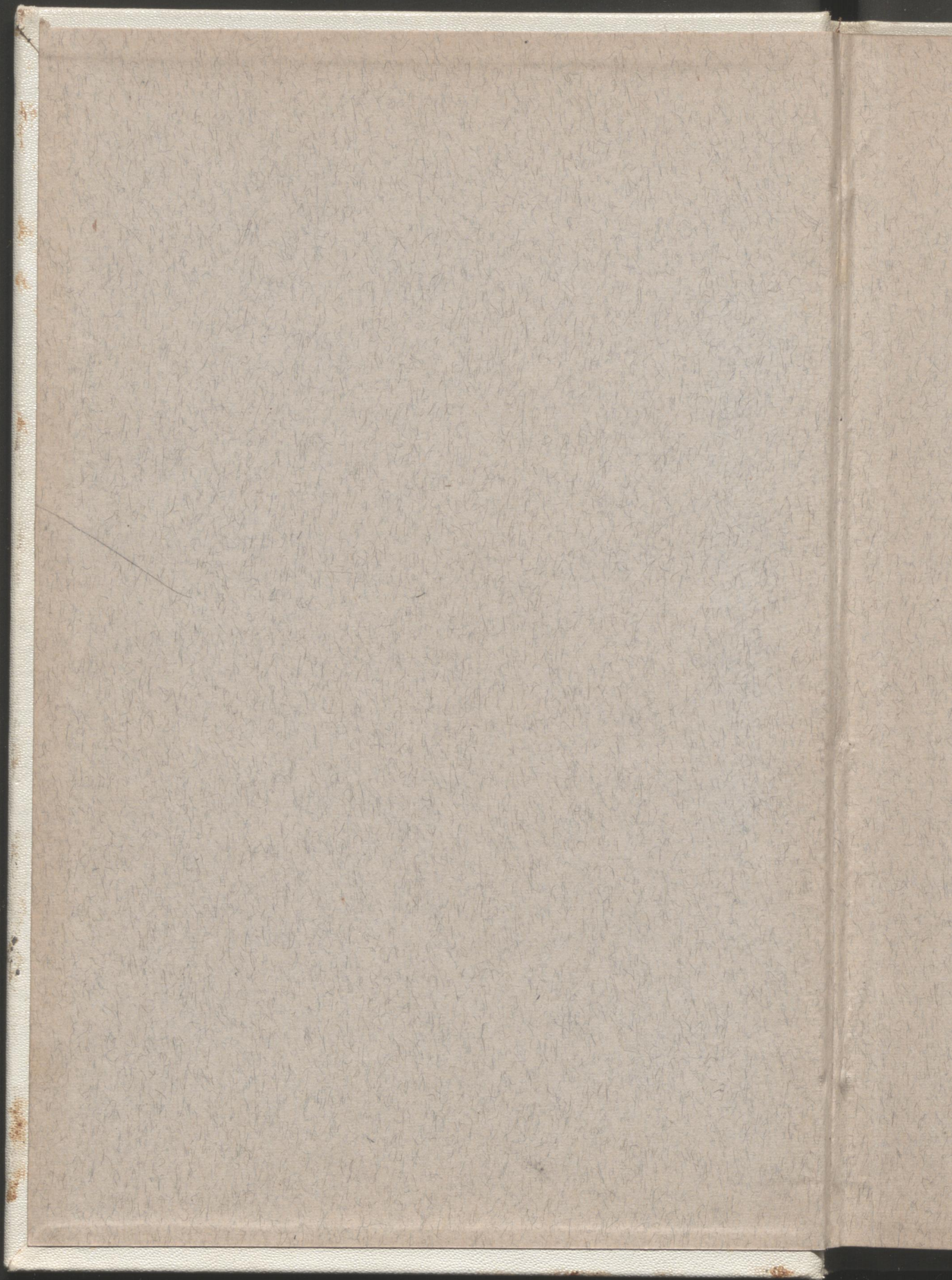
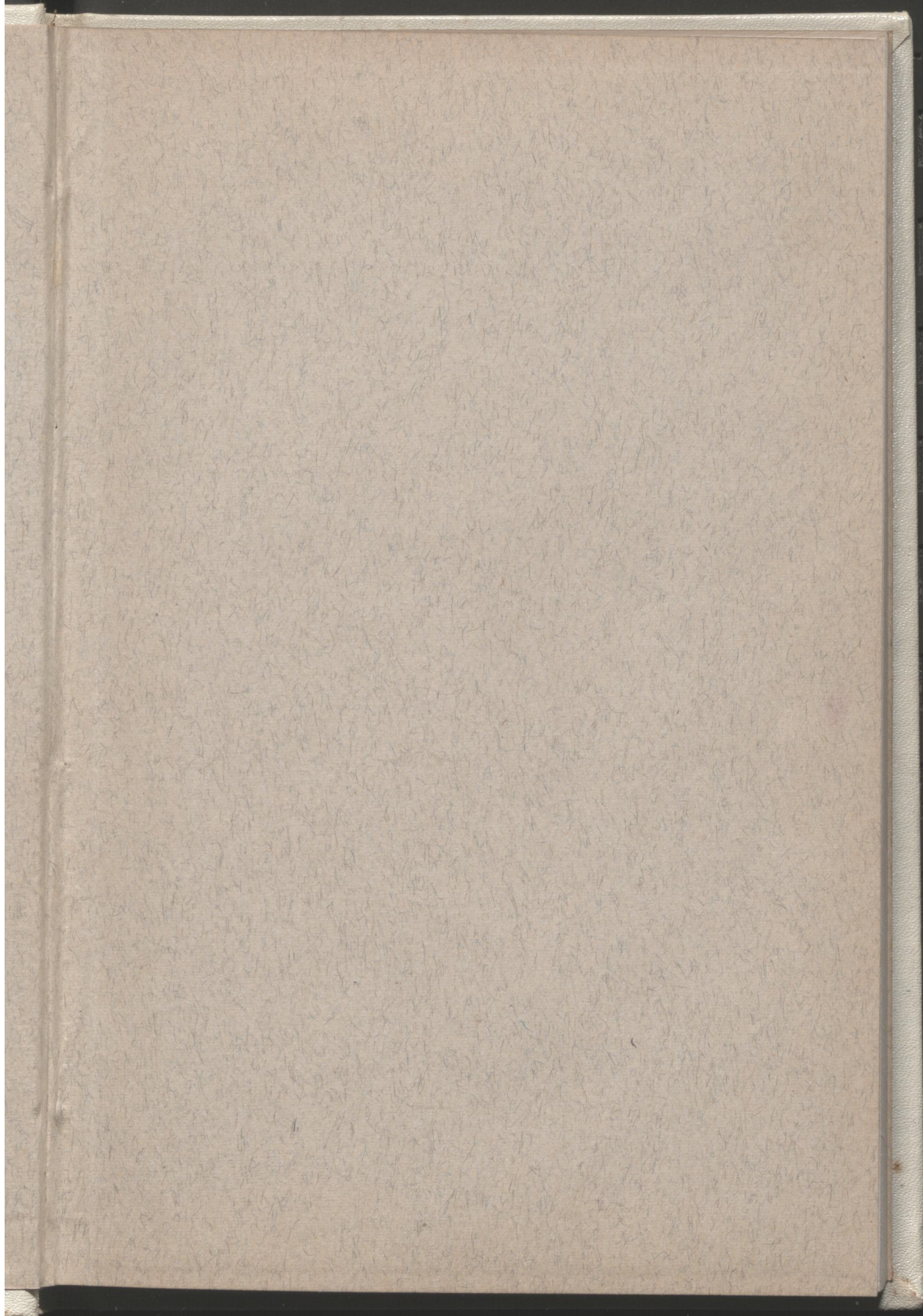
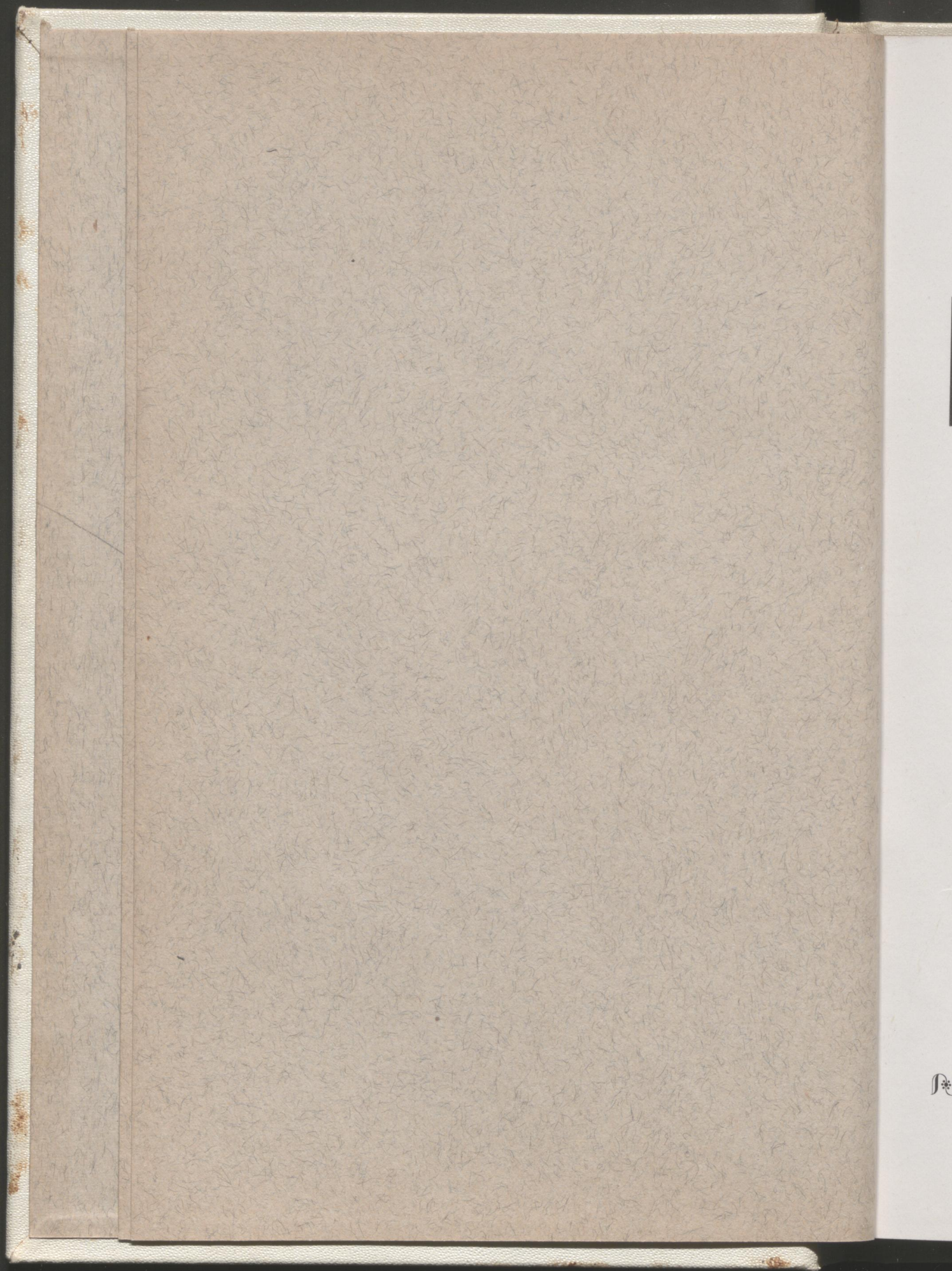


PURPLE AND WHITE

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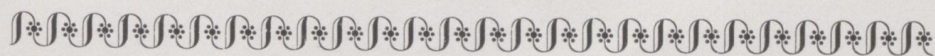




PURPLE AND WHITE



1948



DEDICATION

The halls of U-Hi have echoed these many years with the footfalls of youth graduating from childhood to manhood. It is with pride and gratitude that the Annual Staff and the Class of '48 dedicate this book to those who have carefully and patiently striven to mold the minds and morals of those who have gone before and those who will follow after.

ROBERT GREY ROLLINS



GUIDING LIGHTS

LYMAN V. GINGER

Director

GRACE ANDERSON

*Senior Class Sponsor
English*

DURBIN C. KEMPER

Science

LEON E. PORTER

Mathematics

MAURICE A. CLAY

Athletic Director

MARGARET E. ROSER

Librarian

STELLA GILB

Girls' Physical Education

NANCY C. TROLINGER

*Journalism and Psychology
Ninth Grade Core*

MARY L. WEST

Languages

JOSEPH CONFORTI

Baseball and Basketball Coach

RUTH STALLINGS

Music

DAVID C. MCMURTRY

Commerce

FLORA M. GRAHAM

Cafeteria Manager

ANNA B. PECK

History

EMMA NEUBOWER

Seventh Grade

MARTHA V. SHIPMAN

Eighth Grade

RUTH HAINES

Art

JOHN ROBINSON

*Driver Training and Visual
Education*

CLASS HISTORY

With a sense of unbelieving, the American people looked at 1930 as it passed and hoped. Despite the fantastic stock market crash of the previous year and the ensuing business recession, few people saw the rocks towards which national economy and the entire artificial way of life acquired during the '20's were being swept. 1930 saw a desperate attempt to carry on. The spring brought a brief stock recovery in the "Little Bull Market." Gallant Fox became the second horse to win the Triple Crown. Miniature golf had become the rage. Women's fashions began to leave the style of the '20's with the addition of a few ruffles and flounces. Evening gowns touched the ground. "Amos 'n' Andy" became an immediate success. Bobby Jones won his quadruple crown. Hollywood maintained its output. The output. The outstanding actress of the period was unquestionably Greta Garbo who appeared in 1930 in "Romance," but her popularity was shared by the incomparable Marie Dressler, who appeared that year in "Min and Bill." The most important picture of the year was "All Quiet on the Western Front." Broadway's contribution to 1930 was Marc Connelly's brilliant "The Green Pastures." Max Schmeling was awarded the world's heavyweight boxing crown, vacant since Tunney's 1928 retirement. Admiral Byrd returned from his Little America expedition. The Middle West suffered one of the worst heat waves and droughts in history. Infantile paralysis reached its highest peak to that date. In September, the newly constructed University School opened on the site of the former city dump. And on December 11, the powerful Bank of the United States closed its doors, the depression's first major bank closure.

Nineteen hundred and thirty was a year of forlorn hope, a year of desperation. And it was in this year that the present forlorn hope of America was brought forth. The growth of the forlorn hope, both individually and collectively, into the wild despair it was when it entered school five years later is not for us to discuss. These formative years must be left for the minds of more discerning biographers many years hence.

Though youth is a happy time, the fortunate few who gathered in the Kindergarten room that day early in September of 1935 were not happy. This group of mutual strangers seemingly had nothing in common outside of their misery. So few knew anyone else there, and all but a few were such extreme introverts, that it seems the work of destiny that we overcame our

fear at all. But a brilliant group of infants we were, and we surmounted this first great obstacle as we have since so cleverly overcome many others.

It was a strange group of tots. With us then were Clenet Reed Ellis, Freddie Oberst, Margaret Brooks Juett, Juliet Shouse, Hammond Dugan, Bruce Collins, Priscilla McVey, David Massey, Roger Hull, Peter Knapp, Bobby Morrison, Robert Byers, Earl Baker Williams, Jimmy Humphries, and Foster Pettit. Those poor members who still tag along are Buddy Wilkie, Cary Gratz, Jane Ingels, Dottie Ann Brown, Connie Steiner, Nancy James, Hart Dunkman, Joe Graves, Courtney Hall, Andy Deiss, and Walter Underwood.

Kindergarten was a year of wonders. The court outside was a constant source of joy. It was here we kept our first of a long series of animals: two ducks; two odorless skunks; and two rabbits superintended by Roger. Our periods of play in the court never failed to be exciting. The slide, by far the most popular instrument of recreation, proved in addition the source of an interesting affair. Genuinely inspired, Clenet dropped a large stone from the top of the slide to the top of little Milward's head. Milward seemed piqued as the blood therefrom spoiled his clean white shirt. Whether as a means of dealing justice to the culprit or for an entirely different reason, Roger was reprimanded shortly thereafter for assaulting Clenet in the back room with a hammer. The rock was given some credit for temporary derangement when Milward announced a burning ambition to become a garbage man.

The Kindergarten must be given credit for the welding of our class into a close-knit organization. Since we had no need of leaving the room, for which the co-educational convenience located in the cloak room cannot receive too many thanks, we came to understand one another's idiosyncrasies clearly.

When we entered the First Grade, it soon became evident that the Kindergarten had provided the class with more than unity. It had a basic driving philosophy, one which has been the scourge of faculty and director alike for twelve years. This philosophy was based on an unquenchable spirit of liberty and an unswerving loathing of injustice.

Our main acquisition was that of Katherine King. One of our first acts was to decide in our usual democratic manner not to return Earl and little Milward to the Kindergarten for continued disturbance of the rest period. The margin was one vote. Despite the persisting inability of Joe and Clenet to spell the word *can*, the library proved popular with *Toby Chipmunk* and *Cindy the Cat* near the top of all lists. Background for the

traditional First Grade building of the train was amassed on a trip by rail to Nicholasville and subsequent return by school bus. Walter achieved fame by becoming the first member of our class to succumb to the perils of the cafeteria's treacherous "dead man's curve." It was at this time that we began to realize that our classmates also had parents. In one of the resultant conversations, Joe's prestige ascended meteorically when, his canny Scottish eyes a-twinkle, he bragged that his father was a nudist. Dottie Ann, put immediately on the defensive, declared apologetically that she knew her mother was Mrs. Brown, but of her father she knew only that he was not Happy Chandler.

At this point, the party became the thing. Connie entertained with the first of his festivities to the class' delight. Dim forebodings of things to come were to be found, however, in the arguments of some against a proposed class Valentine party: we were too old for that sort of thing.

Insurrection seethed to the surface when several of the more advanced refused to eat the cafeteria's Spanish rice and were forced to remain there until the food was devoured. But the year's major operation occurred during the absence of Miss Pearson, presumably due to illness. The substitute maintained order admirably until the rest period. Horror of horrors, the wretch undertook to dole out blankets regardless of the owner. The class was at once out of hand. In the afternoon that followed, no less than six were temporarily demoted; but it was too late. A new teacher was imperative. The idea of a petition was cast aside as too impersonal, and a visit to Mr. Williams deemed the only alternative. When school was dismissed, the righteously indignant class went to the office where Mr. Williams was found to be in conference with Dean Taylor, but receptive to First Graders. Pushed to the fore by his stronger companions, Andy entered political life by being forced to act as the group's spokesman. Mr. Williams explained logically that teachers were hard to get but that reforms were certainly in order. Somewhat pacified, the group retired. It is well to note here, perhaps, that each of us got his own blanket the next day.

The Second Grade, in which we were joined by Marcia Hornsby and Anne Woods, was a year of projects. We learned all there was to know about the prehistoric age and astronomy. We constructed a doorbell which proved a source of great entertainment. One of our numerous field trips was taken to the Post Office where information was gleaned invaluable in the building of our own post office. Following the initiation of this service, love flourished in the class. Nancy and Roger carried on quite an affair. Marcia became at once the passion of most

of the eligible males when cold weather brought her to school with a coat with a velvet collar.

Perhaps the most learned endeavor dealt with the gradual starvation of one of two white rats. Unwilling to be content with a scientific study, the class demanded the continuance of the experiment till death claimed the poor creature receiving the bread and water. An interesting episode occurred during the discussion of the effects of an unbalanced diet.

"How far can a car go without any gas?" asked Miss Adams.

"Oh," said Hart, a pensive look beclouding her countenance, "about two miles."

After the kind presentation of a toothbrush to each member of the class by Dr. Juett, sanitation became fashionable, and we religiously brushed our teeth after each lunch period. Walter again achieved prominence by displaying for the first time his propensity for uncontrolled emotions which is evident to some degree today. The matter got out of hand, and student teachers were both amused and amazed when it became necessary for him to bring a second pair of pants with him to school daily.

Peter drew the initial attention the next year when he appeared on the scene with the first long pants. He was an object of jealousy for weeks. His renown increased still further when he and the ill-fated Miss Willson threw a collective fit over some triviality. It was a time of short tempers. After an unknown piece of insolence, Connie was carried from the room by his hair. Dee and Andy, pursued by a mad desire to engage in fisticuffs, were also pursued by Miss Willson, who seemed determined to prevent it. The three-cornered chase around the room left the class vastly amused. This series of events, combined with some of still more interesting nature, drove Miss Willson to the hospital. The substitute, Mrs. Robinson, had difficulty controlling us. Things went from bad to worse when Mrs. Robinson, in the midst of a crying jag, threatened to leap from the window.

The principal newcomers that year were Evelyn Baker and Colonel B. O. Williams. Our love of animals continued; a snake was captured and placed under observation. The creature's ill-starred life lasted but a night, for when we returned the next morning, the school's ubiquitous ants had devoured it. The class' sweetheart was Juliet, who maintained this position for two years. The big project was the story-telling league. It was particularly valuable for increasing our feeling of self-importance by visiting, besides those above us, the First and Second grades where each of us would recite pompously how Jack had climbed the beanstalk or some equally intellectual masterpiece.

But the biggest labor of love was the unparalleled production of *Hansel and Gretel*.

The Fourth Grade was not as eventful as other years, the calm before the storm. Part of this storm to come was to be found in Marilyn Beers, a powerful addition. Knickers were the style. Tuesday afternoon dancing school captured our parents' fancies and capital. The year's big event was the play following the study on Kentucky and the compilation of a scholarly history of the state. Many BB guns were among the properties for the production, but unfortunately—for the gentlemen of Pralltown who crossed the field beneath our windows—they were loaded.

Much money was gleaned from various sources to be used for a spring picnic, but when the time came, the money was gone. Conducting one of our highly effective inquiries, the class got closer and closer to the identity of the culprit. Suddenly, the money reappeared and all was forgotten. Walter, under the influence of Robert, achieved another notable first by skipping school. Our artistic abilities were taxed to the limit by the necessity of painting the sign of the zodiac under which each of us was born. The results hinted at vast, as yet unfulfilled gifts as caricaturists. Roger took us on the first of the many trips to the Experiment Station. Fortunately for Miss Beard, the year passed as one of tranquility and peace. We were content to broaden our minds and look forward to greater opportunities to come.

The Fifth Grade offered the opportunities galore. We were fortunate also in our acquisitions: Gardner Turner, Billy Staton, M. C. Duff, and Bill Veach, who made the class a still more peculiar conglomeration. Love was more greatly accentuated now. Our student teacher, Miss Palmore, captured our hearts, though for more practical purposes, Evelyn was looked upon as the class belle. Love bloomed everywhere. Typical of this was the clandestine marriage of Cary and Freddie back of the spirea bushes. An incident worth note was the mock presidential election held in November. After a lengthy speech on the merits of a vote cast for Roosevelt by Walter, the class was swept away by the oratory of Buddy, who displayed a picture of Mortimer Snerd, which, he said, bore great resemblance to anyone who failed to vote for Willkie. To the extreme wrath of Walter, few would risk such a catastrophe.

Much transpired on the football field this year. Walter suffered the first of his concussions. Roger, suffering from delusions of righteousness, attempted to stop a baseball game the instant Mrs. Gilb asked it to be stopped. As a result of his efforts, he was struck down from the front by the ball and from the rear by the bat swung by Courtney. Poor Roger dropped as

if dead, and as we gathered around to sympathize with the unconscious figure on the ground, Roger cautiously opened one eye to be certain everyone watched him. For further recreation, we found enjoyment in sliding down the cafeteria garbage chute and creeping under the school under the direction of Roger. A party at Katherine's house offered further diversion, even if heat did prove too much for Marilyn, Evelyn, and Anne, or perhaps because of it. French class under Miss Topham was a constant source of entertainment. The discovery of a dead hobo and a dead dog near the railroad tracks caused quite a stir, and some refused to believe the man was merely inebriated when he eventually rose and staggered off.

The worth of the year was not to be found in these relaxations, however. The first work of the class was to engage Miss Mulloy in a heated argument over the merits of her proposed Safety Committee, which was to control running in the halls, etc. When she thought the opposition broken, she put it to a vote. The legislation was defeated almost unanimously. In an endeavor to further the class' scientific knowledge, committees were formed along the lines of personal interest. To his chagrin, Walter was at first the only member of the Electricity Committee. In juggling the other committees to provide better balance, dissension broke out. In the Chemistry Committee it flared to open revolt when it was announced that the descriptions of the elements were to be in outline form rather than paragraph form. Having already done his in the latter manner, Andy resigned the chairmanship in a rage and appealed the injustice of the decision to Miss Mulloy.

Despite this storm tossed period, the year ended on a note of artistic achievement when Walter offered his weekly *Globe* to an eager public. Chief contributors were Buddy and Andy, whose collaboration on a mystery serial was worth two cents a week to the editor.

The Sixth Grade was a year of great activity and unchallenged supremacy. The year began on an unpleasant note with the organization of a pet show, which though dull at least provided some small pleasures. One of the events of the year was a hayride given by Jane Graves despite the rain and the straw fight instigated by Roger. In any discussion of fights, the bloody draw waged by Peter and the Fifth Grade's Bill Halbert in the gym one morning is immortal. The fads of the year were jacks and the daily warfare of small metal cars in the cloak room. Our love of fine literature was satiated by Miss Conroy's reading of *Odysseus*, *Sage of Greece*, *Lassie Come Home*, and *The Secret Garden*. For further pastime we resorted to frequent re-enact-

ment of the War Between the States. Unfortunately, in order to make it interesting it was necessary to force all colleagues of doubtful origin into the Yankee camp to provide adequate competition. A daily occurrence was the sending of Andy into the back room for the unceasing telling of wretched jokes at which no one laughed but Miss Conroy. The Spanish Fiesta was the effort of the year, and a ghastly thing it was. The publication of the *Skywriter*, common though it is to every Sixth Grade, was especially exciting for us. Walter brought his mimeograph machine which he insisted we wanted to use. But when we touched it he wept from jealousy; and when we didn't, he went into paroxysms of rage. From the money made on the Fiesta and the *Skywriter* we bought a war bond, which has since departed for parts unknown. Using money made from *Skywriters* of previous years, we purchased a hideous antique cabinet and a morally unsound piano.

In the dead of the winter, Miss Topham lost one of her cats. The entire class was dismissed to search for it. Walter, who found it, was made an honorary pet of Miss Topham's. Still a complete mystery is the theft of every fountain pen in the Sixth Grade. Those who lost no pen were enthralled by the intelligent behavior of the University police. An organization of vast infamy was the fabulous Chemistry Club, whose activities included baseball, poker, and the solution of such enigmas as the "Strange Case of the Goo-Goo Doll." The war further stirred up our love of chemistry, with the problem of synthetic rubber capturing our attention specifically. Rival organizations were formed in this mad research scramble. Walter first achieved success with a mixture of sawdust and glue. With greater organizational power at their disposal, Dee, Andy, and Keith Wallis had begun by preparing a secret hiding place for the formula in the heel of Dee's shoe. Work was underway on a material whose base was gum arabic, tannic acid, and methyl orange when the Underwood discovery was disclosed. In an effort to learn the proportions in which the glue and sawdust were mixed, his rivals dragged him to the back room where he was beaten unmercifully but without success.

Final triumph for the year was the destruction of two student teachers during the absence of Miss Conroy. Unfortunately, this absence coincided with a "thumbs down on Mason" campaign. Open warfare resulted when music came. Half the class visited Mrs. Duncan.

It was a great day when we moved to the south wing, and despite the fact that we had fallen from the top of one ladder to the bottom of another, we sensed our importance. Betty

Simpson joined us here. The war effort claimed a large measure of our attention. Victory corps was organized into which we were unwittingly drawn. We initiated stamp and bond sales in the library hall. Our sale of over \$27,000 worth in one drive is still unsurpassed—of course. The stamp sales were accompanied by one unpleasant occurrence, however. One morning M. C. and Ed Gartland journeyed to the book store to procure the stamps, and being a little late elected to return by the short cut through the big sinkhole. Unfortunately, they stirred up a nest of bees that somehow preferred Ed to M. C. Ed was very put out with M. C., who he believed had arranged the whole episode with malicious intent. Even Miss Belser did her bit for the war effort, eventually marrying her tank driver.

The curriculum in the Seventh Grade ran, as did our minds, to new fields of biology, although they did not exactly coincide. We studied guinea pigs again—much more thoroughly than ever before. Gardner and Andy organized a terrarium for which spiders were captured for observation. But the most exciting experiment was the study of the growth of the chicken embryo. Filling an incubator with eggs, we began the most unsavory experiment in the annals of the school. With the Eighth Grade on hand daily, we would wait with baited stomachs for the latest development. Coupled with this effort was Walter's osmosis experiment. Sad to relate, the egg, rather than becoming soft, merely became larger and larger and more and more aromatic.

An incident of vast dread was the Home Economics class' lunch. Some considered it suspicious when the girls busied themselves with serving and noticeably avoided the food. Fortunately, we were saved from possible distress by the gluttony of the indestructible Roger. Roger also figured prominently in a party held at the Simpson's, where he rid a barn of its shingles. In the spring another trip was organized by him to the Experiment Station where a picnic was held in the midst of a group of disturbed cows. Another school function was a candy pull held at Miss Belser's house. The candy, though grimy when completed, was nourishing.

Art class, usually an hour of clay throwing and the patient protests of Mrs. Haines, furnished entertainment one beautiful spring day. To the delight of the boys, the subject of the day was the girls' gym class engaged in softball. But even this was forgotten when a fight broke out between Bobby and Clenet. Apparently a stalemate with Clenet resting firmly on top of Bobby, the struggle lasted for fifteen minutes without a change in grips. When, however, Mrs. Gilb separated the two, it was

found that Clenet's face had been carefully chewed to hamburger.

The year, however, did not finish without one rebellious and one mournful note. The former occurred when Miss Belser journeyed to Stearns, Kentucky, for some sort of conference. After having accompanied her to the Southern depot, we became hungry and entered the Scott Hotel Bar where we indulged in doughnuts and the like. This caused considerable hullabaloo; and when she returned, she had us write accounts of the day. Since no two reports coincided, nothing was done. Miss Topham was a constant source of joy to us. When she would enter the room, she would teach as long as possible facing the wall. Then, unable to stand it any longer, she would face the class and shout: "Clenet, go to the back room! You're a menace to society." But before school ended, she had to leave. sang "a La Marseillaise." With tears in her eyes, she left the room. U-High has had a different air about it since.

The Eighth Grade proved to be nearly the most unusual year we had, second only to our Junior year. Perhaps the two most significant events occurred before school actually began. First, Lyman V. Ginger arrived to institute the reign of terror—or possibly era of prosperity. Second, Nicholasville High school burned, sending us William Knight and William Seal. Red Oak school sent us William Muir. Bobby Williams got the year off to a bang by being just too much human (?) to swing on the water pipes in the locker room. Roger also tried it, but the pipes were too hot for him. Where his head hit the floor is still marked by an abysmal crack—in the floor, that is. Basketball claimed our interest for the first time. We were quite lucky to have a coach of the caliber of Bob Tice. Turning us loose to scrimmage at will, he would read the U-Hi Lights (former school newspaper), occasionally interrupting us to rush onto the floor to shoot a long shot. We had a highly successful season, now and then scoring as many as twelve or thirteen points while holding the opposition within fifty. We closed on a festive note, however, by beating Linlee three times in succession. Walter caused a sensation one day with his chemical knowledge. Asked to make an explosion, he led his cohorts into the chemistry room. Here he procured a rather large piece of sodium which he placed in water. Sad to relate, it was rather highly oxidized and the reaction was not all that was desired. Heating the morsel in a deflagration spoon, he again plunged it in water. The result was satisfactory. Holes covered Walter's shirt; spots were all over his face. Even the ceiling was covered. Miss Peck, in the midst of an examination, rushed out expecting to find at

least one corpse. Imagine her anger when she discovered instead a still live Underwood.

The work of the year was the Junior Red Cross. Checker boards, lap boards, jig-saw puzzles, overseas gift-boxes occupied our time for weeks on end. American history was the chief study. The requirement to paint a picture representing a scene from our course brought worry to many. Indeed, it was worth worry, for Andy's picture of Columbus discovering America was inadvertently put on the bulletin board upside down and remained there unnoticed for a week. Perhaps the most extensive study was the class in the folk customs and superstitions of the Ozarks, complete with directions for making snuff sticks. Another ill-starred student teacher crossed our path at this point, though in all fairness, it must be stated that there was considerable wrong with her when she came. Unable to do anything besides giggle, tell us of the boundless talent of Poe, instruct us to "speak now or forever hold your peace" on the slightest provocation, and show us pictures of her husband J. C., she soon left us, a mere shambles of her former idiotic self.

Spring brought many things. Peroxide became popular. Andy was given the best advice of his life by Miss Shipman: "Oh, go bray in the wind." Juliet gave the most hideous party of the decade. Invited to a picnic on her farm, we were lured to a nearby cave where we were subjected to the most unheard of tortures. Crawling for a quarter of a mile with the roof occasionally brushing against us, we emerged at the bottom of a very deep pit. Ascending the bare rock wall by means of a rusty cable, we crawled on. Soon there was a place for the badly shaken neurotics to turn and go back. The entire class bears the imprint of this experience to this day, most of all Walter and Connie who became lost (?) in the black recesses with Sally Carroll and were left there. By far the most revolutionary act occurred during Junior Council meeting. The suggestion was before the floor to bar running in the halls. Outraged that the same tribunal that had so skillfully handled the ticklish Hershey problem should be used for such trivial legislation, Jane, Peter, Walter, Andy, and Bruce rallied their cohorts with brilliant oratory and shoved through a bill legalizing tripping in the halls. The Junior Council was temporarily disbanded.

The next year was full of untold wonders, most of them centering around the mechanics of high school. New additions included June Flake and Billy Rice. The season began with a typical incident. The boys and the girls were arrayed against each other as a result of some trivial affair. And so when class

elections arrived, each was intent on electing a slate of its own choice. The girls, ever the more wily, repeatedly split the boys' vote by nominating more boys and wound up with officers of their choice in every position except secretary. One of the joys of the year was Mr. Kelly's general science class and his profuse use of nicknames. Another point of interest was Miss May's algebra class. Worth remembering was her grading system. Giving points for various feats, she announced four points would equal A, three B, two C, one D, and zero F. Walter ended the year with minus one hundred thirty and a B.

Feeling left out of everything, the Freshmen determined to have a hayride, for which activity they were at once invited by Betty to use the facilities of Avon Farm. Accepting at once, we began to make plans. The night chosen was perfect; it was clear, the moon was full, and it was cold—but we were too young to appreciate it. The only incident of interest was the little workout between Walter and Oscar Turner. Typical of our attitude toward the hayride was the Pep Club party. When it came time to dance, several of the Freshmen boys hid in the locker room and a few industrious ones clung behind the backboards.

The girls showed their patriotic feeling by rolling bandages for the Red Cross—and for intramural points. The important basketball activity did not center around the Junior high team, but around the "big" team, especially in its third victory over Lafayette. Even so, exciting as the game was, it could not come as close to being classed an activity as the—well, whatever it was that followed. An interesting occurrence took place in history class late in the year. A student teacher, Miss Bias by name, was in charge. She proved to be quite inadequate, so for the recreation her questions failed to provide we resolved to stare at her left arm. At first she seemed only slightly ill at ease, but soon she began leaning against the wall with her left side against the blackboard. The next day she tried keeping her arm in constant motion. This only proved the more horrible as she could then watch the phenomenon of the eyes and heads of the entire class following as if they were one. Two days later, she attempted to sit on as much of the arm as possible, keeping the rest behind her. She struggled through, but in doing so provided some of the most pleasant hours ever given our class.

The name Tenth Grade was sufficient to fill us with feelings of superiority. Our fortunate acquisitions were Bill Rogers, Suzanne Stanfiell, and John Withrow. We could now do some torturing; we could now furnish the Freshmen with dance

bids. The first opportunity was our own Sophomore dance. What a beautiful thing it was. The random shocks of corn presented a picturesque sight. And the refreshments, ah, the lovely refreshments. With vast originality, we purchased doughnuts and cider. Unfortunately, someone got into the cider, drinking half of it and filling the remainder with water. The doughnuts were also tampered with, but in this case the culprits were apprehended: several hundred thousand red ants.

Several minor incidents furnished diversion for Miss Church's second year algebra class. One day the minutes were plodding along when a smoe-like creature peeked over the window sill. As more and more saw it, the uproar increased. Finally, Miss Church glanced at the window and saw the pixie. She rushed to the window and looked out. There it was again, this time peering over the wall. After being instructed to come in, the thing clambered onto the roof and over the sash. Lo and behold, it was Bill Muir. When inquired of concerning his name, the class honestly replied "Bill Quin." And do you know, she wouldn't believe it. To this day no one knows why he should scale the wall just to look into algebra class. An algebra student teacher that year was a Dr. Wilson. The poor gentleman was met with an unfortunate combination of circumstances. Dr. Wilson, when thinking intently, would roll his eyes upward until little more than the whites showed and keep them there for long conversations. Dr. Wilson—so he said—had learned his mathematics from a Russian with square eyeballs. Dr. Wilson, in teaching the unit on imaginaries, was called upon to speak such phrases as " $\frac{1}{2} i$ " or " i square." These things, together with his propensity for sleeping in the back of the room, made him a comic figure to all young mathematicians. Another interesting class was second year Latin. Ray Burch bore the brunt of the attack that year. Once Andy and Ray contrived a contraption by which a cap pistol was fired when the top of the desk in which it was placed was raised. Stealing one of LeGrand's books and dropping it out of the window, the pair seated themselves and waited. Instead of looking through all of the desks as was her custom in such cases, LeGrand looked out the window and at once saw her book. Seeing that the plan had failed, Andy rose and opened the desk. A loud report sent Miss West reeling. When she had recovered, she marched over to Ray, who was seated across the room from the source of the explosion, and began berating him unmercifully.

Basketball for the first time reigned supreme. Bill Rogers was our only representative on the "A" team, however, with the rest of our athletes and semi-athletes struggling on the "B"

team. Bruce was at this time claiming attention with his long vacations and his fabulous expenditures. An example of the latter occurred during the collection of funds for the relief of the families of miners entombed in the Straight Creek mine in Eastern Kentucky. Bruce contributed twenty dollars to make our total thirty-nine, tops for the school. It was at this time that we completed the most thorough demolition ever wrought on a student teacher. Sad to relate, she was unable we thought to read her history lesson as understandingly as we. The most terrible of tortures were instituted. Miss Davis broke down one day during class and dropped out of the College of Education.

Our Junior year was the most harrowing any faculty ever experienced. We gained, as a starter, Trip Moody, Carl Russell, and Frank Horine. The year opened with a red-hot battle over the manner in which cheerleaders were to be chosen. Many behind-the-scenes battles both preceded and followed the memorable two-hour convocation that ended in the near resignation of Mrs. Gilb, and the near dissolution of the Pep Club. Tempers were on edge for weeks thereafter, and the school as a whole never completely recovered. Class meetings turned into hours of subversive plotting.

The next major revolt centered around the Junior play. In the first October class meeting, we were told that the date for the play had been set at the second Friday in November, leaving us six weeks in which to give it. We were told that the play *Hot Copy* had been ordered and was to be there in ten days. A committee was appointed to look into it and the other plays considered. Two weeks later we received the unanimous decision of the committee: *Hot Copy* was the poorest literary effort ever written. They reported that one, *Murder in Rehearsal*, was slightly out of the ordinary, and though very slow required no formal set. We were again informed that the play would be given the second Friday in November and that an extension of time was very, very doubtful. With these considerations, we decided that if no arrangement could be made for postponement we would not give a play. While we were still in a bad humor, it was proposed by Miss Humphries that we give a convocation since a vote of the school revealed that several wanted class programs. When it was discovered that of these votes, only one or two came from the Junior class, we declined the honor. This was especially difficult for Miss Humphries to swallow since she was chairman of the convocation committee. The last meeting in November found the renewal of the play agitation. We were informed that if we wanted to give a play, as all of us did, arrangements could be made for rehearsals during Jan-

uary. We accepted *Murder in Rehearsal*, giving instructions to wire to have the play books sent air mail. Unhappily, an air mail letter was sent asking to have the books sent and to have an acknowledgment wired. The books came too late to do anything before Christmas. When January arrived, we learned that we were to have four Saturday rehearsals, and that was all. Of course, part of the cast could practice during school daily in the speech room. So that is why we didn't give a Junior play, and if anybody says anything different, it's just because he's jealous of everything else we've done.

Gardner and Andy joined Bill on the "A" team. In December the recreation room opened after six years of work. Another revolution, one which, as we have seen, had grown since the First Grade, broke out. Unable to stand the cafeteria any longer, the Juniors elected to bring their lunch to school. Although we grew more healthy because of bringing home cooked—that is to say, cooked—food, our mothers grew more and more exhausted from it. Much to our surprise, the Junior Prom proved to be the best ever given. Up until about noon of the day of the Prom no one really knew what the decorations would be like, no one but Hart. Everyone had his own private schemes and everyone worked along lines which he thought necessary to bring about his notion. The long dreamed-of fountain suddenly materialized. Everything worked out in the last minutes to turn into the most beautifully decorated dance of all time.

Our Senior year has been a year of accomplishment. Additions were Bob Rollins, Jack Garrard, Molly Shannon, Allan Carpenter, who joined us from that unmentionable class beneath us, and in the second semester, Gene Eades. Faced with the need of raising money, we opened the year with a vast rummage sale. Among the five o'clock arrivals were Betty and Walter, fresh from the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener III. Their presence gave the room a distinct air, one which if you were not careful would knock you down. Next, we felt called upon to have a private class meeting, so we scheduled a "dinner" meeting at the Old Mill. Much business was transacted, even though Jack insisted on proposing to every girl present. A major operation was the Christmas dance which, despite the fact that everyone was too tired to enjoy it, was an artistic success. A triumph of the ever active Student Council was the arrangement for Senior exemptions from final exams for those who maintained a grade of B or better.

One of our typical brainstorm was our decision to give *Arsenic and Old Lace* as the Senior play. After struggles of six weeks duration, we presented to an eager audience the best

and most polished high school production of all time. The chief work was actually done by the stage crew whose construction of the staircase was undoubtedly one of the world's great engineering achievements. The Beta Club was organized with fine results. The library court was cleaned up by it and deck chairs put there. Here after years of surreptitious vagrancy, we had a haven. And who can say what untold pleasures skip day may hold, though the proposed trip to New York was ended by the railroad strike.

The Senior class of 1948 has been an unusual one. It has had imagination, ingenuity, ambition, and — faculty please note—intense loyalty to the school. And it has had the strength to resist what it did not think right. Unfortunately, we have never been thoroughly understood. There have been attempts to repress us rather than control us. There have been attempts to tell us rather than lead us. It can't be done.

You cannot put a fire out;
A thing that can ignite
Can go, itself, without a fan
Upon the slowest night.

You cannot fold a flood
And put it in your drawer,
Because the winds would find it out,
And tell your cedar floor.

Long before we were born, Emily Dickinson knew; now we know. Don't say we didn't tell you.



1—Guess who? It's up to you. 2—Bill Knight and Bill Muir. 3—Andy Deis
4—Carl Russell. 5—Hart Dunkman. 6—Sixth Grade play. 7—Suzanne Star
fiell. 8—Bill Muir. 9—Bob Rollins. 10—Joe Graves. 11—Steiner and group
12—June Flake. 13—Second Grade, first in row, Cary Gratz. 14—Betty
Simpson. 15—Third Grade picnic. 16—Fourth Grade boys. 17—Johnny With
row. 18—Nancy James. 19—Hart Dunkman. 20—You name it. 21—Conn
Steiner.

CLASS OF '48



3—Andy Deis
—Suzanne Stat
ner and group
ratz. 14—Bett
—Johnny Will
it. 21—Conn

DOROTHY ANN BROWN

Entered from elementary school.

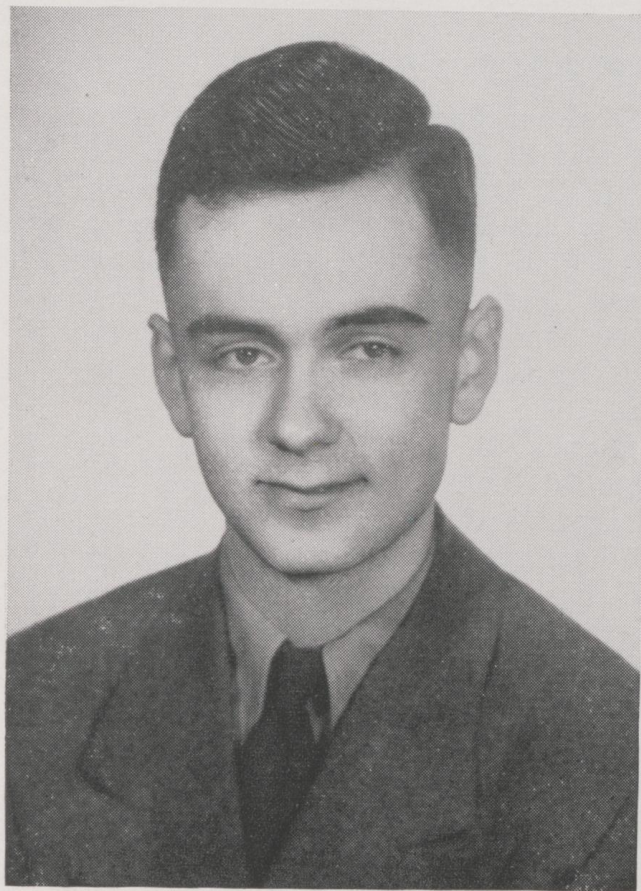
Y-Teens '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '47, '48; Cheerleader '48; Glee Club '45, '47; *U-High Lights* Staff '48; Senior Play Prompter '48; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '47, '48; Secretary Social Committee '48; U-Club '48.



ALLAN LEE CARPENTER

Entered from elementary school.

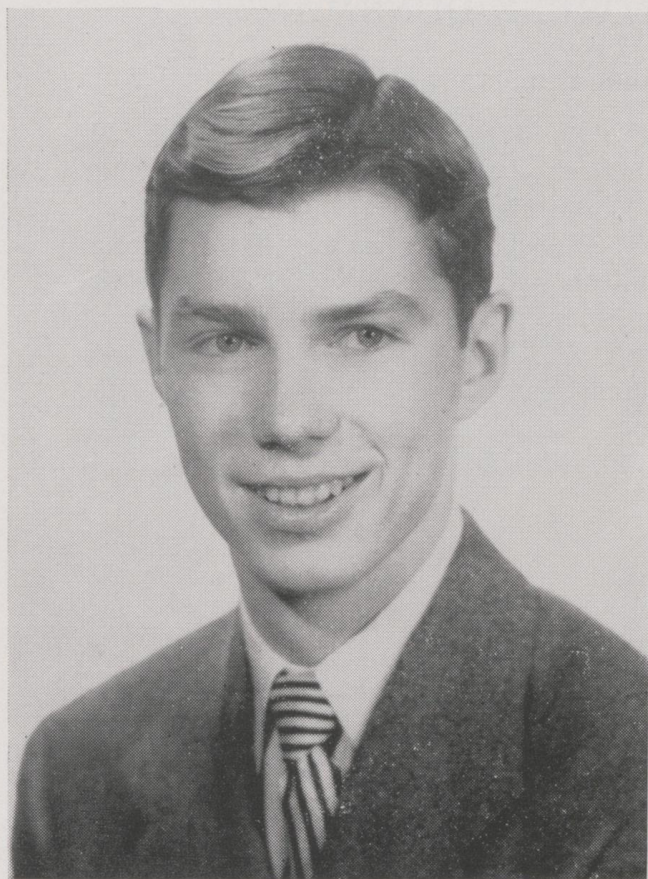
Treasurer Sophomore Class '47; Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '47, '48; Beta Club '48; Beta Club Treasurer '48; Baseball Team '48; Regional Music Contest '45, '46, '47, '48; State Music Contest '45, '46, '47, '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '48; Senior Play '48; Bible Study '47, '48; Band '48.



ANDREW DEISS

Entered from elementary school.

Secretary Freshman Class '45; President Sophomore Class '46; Student Council '45, '47, '48; Beta Club '48; Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Treasurer Hi-Y '46; Pep Club '45, '46, '47, '48; Secretary-treasurer Pep Club '46, '47; President Pep Club '48; National Honor Society '48; Masque and Gavel '47, '48; Junior High Basketball Team '45; Basketball B Team '46; Basketball A Team '47, '48; Baseball Team '47; Glee Club '45, '48; All-Kentucky Chorus '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '45, '46, '48; Annual Staff Business Manager '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; High School Register '48; Who's Who Among the Students of American High Schools '48; Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Award '48; K.H.S.P.A. Convention '46; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; U-Club '47, '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '46; Hi-Y Inter-Club Council '46.



HART LORENZ DUNKMAN

Entered from elementary school.

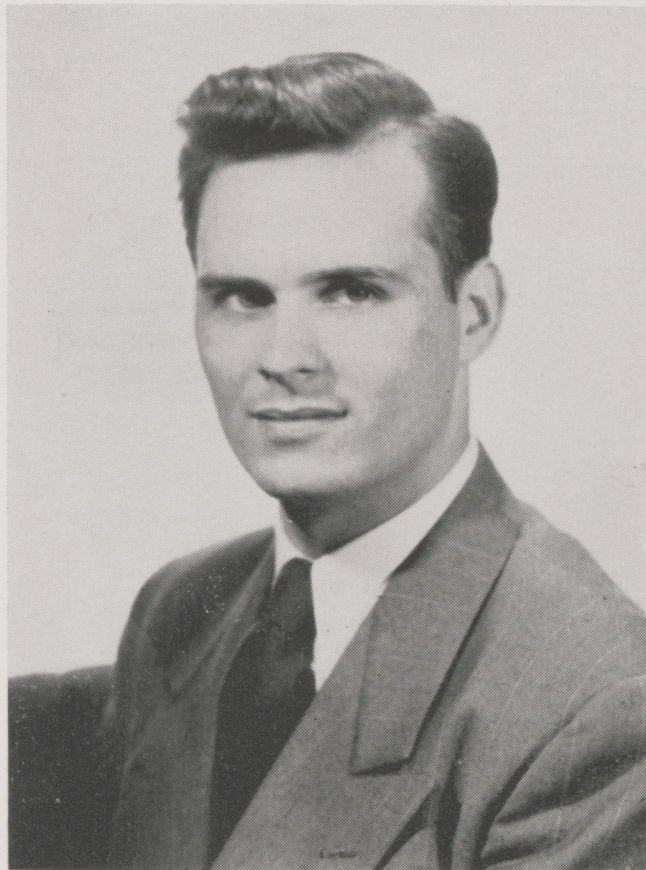
Y-Teens '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, '47, '48; Beta Club '48; Secretary Beta Club '48; Junior Play Cast '47; Glee Club '45, '46; National Honor Society '48; Masque and Gavel '48; Regional Speech Contest '48; High School Register '48; Who's Who Among the Students of American High Schools '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '45, '46, '47; Advertising Manager Annual '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Junior Prom Court '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; Inter-Faith Youth Council '48.



EUGENE VESTER EADES

Entered from Tuscaloosa Senior High School,
Tuscaloosa, Alabama '48.

Hi-Y '48; Glee Club '48; Regional Musical Con-
test '48.



JUNE FLAKE

Entered from Villa de Chantel, Rock Island, Illinois '45.

Y-Teens '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, 47, '48; Masque and Gavel '47, '48; Cheerleader '48; Glee Club '46, '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; U-Club '48.



CARY GRATZ

Entered from elementary school.

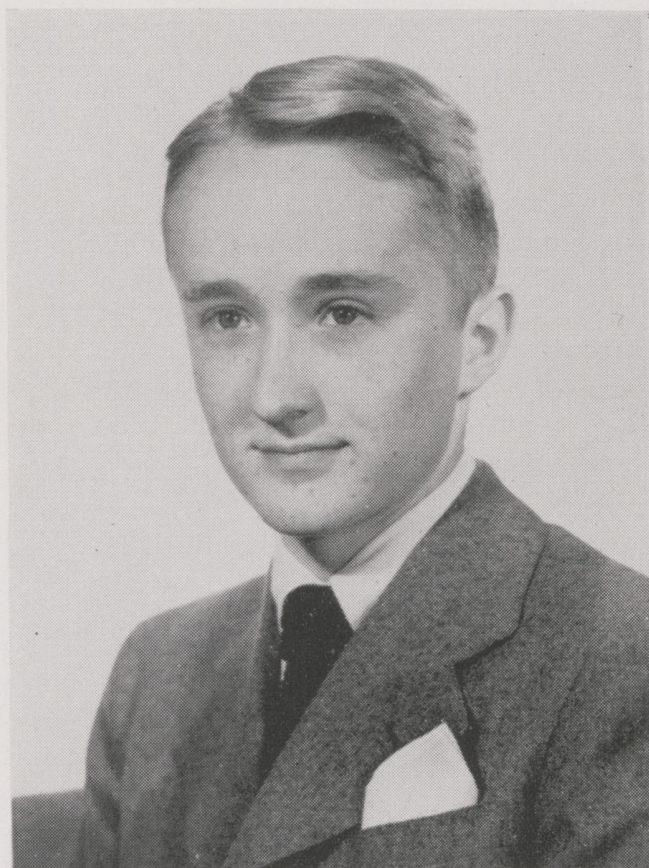
Y-Teens '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48;
Glee Club '45, '46, '47, '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '47;
Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Bible Study '45, '46,
'47, 48; Social Committee '47.



JOE CLARK GRAVES JR.

Entered from elementary school.

President Senior Class '48; Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, 47, '48; Vice-President Pep Club '48; Student Council '48; President Student Council '48; Beta Club '48; Glee Club '45; National Honor Society '47, '48; 4H Club '45; High School Register '48; Who's Who Among the Students of American High Schools '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '46, '47, '48; Pep Club Award '47; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48.



JOHN COURTNEY HALL

Entered from elementary school.

Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, 47, '48;
Glee Club '45; Junior High Basketball Team '45;
Basketball A Team '48; Basketball '46, '47; Base-
ball Team '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '47; *U-Hi
Lights* Staff '47; Senior Play Electrician '48; In-
tramurals '45, '46, '47; Bible Study '47, '48;
U-Club '48.



JANE BRUEN INGELS

Entered from elementary school.

Y-Teens '45, '46, '47, '48; Treasurer of Y-Teens '47; President Y-Teens '48; Pep Club '45, '46, '47, '48; Treasurer Pep Club '48; Student Council '48; Secretary-Treasurer Student Council '48; Glee Club '45; Beta Club '48; High School Register '48; Kentucky - Tennessee Y-Teen Conference '47; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Intramurals '45, '46; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; Y-Teen Inter-Club Council '47, '48; Vice-President Y-Teen Inter-Club Council '48.



NANCY JAMES

Entered from elementary school.

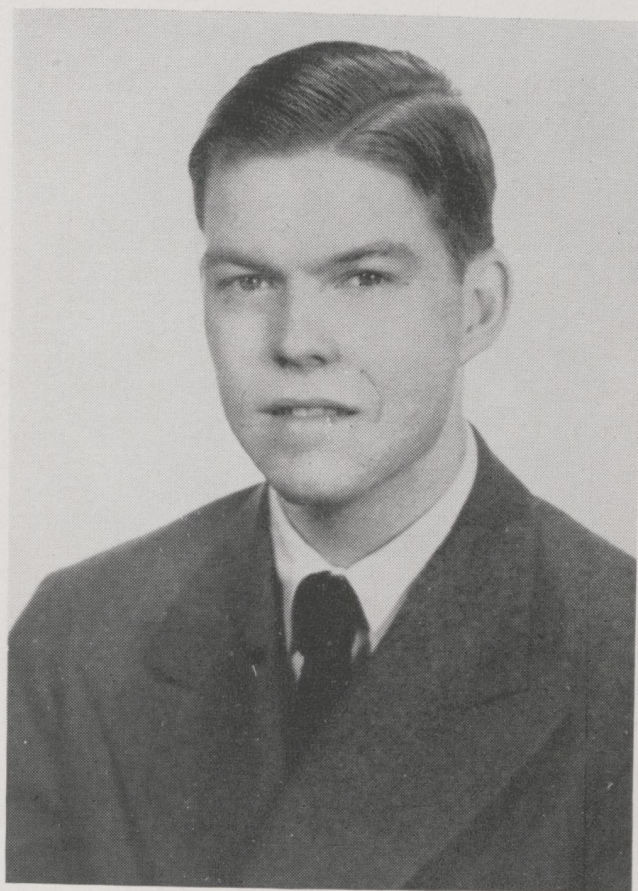
Y-Teens '45, '46, '47, '48; Secretary Y-Teens '47;
4H Club '45; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '46; Bible Study
'45, '46, '47, '48.



WILLIAM DOUGLAS KNIGHT

Entered from Nicholasville '44.

Senior Class Treasurer '48; Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '47, '48; Glee Club '45, '46; 4H Club '45; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '46, '47, '48; Annual Staff '48.



CORDIE LEE MOODY

Entered from Sayre '46.

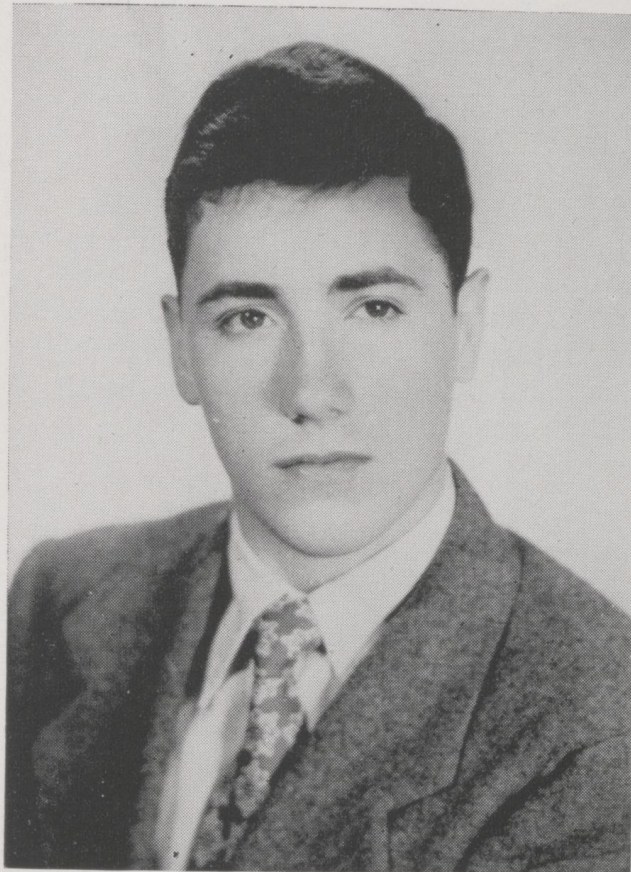
Y-Teens '47, '48; Pep Club '47, '48; Glee Club '48;
Bible Study '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48.



WILLIAM QUINN MUIR

Entered from Nicholasville '44.

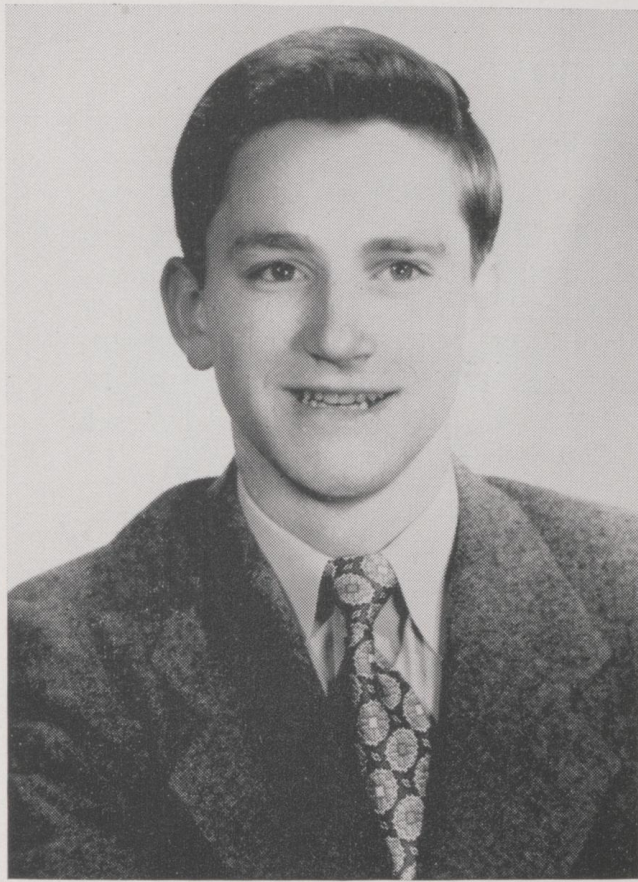
Vice-President Senior Class '48; Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Secretary Hi-Y '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48; Senior Representative Student Council '48; Glee Club '45; Basketball B Team '46, '47, '48; Baseball Team '45, '46, '47, '48; *U-High Lights* Staff '47; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; U-Club '46, '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Beta Club '48; Hi-Y Inter-Club Council '48.



WILLIAM KENNEY RICE

Entered from Paris '45.

Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, '47, '48; Glee Club '45, '46, '47; Junior High Basketball Team '45; Basketball B Team '46, '47, '48; Baseball '47; Track Team '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; Regional Track Meet '48; U-Club '47, '48; Band '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Beta Club '48; Vice-President Beta Club '48.



WILLIAM BOYD ROGERS

Entered from Pennsylvania '46.

President Junior Class '47; Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '46, 47, '48; Student Council '48; Vice-President Student Council '48; National Honor Society '47, '48; Basketball A Team '46, '47, '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '46; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '47, '48; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Bible Study '46, '47, '48; Track Team '46, '47, '48; Regional Track Meet '47; U-Club '46, '47, '48; Beta Club '48.



ROBERT GREY ROLLINS

Entered from Marines '48.

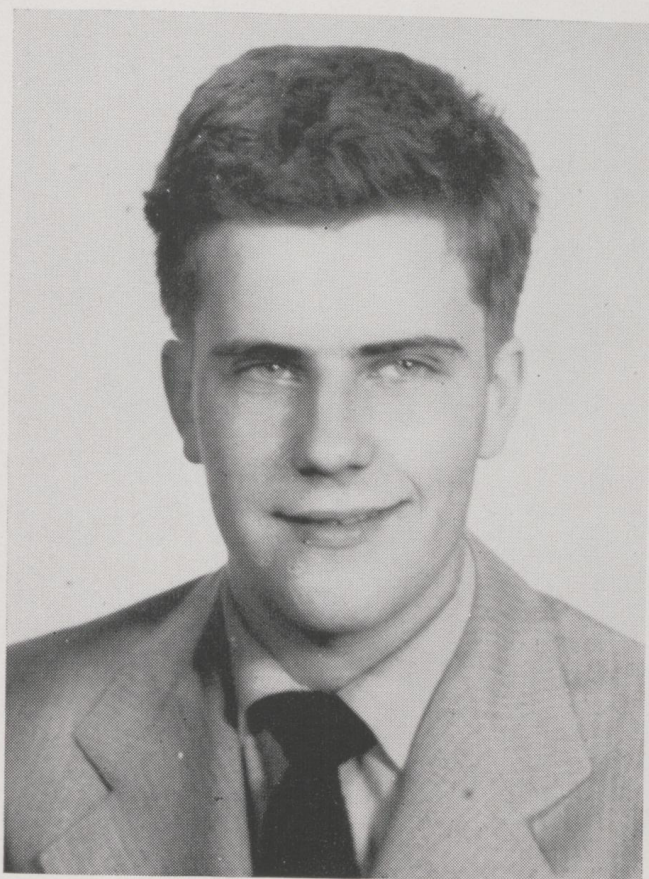
Hi-Y '48; Glee Club '48; Editor Annual '48; Regional Music Contest '48.



CARL REED RUSSELL JR.

Entered from Clovis High School, Clovis, New Mexico '47.

Hi-Y '47, '48; Pep Club '47, '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '47; Bible Study '47, '48; Senior Play Cast '48.



MARY SHANNON

Entered from Graham-Eckes School '48.

Y-Teens '48; Pep Club '48.



ELIZABETH KINNAIRD SIMPSON

Entered from Briar Hill School '43

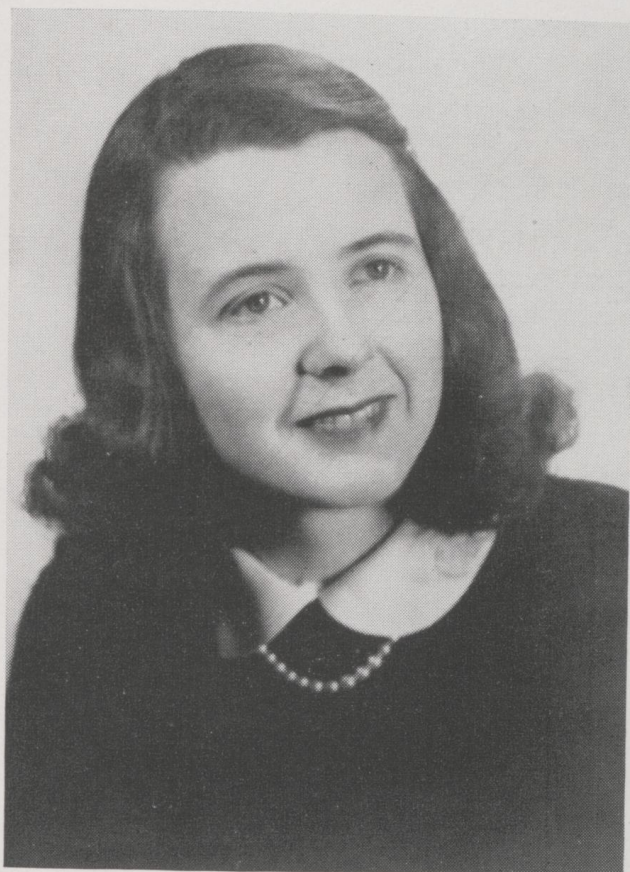
Masque and Gavel '47, '48; D.A.R. Good Citizen
'48; Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Contest '48; *U-Hi*
Lights '47; Annual Staff '48.



SUZANNE STANFIELL

Entered from Morton Junior High School '46.

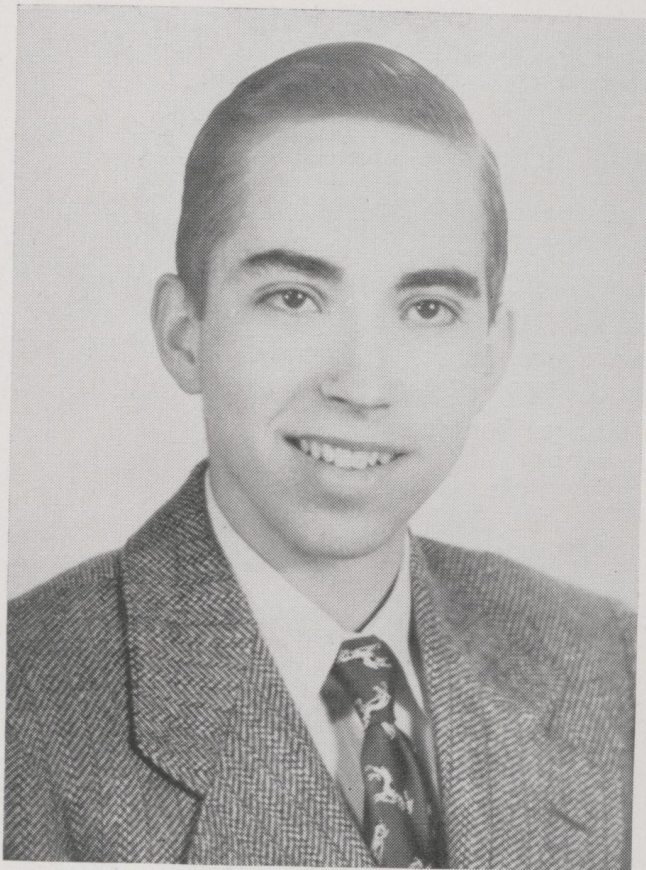
Secretary Junior Class '47; Secretary Senior Class '48; Y-Teens '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48; Glee Club '46, '47, '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '47; Junior Prom Court '47; Junior Prom Queen '48; Bible Study '46, '47, '48.



CONRAD STRATTNER STEINER

Entered from elementary school.

Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '47, '48; Baseball Team '47; Track Team '46; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '46; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; U-Club '47, '48; Manager Basketball Team '47, '48; Beta Club '48; Senior Play Cast '48.



GARDNER LEWIS TURNER

Entered from elementary school.

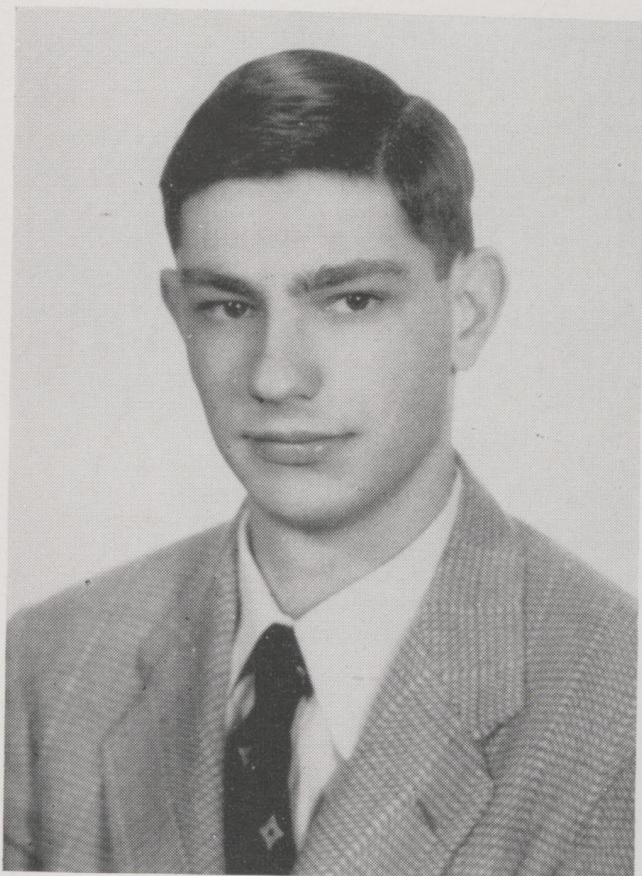
Treasurer of Sophomore Class '46; Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48; Junior High Basketball Team '45; Basketball B Team '46; Basketball A Team '47, '48; Baseball Team '45, '46, '47, '48; Junior Prom Court '47; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; U-Club '46, '47, '48; Business Manager Senior Play '48.



WALTER JOSEPH PIGGOTT
UNDERWOOD

Entered from elementary school.

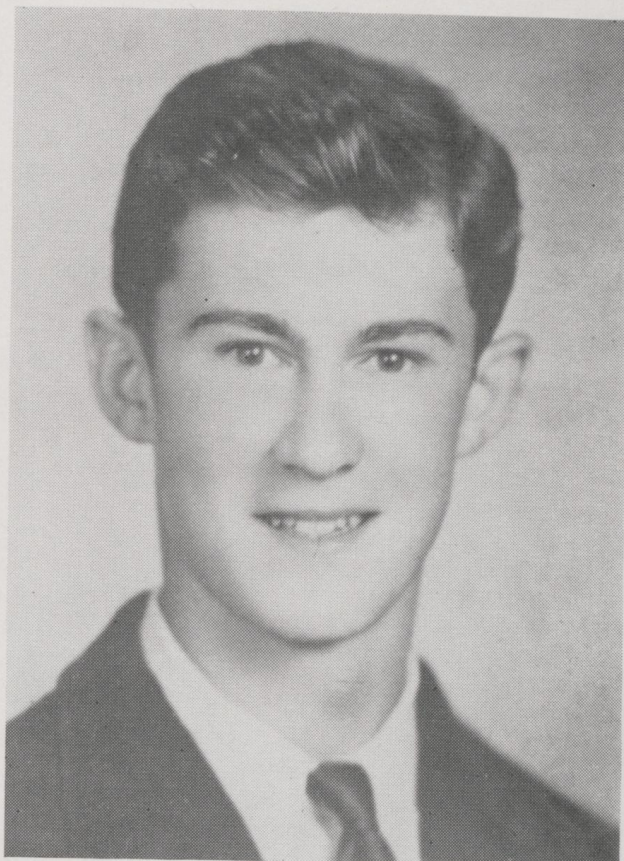
Hi-Y '45, '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '45, '46, '47, '48;
Glee Club '45, '46; Junior High Basketball Team
'45; Basketball B Team '45, '46, '47; Track Team
'46; Swimming Team '47, '48; K.H.S.P.A. Conven-
tion '45, '46; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '45, '46, '47, '48;
U-Hi Lights Editor '47; Annual Staff Associate
Editor '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Intramurals '45;
Bible Study '45, '46, '47, '48; Regional Track Meet
'46; Social Committee '46, '47; U-Club '46, '47,
'48; Band '48; Regional Speech Contest '48; State
Speech Contest '48; Beta Club '48; President Beta
Club '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '48; Interfaith
Youth Council '48.



MILWARD ELLIOTT WILKIE

Entered from elementary school.

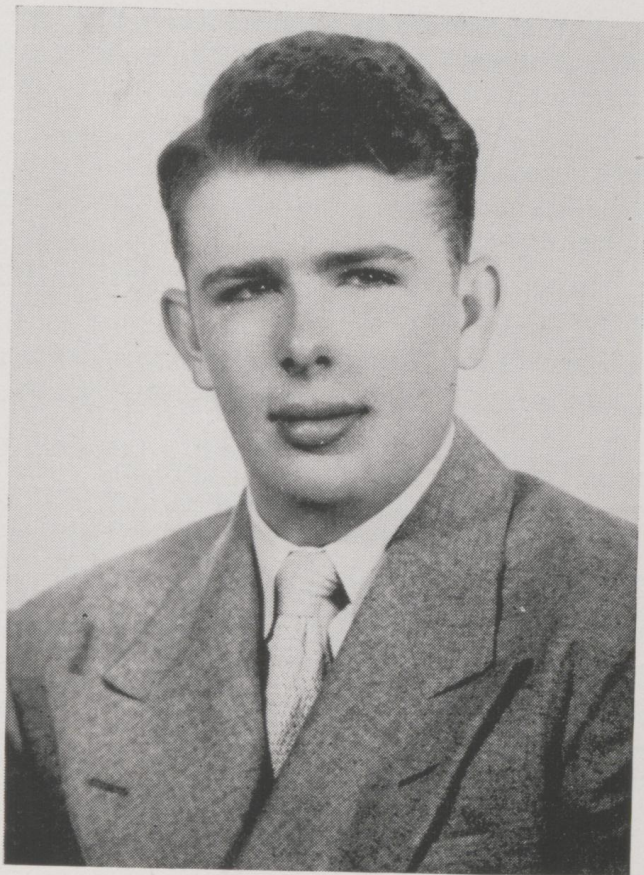
Vice-President Junior Class '47; Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Vice-President Hi-Y '47; President Hi-Y '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48; Junior Representative Student Council '47; Glee Club '45, '48; Junior High Basketball Team '45; Basketball B Team '46, '47, '48; Track Team '46, '47, '48; Hi-Y Boys' Legislature '46; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '45, '46, '47; Annual Staff '48; Junior Prom Court '47, '48; Intramurals '45; Bible Study '46, '47, '48; Regional Track Meet '47; U-Club '46, '47, '48; Social Committee '48; Band '48; Beta Club '48; Senior Play Cast '48; Hi-Y Inter-Club Council '47, '48.



JOHN EASTIN WITHROW

Entered from Morton Junior High '46.

Hi-Y '46, '47, '48; Pep Club '46, '47, '48; Hi-Y
Boys' Legislature '48; *U-Hi Lights* Staff '48;
Senior Play '48; Bible Study '46, '47, '48.



CLASS WILL

By BETTY SIMPSON

We, the members of the graduating class of 1948, being of sound mind and unquestionable character, do hereby make this, our last will and testament, concerning our variety of quips and quirks.

Bill Knight leaves his "conception" of life to Miss Trolinger's future psychology classes and his habits to Sam Strother, who does pretty well for a junior.

Gardner Turner leaves the old "Shouse" look to Willy Rouse and his blue eyes to Deon Gaidry.

Connie Steiner leaves his ability to wiggle his nose at Miss Peck—when asked a question—to anyone who can do it with as genteel an air as he.

Jane Ingels leaves her talent for disagreeing with the teachers (and no "attitude" talks) to Joe Wile, and she leaves Benham.

June Flake leaves Carl Russell's kisses to Beverly Ritchie.

Hart Dunkman wills her A-record and unfailing willingness to do more than her share to Charlotte Van Deren.

Bob Rollins leaves his "Annual" troubles to the junior class and his ability to get into classes without forging excuses to any veterans over 21.

Allan Carpenter leaves his look-dumb-like-a-fox to Buddy Jones.

Joe Graves leaves his ability to get in trouble and to get along with the teachers (both at the same time) to U-Hi's posterity.

Suzanne Stanfiell leaves the nicest thing of all—to be liked by everyone—to Mary McDowell Van Meter.

Cary Gratz leaves her profile and her cashmere sweaters to Betty Behlen and her patronage of the Stauffer system to any persons once nicknamed "Fats."

Eugene Eades leaves his talent for talking faster than any other senior to a worthy junior—Joan Haffler.

Carl Russell leaves his "technique" as displayed in the seniors'

Arsenic and Old Lace to Bruce Utter and his barber to Dwight Price.

Walter Underwood leaves his extreme extroversion—the 150 per cent personality—to Benham Sims, who is already rapidly approaching the 133 per cent mark.

Buddy Wilkie leaves his incredulous, “Oh,-were-you-speaking-to-me” look to any U-Hian who can get by with it.

Andy Deiss wills his personality and versatility to any future U-Hi Deisses—they, only, could possibly be like Andrew. His sarcasm we hope he keeps.

Betty Simpson leaves her ability to have never been “in,” complete with schoolbus, to any unsuspecting soul who enters U-Hi from a country school.

Molly Shannon leaves her fast pace—on or off the hunting field—to Connie Young.

John Withrow leaves his charm and free speech to any elocution student who will claim it, and also his physique to Mr. Clay.

Trip Moody wills five first names to Darnall Dugan’s one.

Nancy James leaves the best smile in the senior class to Betsy Nunn.

Courtney Hall leaves his basketball prowess to U-Hi’s future star, Buford Price.

Bill Rogers wills the aura of his personality to the halls of U-Hi.

Bill Muir leaves his country ways and girl-trouble to Powell Alves.

Dotty Ann Brown wills her talent for never being on time to June Riggs.

Bill Rice leaves to Miss Trolinger whatever new theories she may have formulated on adolescent psychology during 1947-48.

To Miss Anderson—we leave. What better gift?

To Miss Peck we leave the hope that she may some day sail down the Nile like Cleopatra.

To Miss Trolinger we leave a package of Vigaro to keep her head in bloom.

To Mr. Ginger we leave our sincere appreciation for his signing our diplomas.

To the rest of the faculty and staff of the University Training School we gladly leave the junior class.

CLASS PROPHECY

Into the shadows of a dark doorway passes the person of the majestic. Upstairs he is to meet with Swami William Knight who is, on this dreary day, making an attempt to gaze into the future of the chosen group. After years of palmistry, star gazing, card reading, and other pseudo-scientific ventures common-place to all such happy mediums, he is, this day, going to do something beyond all previous endeavor in the prophecy game. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Da Vinci and others are awaiting their communiqué from St. Peter on the success of William's work. We enter a room, illuminated by a lone candle in the center of the fragrantly incensed habitat. We can tell by its irregular oscillations that the candle is no ordinary parifine product . . . It is of the civilization variety. Using this candle as a stem the mystic is to conjure the candle's knowledge of the chosen one's destiny—future—as he already has the past. The Moon is down . . . The stars are high—so am I . . . 'tis ever near the hour . . . A secret passage of ancient and forgotten lore is repeated by the Grand Dragon, the room clouds, an expectant haze covers our minds, and the mortal contents of the room are transformed into an eye-witness position of the future.

As the mist rises we take inventory of our position. It is Beulah Park, famed racetrack, during the spring meet of 1968. Discussing the possibility of "Speedy Red's" retirement to stud, track Manager R. B. Collins has the most important turfmen of the country cornered, all enjoying an atomic Mint Julep.

Bugler William Rice indicates the calling to the turf of the thoroughbreds for the first race. Finishing off the last refrain he steps from his pedestal and awaits the starting gate call.

In the \$2.00 Show Ticket line is William Muir, happily married farmer who has netted a fortune from his prize pigs. Speaking to Joseph Graves, noted stylist, who is clad in the new-look straw hat and Kuppen jodhpurs, Bill states, "Just took another prize with one of Bessie's latest. . . . Say, Joe, this night life is killing you. Why don't you get married and live happily like me?" We note that he has reached the Tote window so our attention is diverted. Our bloodshot eyes behold the entrance of the great enunciator into his box. Foreign Commissar John Withrow has just spaced from a noon convention with the foreign affairs commission on Krypton planet, 225 East Sunbeam Drive. He has been busy discussing the Lartial plan for stop-gap aid

to starving Marsonians who have suffered from a canal overflow and appealed to the Universe court for help.

Pupils dilating at instantaneous issues of intense illumination, we learn that the cause of the reaction is the stroboscopic flashes of the cameras of the Atomic Press who have just arrived for an interview with a notable. Dr. Conrad Steiner is sending one of his assistants out to place a bet as the newsmen approach him. He is betting on "Dogmatic" because it reminds him of his latest discovery. Journals have been full of news of Dr. Steiner's finding a cure for dog-tiredness.

In the infield, counting the teeth of future entries, Andrew Deiss is fulfilling his job at the track. Major among his duties is a complete psychoanalysis of anyone betting on a hundred-to-one shot. He is considered a noted authority on neurosis, psychosis, and halitosis.

Awed, completely spellbound, the crowd witnesses the strange arrival of the latest Oldsmobaker helijet. The weird craft hovers over the center of the grandstand for a few moments; then a custom-clad chauffeur escorts the exotic Cary Gratz from the machine into her velvet lined box. This is too much for part of the male contingent so they retire to the bar for the quickest way out.

Favorite of the crowd, "Killer" Bill Rogers is unable to witness a race due to the great demand for his autograph. His fame has increased since his knock-out punch gained him the world fisticuff championship.

To the great surprise of our little party a peculiar mechanical object is approaching us. Oh! It is a robot, program vendor . . . Sure, I'll take on.—Thank you . . . (or whatever one says to a robot). A glance at the program gives us a hint as to the actions of Milward Wilkie, a favorite cohort in 1948 but conspicuously absent in 1968. An ad on the inside page tells us that he is engaged in the used airplane business and has a fleet of World War II surplus Stinsons which are "going for practically nothing." The ad reads, "We put you up in the air."

Wheeling a cosmic wheel chair is our old pride, Miss Anderson. Mercy, what has happened? Something has gone wrong. The machine is tilted! It is disintegrating like the preacher's one-horse shay . . . It is gone . . . Miss Anderson, rising, remarks to the surprised crowd, "Well, so much for that." With this off her mind, she trips along her way down the path of the life fantastic.

There is a large crowd gathering in the fifty cent section of the grandstand. Our curiosity is overwhelming and as we approach the congestion of humanity, we see what it is all about. It seems

that there was a spectator who seemingly went crazy after the last race. He threw psychoneurotic arms wildly in the air, slapping everyone on the back. Professor Deiss was called for consultation, but the diagnosis was not insanity; it was just Courtney Hall who won on the race, and holds a ticket worth \$2.40 at any \$2.00 tote cashier.

Announcing the correct C&O time is potentate Allan Carpenter, Ph. D., D.D.T., A.B., L&N, who several years back completed work on the Shadylane-Tahoma railroad and has recently been working on a vastly enlarged addition termed the Rose Street-Mt. Tabor line. Production has been temporarily halted, though, due to the Uranium strike.

Bill Rice, blowing the call for the next race, hesitates, then proceeds as he spies the arrival of Hollywood star Betty Simpson, who could not come any sooner because they were filming her latest picture. She is the only woman in Hollywood with enough intelligence to write her movies and play in them.

Distributing posters for the coming election is Congresswoman D. A. Brown who won her seat in the great national legislative body several years back. She began her political career as a running mate for another member of her family. It took her several years to catch up but she won . . .

Behind her Hart Dunkman throws bolts of burlap material around her shoulders, displaying the latest of Hart's free hanging design clothes. Hart's "new look," which we had a slight inkling of back in high school, has been established as the thing for the stylish person . . .

Trying to make a fat sale Hart goes immediately to the box of movie actress June Flake who is taking time off between scenes of her latest film, D.D.T. and Young Calico. This movie is alleged to have the greatest love scene ever shown on the screen. At a cost of \$150,000 and three cadavers to the movie industry it will be retaken in seven different languages and should be the top box office receipt picture of all time.

Behind a pinball machine, located in the corner of the corner room, Louis Hammonds displays his professional touch to a large group of amateurs who are spellbound by his great feats with the machine. He has held the National Pinball Championship for several years now, but with a little practice Dwight Price should give him a good game.

Sitting in a chair on the Club House lawn are two of the biggest businessmen existing today. Between them they control the entire farm production of the United States, for as Sales Manager for the Earthworm Tractor Corporation Gene Eades has designed several valuable methods for eliminating produc-

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tion and distribution difficulties of the corporation. Frank Horine, the other executive, holds a high place in the Kroger company. He attained this position through a series of sales which the distributing officers deemed impossible, but Frank came through, getting rid of all stock of their little "biscuits for fat people" which had been loaded on him.

Announcing that all reservations have been filled for the summer season at Ingels Lake, Jane Ingels includes that, even if reservations were available it is to be known that married couples, only, are welcomed at the resort. Competing with Niagara Falls for honeymoons, this vacation spot is becoming gradually the most talked about place in America.

Nancy James, usually called "Queenie," has gone to the paddock to look over the horses. She has finished a three-year contract with a show house in Cincinnati where her elaborate, and original, Can-Can became very popular. News has it that she has signed a contract with a Night Club in New York City.

Inclosed in a selling booth is "Trip" Moody who is connected with the track staff and carries on a very important part of the pari-mutuel business. She is employed to sell the "Winter book" tickets on future races. This establishes the odds on the horses before they go to the post. Sales have increased thirty-five per cent since "Trip" took over this job.

Supervising the "Smellivision" broadcast of the events is Robert Rollins who has replaced the little guy with the bow tie on the "L.S.M.F.T." show. Response to his singing was so great that Petrillo had to ban him from the air, but he established his own network, B.G.R., which handles the "Smellivision" broadcasts of all sports events.

Flashing a pair of thinning clippers in the air is Carl Russell who has an establishment in Lexington which is an attempt at revival of the old barber shop style where there is more singing than clipping. He has also set a few hair styles of his own.

Molly Shannon is always present at the sporting events for in this field is the true love of her life. Copping Olympic honors in 1964 in the tennis field she returned to America to tour the country and give lessons at all the major cities for the development of the sport throughout the country.

Not to be left out here is the greatest authority on women in the speaking field, Gardner Turner, who has had many speaking engagements at boys' schools everywhere "wising up" the members of his sex on the facts and downfalls of women. His secretary, Suzanne Stanfiell, is credited with supplying him with much of his information and especially in keeping his notes and addresses.

Just at the instant William Rice rises to sound the seventh race call, we feel a great cloud shrouding us like the blanket of life and we realize that we are being called back by the flame of the candle. Overcome by dizziness we awaken in the dimly lighted room where the great Swami comes out of his trance. It seems so incredible, what we have just experienced, that we really doubt that it happened at all and we know that there is just one thing to do . . . wait and see.

Junior



Junior Class



Left to right, first row: Leila Sherman, Darnall Dugan, Charlotte VanDeren, Connie Young, June Riggs, June Sandusky, Martha Rannells, Barbara Wyatt. Second row: Betty Behlen, Betty Bruce Brown, Lissie Wharton, Joan Haffler, Mary McDowell Van Meter, Joyce McCarthy, Emily Barron, Betty Buckley, Beverly Ritchie. Third row: Hade Wharton, George Wombwell, John Cooke, Dwight Price, Powell Alves, Buddy Jones, Charles Utter, Powell Taylor, Don Hatton, Sam Strother, Benham Sims, Harold Barber, John Nichols. Not present when the picture was taken were Jimmy Wenker and Roger Williams.

Sophomore Class



Left to right, first row: Bob Strother, Margaret Prewitt, Margaret Barber, Betty O'Bannon, Deon Gaidry, Jean Grant, Nancy Graves, president; Bedford Price. Second row: Bruce Utter, Marjorie Pogue, Jane Walker Tindler, Sue Scofield, Mary Elizabeth Ballard, Don Looney, David Hager. Third row: Bertram Guthrie, Doris Jean Lisle, Jimmy Strauss, Betty Barber, Betsy Nunn, Janet Stone, Murphy Little, Billy Rose. Fourth row: Barbee Phillips, Johnny Kloecker, Robert Stout, Willy Rouse, Tausbee Beatty.

Freshman Class



Left to right, first row: Rosa Tucker, Carolyn Carter, Sally Sue Davis, Mary Lewis Patterson, Nancy Tinder, Jimmy Rose Fouts, Susan Clarke, Merle Haffler, Aura Jean Price, Peggy Redd. Second row: Molly June Rannells, Allis Eaton, Mary Lee Brandenburg, Janet Wood, Betty Ann Mauser, Betty Linn Farris, Jane Potts, Rosemary McLain, Joey Scofield, Jean Willis. Third row: Leslie Morris, Buddy Wilson, Jim Park, Jimmy Walters, Doug McCullough, Frank Tilton, Harry Alexander, R. C. Cranfill, Joe Wile, Dick Sellers, Worth Estes, Bob Clay, Alex Harper, Gene Clayton, Steve Dummit.

Eighth Grade



Carey Adams, Katherine Alexander, Peggy Jean Brandenburg, Patricia Carol Coons, William B. Floyd, Jimmy Gay, Mary Gess, Helen Vance Gilk, Eugene Boswell Gorham, Barbara Hardwick, Nat Harris, Nancy Winn Johnson, Abbott Jones, Bobby Jones, Katherine Keyes, Sammy Kinkade, Preston Madden, Betty Jo Martin, Jean Elaine Martin, Virginia McFadden, Grandison McLean, Frank McVey, Keith Moore, Earl Ray Morgan, Robert Moseley, Susan Rannells, Garland Sims, Nancy Van Meter, Marshall White, Charline Whitehouse, Lyn Wilder, Nancy Wilder, Louise Wile, Carolyn Williams, Catherine Wilson.

Sever



Seventh Grade



Curtis Ballard, Johnny Becknell, Mae Martin Bryan, Billy Buchanan, Jane Boggs Cole, Ann Cornell, Lawrence Crump, William Stone Dale, Robert Trabue Davis, John Hardwick, Eugene Jefferson, Robert Lawrence, Clarence L. LeBus, Reba Lewis, Sonny Linguist, Jack Lee Miller, Lucy Lee Moore, Courtney Noel, Dunster Gibson Pettitt, Jimmy Robinson, Charles Scott, William Sims, Jock Simpson, Barbara Wood Sublett, Edwin Ward, Frank H. Ward, Mary E. Ward, Charles Louis Willis, Powhatan J. Woolbridge, Clara Es-Stel Yates.

Glee Club



Front row, left to right: Cary Gratz, Jean Willis, Mary Elizabeth Ballard, Carolyn Carter, Sally Sue Davis, Mary Lee Brandenburg, Ann Douglass, Rosemary McLain, Tissie Wharton, Mary McDowell Van Meter, Leila Sherman. Second row: Joe Young, student teacher; Harold Barber, Jane Potts, Doug McCullough, Nancy James, Trip Moody, June Flake, Rosa Tucker, Suzanne Stanfield, Allis Eaton, Aura Jean Price, Darnall Dugan, Jimmie Rose Fouts, Betty Linn Farris, Jean Grant, Jane Walker Tinder, Margaret Prewitt, Joan Haffler, Charlotte Van Deren, Joyce McCarthy, Janet Wood, Sue Scofield, Beverly Ritchie, June Sandusky, Merle Haffler, Susan Clarke, Mary Lewis Patterson, Miss Ruth Stallings, director. Third row: John Nichols, Harry Alexander, Sam Strother, Nan Mitchell, Hade Wharton, Margery Pogue, Bob Rollins, Doris Jean Lisle, John Cooke, Joey Scofield, Powell Alves, Emily Barron, Buddy Wilkie, Nancy Tinder, Andy Deiss, Jimmy Walters, Roger Williams.

Hi-Y



Hi-Y



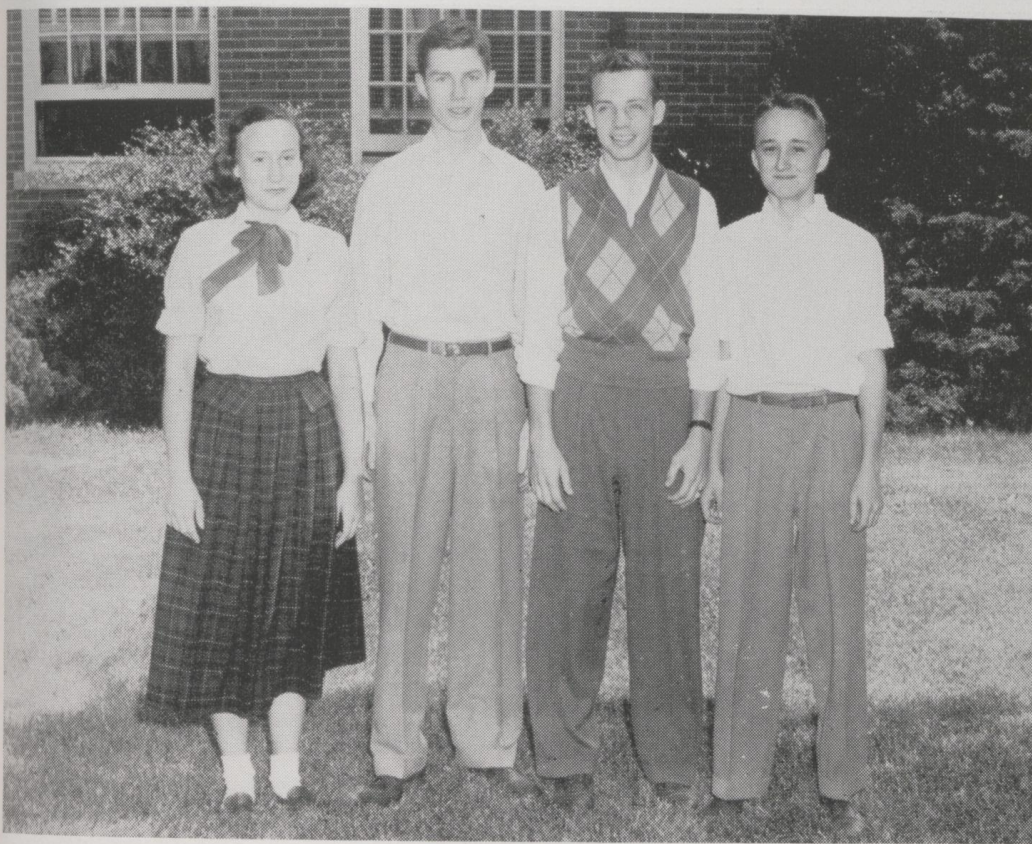
Left to right, first row: Bill Rogers, Billy Rice, Gene Eads, R. C. Cranfill, Bobby Clay, Don Looney, Dwight Price, Buddy Jones, Powell Alves, Charles Utter. Second row: Jimmy Strauss, Tausbee Beatty, Barbee Phillips, Joe Wile, Gene Clayton, Alex Harper, Buddy Wilson, Steve Dummit, Dick Sellers, Jimmy Walters, Powell Taylor, Harold Barber, Bill Muir, secretary; John Nichols, treasurer. Third row: Buford Price, Bruce Utter, Willy Rouse, Leslie Morris, Bertram Guthrie, Robert Stout, chaplain; Jim Park, Bob Strother, Murphy Little, Bob Rollins, Doug McCullough, Connie Steiner, John Withrow, Joe Graves. Fourth row: Frank Tilton, David Hager, Johnny Kloecker, Andy Deiss, Don Hatton, Harry Alexander, Walter Underwood, John Cooke, vice-president; George Wombwell, Buddy Wilkie, president; Sam Strother, Carl Russell, Courtney Hall, Allan Carpenter. Not present when picture was taken: Ralph Campbell, Bill Knight, Benham Sims, Gardner Turner, Jimmy Wenneker.

Y-Teens



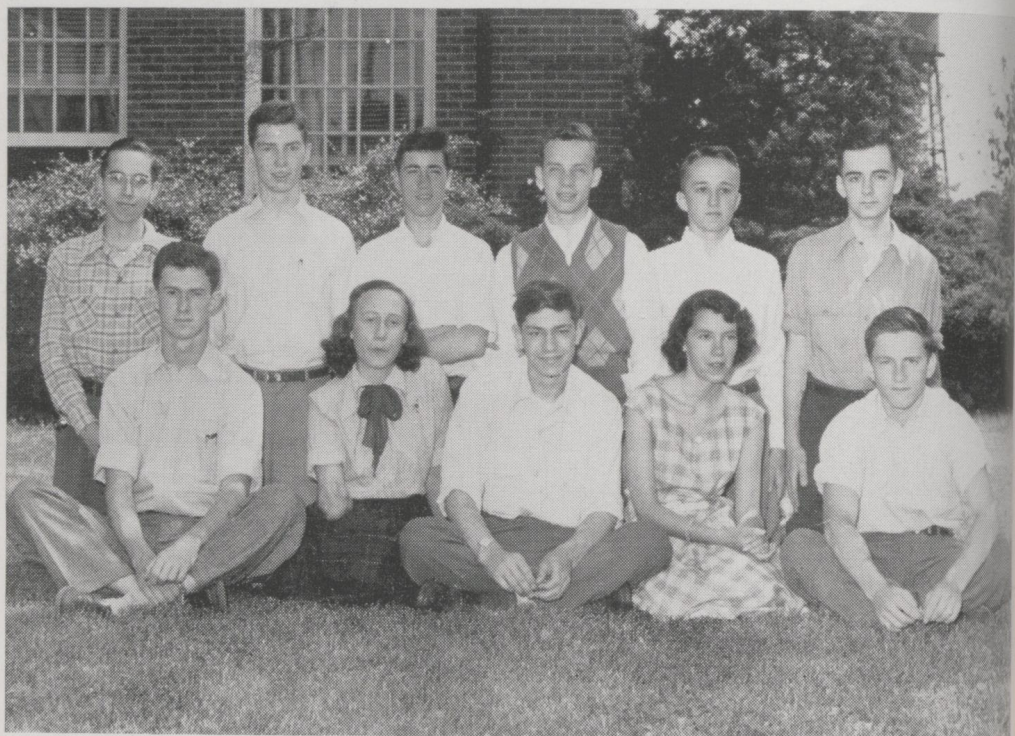
Left to right: first row: Jean Grant, Aura Jean Price, Barbara Wyatt, Betty O'Bannon, Nancy Graves, Cordie Lee Moody, Jean Willis, Merle Haffler, Deon Gaidry, Sally Sue Davis, Jimmie Rose Fouts, Mary Lewis Patterson. second row: Dorothy Ann Brown, Nancy James, Rosemary McLain, Susan Clarke, Janet Wood, Peggy Redd, Allis Eaton, Mary Elizabeth Ballard, Hart Dunkman, Rosa Tucker, Carolyn Carter. Third row: Charlotte Van Deren, secretary; Joan Haffler, Mary McDowell Van Meter, Jane Potts, Mary Brandenburg, Emily Barron, Betty Barbee, Darnall Dugan, Nancy Tinder, Janet Stone, Beverley Ritchie, Joyce McCarthy, June Riggs. Fourth row: Suzanne Stanfiell, Tissie Wharton, Doris Jean Lisle, Marjorie Pogue, Margaret Prewitt, Betsy Nunn, Jane Ingels, president; Betty Buckley, vice-president; Cary Gratz, Betty Ann Mauser, Joey Scofield, Jane Walker, Tinder, treasurer; Betty Linn Farris. Not present when picture was taken: Betty Behlen, Betty Bruce Brown, June Flake, June Sandusky, Sue Scofield, Connie Young.

Honor Society



Left to right: Hart Dunkman, Andy Deiss, Bill Rogers, Joe Graves. Initiated after the picture was taken were: Allan Carpenter, Cordie Lee Moody, Charlotte Van Deren, Mary McDowell Van Meter.

Beta Club



Left to right, front row: Buddy Wilkie, Hart Dunkman, secretary; Walter Underwood, president; Jane Ingels, Billy Rice, vice-president. Second row: Connie Steiner, Andy Deiss, Bill Muir, Bill Rogers, Joe Graves, Allan Carpenter, treasurer. Those initiated after picture was taken were: Gardner Turner, Joyce McCarthy, John Nichols, Emily Barron, Charlotte Van Deren, Harold Barber, Mary Van Meter, Powell Taylor, Willy Rouse, Nancy Graves, Betsy Nunn.

Pep Club



Left to right, first row: Emily Barron, Cordie Lee Moody, Charlotte Van Deren, Tissie Wharton, Hart Dunkman, Betty O'Bannon, Nancy Graves, Mary Elizabeth Ballard, Darnall Dugan, Deon Gaidry, Jane Walker Tinder, Janet Stone, Doris Jean Lisle. Second row: June Riggs, Beverly Ritchie, Joyce McCarthy, Suzanne Stanfiell, Dorothy Ann Brown, Mary McDowell Van Meter, Jane Ingels, treasurer; Betsy Nunn, secretary; Jean Grant, Leila Sherman, Billy Rice, Bill Muir, Bill Rogers. Third row: Connie Young, Buford Price, Joe Graves, vice-president; John Cooke, Willy Rouse, Harold Barber, Gardner Turner, John Withrow, Sam Strother, Charles Utter, Bill Knight. Fourth row: Don Looney, Robert Stout, Bertram Guthrie, Bruce Utter, Benham Sims, George Wombwell, Walter Underwood, Dwight Price, Buddy Jones, Connie Steiner, Andy Deiss, president; Carl Russell, Allan Carpenter, Courtney Hall, Powell Taylor, John Nichols.

Student Council



Left to right, front row: Joe Graves, president; Leila Sherman, Junior class representative; Jane Ingels, secretary; Jane Walker Tinder, Sophomore class representative; Grandison McLean, Eighth grade representative; Bill Muir, Senior class representative. Back row: David Hager, Sophomore class representative; Powell Taylor, Junior class representative; Andy Deiss, Senior class representative; Jim Park, Freshman class representative; Bill Rogers, vice-president. Not present when picture was taken was Robert Lawrence, Seventh grade representative.

U-Hi Annual Staff



Left to right: Trip Moody, assistant advertising manager; Bob Rollins, editor; Walter Underwood, assistant editor; Andy Deiss, business manager; Hart Dunkman, advertising manager.

SPORTS

This year sports were undoubtedly the highlight at U-Hi. The 1947-48 season had a greater variety of sports than ever before.

In basketball Coach Joe Conforti, who had achieved marvelous results with the Junior High cagers for the last two years, moved into top coaching position to achieve a record of 19 wins to 6 losses. No time was lost in reviewing the fundamentals of basketball because an extremely large percentage of the boys had either played Junior High ball under Coach Conforti or under other U-Hi coaches.

The Purples suffered an opening loss to Midway by the score of 21 to 22. In the second game it was evident that confidence was lacking when Winchester handed the Purples a defeat by the narrow margin of 43 to 39. However, by the time the third game rolled around, spirits had risen enough to bring victory to U-Hi by a score of 38 to 23 over Georgetown. The Georgetown game was obviously an ice-breaker because the next eight consecutive games were won without too much effort. All good things must come to an end and so did the Purples' winning streak. On January 24 the loyal Conforti boys bowed to Beechwood to the tune of 36 to 34. On January 26 we played host to Madison Central in a hotly contested battle. When the horn blew, the U-Hi cagers were on top by the score of 49 to 43. We went on to add two more games to the list of victories only to suffer defeat in a close battle with Kavanaugh in which they were victorious by the score of 50 to 48. From the Kavanaugh game on to the end of the season sailing was easy. Georgetown, Nicholasville, Wilmore, Good Shepherd and Versailles fell in rapid succession to end the scheduled season in fine style.

The A team's wonderful spirit along with Mr. Conforti's coaching were responsible for the season's victories. The team had a great handicap to meet in the loss of five lettermen and in learning the system used by a new coach. Despite this, five out of six games that were lost were lost by the slim margin of six points. These experiences were oftentimes heartbreaking to the team, but only tended to spur them on. It also proved that this year U-Hi ranked higher with the other schools in our vicinity than for the last several years.

When tournament time approached the team spirit was high after a successful season but possibly too high. After drawing Latin High for the opening round we defeated them by a score of

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37 to 32. The second night of the District Tournament found us pitted against Nicholasville, a team we had beaten on two occasions by approximately 20 points. Possibly the starting five were tired from the previous night—possibly "Speedy" Price's bad knee was a handicap, but probably the boys did not realize Nicholasville's great team spirit and willingness to win. Needless to say, on March 5 U-Hi's fighting cagers suffered a stunning defeat at the hands of the Nicholasville Tarantulas. There were many high points in this battle between the two giants of the hardwood, but probably the most thrilling one was when "Little" Jack Wardlow, carried away by the moment, picked up "Towering" Chief Underwood and at the command of the referee dropped him (mercilessly!) upon the floor. (Oh! My aching back.)

Despite the Nicholasville setback, the team, because of its previous record of the season, was invited to the First Annual Kiwanis Club Tournament. This tournament included some of the highest ranking outfits in the state which had been eliminated in earlier tournaments. Included in these were Inez, Hall, Paris, Monticello, Lafayette, Dayton and Winchester. Inez had been slated earlier to win the state crown. The U-Hi boys were seeded last by most authorities. However, disregarding the odds, the boys advanced to runner-up spot to be defeated by sheer exhaustion and Lafayette. It is the author's opinion that it is worthwhile to mention that Walter Underwood made 80 per cent of his shots.

Upon completion of the basketball season, all attention was turned upon spring sports. This year an unusually large number of aspirants turned out for the five sports that made up the spring athletic program.

Swimming, Golf, and Tennis were added for the first time in several years. Track and Baseball still remained the major sports, however. The Baseball team was coached by Joe Conforti, who has been baseball coach since 1946. Though only a handful of experienced players were available, the team had shown an encouraging record at the time of this article going to press. Veteran ball players returning for U-Hi were: James Wenneker, catcher; Jimmy Strauss, pitcher; Bill Muir, shortstop; Johnny Nichols, second base; and Gardner Turner, centerfield. Rain and cold weather hampered the team during April and they were able to get in very little practice. In the first two encounters the Purples came out on the short side of lopsided scores. In the third game (Latin High), despite a defeat of 15 to 1, the team showed improvement in the field and at the plate.

The track team has been doing fairly well this year. They have several good athletes on the team but are hampered by weak

reserves. In the track meets U-Hi has usually turned in enough firsts, but the reserves are unable to come in second or third. Consequently we have lost several meets by a margin of only a few points. Hopes are high that "Speedy" Price will break the record for the state mile. Willie Rouse and Harold Barber have been giving a creditable performance, not to mention Jimmie Wenneker, whose one ambition is to beat Burnie Myers in the discus throw.

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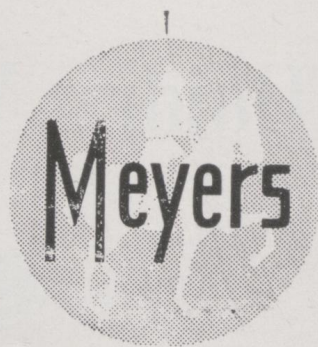
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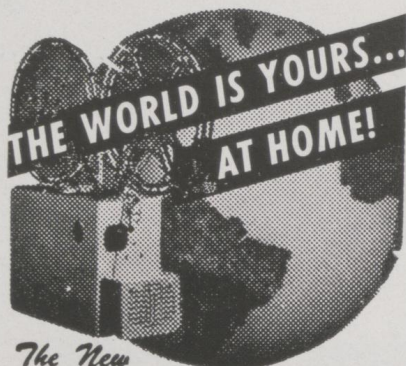
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