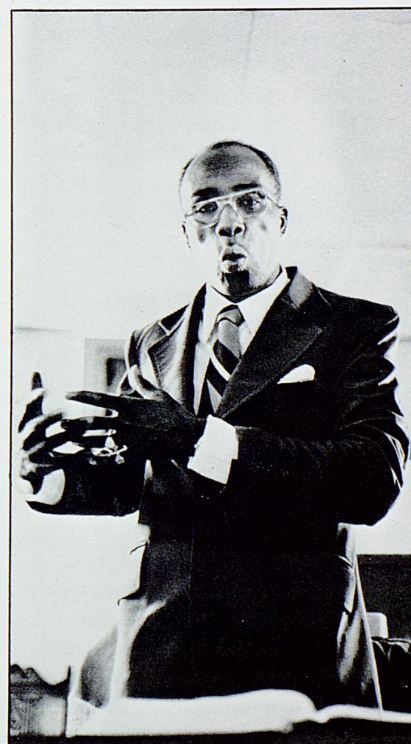
To win souls Raglin conducts the regular business of his church and also does revivals. During a typical revival Raglin preaches for five straight nights to help people "find their way to Christ," he says.

"I feel like the pastor should prepare himself for the revival with meditation and prayer," he says. Raglin's next revival is later this month, but he has worked on it for weeks. Raglin is matter-of-fact about his revival's successes. "I think we will have about four candidates for water after the revival," he says.

In addition to building church membership, Raglin is also trying to build a new church. His congregation now meets in the basement of what will be the new building.

"The church is all architected out," Raglin says. "We have about \$4,000 and the bank says we need

Continued on page 37



—David Brown

Madwoman

Continued from page 29

they finally got to the end of the song, they started over, this time bunched up in the middle of the floor. Those who weren't bouncy enough got to "go on the elevator."

"The elevator" is an uplifting experience. Lynaugh would sneak up behind someone and tickle them on the rear, until they sang with just the right amount of bounce. Throughout all this, they had to stand in one place without going through the ceiling. There was a lot of embarrassed giggling in between warbled notes.

Before each rehearsal, the cast went through a series of body awareness exercises. In one they paired up, one standing in front of the other. The person standing behind would "rain" with his fingers up and down the back and legs of his partner.

Lynaugh paced up and down, grimacing, calling the shots. "Now it's raining harder! Hard rain! Now it's storming! Lightning! Thunder!" By this time, the person in front was literally being beaten to death.

"Mud, mud, I want mud!!" Lynaugh kept pacing, growling and making terrible faces. An actor then grabbed the person in front in a stranglehold and squeezed like his partner was a tube of toothpaste, moaning and groaning.

Then, after switching roles, the former "rainees" got their revenge.

Loosening up the actors was not the only problem Lynaugh had to deal with. Getting rid of their Southern accent was a problem for some cast members. Lynaugh has an ear for the soft "i" or the slurred "-ing". He mocked and drove until most of the cast managed to overcome it.

Carol Jackson, who played Irma (the female love interest—every play has to have a love interest), had a hard time with her long monologue. The word "pretend" kept tripping her. So she repeated it over and over, slowly and clearly: "Pre-tend, pre-tend, pre-tend."

"I hate that part; I dread it," Carol complained to Lynaugh. "I know I'm

doing it wrong."

After the cast finished running through the first act, they collapsed on the floor in exhaustion. Lynaugh waited for an appropriate hush, riffling through his notes.

"There are thousands of things I could say about it," he said. "Thousands. But I won't." Then he began to berate the cast for their "it'll all fall together" attitude. Most of his criticism was specific; all of it was constructive.

He left them with one last word of warning: "If I catch one mother walking down the aisle with roses, she will leave with her body as the vase."

Yeah, YOU

*you drive to school
then wear your pack
strut around coolly
wearing your earth shoes
and flaunt your shades
when it's raining.
even then you have
your 'brella and
loyally expose the white and blue.
you unbutton the
lumberjack shirt,
forgetting your bare chest
a pot leaf belt buckle
as you puff a marlboro
riding the bike and
threatening walkers
"watch out for me
cuz i'm tuffer than you"
and those ragged blue
jeans — a hippie in disguise
jerry spry done a number
on your head and
washed your nails to boot
why shave your face,
catch all the girls
and don't wear socks,
invite the frost
head-band today
tomorrow a stetson
be cool, man, be cool
you're too individualized to be different!*

— Hugh Findlay

The next step was the dress parade. That was when the cast put on their costumes (meticulously designed and constructed by Mary Stephenson and a cast of thousands) and walked out onstage for a thorough going over.

Details of every costume were scrutinized by Lynaugh and Stephenson. "Turn around . . . side . . . front."

The actors managed to turn the parade into a performance (every second of time onstage must be taken advantage of). One by one, they walked out, stopping stage left. Some did a little dance, some mugged outrageously—most just hammed it up.

The costumes ranged from the prosaic to the bizarre; from the three-piece suits worn by The Presidents (Anthony McKonly, Dan Peyton and Michael Lewis) to the patchwork jumpsuit worn by Keith Clemens, who played The Ragpicker.

"It took us two whole weeks just to make the fabric for that jumpsuit," said Peggy Gabriel, who was a costume crew member, stage manager and part of the set construction and makeup crews. "We made it out of leftovers from other plays. We kept stopping and reminiscing."

Then there was Robert Brock's costume (he played Pierre, the male love interest)—blue jeans and a muslin shirt. "When was the last time you washed those jeans?" Lynaugh asked.

"A long time ago."

"Well, you get a free wash job."

As late as technical rehearsals, the set was still badly in need of work. Gabriel sent out a desperate plea for help.

"Please, anyone who can stay—I don't care if you've got two left hands."

"We'll find someone with two right ones," Lynaugh added.

Twenty-five people were listed on the program as construction crew, many of them cast members. It took 75 students and faculty to make up the entire offstage crew. Whew!

"Lynaugh has been staying every night until 3:30 a.m. and then gets into his office at 8 a.m. every morning," Gabriel said in an awed voice. "I don't see how he does it."

But, not to keep you in suspense, the set was finished in time for opening night. And it was quite a set. On one side was a cafe; the other was a basement scene, the Madwoman's hideout. The whole thing designed by Gvozden M. Kopani, was mounted on a wheeled platform which could be rotated for set changes.

Throughout all this near-madness, everyone remained optimistic.

"I feel really good about this play," Keith Clemens said. "To be this tight with such a large cast (26 people) is great."

And most of them said they weren't nervous, not even during try-outs.

"I wasn't really that nervous," Walter Tunis, a journalism freshman, said. "I knew I had no chance of getting the part (The Runner). I was very surprised."

"I'm not really nervous as much as anxious," Lavonda Evanoff said. But Evanoff, who played the Twirler and the Flutist, is an old hand, having been in five plays at UK.

Laura McCann said she sometimes

Beneath
the bedroom snow
I feel a chill.
I reach for a blanket,
but you're not there.
Between
the fields of white
I shudder.

Jack love has nipped me
and frosted
my window panes.

But in my mind,
your arms
caress me,
and I feel
as sweet
and
as warm
as an

ice cream puddle
in the sun.


— Rhonda Pettit

gets nervous. "First I do exercises to get relaxed. Sometimes I'll walk through (a scene) in my mind and start thinking how Josephine would think."

"I feel perfectly normal onstage," Clemens said. "I guess I'm a clown, or something."

Well, maybe not so much a clown as a genuine smoke-cured ham. As are they all.

Even during breaks impromptu singalongs are likely to develop.

"In 1814 we took a little trip, along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Miss-i-ssip..." It's in the blood. — 

Bennie

Continued from page 35


\$5,000 to borrow enough money to finish the structure."

Construction of the new church is a major goal for Raglin. In fact, he is so dedicated and determined to get the structure completed that he has refused a "call" to preach at a larger church closer to his home in Lexington.

"Most preachers already have a church and they don't have something to work for. They get stale. Our church is more of a building, growing church now. I feel I've—no, I wouldn't say I, but me and the Lord—made it grow since I've been here. Maybe I'll move when the building is finished."

Raglin's dedication to his ministry doesn't begin and end as he enters or leaves his church. "I try to be able to illustrate (the way God would have people live). I do the best I can. If I can be any help to any student, or anybody that is confused in mind and can't find their way to Christ, I'm willing to give up time and work with them."

Several students and faculty members have visited Raglin's church, where the congregation tries to make all visitors as comfortable as possible. Some UK graduates correspond with Raglin to discuss their religious activities and problems.

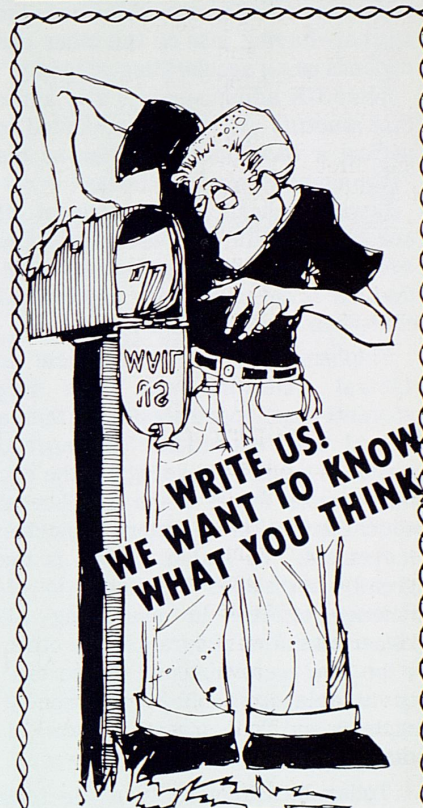
"If they have been around you and have some interest in you, they will be more willing to listen because they know you and know what you're talking about." — 

Billy Fudpucker's

Good food and your favorite beverage
at low prices

1130 Versailles Rd.

252-9255



KENTUCKIAN
MAGAZINE

Office of the Editor
210 Journalism Bldg.
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky
40506

Jobs

Continued from page 14

entitle you to a job worthy of a college education," she said. "When we encouraged everyone in the world to come to college, we disturbed the system—having jobs on the other end depends on an accelerating economy."

Some UK administrators also agree that students are not as interested in getting a vocational education as the "propaganda" would indicate.

Lewis Cochran, vice president of academic affairs, said there is "some trend toward job consciousness" but that UK is not undergoing any radical change in education theory.

Stephenson, in a 1974 article in *Liberal Education* was quite sure students cared more about jobs than a liberal arts education. "No special genius is required to recognize the two major social forces which trap liberal education in a kind of historical pincher movement," he stated. "One...is the greatly heightened sensitivity to efficiency criteria in evaluating all higher education programs. The other is the 'new vocationalism,' the increased value placed on college education by students and their parents in terms of career preparation."

Today he is not so sure. He feels students are compromising between a liberal education and jobs. "Students aren't blindly searching for economic security," he said. "A number of students still recognize the value in liberating themselves from prejudice, in recognizing the beauty of learning, in taking a second language to understand another culture.

"I'm heartened by feelings that people still go to college for the variety of reasons they always did and not just for money," he continued.

In order to get a better handle on why people do go to college we asked students, professors and administrators all over campus for their views on the new vocationalism.

We tried to choose the colleges that would be most affected by any trend

towards vocational education. We found some dramatic changes—in the past few years, although more people are taking English classes, there has been a 50 per cent drop in the number of English majors—plus other more subtle changes. All seem to indicate a compromise.....between the love of ideas and the love of employment.

You can find these interviews beginning on page 12.

journalism: the bastard son

Journalism has acted as the bastard son for many liberal arts majors after graduation. In the past, English and humanities majors flocked to the publishing companies seeking jobs.

But with the advent of Woodward and Bernstein, journalism has become an overcrowded field in its own right.

"The student's major aim now is getting a job," said Dr. Dwight L. Teeter, acting director of the journalism school. "Those students who have both the grades and have paid his or her dues, are the ones who will get the jobs. By this I mean those who have the practical experience—working for the *Kernel* or *Kentuckian*, and those who have worked on internships."

Journalism is considering trying to partially limit enrollment by requiring a grammar and spelling test before students are admitted to advanced writing classes. About 60 per cent of all UK journalism school grads are working in journalism-related fields, Teeter said.

medicine: my son

Every mother who ever lived wants her son to be a doctor. "Why don't you be a doctor! Something productive!" But in the race for med school, the chance for a liberal arts education often comes in 30 lengths behind.

"As it becomes highly more and more competitive to get in medical school, it gets more difficult for students to enjoy a liberal arts education," said Dr. Roy Jarecky, medical school associate dean for academic affairs.

"The problem is that on the one hand we try to get students who are humanistically-oriented, who have developed the ability to interact with other people and are sensitive to other people through the best that a liberal arts education has to offer," Jarecky said.

But because "the kids are put in positions of tough competitiveness," pre-med students concentrate on science courses rather than humanities, he said.

Enrollment in the medical school has been limited to about 108 students for the last four years. During that time, applications for admissions have mushroomed. Although the number of applications decreased this year, there are still many qualified applicants who don't get in.

"There are many more applicants than there are places to fill," Jarecky said. Potential med school students can't afford to "sniff among academia because they feel

the doctor

that in some way any bit of information they miss will count against them. Many students feel that anything that will not help them in medical school is unimportant."

Sal Goodwin, president of the '78 class, said attending med school requires making some compromises. "I do not regret my decision (to come to medical school), but there are trade-offs. I would like to know about more mundane things. I would like to have had more of a liberal education as I went along. But there are trade-offs."

Goodwin may have had to make compromises, but one thing is certain—he and his classmates will have relatively well-paying jobs when they graduate. One-hundred per cent of UK's med students find jobs when they graduate—that's as good a reason as any to be a doctor.

"I tend to think that people in medical school are a reasonable mirror image of what our society is about—money, position," said Dr. David Cowen, of community medicine. "That has a lot to do with why a lot of people go into medical school, although a lot of people are still humanitarian."

Continued next page



ALFALPA

557 S. Limestone Avenue
Just across from the Commerce Building

Meat & Vegetarian Entrees
Homemade Whole Wheat Bread
Expresso Coffee - Herbal Teas
A new menu every meal
LeMay String Quartet on Friday nights

Lunch:
Monday: 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Tuesday through Friday
11 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Dinner:
Tues through Sun: 5:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

So your magazine got sent to your parents' house and you won't be home until Christmas? Don't panic! Simply fill out this handy change-of-address form and mail it (or carry it) to The Kentuckian Magazine, Room 210, Journalism Building. Then you can be sure of receiving your magazine on time and you can keep up with all the latest on and off campus.

Change of Address

Name _____

New Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**"For me,
life really began
13 years ago
with breast cancer."**

American Cancer Society

Martha Knighton, Model



HERE'S SOMETHING
YOU SHOULD KNOW . . .

that only 5¢ of each dollar you contribute to Metro United Way is used for campaign costs. The big majority goes directly to member agencies for the benefit of people right here in our community.

Chances are, you or someone close to you have been served by one or more of these many agencies or branches . . . such as:

American Red Cross
Boy Scouts of America
YMCA or YWCA
Salvation Army
United Cerebral Palsy
Visiting Nurse Association
Kentuckiana Girl Scout Council

By combining many individual appeals, Metro United Way can raise more money at one time and greatly reduce the cost of fund raising.

With your financial help, young and old alike can benefit from the services provided by Metro United Way agencies.

It's actually a community of agencies serving you . . .



METRO
**United
way**

art: who wants to die for art?

Cut off your ear. Starve. Be an artist.

Over in the art department they don't beat around the bush. Director Joseph Fitzpatrick said, "There are no career opportunities resulting from a B.A. in art."

But according to Fitzpatrick, "In art, apprehensions (about getting a job) are over-weighed by desire." But many students who might have majored in art have apparently found a way to control their desires. The art school's enrollment, now 1,014, has dropped about 450 students since 1971.

Fitzpatrick feels the department has benefited from this enrollment decrease. No teachers have been laid off and an effort has been made to improve the level of teaching, he said.

Art majors are told by their department that there are two things they can do with their degree—go to graduate school or attend a professional art school and specialize in a marketable profession—illustration, layout, etc. But UK doesn't offer this kind of training. In other words, it doesn't even try to straddle the vocational-liberal arts education fence.

"Most art B.A.'s are in a better position than a Ph.D. in engineering. The B.A. can do whatever he wants," Fitzpatrick said. "An engineer has been pigeonholed into a specialty that now offers no jobs."

Most art professors agree with Fitzpatrick. Lowell D. Jones, associate professor, said the art department shouldn't be training people for jobs. "It isn't the University's job. People major in art to get in the habit of being creative with their lives, to improve the

quality of their lives through education."

The art department conducted a survey and asked entering freshmen why they were studying art. "The answers were the same as for the holy order: selfless, add beauty to the world, help the world," Fitzpatrick said.

Arturo A. Sandoval, associate professor, said college should instill self-motivation in students. "Commitment and determination to be an artist hit you after graduation when you're faced with the real world."

Dianne Kelley Stott, a senior whose main interest lies in art, sums it up: "I mainly want to develop my potential as an artist. You don't find too many artists who are worried about their future."

anthro: it won't get better

"You don't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting a permanent job in anthropology unless you have a Ph.D.," said anthropology department chairman Dr. William Adams.

"I can't see how it can get better," Adams said. Enrollment in the department has dropped about 33 per cent during the last five years.

Anthropology has followed a national liberal arts trend—decreasing enrollment. Dr. Walter Precourt explains the decrease: "People are career-oriented, anthropology is academic-oriented."

"I compare anthropology to other liberal arts majors because of the equal job chance."

Adams said, "Eight or 10 years ago students were into social awareness and what-can-I-do for mankind, today people are more career-oriented."

He said there has been no decrease in the number of anthropology professors.

business & economics: bullish on america

Business may not be bullish during a recession, but business education certainly is.

UK's College of Business and Economics (B&E) is no exception. "Because of economic conditions since the '70s, we find more students have an interest in business-related courses," said Dr. John Madden, associate dean. "Close to 100 per cent of our college graduates will get a job three to four months after graduation. Some students may not get what they want, but they will get a job."

Madden said the college plans, if possible, to hire more professors. A few professors have already been hired because of the enrollment increase.

Students may be pursuing business degrees because of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but some professors have not given up that goal of a liberal education.

"We put emphasis on expansion of the mind, we teach students to think," Madden said.

But, Dr. James Knoblett, an accounting professor, said there is a definite trend away from a broad educational background to a more "specialized" major.

"We (the accounting department) offer more programs for our students than any other department in the (B&E) college," he said.

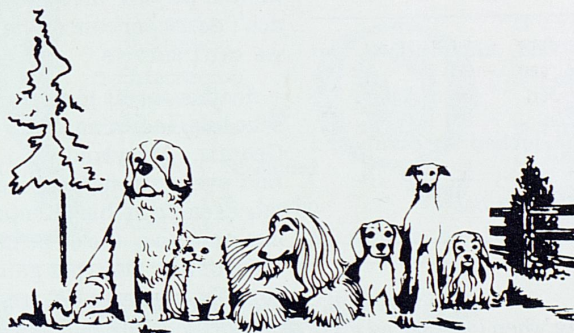
The specialized nature of these programs is getting students jobs. "I feel I have a good chance of getting a job because I have a lot to offer," said Bob Wilson, a sophomore accounting major. "My major is a specific part of a field, while others could be a broad part of a field."

seniors: say cheese!!

Senior portraits will be taken Jan. 17-28

- ✓ *Black & white wallet size
perfect for job applications*
- ✓ *Special UK prices for individuals
& organizations*

Some People Think The Lexington Humane Society Is Only A Dog Catcher!



The Lexington Humane Society
is the best friend you and your pet have
in the community

The Lexington Humane Society

1600 Old Frankfort Pike

252-7733 day or night

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
PERMIT NO. 51



Discover Italy with Delmonico.

*Discover it at home...
and you may enjoy it in Rome!*

You can create mouth-watering Italian meals in your own kitchen using Delmonico spaghetti and macaroni, authentic Italian pastas.

What's more, you may win a trip for two to Rome by entering the Delmonico "Discover Italy" sweepstakes. The winner will fly to beautiful Rome on Alitalia Airlines, stay in the finest luxury hotels and enjoy the enchantment of Italy for a full week. It's easy to enter. Pick up your official entry blank from any participating store today. Enter as often as you like.

*Enter the Delmonico "Discover Italy" Sweepstakes
and you may fly to Rome via Alitalia Airlines!*

Contest Rules

1. Winner will be selected by a drawing on December 10, 1976. All entries must be postmarked on or before November 27, 1976.
2. Pick up an OFFICIAL "Discover Italy" entry blank at a participating store. Fill in your name, address and zip and include the name and address of the store. Send in your entry along with a Delmonico box top or a 3 x 5 card with the word "Delmonico" printed in block letters.
3. All entries must be submitted on an official entry blank, but no purchase is necessary to obtain an entry blank.
4. Employees of Delmonico Foods, Alitalia Airlines and Doe-Anderson Advertising Agency are not eligible.
5. See contest entry blank for full details.

Things get more Italian
when you serve Delmonico.

