

BUY
WAR STAMPS

THE U-HI LIGHTS

BUY
WAR BONDS

Volume XIV

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1943

Number 1

"For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, But how you played the game."



Upper left — Sleeping Beauty; upper right — Intramural Club Dance; center — Dr. Adams and Frankie; lower left — After School; lower right — Cafeteria.

DAPPER DANS AND DEFT DAMSELS DILLY-DALLY WITH DRESSINGS

Intramural Party

A Scavenger Hunt highlighted the Intramural party for new students last Thursday night. After the hunt, dancing and refreshments were enjoyed.

One of our best jitterbugs seems to be Dr. Adams. He really did the "shuffle" in style that night with Frankie Horlacher as his partner. Mr. Ginger, also, cut quite a rug.

THIS-N-THAT

By Carolyn McMeekin

In the absence of Helen Diess, who's in Michigan just now and who will have this column regularly, the job of writing This-n-That has fallen to yours truly. However, this arrangement is not permanent, so in the future, you may read the column without hesitation.

Congratulations to: All U-Hians who turned out in such numbers for Red Cross last Wednesday night. A very special salute goes to our boys—you really did our school up proud.

Welcome to: new faculty members, Dr. Adams, Miss Perez, Miss Elliott, Miss Galloway, and Mr. Ginger. We owe Mrs. Ritchie a real debt of thanks for the grand food in the cafeteria, and we're so glad to have her with us. And we're mighty happy to have Mr. Briggs back at U-Hi again.

Thanks to: The Intramural Club and Lola, Mary Jane, Gene, Eva, Ridgely, and Tommy for the swell time had by all on Thursday night. Let's have more, soon.

Have you noticed the new paint jobs on the cafeteria walls, all the doors and window frames, and the pillars out front? They look grand, don't they? Let's see how long we can keep them looking that way.

Incidentally, any time you want to hear some really great dramatic writings, look in on the dramatics class. There are some truly magnificent works created in there!

Dead-beats Debilitate Decorously

Just about the busiest place in Lexington on the night of Wednesday, September 15, was the Red Cross room at the "Y." What—haven't heard about it? Tsk! Tsk! Let me tell you.

At seven o'clock that night, after vigorous recruiting all week, the same hopeful little group of four or five girls was there. Soon, however, forty people had wandered in, some 15 or 16 of them boys. Boys!?! Boys at work in our Red Cross room? And a whole table full, at that, most of them U-Hians.

By 8:30 the room was packed, really beyond capacity, but they kept coming. Boys by the dozens appeared outside the door — and they wanted to work, not watch! But alas—only two men's gowns left! (The boys wear surgeons' gowns and caps.) What to do?

In the room fitted to hold sixty people, ninety were working. All available tables had been moved in and set in the middle of the aisle, which, incidentally, made walking somewhat difficult. The four supervisors were racing around like mad, teaching new people, collecting dressings, carrying materials, and screaming orders at the willing, but bewildered, novices pressed (forced) into service as assistants.

And in the midst of this, we had to find uniforms for the half of Henry Clay's male population that was milling around the door, demanding, "When are you going to find something for us to do?" Horrors!!

Someone has had an idea! Why couldn't the boys use women's uniforms worn backwards, a la den-tists' smocks? Why not indeed! There ensued a mad raid on the ladies' dressing room, and an even madder attempt to outfit brawny football players into uniforms which were certainly never made for any such purpose!

Far into the night U-Hi boys checked, remade, tied, sacked, labeled, counted—in short, did everything.

(Continued on Page Two)

HARTFORD HEADS NAVY SCHOOL

Betz in Blitz

Cleek Seeks to Discover If Dope-Fiends Ever Recover

The former director of University School, now Lieutenant Ellis Hartford of the Navy, is in charge of the Navy Training Program at Drexel University, Madison, N. J.

Lieutenant D. C. Kemper, who, before receiving his commission in the Army, taught in the science department here, is stationed at Edgewood Arsenal, in Maryland, and works in the Technical Command Building there. Lieut. Kemper, former U-Hi golf coach, manages to find time for a game of golf once a week. Since he has been stationed at Edgewood Arsenal, several graduates of University High have completed O.C.S. there, among them Dick Arnspiger and David Trapp.

Miss Genevieve Roemer, former home ec teacher, is now Mrs. John W. Travis, and resides in Washington, D. C.

Miss Laura Topham, French and Spanish teacher, is with the Bureau of Censorship, in Miami, Fla.

Miss Dorothy Cleek, psychologist at University High for several years, is now on the staff of the Narcotic Hospital in Lexington.

First Lieutenant Leslie Betz, who spends most of his time in the nose of a P-38 taking pictures of Hitler's darlings, is stationed in England.

DR. JESSE E. ADAMS BECOMES DIRECTOR OF UNIVERSITY HIGH

Ginger, Science Teacher,
Also Joins Faculty

By Jimmy Stelner

Dr. Jesse E. Adams, head of the Department of Philosophy of Education at the University, has assumed the acting directorship of the University School in the absence of Dr. E. F. Hartford. Dr. Adams has been associated with the University since 1925 and for the last ten years has been director of the University Summer School.

BUNKIE WILKIE IS PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS

McMeekin To Head Juniors

Bunkie Wilkie was unanimously elected president of the senior class Thursday, September 6. Morris Beebe is vice president; Glenna Ritchie, secretary; and George Wilcott, treasurer. The Senior social committee representatives are Ridgely Park and Greenberry Marshall.

Charles McMeekin was unanimously elected Junior Class president. Social representatives from this class are Betty Jo Harris and Wallace Horine.

The Sophomore president is Hugh Hammet, vice president; vice president, Charlotte Garr; and secretary, Jimmy Barker. Della Marks and Jimmy Glenn are social representatives.

Hal Steele is president of the Freshman Class. As yet, this class has elected no other officers.

Both the seventh and eighth grades have decided to dispense with the office of vice president. Therefore the eighth grade has only two officers, Buddy Wilkie as president, and Bruce Collins, secretary-treasurer.

The seventh grade has elected Eleanor Massey, class president; Bobby Van Meter, treasurer, and Mary McDowell Van Meter, secretary.

Hi-Y Harped Here; Ginger Is Sponsor

The U-Hi-Y club met in the auditorium Sept. 14 to make plans for the coming year.

President Henry Foushee asked the members if they wanted only business meetings or dinner meetings. Mr. Weeks, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., told the club that the Y.W.C.A. could serve the club meals, but he added that he was unacquainted with YW prices.

Henry will be aided in the coming year in Hi-Y work by Jimmy Glenn, vice president; Gene Marlowe, secretary, and Wallace Horine, treasurer. The sponsor for this year will be Mr. Ginger.

The Hi-Y has many plans for the club this coming year. At an inter-council meeting early this month, our Hi-Y club took as its main project the betterment of the Manchester Street Library. Together the clubs plan to give a dance at Christmas to help start a fund for a new building to be built after the war.



Dr. Jesse E. Adams

Mr. Lyman Ginger, who replaces Mr. Kemper, comes to us from the Owingsville High School, of which he has been principal for the last three years. Aside from his teaching, he has taken over the responsibilities of coach and sponsor of the Hi-Y Club.

Mr. Wallace Briggs returns to us this year from the U. S. Army to teach Dramatics and Speech.

Miss Louise Galloway, a graduate of the University School, replaces Mrs. Wood as librarian. Her previous teaching has been at Simon Kenton School at Independence. She is also co-sponsor of the Girl Reserves.

Miss Jean Elliott replaces Miss Genevieve Roemer, who was married during the summer. Miss Elliott is a graduate of the University of Kentucky and has taught three years at Frankfort. Aside from teaching Home Ec, she is co-sponsor of the Girl Reserves.

Also added to the faculty are Professor Schick, Professor of Romance Languages at the University, and Miss Carmen Perez, a native of Puerto Rico, who will teach Spanish.

BIGGE BADLY BITTEN BY BIG BOLD BASS; BUT BRAVE BLOND BEAUTY BITES BACK

By Missie Van Meter

Adolph Bigge, U-Hi graduate, examined a mangled paw, and announced his retirement from the fish cleaning business, when a pugnacious perch that didn't know about meat rationing, grabbed a digit during Bigge's sojourn in the Lafayette dining room this summer. Reliable sources reported that Bigge returned the compliment but left immediately afterwards for Detroit.

The sleeping beauty of last year's Senior Class, Larry Hammet, awoke long enough this summer to attain a job in the mines of Western Kentucky, where he received quite a downfall. One bright sunny day, or maybe it was cloudy, Larry was straining every muscle trying to push an overloaded wheelbarrow along a narrow path, when suddenly the wheelbarrow stopped, turned

around and looked at Larry, then plunged over the cliff, dragging Larry along. Luckily for a certain Larry Hammet, only his heel received damage. Larry is now waiting induction into the Army Air Force.

Solly Van Meter spent a luxurious summer down in Charleston, South Carolina, at the resort of all

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THE U-HI LIGHTS

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Sought and Strayed

Male Help Wanted

Wanted—Chauffeur for station wagon. See Junie Roberts.

Pets For Sale

Ants make perfect pets; so obedient, and enjoyable to watch. Eat just a few crumbs a day. Call Miss Elliot, at Home Ec room.

Lost and Found

Lost—Rumble seat on East Main going west. Return to Carolyn McMeekin or office.

Lost—One editorial from paper. Return to editor, or Miss Anderson.

Lost—Stories for sports page. Return to sports editor.

Lost—Two new students. Last seen in cafeteria. Finder please return to Senior home room.

Lost—One beer bottle; finder keep contents, return to the editor.

Lost—Mr. Briggs, last seen in vicinity of dramatics closet. No reward.

Lost—Adolph, the Boogie, Woogie, Biggie. Finder please return to Nancy Skeen.

Lower The Voting Age?

In class recently a teacher expressed her opinion on the much-discussed question: "Should eighteen-year-olds be allowed to vote?" The stand that teacher took—a stand with which many people agree—is that "if they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to vote."

There is a good answer to that. Fighting requires physical strength. A soldier's duty consists largely of obeying orders. Of course, some mental ability is needed for that, but usually not a great deal.

On the other hand, the requirements for voting are purely mental. There are people now who think that every citizen should have to pass certain tests to qualify for voting. The best argument against this is that any drastic limitation of voting is dangerous to American democracy.

There are eighteen-year-olds who are mature enough in their judgment and who have sufficient knowledge of national issues to vote wisely. However, these are the exception rather than the rule. No age that could be set would be fair to everyone, but the wisdom of lowering the voting age seems very doubtful.

Do Not Cheat Yourself

Benjamin Franklin said it, "Do you love life?; then do not waste time, for that is the stuff life is made of." This year high school students have more to do than ever before, for this is a war year. America is engaged in the building of the greatest armed force ever assembled in the history of the world, and manpower is one of our greatest shortages. This means work for every boy or girl able to roll bandages for the Red Cross, sell War Bonds, collect scrap material, or fill the place of men now in the Army, Navy, or Marines. Time is valuable and the question is, how can boys and girls of high school age do the most with their twenty-four hours a day.

U. Hi students are at a great advantage in the solving of this problem, for the facilities of U-Hi are rated among the best in the country. The library, especially, offers an opportunity for turning time to one's advantage. Reading good books, either for background or factual information, is one of the best methods of preparation for duties that lie ahead in college or professional life, and time used in reading is time well spent.

Every person is born free and equal in respect to time, free to do what he wants with it, equal in the amount given him and each other person. At the end of a day, a year, a high school education, we have not been cheated of one moment of time. All of it that has gone, we know not where, has been thrown away by us; no one else has taken it away. If we can look back on each day with satisfaction, knowing that we have used it to our best advantage, in helping others and educating ourselves, then we can look forward to a good life, for each day is life itself, and as we spend each day we are spending life itself.

Greetings Gates And Sophomores Too Embarking on School Careers Anew



Already Tired of Learning Are You? You Ain't The Only One - - Brother

Faculty Foolishness

May I tell you that our dramatics class is truly dramatic; it's unique, it's unsurpassed—it's a mess! So many odds and ends must be stored there for lack of a proper place that for the last several years, the mice who make their home therein have feasted deliciously.

If you ever have occasion to open that closet door, do so at the risk of your own neck. Fibber McGee's has nothing on ours. Look cautiously, step lightly—a paint can may easily light on your top most part, a gilded birdcage encircle your head like a daring 1943 chapeau. Or if you stepped into the "wind machine" and set off the mechanism which never runs when it's supposed to—well, the effects might well be disastrous.

HIDEOUS model sets "decorate" the wall shelves, an old black mustache hangs rakishly over the door knob. There are yards of unused cheese cloth which will eventually help the heroine "blush like a rose" or will "redden the drunkard's nose."

Queer things have been known to happen in that closet. Take for instance the case of John (Doe??) who disappeared in the closet one day as a brunette and reappeared

Bond Sales Resumed

The seventh grade is continuing the stamp sales begun last year. Stamps are being sold in the hall between the library and the cafeteria from 11:30 until 1 o'clock.

Bonds are being sold throughout the Third War Loan drive in the center hall.

Do your part in the war effort. Buy a bond today.

DAPPER DANS

(Continued from Page One) thing to be done! Of the 15 or 20 students who stayed till the "bitter end," more than half were U-Hians.

Then came the final report. Where we had had 18 or 20 helping before, there were 110 workers that Wednesday night! And instead of the usual three or four hundred bandages, we had made 3,320! To be continued next Wednesday—we hope!

weeks later as a decided blond! Gremlins, no doubt.

But we love that closet. It drives us to despair, but it lends the dramatic touch. A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair can be turned into a costume even Cinderella would admire. Which just goes to show you what goes into a show.

Search Lights

Since this is the beginning of school and other schools have not begun their papers as yet, the following jokes (?) are taken from the issues of last (?) year.

Dear Miss Dix: "Should a father of fifty get married again?"

Miss Dix: "No, that's enough for any one."

—Hi Times.

Horine: "After all, fools help to make life interesting. When all the fools are bumped off I don't want to be here."

Charlie: "Don't worry, you won't."

If you remember something, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget something, tie a rope around your neck.

—Tech Life.

Mr. Ginger: "Name a great time saver."

Willie A.: "Love at first sight."

—Cavalier.

Cop: "Have you a warning signal on the front of your car?"

Mecan: "Yes, sir, I have a little sign that says 'Dodge Brothers.'"

Vella and Harry were sitting in the park on an old wooden bench.

After sometime Harry looked at Vella and said, "Vella, there's something I've been wanting to tell you for the last fifteen minutes."

Vella: "What is it, Harry?"

After a brief pause, Harry said:

"Would you move over some? This nail is killing me!"

—The Tattler.

Betty Sue: "I could have married anyone I pleased."

Frankie: "Anyone?"

Betty Sue: "Ye-ap."

Frankie: "Well, why are you still single?"

Betty Sue: "I guess I never pleased anyone."

Mrs. Mercer: "Can anyone tell me what causes trees to become petrified?"

Jimmy Barker: "The wind made them rock."

—Central High Scout.

Girls when they went out to swim Once dressed like Mother Hubbard, Now they have a different whim And dress more like her cupboard.

—The Commentator.

Mr. Briggs: "What is your excuse for being late, Gene?"

Gene: "The bell rang before I got here."

NOTHING . . . In Particular

By Johnny C. Greene

Gems of the summer we'll never forget:

The first minutes of the bus strike when two of the seniors pulled up at the corner of Main and Lime in a Plymouth and one purred at a perplexed young lady still hopelessly waiting for a Euclid, "Hi ya, babe, ya waiting on a bus?"

The grades Bicknell's visitor gave U-Hians' techniques: Beebe, papa style; Dunn, baby style. Then there was Bill Winfree to whom she gave the academy award.

The young U-Hi Light reporter who was assigned the story on future plans of the graduates.

She: "Lad, where are you going?" Simpson: "Why, everyone knows where I'm headed for. Just look at the sun tan I'll get and besides, I haven't seen Eleanor yet."

Wachtman, lifeguard. When Chubby took over, the pool was suddenly vacated and no one's been in swimming at Castlewold since.

Beebe succeeding Leach as president of one of U-Hi's lesser known organizations.

Brewer accepting Griffin's chal-

lenge and attempting to court two girls simultaneously on Mary Alice's front porch. He was getting along rather well until his foot slipped, sending him sprawling down the steps. (I still think Griffin pushed him.)

The Pipers pledging practically the entire Sophomore class.

First day at school:

There you are, peaceably dreaming about a beautiful blond when the alarm wakes you up in the middle of the night. After breakfast composed of raw egg-plant and diced fish-heads (the cook doesn't like getting up early, either) you venture into the early morning darkness and begin waiting for the school bus. About four hours and three blonds later (the latter didn't stop) it dawns on you that the school busses won't start running until Lafayette opens.

Disgustedly, you mount one of those city busses. Even at this hour it's crowded. Just as you start to sit down beside a beautiful blond—apparently the only vacant seat, of course—one of your mother's best friends calls from the rear, "Come on back here, Johnny, no one's sitting by me."

At school at last. You talk the janitor into unlocking the English room where you prop your feet on

the American Writers and bury your head in *Prose and Poetry* and go back to sleep since it's still three hours before school starts. When you wake up the sun is shining merrily through the room; it's fourth hour English class. You've already skipped three classes which is bad, but worse, there's a beautiful blond—they're not rationed yet—with cool blue eyes in the opposite corner of the room and you don't even know her name. Being inquisitive, you just hold up your hand and presently ask Miss A. This doesn't go over so big since the blond isn't even registered yet. After this you practically go back to sleep except for showing Willmott to Ginger which seems to inspire all the new coaches.

Walking innocently down the hall after dramatics class, you spy another beautiful blond with Beebe, but she's a peroxide, so you go on home.

Our good friend, Bob Cox, manager of the Kentucky Theatre, pleads with 75 cent sticker stickers for mercy. It was bad when Tyrone Power kissed Betty Grable right in the middle of a 75 cent sticker, but when an elderly movie patron retired from the theatre combing the messy things out of his beard a few nights ago, that was going too far.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

"Well, 'stoogents," here we are back together again. I could make a very flowery oration, if I were as adept as "Bunkie" Wilkie—the kind which always accompanies a school opening—but I realize that I would bore you stiff—those of you who aren't already in that condition after last Saturday night. But, to make a slight dissertation on the reunion of the fold, I might say that all of us feel hale, hearty—and 4-F. Speaking of 4-F, we're all glad to see Underwood and Beebe back with us! (Hmhm!)

The doors of old U-Hi opened with a resounding crash which echoed throughout our great metropolis and beckoned us back to its bosom. And so we came, books in hand, pencils behind our ears—we intend to learn to write this year—and chewing our gum. This last situation was shortly remedied by Miss Peck who accused us of importing concealed weapons into the History sanctuary.

On arriving, we discovered many old faces, many new faces, and many faces, question mark. Among those in the latter division were the Freshmen including Judy

Forman and Betsy Houston, who, when asked what they thought of high school, replied: "(Censored)." Oh, well, the Frosh expect too much!

And so to our classes. Mr. Briggs was definitely baffled by the fact that there were two Barkers in Sophomore English and that D-e-l-i-a was not pronounced "Delilah." And poor Mrs. Mercer was beside herself with anguish at the discovery that any human could be as dumb as Hugh Hammet.

And what have we learned this year? That is a good question and may well be answered, but this column is censored. However, I have learned the correct method of shooting spit-balls in Miss West's study hall, and also how to get into library without a "legitimate" excuse to Miss Galloway. And then too comma I've learned how to punctuate period this can be readily observed by reading comma if possible comma any of my writing exclamation point. (For better effect, read rapidly.) (For best effect, read the next page instead!)

But we really are glad to be back here for another year of honest (?) effort (??). Boy, am I a card?!



CORPORAL BRIGGS

Placing his fingertips together, Mr. Briggs smiled a mischievous "Briggs-like smile," leaned comfortably back and a reminiscing look came into his eyes. "You want to know about my life in the army—my life as Corporal Briggs," he said in a voice that gave away his Southern origin. "Well, frankly, I don't know what to tell you. No one, who hasn't gone through it, can possibly know the terrific readjustment from civilian life to army life—living with one hundred men in the same room, having your food slung at you and learning the army game of give and take—with plenty of take. But after I got used to it I really liked it!"

Mr. Briggs, or rather, Corporal Briggs, spent weeks and weeks on guard duty. He guarded prisoners waiting trials, and he carried a ferocious gun with a true military air. Corporal Briggs, who didn't know how to load a gun—much less shoot the thing. You see his basic training was limited, practically non-existent.

One night Corporal Briggs paced up and down a dimly-lit hall where he was guarding the psychopathic patients. As he paced, he had that uncanny feeling that some unseen person was standing in the shadows watching him. Turning, he saw a patient holding his hands to his eye as if he had a telescope. Every movement Corporal Briggs made was covered by that "telescope." This lasted for thirty minutes until in desperation Briggs approached the man in a friendly tone, "Why don't you—uh—go to bed?"

Slowly the patient lowered his hands, "Captain! Give the command!"

Corporal Briggs (pleased with his promotion) commanded, "Bout face!" The patient turned. "Forward march!" The patient marched off to bed, leaving a relieved, but bewildered Briggs.

Besides guarding, Corporal Briggs did "investigating routine", which is largely a military secret. He also taught French to some men who thought it would come in handy "later." During his limited service, Corporal Briggs was stationed at Ft. Thomas, Ft. Hays, and Ft. Benjamin Harrison.

Altogether Mr. Briggs was in the (Continued on Page Four)

Through the Keyhole

September has rolled around again — The Allies have invaded Italy; girls are worrying about the Reader's Digest article saying, "One out of every seven women will be old maids;" Franklin and Winston met at Quebec; and all over the United States, thinking people are saying, "Sinatra stinks!"

The question of the week, "Does Eva Lewis collect the army or does the army collect Eva?" Let's see, there are Phil, Leo (6 ft.-4 in.), Art, Ray, and another Phil. Leo heads the list.

Just mention the name "John" to Mekan and watch that happy dazed look appear. Mayhap the girl is "twitterpated!" But what about "old standby"?—if you know what I mean. (She does!)

Seen in Physics: B. McMeekin gazing tenderly into Bicknell's eyes. Heard: "When I look at you I don't see spots, I see molecules!"

U. Hi's wolves and I have been noticing the cute new girls that have appeared. Beebe, in particular, is looking bright-eyed about Jane Fugazzi. I can see plenty of competition ahead.

Speaking of the dance (or did I?), it is rumored that Nicholasville had a rare and jagged time before said jam session. This rumor has been backed up by eye-witnesses.

Things I like: Mr. Briggs' classes; Adams and Ginger in the groove; my bonita Senorita Perez; Gibb's gams (or had you noticed?); Miss Anderson's laugh; T. R. as editor. With the arrival of the Freshmen,

who have shed their diapers for the rubber pants of high school, comes more scandal. A firm promoter is Nannette Platt, who seems to have at least three or four Juniors or Seniors on her trail. Also in there pitchin' — and we do mean pitchin'—is red-headed Judy. She and Rosa Talbert keep all the boys in high school guessing.

And the Sophomores! Wow! It looks as if Joyce and Della have gone to Henry Clay looking for greater fields to conquer. And they've conquered Len Shouder and Champ Stopher respectively! Also Pat Thompson has been seen with Jabberin' Jim, and Robin Griffin is casting admiring glances at Beverly Brown.

Speaking of Beverly takes us to the Juniors. The fact that Bill Winfree is back is going to make lots of people (namely female) happy! And did you see those Junior girls swoon when M. P. Fears visited school Monday? We don't see why with so many good lookin' new boys!

Gee, I miss those seniors! I'm lost without Fannie's shoes flopping up and down the hall, Marlowe's brakes screeching, Dorcas fizzing, like ginger ale, all over the place—they were definitely a super bunch! The Junior class, I mean the present senior class, just isn't scandalous enough for me. If one more person rushes up to me and whispers, breathlessly, in my ear, "Did you know that Harry and Vella are going around together?" I'll stand there on my own two hands and go quietly mad!

Patronize our advertisers. They're all swell fellows.

Personality Parade

(Sponsored by Saloshin's)



RAYMOND ABEILL WILKIE
President of Senior Class
National Honor Society
HI-Y

Assistant Sports Editor
Student Council President 1942-43
Safety Patrol

Bunkie's scholastic record is blotted by two years in kindergarten. Since then in his own absent-minded way he has been outstanding in all subjects, particularly sciences and mathematics. U-Hi is his one and only school.

He was charter member of the Women Haters Club, but you should see him now! "Wolf Wilkie," they call him! He has blonde preferences. But Bunkie is a saint at heart.

Favorite color: Wine color—er, I mean maroon.

Favorite song: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Favorite Food: Steak and Potatoes (remember?).

Favorite Sport: Basketball.

KORRUPTION KORNER

Idea of the week: A pinball machine in every classroom sponsored by Henry Foushee.

Thought of the week: Don Sturgill with Betty Grable's legs and Gargantua's face.

Question of the week dedicated to the Biology class: What do robins eat, Miss Mercer?

Worms, students.

What do the worms eat?

The dead robins, of course.

Man of the week: Bobby Brewer, for admitting that his name was really Robert McAfee Brewer, IV.

What people think:
"He hasn't lost his illusions concerning the fairer sex."

"I can remember that when he was in the second grade he used to beat me to a pulp. Then I ate Wheaties and he still beats me to a pulp!"

"Slender, tender and tall."

"He's bashful and I wish he weren't!"

"I think he's a swell fella—wish we had more like him around school. He still has the grace to blush—and I thought them days were gone forever!"

"You are looking at the future Republican President of the United States!" (signed) Wendell

The Who's Who
Column
is sponsored by
**SALOSHIN DRUG
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CURB SERVICE

KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON KENT.
— Starting Friday —
More Stars than in the Heavens!

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LUCKY STARS"

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921 SOUTH LIMESTONE
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Purple Daze

By Jack Rogers

There was only the soundlessness of three immobile bodies to crack the suspense-filled ozone, as the youth walked forward to hear that fateful verdict.

The older man spoke—quote—

from one to two years—unquote. Thus had one more neck-cracking sophomore passed . . . —! unprintable!! entrance exams.

'Twas with quivering step that the new purple went to meet the Sage of the King's English who delights in changing a noun into a complexed interjection, hanging participial phrase at the drop of a question-mark.

After an hour spent juggling "L'enfant" and "La Fille," he manages to force out a strong "Oui" (yes, to us foreigners).

Then a mad dash to history. This is truly a great study in which we find out why our forefathers stopped throwing coconuts at each other to fix a world in which their posterity could use wings to blast hundreds of the innocent into oblivion in the time it took the cave man to lift his stone ax.

Whee! for one hour, sixty minutes, or three thousand six hundred seconds we get to sit in complete inactivity.

Oh, Allah is truly merciful!

After our horrified palate digests a combination of cold hamburgers and red hot "Pistol Packin' Mama," our hero totters forth to show the world that Albert Einstein could not even balance the grocery bill. And so with baited breath and no home work he waits the morrow.

STUDENTS—

Hey! Hey!

Bradley says, quote,

We are practically the
only people in town to
furnish Box Candy —

It's Stevens

NUF CED.

Come and See Us

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BUY
WAR STAMPS

SPORTS PAGE

BUY
WAR BONDS

Lyman Ginger New Coach

Predicts Twenty
Game Season

U-Hi has a new boys' physical education director this year. He is Mr. Lyman Ginger, formerly of Henderson county, Winchester High School and Owingsville High School. He will coach the varsity basketball team, direct the boys' intramural program, both for Junior and Senior high school, as well as teach physics, chemistry, and general science; and if U-Hi has a Baby Purple squad, he will coach it, also.

Coach Ginger, as may be seen by his record, is well fitted to do all these things. Born in Henderson county in 1906, he attended Barrett Manual High School in Henderson county where he played on the football squad four years and on the basketball squad three years. In 1925 he entered Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester, playing on the football squad the four years he was there. In 1929, as soon as he was graduated from college, Winchester High School called him to teach science and coach athletics. He was there 10 years, leaving in 1940 to accept the principalship of Owingsville High School. At Owingsville and Winchester his basketball teams played several northern Kentucky teams, several of which he hopes to add to U-Hi's schedule this year, making a 20-game season.

Girls Active In Intramurals

The Girls' intramural program has been changed slightly for the coming year.

Riding, golf, swimming, and volleyball have been dropped and the girls are now helping at the Good Samaritan Hospital on Monday and Tuesday. About twelve girls go to the hospital on Monday and fold gauze bandages. On Tuesday, the girls serve as errand girls, answer telephones, carry trays and operate the switchboard.

The girls will receive points for War Service as well as for the sports in which they participate.

The new officers of the Intramural club are as follows: President, Lola Stokes; vice-president, Betty Sue Scott; secretary, Pat Evans. The sports managers are: archery, Eva Lewis; badminton, Charlotte Garr; baseball, Delia Marks; basketball, Pat Evans; ping pong, Betty Jo Harris; bowling, Pat Storey; tennis, Peggy Berryman; War Service, Mrs. Gilb.

CORPORAL BRIGGS

(Continued from Page Three)
army eleven months and twenty-eight days. Three more days and

Try Our Good
Home Cooked Meals

also

SHORT ORDERS
and SANDWICHES

R. & S. GRILL

856 E. HIGH
PHONE 3946

U-HIANS TAKE PART IN SUMMER SPORTS

This summer U-Hi boys enjoyed a large variety of sports. The main organized attraction was softball. Woodland Park again had its leagues and teams.

In the Junior League at Woodland, the Rockets went to the finals before the Shoeman defeated them in the last game of the tournament. Boys from U-Hi on the Rockets included Robert Trimble, James Mulloy, Bobby (No. IV) Brewer, Buddy Wallace, Charles (Chubby) Wachtman, Guy (Big Buck) Moore, and Hugh Hammet.

Harry Gorham played for the Shoemen. He won the Junior League batting title with a high average. Besides playing in the Junior League, Harry played on Woodland Park team and played with the night league teams. He also played hardball with the Thoroughbreds. Just call him Iron Man!

"Little Ham" and Trimble played on the Clifton Park team and Bobby Brewer was catcher for Duncan. Willie Allen is still astounding U-Hi boys with his hardball pitching. What curves!

Almost everyone enjoyed a dive into some cool, clear water. Joyland and the Country Club had large crowds. This might have been due to the high temperature. (Are you kiddin'?)

Other activities included tennis, football and golf. Tom Underwood and Morris Beebe were out fairly often hitting that little golf ball up and down the fairway. Underwood is still trying to defeat John Owsn at golf. (Ed's note: "Don't be funny.")

Billy Cowgill, now a Marine, won a four mile race at Santiago, Calif. He did this with full pack and G.I. shoes.

Many more boys would have entered these sports if they had not been working.

Fellows, you had your fun this summer, but we are still at war. Buy your share of stamps and bonds for Victory!

he would have gotten a good conduct stripe. As it is, all he has to show for it, is a sense of personal satisfaction and some wonderful stories, told as only Mr. Briggs can tell them.

Go to See Him in Pictures

It Will Do
You Both
A World
of Good

Keep writing him letters regularly. And as often as possible include a handful of snapshots of the people, places, and things you write about. For they're next best to a real visit together.

TINDER - KRAUSS - TINDER

Opticians — Photographic
Supplies

Lexington, Kentucky



By Morris Beebe

Well, sport fans, here we are back again in the old swing. Many of the school activities are already getting under way, intramurals included in this group. Last year, only a few students took part in this particular program; but this year Mr. Ginger and Mrs. Gilb are hoping for a 100 per cent participation. What about it, kids? Let's all take part!

Why doesn't University High have a football team? This has been the 64 dollar question foremost in the minds of sport-loving U-Hians for the past several years. Nobody seems to be able to give a good answer to this irritating challenge. Lack of material seems to be the best reply. But regardless of this, I believe that a contingent of sophomore, junior and senior boys could give Henry Clay, Mt. Sterling, Danville and some of the other teams in the vicinity of Lexington a whale of a good battle.

Alumnus Harry "Moose" Gorham has decided to try out for Coach Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats. The Ruppman start practice soon. We wish "Moose" all the luck in the world.

Has anyone noticed George Willmott this year? Are you kidding? "Googe," as he has been nicknamed by his friends, almost has to bend over to walk through the classroom doors. He stands 6 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds. Anybody this tall should certainly be quite an addition to a basketball team. (Take notice, Mr. Ginger.)

In their game with Frankfort High last Friday night, the Henry Clay "Blue Devils" made a very creditable showing. Backs Carroll Jacobs and Dan Beam were exceptional for the Demons. If those two boys continue to go as they did Friday night, they stand a very good chance of making the All-Eastern team. Here is one person who hopes they do.

Want a boy friend?
Advertise in U-Hi Lights.

Ads bring results—the buyers of tomorrow will show the buyers of today the U-Hi Lights tonight.

Welcome to the CAFETERIA!!

The Cafeteria is yours. Its sole purpose is to bring you the maximum in food value for the minimum cost to you. Everyone's effort is directed toward making good, wholesome food as attractive as possible.

Because of canned food scarcity, and point rationing, the variety of foods which have been offered in the past will not be offered this year. When the emergency is over we hope that we may again allow you to exercise more choice.

ALLEN SURVEYS WORLD SERIES

By Willie Allen

What are most sport fans interested in nowadays? Why, the biggest extravaganza of baseball, the World Series.

What team will win it? Take your pick. The Cards? Well, maybe. If their now draft-eaten pitching staff can keep its none-too-effective slants away from the swinging maces of the Bronx Bombers, and if their own batters can connect with the offerings of the Yankee's superb horsehide slingers, they will. However, the Yanks have one of the best twirling staffs in baseball, with a fair amount of hickory power at the plate to back it up.

It is felt definitely that pitching will be the deciding factor of the Series. The Cards have nothing that has stood out against American League hitters. Only southpaw Max Lanier has successfully withstood their booming bats and that was in last year's Series. Cooper and White are the other two Cardinal veterans. White has had trouble with his arm and Cooper—well, you remember the last Series and the All-Star game. The Yanks have Borowy and Bonham with Spud Chandler as the big gun. Yeah, it's gonna be a Yankee Series this year.

BIGGE BADLY BITTEN

(Continued from Page One)

resorts, The Citadel. Confidentially, it's a Military College.

"We're in the Army Now" is the theme song of several of last year's graduates, namely Hall Hollingsworth, Sherman Horine, and John Marlowe.

The tall blond Romeo of that class, heard the call of Uncle Sam, so Billy Cowgill left for the Marine Corps, and has made it a better place since he has been there.

To Billy and all our boys in the armed forces we wish all the luck in the world.

Prospects Plenty Pretty for Potent Purples

By Wallace Horine

Since all boys' minds are on basketball, let's see what our team will be like this year.

With the return of four lettermen, McMeekin (6'-2"), Allen (6'-3"), Wilkie (6'-3") and "Shirley" Underwood (5'-11") (Ed's note: "nuts"). The season's prospects look good. In addition to these are Morris Beebe, handsome, versatile, 6-foot sharpshooter; Wallace Horine, 6'-1" guard, and "Chubby" Wachtman, another 5'-11" guard. It appears that the first five should average over six feet. There are many dark horses but Sophomore "Slick" Griffen seems to be the most likely one. Though small, he has speed and ability.

Of the above mentioned players, McMeekin, Underwood, Beebe and Horine belong to an unusual club (Ed's note: "and how"), so it looks as if that club will be well represented on the team this year.

With a new and cagey coach, a tall and capable bunch of boys to be thrilled by the twirls of cheerleaders, Beth Bicknell and "Babe" Van Meter, U-Hi ought to have quite a team this season.

Going to the army?

Sell your civilian clothes through U-Hi Lights ads.

**U-NO
JONES**

SOUTH 407 LIME

GOOD EATS

LOTS A FUN

Let's Go Gang!

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Shoes for Men, Women
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LEXINGTON, KY.

U-Hi Students Clerk And Farm During Summer

U-Hi, as a whole, seems to have been quite industrious this summer. As proof, regard the following examples:

Among the seniors who spent the summer getting toughened up for the last, long year was Bunkie Wilkie. After counting all the bolts that Brock-McVey could offer, Bunkie moved on to greener fields, namely, the University Experiment farm. One of his most interesting jobs was being night watchman all day Labor Day.

Eva Lewis turned salesgirl this summer, working at Tots and Teens.

Nancy Skeen, Dianne LeSturgeon, and Pat Evans all worked as announcers at the University Radio Studios. Since school started, all have been called upon frequently.

The Hollingsworths' farm lured Bill Winfree away from the city this summer. Bill lived at the Hollis for two months, and became a first-rate farm hand. Even so, he seems to have found time to dash in to town occasionally!

Another city slicker turned farmer is Buddy Wallace. Beginning with the other five or six members of the farm service branch of U-Hi's Victory Corps, Buddy was the only one to last out the entire summer.

Nancy Potts did filing at Sis-trunk's wholesale house.

Last—and rather close to least—is Jimmy Glenn. As a counsellor at Camp Petosega, the modest Mr. Glenn won "many fine awards, which cover the front and sleeves of my jacket." Sometime when you have several hours free, ask Jim about his catastrophe in the middle of Black Lake.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

If you hear a certain name mentioned in the halls, immediately followed by a hundred female shrieks, gasps, and cries of "Oh, isn't he cute!" "Those eyes!" "He's not very big, but—" you oughta know by now whom they're talking about. No, not Frank Sinatra! (Who's he?) The only alternative is bound to be (excuse me for using those words, Mrs. Mercer!) Lon McCallister. Laws of libel prevent me from speaking more fully, but many think Mary Buckner ought to be given some sort of medal for public service—she asked the "star" if he didn't want her autograph!

* * *

Understand the Army could use the culprit(s) in the mystery of Ridgely's exploding car — booby traps, or something. . . .

* * *

New variation on an old cheer: (A U-Hi "cheering section" at the Henry Clay-Mount Sterling game) "We haven't got a team, but we've got a yell . . ."

* * *

Pome:

The Sophomores will soon have their annual dance With Halloween decorations galore But not even a ghou! From outside the school Could, bid-less, get past Miss Peck at the door. . . .

Highschoolers Hobnob with Hollywoodites



Rhoads, Reed Report On Trip To England

Ex-U-Hians Now In Merchant Marine

"I had the reputation for making the worst coffee on board ship," spoke Billy Mac Rhoads to the Senior History Class Tuesday, September 28. Billy Mac, who graduated in 1942, is serving in the Merchant Marine and told the class many interesting experiences he has had during his trip to Scapa Flow Harbor in Scotland.

Billy Mac and Bill Reed, another '42 graduate, joined the Maritime Service during July, and after 6 weeks' training boarded ship, Billy Mac as officers' messboy and Bill as galley boy. On the trip, several harrowing incidents happened, such as fighting wolf packs (subs) all the way over. During a fog, they discovered two ships bearing in on them, one on each side, and almost got hit by both of those ships. They were hit by another ship in the Scottish harbor when a boat "slid" too far as it was pulling in.

However, both had fun on the trip since they could eat all they wanted. A favorite trick was cutting the two big pies into eight pieces, giving each of the 10 officers one piece and eating three pieces themselves.

They left for New Orleans October 10 to get back into service and see some more of the world.

VAN METER HEADS JR. HIGH COUNCIL

Bobby Van Meter was elected president of the Junior High School Council at the class meeting Monday, October 11. Chosen for vice-president was Eleanor Massey, while the office of secretary was awarded to Juliet Shouse. The officers are elected semi-annually.

Bond sales by the Seventh Grade during the drive totalled \$16,656.25 and stamp sales —

CARTER—CRASHES—CINEMA!

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Sunday, October 3rd, University High's own Ann Carter astounded Lexington by stepping into a movie career as simple as a snap of the fingers!

While standing (it is reported) in front of the Lafayette Hotel, a Mr. Wineberger, one of the Hollywood directors, saw her and grasped her "possibilities" immediately! He asked her if she would care to double for June Haver, film star of "Home in Indiana," which, incidentally, is being filmed in Kentucky. Speaking with the intelligence expected of her, she answered in the affirmative and was launched into her new career faster than Henry Kaiser can launch a Victory Ship!

Ann was then approved by the hairdressers and the wardrobe manager, and so began her venture into the fields of art!

Her work began at seven-thirty Monday morning, October 4th, as if she hadn't been "working" all her life! She will remain with the company (which includes Lon McCallister (swoon, ladies), Walter Brennan, and Hal Roach, Jr., until it finishes shooting scenes at Walnut Hall Farm.

NEW WOOD FROM AN OLD FIRE

By Don Evans

There are new faces in the "temple of learning" this year. Among these are several students from Nicholasville. Ah, yes, the fire, it seems that something or someone, started a fire. As a result of this flame encrusted mishap, it was only natural that some students would seek a new haven of learning.

The majority of these students are in the Junior and Senior classes. Among this group are students who were quite active in school affairs in the Nicholasville school.

There are A. P. Schneider, first

Cafeteria Situation Is No Picnic

Burglars Break In But Get Nothing

If you think you have troubles, just lay them aside and listen to those of Mrs. Ritchie, who runs the cafeteria.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Ritchie came to school and found that someone had broken into the cafeteria. Burnt matches and paper were scattered over the floor. Although the burglar or burglars tried to find money, it was an unsuccessful attempt as the money is never left overnight.

Local groceries can not make but one delivery a day and if you get the wrong order you just have to make the best of the situation. This creates a major problem in the cafeteria.

"Isn't there any pie left?" is a familiar question heard throughout the lunch line. However, you must remember that sugar and point rationing affects schools as well as the home.

Getting someone to work is another problem. All the University students seem to be taking more courses, and they just can't find the time. A new staff came Friday and Mrs. Ritchie hopes to keep them permanently.

Lexington Is Home Office Of New Magazine

What is this busy undertone in the halls of University High? What is this talk of a magazine? Tell us more!

Four years ago, Miss Elizabeth Wagner, an ex-art teacher, and Mr. Herndon, also an ex-teacher, formulated the first ideas for the magazine.

Together, they went all over the United States explaining the purpose of the magazine to students in every high school which they visited.

Finally, they decided on Lexington for the home office! On arriving, they contacted several persons from University High that were interested in this type of work. They said that there would have to be four student committees here to edit all material that would come in. These committees would include representatives from each school in town and would represent four distinctive fields, Editorial, Art, Literary, and General Interest. They then chose four U-Hi students to head up these committees and "start the ball rolling." They were: Tommy Underwood, Editorial; Nancy Skeen, Art; Jim Glenn, Literary; and Charlotte Garr, General Interest. On Wednesday, September 29, 1943, an election was held and the following persons were elected to serve on the respective committees: Ridgely Park, Pat Storey, Helen Deiss, and Bunkie Wilkie.

The "Telescope" is expected to come out in a few months, and will be published monthly from that time on if the plans materialize.

Speech Class In Convo

The Speech class gave a peppy convocation program October 8, demonstrating wrong and right methods of public speaking.

Betty Jo Underwood, A. P. Schneider, Jim Steiner, Gene Marlowe, Beverly Brown, Alice Weil, Lola Stokes, Greenberry Marshall, and Betty Jo Underwood took part.

SERVICE STARS

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Second Lieutenant James Marlowe is stationed now at an Army Air Base at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lt. Marlowe "won his wings" and received his commission in the Army Air Forces at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia, at which time he was assigned to the B-24 Liberator bomber.

Lt. Marlowe graduated from University High in 1938 and attended the University of Kentucky.

Pvt. John Dupre is now stationed at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

Johnny was stationed at Camp Grant, Illinois, following his induction in the latter part of January. He was at Camp Grant when he passed the qualifying mental for the Army Specialized Training Program at the University of Wisconsin.

Second Class Seamen "Sonny" Buckley and Johnny Pennebaker, who recently finished boot training at Great Lakes, have returned to their battle stations after spending short leaves in Lexington. Buckley garnered first shooting honors out of a company of 130, with a 30-30 Springfield rifle.

(Continued on Page Two)

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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Tom UnderwoodEditor-in-Chief
Carolyn McMeekinAssociate Editor
Ridgely ParkNews Editor
Morris BeebeSports Editor
Bunkie WilkieAssistant Sports Editor
Elizabeth Ann Bicknell, Social Editor
Lola StokesExchange Editor
Nancy Skeen, Jim Glenn, Helen DelissFeature Editors
Floye Mullinaux, Pat EvansProof Readers
Jimmy SteinerPhotographer
Miss Grace Anderson.....Faculty Adviser

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David Morton, Tom UnderwoodAdvertising

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Robin GriffinAnn Estill
Ell PowersDon Sturgill
Jimmy SteinerWilliam Allen
Peggy BerrymanWallace Horine
Missie Van MeterHarry Scott
Nancy PottsBetty Jo Harris
Jack RogersBetty Ree Rhoads

Students Seek Scrap

The University School will participate in the second nationwide scrap drive. Wednesday, October 20 will be University School collection day. Trucks and workers will be provided to collect the scrap. Those having scrap which they cannot bring to school may call Carolyn McMeekin, 609; Morris Beebe, 3113; or Betty Ree Rhoads, 2354.

CALENDAR

1934-44 First Semester's Program

October 20—P.-T.A. Dinner
October 28—Sophomore Dance
October 29—University Education Conference
November 25-26 — Thanksgiving Holidays
December 17 (noon) — School closes for Christmas Holidays
December 17 (night) — Senior Dance
January 3—School resumed
January 21—First semester ends

Search Lights

Valleau: "Did you hear about the awful fright George got on his wedding day?"
Rhoads: "Oh, yes; I was there. I saw her."

Doctor: "You cough with more ease this morning."
Buddy McM.: "That's not remarkable. I've been practicing all night."

Betty Jo U.: "I feel like a two-year-old this morning."
Don E.: "Horse, egg, or child."

Half of these jokes I've seen before and the other half I don't see yet.—The Editor.

They laughed when Bunkie walked into the gym with a pistol. They didn't know he was going to shoot a basket.

What's the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe? A canoe tips.

"Bread, bread, give me bread," the actor said, and the curtain came down with a roll.

Judge: "Have you ever been up before me?"
A. P.: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

Stained Pillars?

Mr. Briggs frowned. Carolyn and Floye were steaming mad. But things like that don't make an awful lot of difference. That's sentimental foolishness—or is it?

Jim was there, too, and he was just as mad as the others, but that was probably because he was the one who had to clean the red crayon marks off the tall white pillars on our front porch—or was it? After several minutes, Jim's laborious rubbing had removed the flaming words "To hell with U-High" from the post, but anger still burned in the hearts of the small group.

Why had one of us written these words? There are no traitors in our ranks. To be funny? Somehow it wasn't a laughing matter to the small group—Mr. Briggs, Carolyn, Floye and Jim. Then the truth came. It was an outsider—a jealous outsider—a person jealous of our beautiful campus, our modern school system, and our little get-togethers in the gym. And right he had to be jealous. We have the best school in the world. We're gonna' keep it that way.

They've been splattering our school with red for many years now. Those before us—Ramsey, Johnson. McGaughey—patiently cleaned off the posts then. They're still a part of our little group—Ramsey, Johnston, and those six tall posts—a living monument to a living thing—U-High.

Now it's up to us to keep unstained those six, tall white posts.

* * * *

Lower the Voting Age?

Eighteen-year-olds, boy or girl, should be allowed to vote. The opinion that these youths do not possess mature enough judgment was expressed in a recent editorial. This editorial writer seemed to take it for granted that when a person reaches his 21st birthday, he automatically receives a thorough knowledge of civics. This is untrue. A great percentage of voters today don't know enough about history and government to hold a candle to the well-educated 'teen-age youth of our nation, eager and willing to save democracy.

Our Mr. Briggs says that army life is a great democracy teacher. Certainly we don't want our future in the hands of the same old group of corrupt politicians that took over after the last war. We must not let our future be formed by the whims of prejudiced di-hards, disinterested namby-pambies and those who give their vote for a dollar or a bottle of gin. Tradition says that 21 should be the voting age, but we all know why. One of the things we've learned in that history and government we talk about is that the fathers of our country, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson weren't as democratic as they've been cracked up to be. They were afraid of democracy and the surest way they had of controlling it was to keep voting in the hands of the same old crowd. The bunch that has fallen for the same line of political poppycock for 150 years. Let the youthful soldier and laborer form their own future; that's the right they're fighting for.

HALLOWE'EN HOP

"Come one, come all!" is the slogan of the Sophomores as they prepare for their "goblin gambie" to be held in the U-Hi gym from 8:30-11:00 Thursday evening, October 28.

The decorations will be in the orange and black of Halloween. An ery fortune teller to forecast the future, cider and doughnuts, pumpkins and black cats will give character to the evening's entertainment.

Miss West, sophomore class sponsor, Jimmy Glenn and Della Marks, their social committee members, are in charge of the gala occasion.

New Wood

(Continued from Page One)

Joe Mathews, who is now a Junior at University High, would have been assistant editor of the Progressor had he remained in Nicholasville. Jimmie Irvine, at present a Sophomore, now living in Lexington, for three years received ranking recognition in the Kentucky Junior Academy of Science.

The Freshman room is represented by Ray Burch. The three "B's" bring up the rear in the eighth grade, namely Bill Knight, Billy Seal, and Bill Muir. Of course, all of this "guy with the long beard" chatter, doesn't add up to anything, but maybe it does help if you happen to know those with whom you spend nine months out of every twelve.

Steiner, Park, Glenn, & Company Disrupt Local Movie Domain

The guy who said, "I'm nobody and glad I am" didn't know the half of it. Anyway, we didn't believe that at the time so the twelve of us decided to go out there, faint in front of Hal Roach or somebody and be discovered.

It took Steiner four hours to get the camera out of hock and Smoke-stack at least two to get us excused. "But, Mr. Briggs, I'm sure we'll be back in 15 or 20 minutes."

After passing Avon a couple of times and the asylum once (that was where we first lost Glenn) we arrived at Walnut Hall Farm. Naturally, the guard didn't believe we were bosom chums of Harkie's; naturally, he didn't believe we were from the Herald (plug). But Beebe got in a little game with him and finally the guy promised to let us in if Beebe would give him back all the clothes he'd won.

Twelve miles and nine pastures later, we appeared on the set. Rather unfortunately, as it were. The camera was grinding merrily at Willie Best sadly moping on a station wagon in front of the mansion when Underwood let loose with one of those sneezes.

By the time the directors cooled off, the sun's behind a cloud, so Steiner unlimbers his camera. Nervously, Glenn pussyfoots over to Miss Haver, and moans something about wanting to take her picture.

As well as being a vision of exquisite loveliness, she's a good gal, so pretty soon she's posing beside Glenn who's supposedly getting an interview from her although he can't even write. Glenn's shaking; he's speechless. Steiner, ditto. By actual count, it takes him 45 minutes to get the camera adjusted. During this time Underwood, who's just a jerk, is calling Miss Haver, Miss Crain, at least once per minute. Finally, everything's ready. Even the film's been located. But Steiner seems to have lost all interest in the picture. Finally, he asks Glenn, who by now is practically on the other side of Miss Haver, to remove himself entirely. Glenn's outraged, but Beebe and Underwood succeed in dragging him away long enough for Steiner to get the picture.

Next we talk to Lon McCallister, who's got something Sinatra hasn't. Steiner takes his picture with Ann Carter who's so overwhelmed we have to prop her up against a tree. After Underwood had exploded, "This is ignorant. They come all the way from California to picture the blue grass and then color it green," we deemed it wise to leave.

We ran into McCallister later at the Lafayette (after climbing in a third story window) but he was so overrun with gushing females that we expressed our sympathy and left.

JEAN - - - - - JUNE

STARS FALL ON WALNUT HALL

By Ridgely Park and Joe Mathews

Lexington is a movie star—ved town.

So it would appear, judging from the "Starving Armenian" look on the faces of those who have advanced upon our visiting celebrities. With joy in their little hearts, but mayhem in their manners, many of our more solid citizens have been seen gleefully trotting out their heretofore unused autograph books and becoming one among many of the "Lafayette, we are here" army.

Naturally, those of us not overly familiar with the cinema wondered as to the cause of such an exhibition. To satisfy our increasingly gnawing curiosity, there was but one sedative and that we have administered with unbelievably successful results. "Aha, an interview's the thing, from which we learned the following."

Walnut Hall lay before us, its vastness overwhelming. We sought out the objects of our excursion, two very beautiful young ladies; by name, Miss Jeanne Crain and Miss June Haver. Two more delightful subjects would have been hard to find, for these two young ladies, stars of "Home In Indiana" are as fascinating to converse with as they are to behold.

Miss Crain, totally unaware of what she was getting into, was our first victim. She was born in Barstow, California just eighteen years ago. Jeanne (and that's her real name) led the life of a normal child, graduating from St. Mary's Academy and going from there to U.C.L.A. where she was a student when she was discovered. She was spotted by Mr. Ivan Kahn, and after passing the preliminary screen tests with flying colors was assigned her role in this production. In the picture, she portrays a poor girl who, falling in love with a dashing young sulky driver (take a bow Mr. McAllister), has to over-

come competition from a wealthy rival.

Movie making, Lexington, and fans are all things that Miss Crain enjoys. While in Kentucky, she has had a thoroughbred colt named after her, quite an honor in any man's estimation. She lists as her favorites: the color, blue; the song, "People Will Say We're In Love." As to an ideal man, he need not be good looking but should be athletic and sincere. Her preferences as to leading men start and end with Lon McCallister and he is her favorite actor. These ingredients, when well mixed with an equal amount of good looks and personality, add up to a very charming and unforgettable young actress, Miss Jeanne Crain.

Our interview with Miss June Haver left us with one conclusion; the Hollywood glamour girls are in for some stiff competition. Their rival not only possesses a countenance lovely to behold, but has as valuable additions an attractive figure and a captivating charm.

Seventeen years ago Rock Island, Illinois was presented with a brand new citizen. From the time she was spotted in a school play, June was destined toward a theatrical career. In the interim however, she was kept busy singing with Ted Fio Rita, Bob Crosby, Freddy Martin, and other notable bands. She was also an accomplished pianist and the field of radio welcomed her. The climax of this extensive preparation was a well deserved contract with Twentieth Century Fox. Prior to "Home In Indiana," Miss Haver appeared in the yet to be released picture, "The Gang's All Here," with Alice Faye and James Ellison.

When not on location, June's home is in Beverly Hills, California. She, with the entire troop, will leave soon for Mt. Sterling and from there they will return to California to shoot the closing scenes of the picture.

Miss Juanita Jacobson, U-Hi senior, is at the Good Samaritan Hospital after an emergency appendix operation. Juanita entered U-Hi from Lafayette this year.

Miss Elizabeth Anne Bicknell, U-Hi junior, who recently suffered a slight attack of polio, is convalescing at Kosar Hospital, Louisville. Beth is the U-Hi Lights social editor and a cheerleader.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

The Circus! Bright lights, blaring megaphones, tinny music, runny ice cream cones, and sore feet! I shall try, in my small way, to warn you of the pit-falls to await you on your trip to the circus! These are my experiences verbatim ac litteratum, ipsissima verba, and bornis avibus.

The first obstacle to overcome was how to get there, since the circus was located halfway to the Veterans' Hospital! After walking for two hours, I arrived at a big gate which said, "Entrance. Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey."

On entering, I thought that I had walked right into the side show. There was Nancy Skeen being pursued by several guards who thought she was Gargantua! Also, there was Hammet disposing of the last of a sack of popcorn and looking very much "sea-sick."

Passing the side show, I was attracted by several interesting looking people entering the aforementioned. Curious, I planked down my thirty cents and followed them! (Don't swoon, girls! It wasn't Frank Sinatra!) Finally, I saw their faces! (Darn it!!!) They were Barbara Fisher, Lida Ingels, Anne Estill, and several other "characters." Deciding to get my money's worth, I carefully reviewed the freaks! (As if I didn't see enough of those at school.) I still

say that midget was Kent Hollingsworth!

Passing to the ice cream counter, I spent a half hour plus three dollars and ten cents. Have you ever eaten thirty-one ice cream cones? Well, don't. It is not worth the time or the effort.

And so to the menagerie. The moment I entered I saw a crowd standing in the middle of the tent. Being of a curious nature, I wanted to find out about this new interest, so I worked my way in closer. Finally I saw it! "Extraordinary!" "Quaint!" "Clever!" were the comments from about me. There, sitting on the ground was Buddy Wallace calmly doing his history!

Oh! The Big Tent! I walked in and gazed futilely about for a seat! No luck! So I stood up on a handy barrel, beat on my chest, and yelled "Ah-ee-ah!" Women screamed, men shouted, "The ape's loose," and I, in the confusion, took the nearest empty seat! Ah, what a view! And then the elephants came in. Eek! I suddenly recognized the fourth from the end! Mr. Briggs had finally been fooled by his ears. I waved and he wiggled an ear in turn. After the loxodonta came the screwballs who rode bicycles on a telephone wire, and then the fire-bug juggler. But I enjoyed the clowns more than anything else. In fact, I've fallen in love with the sad-faced tramp (who turned out to be McMeekin). As you can see, this circus business is gruesome.

PERSONALITY PARADE



HENRY "GUSH" FOUSHEE
President of Hi-Y
University Swing Band
U-Hi Lights Photographer

In case "Gush" is a stranger to you (is that possible?), look for the man behind the camera. If he says, "What'cha starin' at, chum?" it's "Gush." All 175 pounds of Henry are interested in music, toys, and photography. (Steiner insists I add, pinball machines).

Undoubtedly one of the best drummers U-Hi has ever seen.

Henry is modest to the point of blushing. People who know good music, say, "His improvisations are brilliant!" and the less intellectual say, "Brother, he sends me!"

In his famous basement "Gush" has rigged up a super recreation room with loud speakers, pinball machines, and every kind of a game you can imagine.

To say Henry is "sweet" would undoubtedly make him shudder but that's just the word that describes him. "Gush" is the person that everyone likes. Men, women, children, and the aged and infirm, all agree that "Gush" is a good guy!

People say:
"Gush" is a character whom I admire immensely!"
"He's just nice! I like him, but everybody likes him!"
"He's a wolf!!!"
"Henry's priceless!!!"

"A perfect gentleman, except around Louisville."

"A word to the wise is sufficient but 'Gush' takes a volume."

"Henry can never be classified as slow and easy."

"As go Mutt and Jeff, Amos and Andy, and Lum and Abner, so goes Henry and his camera."

PERSONALITY PARADE
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CURB SERVICE

'CALIFORNIA' IN KENTUCKY

by Pat Evans

"A nice fellow." "A regular guy." These and similar sentiments were expressed by those of us who were lucky enough to meet Lon McCallister, youthful "find" of the picture "Stage Door Canteen," now in Lexington shooting background scenes for his newest picture.

To give you a description of Lon, we'd say he is rather short—5 feet 6 inches—has very dark unruly hair, blue eyes, and a most engaging grin. He looks a little older than his pictures.

Lon was born in Hollywood, on April 17, 1923—an only child. Growing up in the movie capital, he's appeared in over fifty pictures as an extra. The biggest thrill of his life came upon being notified that he had won the part of "California" in "Stage Door Canteen."

Lon McCallister is his real name, although his full name is Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Jr.

Asked if he thought he is like the young soldier he played in "Stage Door Canteen," Lon answered, "I don't know. People will have to decide that for themselves."

In Hollywood, Lon almost always runs around with a crowd. Included in this group are Gene Kelly, Nancy Walker, Elliott Reid, Van Johnson, Judy Garland, and several non-professionals. He denies having any special "girl."

Even as you and I, Lon has favorites. He listed Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, and Van Johnson as his favorite actors; Cole ("Night and Day") Porter is his favorite composer; Dave Rose's and Morton Gould's are his favorite orchestras. "California," as he is sometimes called, has been overwhelmed at the reception he has received in Lexington. What does he think of the kids seeking his autograph? Well, Lon had this to say. "I'm glad they want it. It's a good thing to know the kids like you, but they are unusually demonstrative in Lexington." However, the story in one of the local papers about the girl who asked him to kiss her was not entirely accurate, he reported. Lon definitely does not approve of this procedure, incidentally.

Deferred to finish his present movie work, he hopes to enter the Navy.

After the war? Well, Lon has an unexpired five-year contract with Sol Lesser and with Twentieth-Century Fox. Someday, though, he hopes to be a writer and a "voyager," to use his own word. Lon loves water sports, and intends to own a sloop in which he and a friend will sail for parts unknown.

Of course we asked Lon the inevitable question: How do you like Kentucky? His reply—which should make him a friend of the Chamber of Commerce for life—was, "It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen—excluding California, of course."

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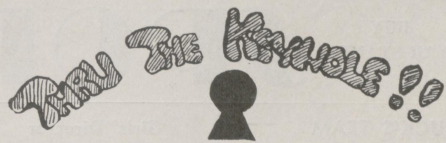
— VISIT —

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Daily Practice Will Keep You Physically Fit



Your keyhole peeper has lost four pounds in the last couple of weeks dodging the bullets of Sinatra fans. Take my word for it—"Hell hath no fury like a Sinatra fan scorned!"

From Sinatra to Underwood is no little step. "Cinema-Crashing-Carrier" seems to think a lot of "T. R." but our "beloved" (Editor please note!) editor claims he's strictly steady. How does he rate two gorgeous blondes, anyway? (T. I. T. Y. W. B. H. C.)

Bill Winfree and Missie make a cute couple. Bill was "wolfing" with her Saturday night. "Don't misunderstand me—'wolfing' is dating, up north. We also heard him ask her out to lunch and Missie was 'peck-peck-pecking' on his typing—if that ain't love, ask Miss Humphreys!

Also dating Saturday night were E. R. P. (Elizabeth Ridgely Park) and R. A. W. (Raymond Abell Wilkie). Speaking of E. R. P. and R. A. W., congratulations to Masque and Gavel's pledges.

We hear the Freshmen have a "no-longer-secret" club—with initiations, pass words, n' everything!! The senior girls also have a little club whose members I ain't revealing!

Jimmy "Ghoul-face" Glenn says he's madly in love with a cute little Indiana-hoosier. But "Ghoul-face" is a ladies' man and this may merely be "protection"—from the Freshmen, Sophomore girls! Particularly June Haver's double, A. Carter! Now why would he want protection from her! Neville Dunn doesn't! (T. I. T. Y. W. B. H. C.)

Jimmy "Casanova" Barker has decided that Onnie is his one-and-only. B. Brewer is in the same mood about a cute little brown-eyed girl whose name we can't find out.

Six senior girls simultaneously said, "Don't you think A. P. Schneider is the cutest thing!!" (Well, maybe it was five!) I hope you people who have classes with Joe "Poochie" Mathews (you lucky people!) fully appreciate his sense of humor. All reports are that he's a scream. Martha Crutchfield is usually the one who does the screaming. (Ed. note—and is she cute!!!)

Scene: Lafayette Hotel.
Characters: Lon McCallister, Pat Evans.

Pat: Are you planning to get married in the near future, Lon?

Lon: Well—no, I haven't given it much thought!

Pat: If you ever do, you know my address!

Betty Jo seems to be enamoured of Sing Yearly, who's leaving here for Nicholasville. (Don't jump to conclusions—I mean he's moving to said "widening in the road!")

Going to "work" with our renowned movie actress seems to have had results for Cora Mae—she's dating Robert Condon, tall, dark, and handsome movie actor.

The fact that there are two women to a man at U. K. seems to have Skeen worried. But we see Bigge and Skeen, stepping around together, Sunday, Monday, and always!

In the case of a gal named Floye, the Army seems to have taken over immediately, if not sooner, after a little bust-up occurred between F. M. and a certain Lafayette guy. I've heard (and who hasn't) that one of F. M.'s current heart-throbs is coming to town on a furlough, come the last of the month. To quote Floye—"Fourteen wonderful days" (Ed. note—she should say daze!!).

Sue isn't sloppy, She's just plain cute —

She has 10 sweaters, For every suit!



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Idea of the week: A "student day," when the students and teachers change jobs for one day! Oh, boy!!

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

Screwball of the week: "Flash" Beebe for making Owens wait three and a half hours on him last Saturday afternoon.

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

Patriots of the week: The Seventh Grade for selling War Bonds totalling almost \$17,000 in the Third War Loan Drive.

BUY
WAR STAMPSBUY
WAR BONDS

SPORTS PAGE

CHUCK'S TEAM
LEADS FIELD

Under the leadership of Mr. Ginger, U-Hi has again started its Intramural program. A meeting of all boys interested was held and four captains were chosen, Morris Beebe, Tom Underwood, Willie Allen and Charles McMeekin. All teams have been playing football and the boys show great interest in the sport.

In the first game of the season, Beebe defeated Underwood 6 to 0. Beebe and Trimble were outstanding for the winners, while Wilkie and Underwood paced the losers.

While this game was being played, Allen's team and McMeekin's were having a rough and tumble time, McMeekin winning 18-6. McMeekin, Hammet and Allen starred.

In a later tussel McMeekin downed Beebe 18-8. A touchdown pass from Griffin to McMeekin and a long march down the field made the score 12 to 0. Then the Beebe-to-Trimble and Mulloy combination began to click. First, Beebe passed to Mulloy for a touchdown. A safety added two more points for Beebe's boys, but McMeekin got away for another score to clinch the game.

Devils Take Two

The Henry Clay Blue Devils trounced the Frankfort eleven by the score of 26 to 6 on Friday night, September 18.

"Jarrin' Jake" Jacobs raced over the double stripe and onto pay dirt for the initial score early. From this moment on the powerful Devils never left a shadow of a doubt about the outcome of the contest.

Frankfort's only score came after Coach Heber sent his second squad in to play almost the entire fourth quarter.

Then, after two weeks of nothing but practice, the Devils challenged and overcame the boys from Mount Sterling by the astounding score of 40 to 6.

Again Jacobs raced over the goal for the first of his team's touchdowns. Jacobs showed his fans that the team won't be the same after he leaves for the Air Corps on October 18.

Girls' Director



Mrs. Elmer T. Gilb

If you wanted to find one of the busiest persons in school, you would look for Mrs. Gilb. After teaching elementary and junior high school children all day, she is still fresh and enthusiastic for intramurals or war service.

Mrs. Gilb was born Stella Spicer here in Lexington. As a little girl her ideals were quite often playground directors or physical education teachers, so it was natural for her to follow this field when she grew up.

As her grandfather was a professor there, Mrs. Gilb attended Georgetown College for her first two and a half years. However, she felt she really was not doing what she wanted to do, so she completed her education at Webster's School of Physical Education in Washington, D. C. Here she was truly happy. She saw the city as no tourist could; she met the President, and felt that she was doing what she wanted to.

After she graduated from college, she took her first teaching position at Margaret Hall in Versailles. From there she came to University School and that same year she was married. For four years she did not teach. However, the second year she was back, Mrs. Gilb introduced the present intramural program. This is perhaps one of the best in

PREDICTIONS
COME TRUE

By Willie Allen

Flash!! The series is over and the Cardinals' dreams for another year's reign of horsehide kingdom have been demolished by the explosions of the Bronx bombs. However, with the three bombs dropped by the Yankees, the Cards possessed one also. Chandler, Russo, and timely hitting by Yankee timbers twirlers accounted for the three dynamite charges of the McCarthy-men while a fourth explosion could be claimed by the Cardinals' over-confidence and loose playing.

In the first fray the Cards ran on the field overflowing with the optimism acquired by their walking away, rather easily, with top honors in the National League. The Yankees, however, came upon the diamond, not with victory as the main objective, but for the purpose of avenging the distasteful defeat they suffered in the Series of last year. Chandler took the mound for the Yankees opposed by Lanier and won his ball game 4-2.

Mort Cooper carried his glove to the mound in the first inning of the second contest and didn't take it back to the dugout till he'd won himself a ball game 4-3.

Undaunted, however, by this defeat, Chandler, Borowy, Murphy, and Russo kept their assortments away from the flaying Cardinal bats to the next three games and the Series.

Cardinal pitchers lost the Series? Hardly. The ten Cardinal errors against the Yank's five didn't help.

the state as it offers such a great variety of sports. This year she has added war service to the list of activities, which has had a very enthusiastic response.

Besides teaching school, Mrs. Gilb keeps house and is the mother of a nine-year-old daughter. This versatile lady is as busy during the summer as during the school year. She teaches swimming all day and relaxes at night by working in her Victory Garden. Last summer she spent most of her spare time canning.



By Morris Beebe

I suppose most of you have heard that the school intends to refinish the gym floor sometime this week or the next. This is good news, as the floor needs this done badly. Mr. Ginger has asked us to help protect the new surface by staying off of it in street shoes. What do you say? Let's all cooperate and give U-Hi a gym to be proud of.

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

Did you know that this school has a new potential golf star? His name — Tommy Asbury. "Berry" has just recently taken the game up, but he has improved a great deal in only a few weeks. Who knows? Maybe he will turn out to be another Johnny Owens. (Ed's note: "This couldn't happen to a dog.")

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

In a recent interview with movie star Lon McCallister, I was interested to learn that he plays basketball. Although he stands only 5 feet 6 inches in height, he has played the game in both high school and college. Not bad for a little man!

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

Well, fans, it won't be long now! Basketball, U-Hi's favorite sport, is on the way. Mr. Ginger announced the other day that he intends to start practice sometime in late October. It would be nice to have a squad of 30 or 40 boys turn out for the first practice session. How about it, fellows?

—T.I.T.Y.W.B.H.C.—

Congratulations go to Red hurler Johnny Vander Meer, who did a swell job of pitching for the Man O' War Colts last Sunday when they played the Hoosier Ordinance Wingfoots. "Vandy" won his game 7 to 2.

Gorgeous Gals
Play Tennis

The drawings for the tennis tournament were made Wednesday, October 7. In the first round are Charlotte Garr vs. Doris Coleman, Betty Sue Scott vs. Louise Rhoads, Joan Specht vs. Ann O'Bannon. Lola Stokes drew a bye.

Bowling will begin October 21 and continue each Thursday. The day was changed from Wednesday because of a conflict with boys' intramurals. Bowling teams will be organized and there will probably be competition.

The archery tournament will get under way next week. The girls have been practicing this week. The winner will receive an award.

The girls are continuing their war service at the hospital. On Mondays, they fold gauze bandages, and serve as errand girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The following girls are signed up for hospital service Monday: Virginia Tilton, Elise Meyer, Sara Hall, Shirley Younger, Ann O'Bannon, Betty Sue Scott, Lola Stokes, Dora Coleman, Louise Rhoads, Doris Coleman, Betty Ree Rhoads, Louise Coleman and Betty Sageser.

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CHRISTMAS DANCE
ON DECEMBER 17

Junior Prom Date Set In April; Mardi Gras Discontinued By Committee

The new members of the Social Committee have been elected for 1943-44 as follows: sophomore class, Della Marks and Jimmy Glenn; Junior class, Betty Joe Harris and Wallace Horine; Senior class, Ridgely Park and Greenberry Marshall. The parent members of the Committee are Mrs. S. L. Van Meter and Mrs. Harry Wise.

Dr. Adams gave a financial report. The committee divided the money up in the following order: Sophomore dance, \$25; Senior Christmas dance, \$80; Junior prom, \$95.

The Mardi Gras has been discontinued due to the absence of Miss Topham.

For all the dances a time limit is to be set as to when the bids are due. After this any late bids must be brought up before the Social Committee, voted on and passed by a two-thirds majority.

Any social activity connected with U-Hi must first be presented to the Social Committee and approved before it can be carried out.

The dances already given have been an intramural dance for University High students in the gym. Last Thursday night the gym was transformed to the land of ghosts and spooks for the Sophomores' Goblin Gambol.

The Christmas dance will take place Friday, December 17. The Junior Prom is planned for Friday, April 28.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

October, the memorable struggles of the Sophomore dance decoration committee over corn stalks, the scrap drive, the Sophomore dance, and nine weeks of school have already passed and the basketball season isn't under way yet, but a lot of interesting things are going on anyway.

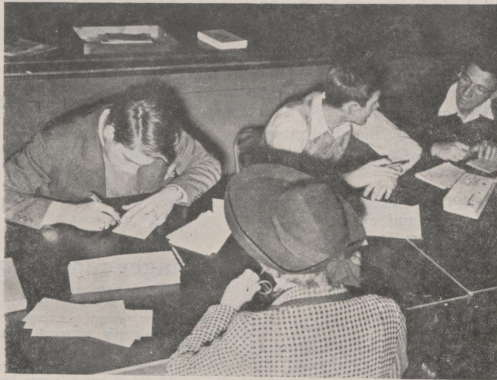
☆☆☆☆
We'll never forget the couple of budding politicians who went around after try-outs for cheerleader and told each one they had voted for him!

☆☆☆☆
And y'know that new magazine "The Telescope"? Well, a staff member has confidently and seriously predicted a circulation of about two or three million copies. . . . This would exceed the circulation of TIME magazine. . . . Ah, optimism, beautiful optimism!

☆☆☆☆
Horror of a decade: The grand jury making it a crime for minors sixteen or under to play pin-ball machines. Sturgill, after being treated for shock, announced that most pin-ball machines are a crime anyway.

☆☆☆☆
Lida: "Sinatra is tall; about six feet ten . . ." Probably the highest compliment he's had recently.

And now I leave you with this consoling thought: The nine weeks grades will be out soon. But don't worry; there'll be grades enough for everybody.



Jake Graves, Bunkie Wilkie, and Morris Beebe, above, left to right, were among U-High students who registered applicants for Ration Book No. Four in the auditorium October 20-22.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL WEEK PLANS
FEATURE DRAMATICS CLASS PLAY

This year the week of November 7 through 13 has been proclaimed National Education Week.

The main feature of the week at U-Hi will be a play presented by the dramatics class, under the direction of Mr. Briggs, on Friday, November 12. The play, the first serious production to be undertaken by any of the dramatics classes in many years, is about school life during the war. The spirit of a man killed in battle comes back to

tell the students to learn all they can so they will be able to prevent such things as wars in the future.

Members of the cast are: Miss Lowry, Nancy Skeen; Mr. Dennis, David Morton; Michael Creighton, Bunkie Wilkie; Judith, Ridgely Parks; Shirley, Betty Jo Underwood; Doris, Glenna Ritchie; Jim, Greenberry Marshall; and Ray, Tommy Underwood.

FIRST RADIO PLAY
IS TRANSCRIBED

Union Trouble At Local Station Causes Late Cancellation of Broadcast

"Like I always say, I have more fun than anybody!"

Remember these words, for they may well become classic at University High School. That is the theme line of the promising new series of radio plays, "Keeping Up With Jonesy," being presented by the dramatics class.

Heroine of the plays is Janet Jones, a typical high school senior. Smithy, the "He" in Janet's life, her best friend Peggy, Smithy's buddy "Slosh," and other friends will also appear on the program.

Unable to obtain radio scripts suitable for high school presentation, the scripts which are being used were written by members of the dramatics class.

The first program was transcribed Tuesday, October 26. Peggy Berryman was its author. Although originally scheduled to broadcast the play, the cast was forced to record it instead because of union troubles at WLAP. The transcription probably will be broadcast sometime in the near future.

Heard on the first program were Pat Evans as Janet, Tommy Underwood as Smithy, Glenna Ritchie as Peggy, David Morton as "Slosh," and Carolyn McMeekin, Greenberry Marshall, and Harry Scott. Betty Sue Scott supplied the music and Henry Foushee was in charge of the sound effects, assisted by Missy Van Meter. Dianne LeSturgeon handled the announcing.

SECOND SALVAGE SUCCUMBS SADLY;
SCRAP SEARCHERS SCOUR STREETS

Student Teachers Are Few and Far Between

Ricketts Is Only English Major; Seven In Gym Classes; Adams Is Drafted

For the second time in the history of student teaching at U-High (Model High) a war has taken its toll. In 1917, the year Model was initiated, World War I had thinned the ranks of most prospective student teachers. This year there are only fourteen student teachers registered, the smallest number in many years.

Five of these are registered in Miss Humphreys' typing classes. They are Dolores Mack, Virginia Haines, Norma Niswonger, and Amanda Miller.

The only English student teacher is Miss Ann Ricketts of Nicholasville, who assists Mr. Briggs in 10th grade English.

Miss Peck has two University students teaching in her history class. They are Mrs. Seba Sloan and Miss Betty Wilson.

James E. Adams started the semester student teaching in Mr. Ginger's chemistry class, but soon afterwards he was drafted.

Mrs. Gilb's girls' and grade school physical education department boast five student teachers. They are Florence Brown, Martha Cockrell, Lucille Clark, Virginia Westley, and Maryann Vogt.

Pete Triplett and Max Bookbinder are the two male physical education student teachers.

Girl Reserve Party
Given for Mothers

The library was the scene of the annual Girl Reserve tea for the members and their mothers. In the receiving line were Miss Gallo-way, Miss Elliot, Carolyn McMeekin, and Floye Mullinaux. Presiding at the tea table were Mrs. McMeekin and Mrs. Mullinaux. Ridgely Park, Vella Wise, Glenna Ritchie, and Lola Stokes assisted in serving.

At the initial Thursday evening supper meeting held Thursday, October 21, Mr. Briggs entertained the group by reading several humorous passages from "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" by Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Less than Eight Tons Are Collected As Only 22 Pupils Take Part; Four Trucks Used

The Scrap Drive that was held in October in University High resulted in the collection of 7½ tons or 15,000 pounds of scrap metal.

U-Hi students did not collect scrap on October 13th since plans had to be made and students given time to hunt up the scrap. By October 20, the Scrap Committee, consisting of Nancy Skeen, Carolyn McMeekin, Betty Ree Rhoads, Morris Beebe, and Bunkie Wilkie, had a list of addresses that had been turned in for scrap to be picked up. On the 20th, four trucks and 22 students worked all day, and by the end of the day had gathered and turned into the junkyard 10 truckloads making 15,000 pounds. This averages a little more than 80 pounds for each student in the high school. The money that was

Hi-Y Club To Sponsor
Foot-fest in November

The University High School chapter of the national Hi-Y has officially started on its program for the year.

As its main project, the club will again work on the Manchester Street Library program. It will sponsor the collection of any magazines, periodicals, or books which citizens of Lexington donate to the library.

In addition to this, the organization is going to sponsor a dance on, or around, the twenty-fourth of November. The proceeds of this dance and other money will go into a bond which the University High Club will give to the \$200,000 building fund for the new YMCA building.

Among the other activities for the year, the club expects to join in with the Henry Clay Hi-Y clubs in giving a large Christmas dance. Also, the Hi-Y will have a variety of speakers and other interesting programs this year.

Among the topics of interest for the year is the slogan contest for the YMCA Centennial. A \$100 prize is being offered for the best slogan turned in for the 100th anniversary of the organization.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

SERVICE STARS

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Pvt. Hall Hollingsworth is now bouncing around in a jeep at an anti-aircraft school at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas.

Pvt. Hollingsworth was sent to Fort Bliss immediately following his induction during the early summer.

Lt. Alexander "Sonny" Hall, U.S. Infantry, was recently home for a short visit while enroute from Camp Roberts, California to Camp White, Oregon from where he expects to be sent overseas.

Lt. Hall graduated from University High in 1939 and later attended the University of Kentucky.

A/C Richard Shely, recently home on leave, has returned to the Aviation Cadet Classification Center at Nashville, Tennessee, where he will be classified for training as a pilot, bombardier, or navigator in the U. S. Army Air Forces.



Sophomores and guests at old U-Hi swing it while "Ghoulish Goblin Gambol Gaily." See story on page four.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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Lola StokesExchange Editor
Nancy Skeen, Jim Glenn,
Helen DeissFeature Editors
Floye Mullinaux, Pat
EvansProof Readers
Jimmy SteinerPhotographer
Miss Grace Anderson.....Faculty
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BeebeCirculation
David Morton, Tom
Underwood, Harry Scott,
Henry FousheeAdvertising
Floye Mullinaux.....Business manager

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Robin Griffin Ann Estill
El Powers Don Sturgill
Jimmy Steiner William Allen
Peggy Berryman Wallace Horine
Missie Van Meter Harry Scott
Nancy Potts Betty Jo Harris
Jack Rogers Betty Ree Rhoads
Frances Horlacher Don Evans
Charles McMeekin Mary Jane Agnew

PICTURESQUE PACIFIST

All in all there is only one honest-to-goodness good guy in all this school (including all the teachers). He never gets gruff or angry at you, or gives you a bawling out for doing something bad, or tells on you when he saw you shoot that paper wad at Miss Galloway. He never puts his two cents in or asks any questions. He just sits there and listens and watches you through those cool blue eyes. I don't believe he has done anybody or anything any harm since the day he was born.

I know you would like to meet him, so the next time you go to the library, look on top of the magazine shelf and there you will meet him in his old straw hat and faded blue jeans.

The Ideal Student

Many editorials have been written on the ideal student. But few have been written about the student and his or her extra-curricular activities. There is a model student in this respect, too, as contrasted to the student who is either a "bookworm" or one who neglects his studies to participate in school activities.

The first type, or the "bookworm," is often regarded as a genius. This may be; but more likely it is because he or she spends a large part of the spare time they have doing extra credit work at school. The result is often that that person is left alone to his studies and considered too sophisticated to associate with.

The other extreme is the person who neglects his studies to take part in basketball or other interests around the school. This person is often very popular, but while enjoying the good graces of his fellow students he is falling sadly short in the studies he will need later in college.

The type of student who is really appreciated is the one who strikes the happy medium between studies and extra-curricular activities. He is well versed in events of the day, has a good standing in his grades, but still finds time to play basketball, write on the school paper, and go to dances. All this goes to make up the "model" student.

If you feel you are lacking either one way or the other, try balancing yourself up. The improvement may not be apparent to you, but other people will notice and think better of you.

American Education Week

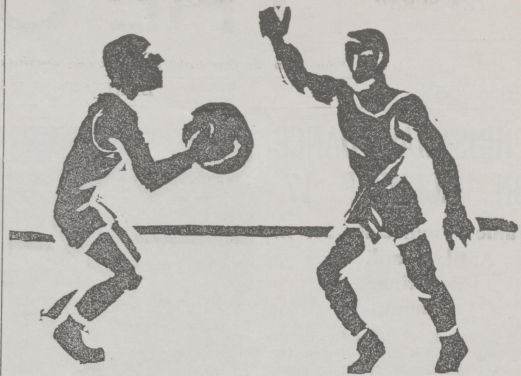
Uncle Sam needs *me*, you say? But I'm afraid I don't understand. I'm only a high school student. I'm not a soldier. Why, I'm not even trained so that I could work in a vital war industry! Why does Uncle Sam need *me*?

Here's the answer to that. Sure, Uncle Sam needs soldiers, and war workers, too, but he also needs us who are in school. We are going to fly the planes of tomorrow in an air-borne world. We are going to be the free people of a free nation in a free world. Brave men and women are risking—and giving—their lives to see to that. Our task is to be that of keeping our country free. Our fighting forces may win the war, but it will be up to us to win the peace to come.

Yes, our country needs us. Our job is to get ready. That's what we are doing in school—growing up to be intelligent, well-informed Americans. It's a mighty important job, too. Get that straight, and it's up to everyone in the country to realize it.

It is to help people realize the importance of educated youth in the world that is to come that the week of November 7-13 has been declared American Education Week. The general theme of the observance will be "Education for Victory." Topics have been selected for each day in the week. These topics include "Education for World Understanding," "Education for the Air Age," "Education to Win and Secure the Peace," and "Education for Work," and other timely subjects.

Let laughter echo thru the hall For U-Hi's turned to basketball;



Ginger's lads of purple and white
Are prepping for opening night!

FACULTY FOOLISHNESS

The world didn't know it was being revolutionized when Messrs. Shoes and Glidden, the Wright Brothers of the typewriter, presented their invention to society. Modern life sans typewriters, however, would be about as efficient as a B-17 sans wings.

Would you like to meet some of the young neophytes who present themselves for instruction in the art of handling the contraption?

First there is Calamity Jane. Everything happens to her! Innumerable typewriter gremlins conspire against this unfortunate soul. The typewriter jumps, spaces where spaces were never meant to be, the paper slips, the ribbon tangles, the margin sticks or fails to hold—a host of minor tragedies befall her.

A minimum of motion may underlie skill, but not to that over-animating personification of perpetual motion, the Jitterbug. With him the minute effort required to strike one typewriter key widens to vibration from head to toes, accompanied by wildly waving elbows, belligerent jaw thrusts, and frequently a squint or two.

The Gupples, with wide open, wondering eyes and mouth to match, is invariably startled when

he gets something right. He is inclined to be an incurable pessimist. Other people may master these intricacies, but not he, no sir, he just knows he will never be able to do it.

Wishful Thinker believes that one day he will wake up and find the skill he has "wished" for pouring out of his miraculously educated fingers, having been inserted, no doubt, through a skillfully bored opening in his somewhat thick cranium.

The one with the Elevated Ego is the bored type. Anything which requires concentration and practice just isn't worth the expenditure of his valuable time. So, he spends this same valuable time in detached cogitation upon his great worth to himself and society.

Chanticleer is the announcer and must inform the populace of everything he does. Amid sighs, groans, possibly guffaws or purely moronic giggles, he reports that he has made a mistake!—not exactly "man bites dog" in the way of news.

Fortunately, there is always the Cream of the Crop, sometimes called the Salt of the Earth—these form the group for whom patient Griselda (teacher) wants to sound a 21-gun salute.

Search Lights

It seems as if our advertisements are going over fine. In *The Bell*, the school paper of Tighman High, in Paducah, is mentioned our super-duper fillers such as: "Want a boy friend? Advertise in the U-Hi Lites." So you see, even if we don't read our own paper, other people do. So advertise in the U-Hi Lites. You might (?) get some results.

Miss Peck: "Who can tell me when the Dark Ages were?"
Gush: "That must have been the time when they had so many knights."

Mr. Briggs: "Have you ever had any stage experience?"
Bunkie: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

"You say this woman shot her husband with this pistol and at close range?" asked the coroner of the eye witness to the tragedy.
"Yassuh."

"Are there powder marks on his face?"
"Yassuh. Das why she shot him."

Miss Anderson: "Is there any relation between the O'Henry candy bar and the author O'Henry?"
Willie: "Yes, they are both nutty."

"Dearest Joyce," wrote Robin, "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your lovely eyes. I could walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hand. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your warm lips. As always, your own Robin."
"P.S. I'll be over to see you Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

Then there was the little moron who thought he was a magician so he ran around the corner and turned into a drugstore.

Glenna: I'll never go any place with you again as long as I live.
David: Why? What did I do now?

Glenna: You asked Mrs. Smith how her husband was standing the heat and he's been dead for two months.

I never saw a purple cow
I never hope to see one
But from the milk we're getting now
I'm sure that there must be one.

"How far down do you want to sit?" asked the usher to the plump moron lady.
"All the way down, of course," she replied.

NOTHING . . . in particular

The uncomfortable straight-back chair which contained most of Robert McAfee Brewer IV tilted backwards slowly and peculiar guttural sounds began to issue from the half-closed mouth of said chair's lone occupant. Robert's countenance bore a strangely placid expression and his eye-lids were drooping obviously. It was readily apparent even to those occupants of the classic study hall with subnormal intelligence—which includes most of us—that Brewer was in the arms of Morpheus—asleep to you. (Ed's note—Nuts to you.) (Printer's note—Nuts to you, too.) (Linotype operator's note—You can say that again.)

Then "Gush" Foushee appeared. Where he came from one one knew—"Gush" doesn't believe in admit slips. What he had with him defied definition and description. Without breaking the silence "Gush" began hitching flexible extremities of his device to various segments of the sleeping beauty's anatomy. At last "Gush" greeted us: "Eh, this here's a dream-detector, doc. The Admiral gave it to me for all the old Willie buttons I had." (For further details see issue one, Personality Parade, last paragraph.)

"I'm gonna try it out on Brewer if little chum Morton there doesn't wake him up staring at him with

that face." After preliminary adjustments with assorted knobs, dials and ex-Pepsi-Cola dispensers, "Gush" got WLAP tuned out and the unmistakable voice of the sleeping Brewer rolled forth from the machine: "This Dream Is Mine. Written and produced by Robert Brewer, the famous playwright, poet and ping-pong player. No, Madeleine, Lana, Ginger and Hedy, I won't marry you, but thanks for asking. I guess I just don't appreciate women properly."

This was too fantastic even for a dream so "Gush" quickly dialed another thought wave. Again Brewer spoke: "Now, Winnie, old man, I wouldn't say that things are that bad. You've only got Hitler and Mussolini to contend with, but me, I've got Eleanor. Incidentally, my Uncle Samuel has invited 5,000,000 of his nephews around the country to dine with us this week-end and I wonder if you'd let me have a couple a' billion until next Saturday."

This could have gone on, but since the President's having troubles of his own, we followed Brewer in to another field—right field. The Yankees are leading 3 to 0, last half of the ninth, final game of the Series. The count on the batter, naturally Brewer, is 3 and 2. The pitcher, also Brewer, delivers a hard, high, fast one. Slugger

Brewer swings. It's a long drive headed 30 feet over the right fielder's head. But the right fielder, a lad named Brewer, jumps valiantly and makes the out. Unfortunately, the wind caused by a guy named Brewer who is announcing the game blows Brewer, the right-fielder, out of the ball park before he lights. The home run counts; the game is over. But the Yankee manager, a hard-looking fellow named Brewer dashes onto the playing field and engages the umpire in a heated discussion. The ump finally agrees with the Yankee manager that the run shouldn't count; the batter, Slugger Brewer, disgustedly tosses his bat up in the air but he can't let go and rises with it; Slugger Brewer crosses the sun's path causing an eclipse; Umpire Brewer calls the game on account of darkness; an excited spectator falls out of the second tier of the stadium, killing the umpire. His name is Putney Whimple and the awful suspense is broken."

Next, Brewer was Count Fleet, but since you've probably read about the '43 Derby by this time and the entire study hall including Miss West and Caesar were now asleep themselves (you, too?) and unable to give an accurate account of the remaining 37 episodes of the dream, I deem it unwise to continue.

Social and Personal

by Vella Wise

The Sophomore Hallowe'en dance was held last Thursday night in the school gym. Preceding the dance, Rosa Talbert entertained with a small dinner party at her home, and after the dance Sally Wilder had a breakfast.

Henry Foushee was host for a dinner party followed by an open house Monday, October 18, at his home for Lon McCallister, June Haver, Jeanne Crain, Bob Condon, Hal Roach, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hathaway from Hollywood, who are here making the movie, "Home in Indiana." Guests from U-Hi were: Ridgely Park, Frances Horlacher, Nancy Skeen, Carolyn McMeekin, Ann Carter, Cora Mae Strain, Mary Jane Agnew, Glenna Ritchie, Vella Wise, Morris Beebe, Tommy Underwood, Harry Scott, Greenberry Marshall, Bunkie Wilkie, Bill Winfree, Jimmy Steffer, David Morton, Joe Mathews, Bob McMeekin, and Neville Dunn.

Frances Horlacher was hostess for a Hallowe'en party for a group of soldiers Saturday night. Eighteen guests were present.

The Girl Reserve tea for the new girls and their mothers was held on Friday, October 15 in the library.

Carolyn and Bud McMeekin were in Louisville Saturday, October 16

to see Beth Bicknell, who is reported to be improving.

Glenna Ritchie and David Morton will go this week-end to visit relatives in Louisville, and to attend the Sadie Hawkins dance at the University of Louisville.

Larry Simpson, who has left to join the Marines, entertained with a dinner party Saturday night, the sixteenth, at the Country Club prior to the Assembly dance. Guests were Frances Treacy, Missie Van Meter, Nancy Shearer, Mary Simpson, Barbara Harris, Ridgely Park, Vella Wise, Harry Scott, Greenberry Marshall, Fonny Ingels, Tommy Underwood, Tommy Asbury, and Malcolm Dunn of Danville.

Following is a group of boys and girls of last year's class who have been pledged to various sororities and fraternities on the University campus: Dorcas Hollingsworth, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Martha Linney, Ann Congleton, Kappa Delta; Mattie Miracle, Marion McCaw, Alpha Delta Pi; Mary Elizabeth Gifford, Zeta Tau Alpha; Fonny Ingels, Phi Delta Theta; and Frank Leach, Sigma Chi.

Miss Patricia Griffin, daughter of Major and Mrs. Gerald Griffin, of 233 Kingsway Dr., has been pledged to the Agora social club at Ward-Belmont School, Nashville, Tennessee. Miss Griffin is a member of the college department this year.

OUR PARENTS WERE OLD AND GRAY

"Don't lose your ticket and be sure to count your change. Ten per cent of the bill, baby, and above all, don't say a word to a stranger. Bye, precious. Wave bye bye, Robespierre. . ."

Amidst tearful farewells, weeping relatives, and cries of "Bon Voyage" we were on our way. Our destination, Washington. A metropolis, the crossroad of a nation into which we two were bound. As the locomotive gathered speed, our world of reality was left behind us and we entered a land of fantasy. We settled back into our seats to enjoy the scenery.

"He is good looking, isn't he? I think a uniform does things for a man, don't you? The two with him aren't bad either. You know, he reminds me of—Oh!—Oh my goodness! Quick darling, think of something; he's looking over this way. Now he's—Oh help!"

"Ah, ah—y-yes. It is nice weather, isn't it? (Say something, goon, don't make me talk to him all by myself.) Wh—what was that you said? Oh no. (What would mother say? My, such a horrible thought.) We live in Lexington but we travel quite a bit, don't you know—Our names?—Well, I'm Gloria Vandergilt and this is Cobina Bright. (Stop giggling silly.) Did you say Bob?—From Texas. . .—How nice. Well how do you like the army?"

"You like it, but it doesn't—How perfectly adorable! Isn't he clever, dear?"

At this point, we have abandoned all intentions of following our elders' advice and instead are plunging blindly ahead.

"Bridge?—Why yes, we play quite frequently. I always—don't mind my friend, she has those choking spells."

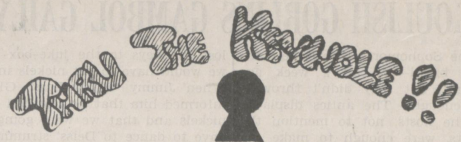
For an individual unable to distinguish between a no-trump bid and a grand slam, this was powerful big talk. Nevertheless, the opportunity was difficult to resist, in fact it was impossible. Three good looking soldiers, we two, six hundred miles to go—

"I pass . . . do diamonds count higher than spades? You know Washington just seems like some sort of remote . . . I pass . . . dream to me. Ever since I was a little . . . do I get to be dummy? How wonderful. I don't have a thing in my hand. I'm sorry. Just three aces and some queens."

"Now if you've ever been East before—"

The clackety-clack of the wheels droned monotonously on. We were truly on our way.

(Unless something drastic is done, this trash may be continued.)



I've always wanted to write a scandal column and for two "T" stamps, a telephone number and a hot tip on the third race, "my podner" has fulfilled my life-long ambition. Apparently we've been lookin' thru different keyholes 'cause my dirt's a little lower than hers.

Everyone thought John had Mecan twitterpated but in spite of air mail letters there's a rumor abroad that Mecan thinks Glenna's one and only David (cheer-leader) Morton is kinda cute. Meanwhile, David has been having some intimate discussions with Betty Jo (cheer-leader) Harris. Betty Jo's heart belongs to handsome Henry Clay football player, Len Shouse, but recently Shouse has been seeing a lot of cute little Sophomore Joyce Barker who is first on Robin Griffin's hit parade.

Neville Dunn's done it again. After we lowered his blood pressure and wiped away the drool on his chin over Starlet Janet Gaynor and Saratoga, he's gone and fallen for June (oh—what-a-finger) Haver. Wonder what other Dunn blondes, Houston and Carter, think?

Cora Mae made a hit with the romance of the movie's too. Darn good-lookin'—that Bob Condon.

Beebe and Fugazzi were having quite a "waiting for the Broadway bus" romance until Allen made it known that he kinda liked that gal from Tennessee. The report is Beebe had a date with her Friday night.

The rumor that Patsy Karsner is secretly engaged is a figment of someone's imagination. Also Wachtman is not leaning in that direction.

What about the jagged correspondence Helen Deiss and ex-U-

Hian Raymond McLean are carrying on?

Floye sure was glad to see Jack. He seemed pretty glad to see her. Is there more to that than meets the eye?

Very interesting, those senior boys taking Freshman Betsy Houston on the scrap drive. The report is that they serenaded her from here to Munich's junk shop and back.

Missie sure was downhearted when Billy Cowgill's leave was cancelled. But Winfree enjoyed consoling her!

Ridgely sure does rate. What with Greenberry, Bunkie and Morris on her dating list! Did you have a good time Saturday night, Ridgely?

A bunch of girls are wishing bashful wolves, Foushee, Steiner, Horine, Wachtman, and Evans would declare their intentions.

Franklin Bardwell and Nannette Platt are closer than Winston and the President, but George is still in there pitchin'. Nice thing, school buses, especially when it gets cold and they run slow.

By the by at last we know who Jabberin' Jim's inspiration is! Don't look now but she's a senior!

Judy and Rosa Talbert's dream-men are members of Henry Clay's Rebels. That latter's initials are R. M.

Why was Eva's old flame, Rufus, wandering around the halls the other day. Looked good in his uniform didn't he. How 'bout it Eva?

This is all the dirt for now but if I'm not back next issue—somebody else will be! So don't even tell "your podner" anything you don't want to see in print. He may be me!

PERSONALITY PARADE



ELIZABETH RIDGELY PARK

News Editor of U-Hi Lights
Member of National Honor Society
Social Committee
Masque and Gavel

When Saint Peter comes to "Elizabeth Ridgely Park" there will be no hesitation in his voice as he welcomes her in. Not that Ridgely is a saint—it's just that she's such an entertaining person that if people knew she was there it would be an inducement to lead a better life.

Born at the Good Samaritan Hospital just 16 years ago, Ridgely has spent 14 years at U-Hi. In case you are wondering, she went to nursery school at two. She is one of these very talented and versatile creatures that makes you wonder why it couldn't have happened to you. Her writing style is reminiscent of Cornelia Otis Skinner, only better. She once played the part of a "rosebud" in the eighth grade but please don't judge her dramatic ability by that because as an actress she is outstanding. Ridgely "Orson

Welles" Park writes, directs, and acts equally well. When in New York or Chicago she neither eats or sleeps, spending all of her time going from play to play.

As "True Love Magazine" has an option on all of her love life we can only quote her as saying "The ideal man in my life must be thoughtful, sincere, and available!" Her favorite pin-up boy is Pierre Aumont.

She loves to watch baseball and play post office. She rarely eats, living only on stardust, butterfly wings and green peas. In all her life she has never tasted an olive, a pickle and a radish. Her favorite color is a peculiar shade of green, "the color of the mints you buy at Thomas."

Ridgely can't be summed up in a single sentence—you have to know her to appreciate her!

People think:

"She's a good ole gal."

"She's a character by herself."

"She does her own A-levels."

"There's a great future in store for her."

"She looks good in green with Bunkie."

"Scholarship, character, leadership and service in one."

"She's better than a paper doll."

"She's a Republican, but she's nice just the same."

"She lets everyone ride in her car."

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fellows!

GHOULISH GOBLINS GAMBOL GAILY

The Sophomores threw their annual brawl—er—ball a week ago tonight, but they didn't throw it far enough! The antics displayed by the hosts, not to mention the guests, were enough to make the Hallowe'en spirits go back to the spirits. Among the distorted humans present was Sturgill, who told his innocent partner: "I have to go down in the locker room and break up a crap game." He really broke it up, all right!

Also, who was the humorist who kept trying to give the fodder shock the hot foot. Then there was the moron who kept monkeying with the lights. One minute it was as bright as Ridgely's humor and the next as black as the Hole of Calcutta! (And who says we're not working for a history credit, Miss Peck?)

The high peak of the evening, however, came when Buzzy dramatically announced that he had

lost the keys to the juke-box and we would have to put nickels in it! When Jimmy "Straw-Boss" Glenn informed him that no one had any nickels and that we were going to have to dance to Deiss' strumming of "Don't Ye Monkey Round My Widder When I'm Gone, Boys" on her guitar, the keys miraculously appeared.

The body you saw several "Sophs" carrying out was none other than Earl Dickens Wallace, Jr., who fainted when he found Miss West leaning against the wall, an icepick in one hand and in the other hand an empty bottle of—well, it wasn't Retonga!!!

Seen in a darkened corner: Hammet, calmly consuming a half gallon of cider. (No kiddin'!) Noted by all present was the expert toss with which he brought the jug to his shoulder. Despite all this, everyone had a swell time, even the "Sophs"!

"Between the Two of Us"

We sat at the small, wooden table in my lean-to. The room was full of flickering shadows as the candle danced in the sultry breeze brushing through the window. He had been sitting there watching my face with childish questioning on his own as he waited for my answer. When I spoke his eyes came to rest with mine. They were black slits, with a gleam of mad fire backing their glassiness. He closed his lids over those fiery balls and when he looked at me again, his mouth was in a grim, angry line. He did not look as though he even saw me this time, but as though he were prying, not just into my thoughts, but deep into my mind and churning, rechurning and grinding my words into his cannibal, imbecile mind.

His yellow, sallow face was a mask of hatred and horror. His hand, a mass of muscle and bone covered with tissue-thin, yellow skin, so large that it could cover two of a normal man's hands or crush one's skull with a simple twist, fell from the table to the handle of his knife at his waist-belt, his muscles flexing behind his bony knuckles and his nails clawing into his palm. His grasp tightened and I realized by the sudden gleam that he had drawn his crude native weapon. The steel was curved wickedly and the heel was

jagged and had slight stains of dark reddish-brown upon it. I watched the knotty fingers rub the cruel blade, slowly, methodically, back and forth.

I raised my eyes to his face to watch the terrible, death-set lines for any change in mood or expression. It was as though I sat across from a dead man. His lips twitched slightly, and I could see the muscles in his strong jaw harden. The clock on the table near by chimed out the hour and ticked on serenely, oblivious of the tense scene between a native so deeply hurt that only a feeling of revenge or coward's escape could strike his mind and sneak with a cold shiver into his sinful mind and soul; the other man, myself. My mind was snapped back from the small incidents of the past which had strayed it from my precarious position, by a dull thud. The man was still; the knife had dropped to the floor near his feet.

I ran my fingers over the blade. It was damp so that I held my fingers under the soft, dim glow of the candle. Blood! I returned my horrified gaze to the man who sat on the bench gazing steadily ahead of himself. Dead! So, he had made his choice, "Between the Two of Us."

'LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, BABE—'

We'll Bring Your Dishpan Back, Or Woes of Those Who Goes On Scrap Drivels

It was practically 9 o'clock, when after several consultations with Mr. Ginger and Dr. Adams, which is what we spend most of our time doing anyway, all 27 of us piled into Scott's blitzcoupe. Hours later, hanging on or off the truck, we rapidly approached our first customer, who is not at home; has no 'crap and frankly, has no house. In other words, it was a vacant house. Undaunted, we next attacked Gush's premises as he admitted to junk in the joint. Merrily, he donated his entire bottle-top collection to the cause—Pepsi-Cola, of course.

Business picked up slightly when Bunkie donated the Wilkie's furnace, but later Mrs. Wilkie called up and we had to bring it back. Somehow we ended up in Munich's junk shop, but as he was in the same business himself, he did not donate anything.

Returning from our first (but not our last!) wild goose chase, we saw another truck parked in front of a famous—you might even say notorious—junk yard. A familiar figure was bending and straightening, bending and straightening, pumping, pumping — and as we came closer we found James "Needles" Mulloy busying himself around a tire, with the pumper, "Laffy" Sturgill, in a mood to re-enact a famous scene from Dick Tracy.

We then stopped at the Glenn den, where Jimmy resurrected some articles of clothing suitable for scrap hunting, having been rejected by Russian Relief. Anyway, it was a hot day, and a little ventilation never hurt anybody, did it, Robin?

Spying a huge pile of scrap in front of a house, we skidded to a stop, and with merry screams of glee, the willing workers, all 79 of them, piled out and fell to—only to find somebody fixing their roof.

Next stop was a few vacant houses, from which we got bathtubs and—prize of prizes!—Fred discovered other articles of plumbing, which were soon on their way to the junk yard.

Finally, after again failing to dislodge Robin on Betty Ree's gatepost, we quit hunting. We're still agonizing over how to split \$1.83 among 13 people. Any suggestions?

JIM'S JABBERIN'

Today —, ah —, students and scholars, the old professor will present a discourse and dissertation on the subject of the "soap-operas" or "mid-morning dramaettes" as they might be more politely termed. This is a topic of widespread interest, even to the extremities of the polar regions. (I have it from reliable sources that certain educated penguins listen regularly to "The Trials and Tribulations of Trudy.")

After much hard work in collaboration with Dr. Gallup, I have gathered statistics which prove conclusively that (1) "It's Luckies, Two-to-One," (2) Royal Crown Cola has a "distinctive," to say the least, flavor, and (3) that at least seventy per cent of the people born last year were babies! Also uncovered in my extensive and profound research and investigation was the fact that nine out of every ten people that can hear listen to soap operas.

Undoubtedly, the quality which attracts such extenuated comment is that of suspense! What greater suspense than barely to get the fair Druselida pushed over the

brink when a booming basso blares at you to "Listen in tomorrow. Will Druselida be mangled on the murderous rocks below? Will Ronald arrive in time? Will Anna-belle's agony end in the sublime tranquility of the little Arkansas cabin? Will—" (Aw, shut up! You 'hams' always overdo your part!)

Some of these gushing stories have their good points; however, the majority are a far cry from sanity. In my humble estimation, no gal could be as ignorant as Helen Trent, who has been trying for seven years to "regain romance even at thirty-five and beyond." Every time she fails in her recapturing attempts, she has to get a new sponsor. Also in this same category is "Just Plain Murgatroid" who is billed as a "simple barber, living a simple life in the simple little town of Bucktooth in the simple surroundings of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

And, so, friends, I leave you with this conclusion: if you must listen to these abominable products of the imagination, keep the radio turned down so I don't have to!!

SOUGHT AND STRAYED HELP WANTED

Wanted—Someone to help light the ovens in the Home Ec room for Vella Wise. Apply in person. Only 4-F and 26-Z need apply.

Wanted—Promoters for the play "Let Me Come Back." Good wages; STEADY hours. Write U-H box 108 in own handwriting.

NOTICES

Arthritis and rheumatism are relieved by "The Ginger Treatment." Dr. Lyman Ginger, Locker 16, phone U-R Next.

Spanish taught by experienced teacher. For appointment call after 2:15. (Don't get out of class until then!) DAL 907 and ask to speak to Mr. Thorp.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—Script for radio play. Please return to Director Briggs.

Found—Strayed to my place one 4-F male human. Owner may have said by identifying and paying for ad. Call FU, 230. Ask for Pugazzi.

Lost—One deformed solid figure from the Biology room. Essential material, badly needed. Return to Mrs. Mercer.

Wanted—Votes for Gush Foushee. He ain't running for nothing yet. Just creating friendly relations.

DRIVE IN — SAVE 15%

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DRIVE IN — SOUTH LIME AT EUCLID
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Shoes for Men, Women

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Children

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LEXINGTON, KY.

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— VISIT —

BASEBALL BATTING PRACTICE

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WORLD'S GREATEST INDOOR COURT GAME

Daily Practice Will Keep You Physically Fit

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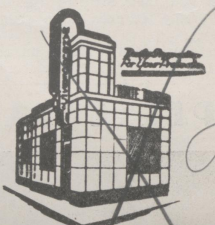
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PHONE 2000

6 Trucks to Serve You

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15% Discount Curb Service



WHITE TAVERNS
GOOD COFFEE
5c HAMBURGERS 5c
300 E. MAIN
518 W. MAIN 113 N. LIME

STUDENTS

Hey! Hey!

Bradley says, quote

We are practically the only people in town to furnish Box Candy —

It's Stevens

NUF CED.

Come and See Us

We'll Bargain

BRADLEY'S

MAIN and WALNUT

Lad Simpson Goes To War Ex-U-hian Joins Marines

Suddenly, the English room door flew open. Blond, hard-jawed Lad Simpson breezed in confidently wearing the wide mischievous smile so familiar to all present in the English class. "Miss Anderson, I've come to tell you all goodbye."

After graduating from U-Hi last year, a year ahead of his group, Lad became the second U-Hian to enlist in the Marines and was now waiting call to active duty.

Lad Simpson was late to class that day in the English room as had been his habit during five years at U-Hi, but no reprimand was forthcoming. Miss Anderson said only, "Larry, do you want to take your old place in class and sit in with us for a while?"

Lad had been one of the fifteen of us who, feeling frightened and insignificant, had come under Miss Shipman's guidance in the fall of 1937. Strictly a character, he had disrupted entire class periods with his antics and gift for gab periodically.

His classmates will always remember Simpson as the Spirit of Democracy, the revolutionist who revolted merrily only because that was his undeniable, enjoyable right.

To the fellow he was sitting beside in the English class, Larry whispered noisily, "You know, I feel sorry for you poor suckers slaving at school every day, while I'm

out there getting myself a Jap."

Those in the class who knew Lad will never forget the time he talked Murphy into jumping out a second story window or the day Lad passed in the final trig exam with correct answers in detail before the teacher had finished distributing the test copies among the other pupils. None present will ever forget the days and days he argued with Miss Peck, the crap games he started in dull classes, the weeks he spent dodging Miss Topham when she was casting a French play, or the time he left the building carrying Ponny's shoe after a teacher had removed him from class for "causing confusion." Ponny spent the rest of the day in only one shoe and Larry spent the rest of it at Jones'.

Lad wasn't listening to the lesson that day in English class. He hadn't said a word. But suddenly he snapped into role. Half rising he belted with mock sincerity in a false stage whisper. "Well, I can't stand any more of this. I'll be seeing you."

Quickly, straight and silent, Lad Simpson left the English room by the back door. As he left, his face was drawn strangely with the grim realization that our happy, wonderful group never again would be wholly assembled.

The next day, Larry was on his way to Los Angeles, the Marine training center.

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Principally, because it's the first newspaper this side of any place to boast no news of interest whatever to anyone. Our editorial policy is also slightly confusing. We support no candidates; we argue no political issues; we support nothing except our advertisers and the basketball team. The few issues we do take, we argue pro and con in all fairness (i.e., Should 18-year-olds vote?). The scandal column contains no scandal; the headlines are meaningless; Nothing in Particular is written about everything in general; and the masthead contains practically nothing at all. Glancing down this page, your eyes might

even feast upon a 2 by 3 ad stating simply, "Compliments of an Enemy." (Sponsored by a rival who ruefully paid for the space in lieu of leaving us room for one more feature—or a reader with the same idea.)

But hidden behind gruesome piles of telephone books, accounting books, address books, odds books and perhaps a dozen pale yellow, stale corners of ancient Swiss cheese sandwiches (left over from last year's staff) lies the imaginary office of our most unique branch—the enterprising subscription department.

We boast two circulation clerks for every subscriber, a genuine record. Also, our paper is the most expensive in history; average cost for publication \$32 per subscriber. Average collection from same: 7 cents per copy. Luckily though, our mailing costs seldom exceed one and one-half cents per issue. Uniquely also, every subscriber gets his name mentioned twice per issue.

We thought you'd catch on sooner or later. Our circulation is one—John Sherman Horne, Jr., is our only subscriber. Messrs. Simpson, Marlowe and an agent for the bashful Herbert Mulder have at one time attempted vainly to spoil our uniqueness by adding their names to the subscriptions record. After they'd pawed over the first two issues, we didn't even have to discourage them. But now, due to painful pecuniary problems such as six-page issues, we honestly request the privilege of sending subscriptions to your sons away in the army, and anyone else in the family who can read, at 75 cents per annum, and, dear advertiser, in reference to our circulation—we were only kidding.

You Are Always Welcome
BAYNEHAM'S
Shoes of Distinction
135 E. MAIN ST.

Students Befuddle Ration Book Seekers And Vice-Versa.

During the last three days of the week of October 13, a large assortment of strangers wandered bewilderedly through these halls, murmuring sheepishly, "C'n ya tell me where I c'n get my book fours?" Also, for three days, flustered music groups crowded into the tiny music office, the radio cast rehearsed its ill-fated play in room 131, and confused teachers were unable to check last hour rolls as cries of "Oh, he's rationing today" greeted every absence.

What, then, was behind all this? Why, the O.P.A., of course! The time had merely rolled around for ration book four to join books one, two, and three, and our Alma Mater was one place of registration.

As applicants finally wandered into the auditorium (this after they had found "...where I c'n get my book fours," of course) they were met by a receptionist, whose job it was to check all applications. Having passed this obstacle, the applicant was confronted by a row of six registrars. After selecting the least formidable-looking, the registrant perched nervously on the edge of his chair while his application blanks were being re-checked. And here enter the problems that make rationing so tedious. After an hour of finding "Katie" on the application and "Katherine" on book three, or four old books and five applications for the same family, the less-hardy volunteers are ready to call it quits.

Of course, there was a humorous side to rationing, too.

For example, such comments as, "I'm really forty-two, but put down thirty-eight" and "Heavens, that can't be all the children! Oh, yes—Betsy!" And then there was the following conversation:

Registrar: "May I have your age, please?"

Applicant: "Certainly not. I refuse."

Registrar: "I'm really not interested personally, but it must be on your application."

Applicant: "Oh, well—if you have to—put down forty-one."

Registrar: "Very well. And this son—how old is he?"

And the applicant, never batting an eye, replied, "Oh, he's thirty-five!"

And so it goes—never a dull moment when there's rationing to be done!

**U-N-O
JONES**
SOUTH 407 LIME
GOOD EATS
LOTS A FUN
Let's Go Gang!

Try Our Good
Home Cooked Meals
also
SHORT ORDERS
and SANDWICHES

R. & S. GRILL
856 E. HIGH
PHONE 3946

Graduate Field Is Now At Yale

Jack Field, '43 graduate of University High School, visited in Lexington recently. Jack had just finished his first four months' term at Yale University, and returned home in the period of vacation before the beginning of the next quarter.

Jack is taking a course in Chemical Engineering at Yale, where he is one of the 1,000 civilian students on the campus. The rest of the student body is composed of 5,500 Army and Navy men. Jack is under no military training program at present, but plans to take the test for V-12 training in the near future. He is at present a member of the staff of the **Yale Weekly Digest**, for which he writes headlines and news stories.

Some of the classes he attends are novel and interesting, for example, a class in reading, in which the purpose is to teach the students to read and grasp what they read more quickly. At the end of the quarter, only one exam is given each day, but studying is frequently interrupted by practice blackouts.

While in his Senior year at University High, Jack was editor of the **U-Hi Lights**, a member of the National Honor Society, of H-Y, of the Student Council, a member of the Basketball team, and a member of the Senior Play cast.

Advertise in U-High Lights.
Everybody in town reads it.

Cherokee Pharmacy
Incorporated
"Where Quality Reigns"
1701 SOUTH LIMESTONE ST.
PHONE 3213

kWlZ kOLUm

Question of discussion: What is your favorite way of transportation to the "Old Hall of Learning?"

Answers from the "Kitties":

Mecan: Not at all!!

Beebe: By Broadway with Fugazzi.

Fugazzi: Down Broadway. No reason? Oh, yeah!

Buddy Wallace: (This one will kill you.) Piggy back, it's less crowded.

Underwood: By the Avon bus, that way I miss first hour.

Harris: Walking. Because of whom I walk with. (We wonder who, don't we?)

Glenn: By way of Tudor Hall, Indianapolis. P.S. It's a girls' school. WOW!

"Hughe" Hammet: I like a car. It's less straining on the constitution. How about an "A" for this boy, Miss Peck?

Morton: My motor scooter. So I can play havoc with the pedestrians.

Ritchie: My mother's blitz buggy the days you don't have to push.

Miss A: Anyway. Just so it's Saturday.

Go see these advertisers next time you're out their way. They're our friends.

**We Finish
Your Films
--- And How!
L. MICHAELS
Photo Supplies**



Sweater and Skirt

COMBINATIONS
for
COMFORT AND VERSATILITY

The sweater is a soft nubby pullover (100% wool, of course) in luscious shades of yellow, blue, pink and wood brown. Hand fashioned and sewn. Sizes 34 to 40. Shetland classic-type skirt. 100% wool, sizes 12 to 20.

MEYERS
340 W. MAIN

Korruption Korner

Man of the week: Mr. Ginger for putting up with the antics of Horne and Morton in chemistry. (Plug: all those wishing to sign up in said class please see aforementioned instructor.)

Idea of the week: Frank "Don't-swoon-on-my-shoulder" Sinatra as a corny crooner of the familiar love-sick westerns.

Moron of the week: Fred Luigart for pulling the following boner: (Scene—local pool table)

Griffin: Let's play rotation. Luigart: I thought we came here to play pool.

Silly thought of the week: The honored and respected question mark members of the staff of the Hi-Lights getting their assignments in on time. (Ed note: You can say that again!) (K.K. note: Not unless you give me more than a hundred and forty words!)

Question of the week: What has happened to the crack-pot that used to wander around in the halls during last hour, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Where's the janitor?"

GHOULISH GOBLINS GAMBOL GAILY

The Sophomores threw their annual brawl—er—ball a week ago tonight, but they didn't throw it far enough! The antics displayed by the hosts, not to mention the guests, were enough to make the Hallowe'en spirits go back to the spirits. Among the distorted humans present was Sturgill, who told his innocent partner: "I have to go down in the locker room and break up a crap game." He really broke it up, all right!

Also, who was the humorist who kept trying to give the fodder shock the hot foot. Then there was the moron who kept monkeying with the lights. One minute it was as bright as Ridgely's humor and the next as black as the Hole of Calcutta! (And who says we're not working for a history credit, Miss Peck?)

The high peak of the evening, however, came when Buzzy dramatically announced that he had

lost the keys to the juke-box and we would have to put nickels in it! When Jimmy "Straw-Boss" Glenn informed him that no one had any nickels and that we were going to have to dance to Deiss' strumming of "Don't Ye Monkey Round My Widder When I'm Gone, Boys" on her guitar, the keys miraculously appeared.

The body you saw several "Sophs" carrying out was none other than Earl Dickens Wallace, Jr., who fainted when he found Miss West leaning against the wall, an ice-pick in one hand and in the other hand an empty bottle of—well, it wasn't Retonga!!!

Seen in a darkened corner: Hammet, calmly consuming a half gallon of cider. (No kiddin'!) Noted by all present was the expert toss with which he brought the jug to his shoulder. Despite all this, everyone had a swell time, even the "Sophs"!

"Between the Two of Us"

We sat at the small, wooden table in my lean-to. The room was full of flickering shadows as the candle danced in the sultry breeze brushing through the window. He had been sitting there watching my face with childish questioning on his own as he waited for my answer. When I spoke his eyes came to rest with mine. They were black slits, with a gleam of mad fire backing their glassiness. He closed his lids over those fiery balls and when he looked at me again, his mouth was in a grim, angry line. He did not look as though he even saw me this time, but as though he were prying, not just into my thoughts, but deep into my mind and churning, rechurning and grinding my words into his cannibal, imbecile mind.

His yellow, sallow face was a mask of hatred and horror. His hand, a mass of muscle and bone covered with tissue-thin, yellow skin, so large that it could cover two of a normal man's hands or crush one's skull with a simple twist, fell from the table to the handle of his knife at his waist-belt, his muscles flexing behind his bony knuckles and his nails clawing into his palm. His graps tightened and I realized by the sudden gleam that he had drawn his crude native weapon. The steel was curved wickedly and the heel was

jagged and had slight stains of dark reddish-brown upon it. I watched the knotty fingers rub the cruel blade, slowly, methodically, back and forth.

I raised my eyes to his face to watch the terrible, death-set lines for any change in mood or expression. It was as though I sat across from a dead man. His lips twitched slightly, and I could see the muscles in his strong jaw harden. The clock on the table near by chimed out the hour and ticked on serenely, oblivious of the tense scene between a native so deeply hurt that only a feeling of revenge or coward's escape could strike his mind and sneak with a cold shiver into his sinful mind and soul; the other man, myself. My mind was snapped back from the small incidents of the past which had strayed it from my precarious position, by a dull thud. The man was still; the knife had dropped to the floor near his feet.

I ran my fingers over the blade. It was damp so that I held my fingers under the soft, dim glow of the candle. Blood! I returned my horrified gaze to the man who sat on the bench gazing steadily ahead of himself. Dead! So, he had made his choice, "Between the Two of Us."

'LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, BABE—'

We'll Bring Your Dishpan Back, Or Woes of Those Who Goes On Scrap Drivels

It was practically 9 o'clock, when after several consultations with Mr. Ginger and Dr. Adams, which is what we spend most of our time doing anyway, all 27 of us piled into Scott's blitzcoupe. Hours later, hanging on or off the truck, we rapidly approached our first customer, who is not at home; has no -crap and frankly, has no house. In other words, it was a vacant house. Undaunted, we next attacked Gush's premises as he admitted to junk in the joint. Merrily, he donated his entire bottle-top collection to the cause—Pepsi-Cola, of course.

Business picked up slightly when Bunkie donated the Wilkie's furnace, but later Mrs. Wilkie called up and we had to bring it back. Somehow we ended up in Munich's junk shop, but as he was in the same business himself, he did not donate anything.

Returning from our first (but not our last!) wild goose chase, we saw another truck parked in front of a famous—you might even say notorious—junk yard. A familiar figure was bending and straightening, bending and straightening, pumping, pumping — and as we came closer we found James "Needles" Mulloy busying himself around a tire, with the pumper, "Lafy" Sturgill, in a mood to re-enact a famous scene from Dick Tracy.

We then stopped at the Glenn den, where Jimmy resurrected some articles of clothing suitable for scrap hunting, having been rejected by Russian Relief. Anyway, it was a hot day, and a little ventilation never hurt anybody, did it, Robin?

Spying a huge pile of scrap in front of a house, we skidded to a stop, and with merry screams of glee, the willing workers, all 79 of them, piled out and fell to—only to find somebody fixing their roof.

Next stop was a few vacant houses, from which we got bath-tubs and—prize of prizes!—Fred discovered other articles of plumbing, which were soon on their way to the junk yard.

Finally, after again failing to dislodge Robin on Betty Ree's gate-post, we quit hunting. We're still agonizing over how to split \$1.83 among 13 people. Any suggestions?

JIM'S JABBERIN'

Today —, ah —, students and scholars, the old professor will present a discourse and dissertation on the subject of the "soap-operas" or "mid-morning dramaettes" as they might be more politely termed. This is a topic of widespread interest, even to the extremities of the polar regions. (I have it from reliable sources that certain educated penguins listen regularly to "The Trials and Tribulations of Trudy.")

After much hard work in collaboration with Dr. Gallup, I have gathered statistics which prove conclusively that (1) "It's Luckies, Two-to-One," (2) Royal Crown Cola has a "distinctive," to say the least, flavor, and (3) that at least seventy per cent of the people born last year were babies! Also uncovered in my extensive and profound research and investigation was the fact that nine out of every ten people that can hear listen to soap operas.

Undoubtedly, the quality which attracts such extenuated comment is that of suspense! What greater suspense than barely to get the fair Druselida pushed over the

brink when a booming basso blares at you to "Listen in tomorrow. Will Druselida be mangled on the murderous rocks below? Will Ron-ald arrive in time? Will Anna-belle's agony end in the sublime tranquility of the little Arkansas cabin? Will——" (Aw, shut up! You "hams" always overdo your part!)

Some of these gushing stories have their good points; however, the majority are a far cry from sanity. In my humble estimation, no gal could be as ignorant as Helen Trent, who has been trying for seven years to "regain romance even at thirty-five and beyond." Every time she fails in her recapturing attempts, she has to get a new sponsor. Also in this same category is "Just Plain Murgatroid" who is billed as a "simple barber, living a simple life in the simple little town of Bucktooth in the simple surroundings of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

And, so, friends, I leave you with this conclusion: if you must listen to these abominable products of the imagination, keep the radio turned down so I don't have to!!

SOUGHT AND STRAYED HELP WANTED

Wanted—Someone to help light the ovens in the Home Ec room for Vella Wise. Apply in person. Only 4-F and 26-Z need apply.

Wanted—Prompters for the play "Let Me Come Back." Good wages; STEADY hours. Write U-H box 108 in own handwriting.

NOTICES

Arthritis and rheumatism are relieved by "The Ginger Treatment." Dr. Lyman Ginger, Locker 16, phone U-R Next.

Spanish taught by experienced teacher. For appointment call after 2:15. (Don't get out of class until then!) DAL 907 and ask to speak to Mr. Thorp.

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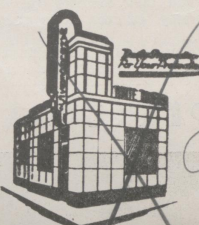
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Jack Field, '43 graduate of University High School, visited in Lexington recently. Jack had just finished his first four months' term at Yale University, and returned home in the period of vacation before the beginning of the next quarter.

Jack is taking a course in Chemical Engineering at Yale, where he is one of the 1,000 civilian students on the campus. The rest of the student body is composed of 5,500 Army and Navy men. Jack is under no military training program at present, but plans to take the test for V-12 training in the near future. He is at present a member of the staff of the Yale Weekly Digest, for which he writes headlines and news stories.

Some of the classes he attends are novel and interesting, for example, a class in reading, in which the purpose is to teach the students to read and grasp what they read more quickly. At the end of the quarter, only one exam is given each day, but studying is frequently interrupted by practice blackouts.

While in his Senior year at University High, Jack was editor of the U-Hi Lights, a member of the National Honor Society, of Hi-Y, of the Student Council, a member of the Basketball team, and a member of the Senior Play cast.

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Question of discussion: What is your favorite way of transportation to the "Old Hall of Learning?"

Answers from the "Kitties":

Mecan: Not at all!!

Beebe: By Broadway with Fugazzi.

Fugazzi: Down Broadway. No reason? Oh, yeah!

Buddy Wallace: (This one will kill you.) Piggy back, it's less crowded.

Underwood: By the Avon bus, that way I miss first hour.

Harris: Walking. Because of whom I walk with. (We wonder who, don't we?)

Glenn: By way of Tudor Hall, Indianapolis. P.S. It's a girls' school. WOW!

"Hughe" Hammet: I like a car. It's less straining on the constitution. How about an "A" for this boy, Miss Peck?

Morton: My motor scooter. So I can play havoc with the pedestrians.

Ritchie: My mother's blitz buggy the days you don't have to push.

Miss A: Anyway. Just so it's Saturday.

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Man of the week: Mr. Ginger for putting up with the antics of Horine and Morton in chemistry. (Plug: all those wishing to sign up in said class please see aforementioned instructor.)

Idea of the week: Frank "Don't swoon-on-my-shoulder" Sinatra as a corny crooner of the familiar love-sick westerns.

Moron of the week: Fred Luigart for pulling the following boner: (Scene—local pool table)

Griffin: Let's play rotation.

Luigart: I thought we came here to play pool.

Silly thought of the week: The honored and respected question mark members of the staff of the Hi-Lights getting their assignments in on time. (Ed note: You can say that again!) (K.K. note: Not unless you give me more than a hundred and forty words!)

Question of the week: What has happened to the crack-pot that used to wander around in the halls during last hour, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Where's the janitor?"

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SPORTS PAGE

BASKETBALL SESSIONS START

GINGER PACES PURPLES

Under the direction of Coach Lyman Ginger, U-Hi's 1943-44 crop of Purple cagers started swishing the nets Monday, October 20.

A few days before, Coach Ginger had called a meeting of Purple hopefuls and explained the situation. New uniforms, he said, would be ordered and new shoes could be obtained by any of the boys who wanted to get them through the school, free of ration stamp number 18. The schedule would be bigger and tougher than previously, but, he added, U-Hi can have as good a team as it is willing to work for.

Certainly, size won't be a handicap, for there are at least ten boys averaging six feet in height and close to 160 pounds in weight. Experience, also, will be on the Purple's asset column, many of the boys having played since the eighth grade.

The first day of practice saw about twenty-two boys, increasing to twenty-six as the week went by. The accent was on fundamentals, pivoting, chest-passes, crisp shooting, and dribbling, and on Tuesday there was a short scrimmage.

Because of the refinishing job being done on the gym floor, practice has been rather irregular with a few practices in the University gym annex and varsity gym, but two weeks of steady drilling and scrimmage is assured before the Purples meet the first opposing quintet, November 25.

It is rather uncertain now just exactly who will wear the Purple and White when the opening whistle blows, but the strongest contenders seem to be: Centers—Allen and Willmott; forwards—McMeekin, Wilkie, Beebe, Wallace, and Hammet; guards — Wachtman, Underwood, Horine, and Griffin.

SPORTS QUIZ

...Question: Who do you think was the best ballplayer in the major leagues this year?

Bobby Brewer: "Spud" Chandler, I believe, was the most important player to his club. He had the lowest earned run average of any pitcher in either league.

Tom Underwood: Ernie Lombardy, because he is the best catcher there ever was.

Robin Griffin: Johnny Vander Meer because he was the only pitcher who could beat the American League in the All Star game.

Buddy Wallace: Joe Gordon, because of his fielding record in the World Series.

Kent Hollingsworth: Kent, being a St. Louis fan, made the following statement: "Stan Musial was the best player because of his batting record and also his World Series records."

Jimmy Glenn: Joe Gordon, because he is the most consistent ball player in either league. His consistent batting did much toward bringing the Yankees to the World Series.

Blue Devils Defeat Danville Gridders

There may be other nights like October 15, but the Henry Clay Blue Devils hope not. They got started on the wrong foot against the Danville Admirals in the clash of the two teams at Stoll field and weren't able to overcome the margin which came in the form of an early Danville safety. Consequently, the Admirals won, 8-6, to remain undefeated within the Central Kentucky Conference, while Henry Clay suffered its first loss of the season.

Carroll Jacobs, playing his last game for Henry Clay before entering the Air Corps, spun off right tackle for the score from 10 yards out, but Danny Beam's kick for the extra point was to the left and no good. Danville's other score came when Joe Brummett circled his right end for five yards and a score.

U-HI GIRLS CONTINUE INTRAMURALS

Badminton has gotten underway for the girls every Tuesday from 2:30 to 3:30. The tournament will probably start within a few weeks. The tennis tournament has been postponed until Spring because of unfavorable weather conditions. The first-round has not yet been completed.

The girls are still helping at the hospital certain days of each week. On Mondays they roll bandages and serve as errand girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Sara Hall won the archery tournament and will receive an emblem with the year on it.

Want your name mentioned in U-High Lights, students? Two cents in "Jim's Jabberin'," five cents elsewhere.

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BY
MORRIS BEEBE

The floor is sanded and basketball practice has begun. Mr. Ginger is a wise and capable coach, working with a tall but inexperienced bunch of boys. What does this add up to? Few people would venture a guess. Mine would be that it all adds up to a plenty swell season.

The Lafayette Generals, under the direction of Coach Bobby Burns, have also started dusting off the old basketball nets. From all reports they are set on recapturing the State championship. Good luck, Generals; but watch out for the Purples.

In talking with some of the boys around school, I have sensed a rather general desire for a basketball game with Coach John Heber's Henry Clay Blue Devils. We have not been on the Demons' schedule for the past few seasons, but we are hoping for a game this year. That is, if Coach Heber consents.

Alumnus Larry Hammet is now a full-fledged cadet in the Army Air Corps. He is stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Good luck, "Ham."

Another alumnus, Frank (Set-it-up-fellers) Leach, is also active this fall. Frank is a freshman at the University of Kentucky by day and a Leader sports writer by night. Besides this, he still participates actively in the club that he helped organize last winter. Nice going, Frank! Keep up the good work.

RUPPMEN UNDER MOTION

"Get those rebounds, forwards, and please, Gorham, look at the basket when you shoot," the "Baron of Basketball," Adolph Rupp hysterically screams as his once anemic looking squad slowly, but surely, turns into the high-scoring, precision-like ball club that so greatly characterizes a Kentucky quintet.

At the first of the season, the Wildcat basketballers, brought to the Alumni gym chiefly from Kansas, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia, started out raggedly and unconfident. Nervousness naturally tensed their muscles as they felt the talent-seeking eyes of Rupp upon them. As a result the ball evaded anxious awaiting hands and the ball bounced off the backboard far from the iron hoop of glory. But after a week or so the gym no longer looked as big as Yankee Stadium and their bodies lost a lot of sustained tension. Basketballs started to tear the shreds of the Wildcat nets to more shreds and scores were beginning to run higher than 4-2.

Schu and either Whitehead, another lad of six feet and over, Demoisey, or Allen will probably be forwards for the Cat ball bouncers. The battle for the right to serve at guard with Moseley is strictly between Johnson of Mt. Sterling (remember?), Harry (the Moose) Gorham, Parker, and Fox, a boy from Indiana's hardwoods. So far it's between U-Hi and Mt. Sterling (Johnson and Gorham). Come on, U-Hi!

All in all, it looks like a possibly great war team has started on its long and treacherous.

U-HIANS ACTIVE ON THE COLONIAL LANES

Don Sturgill
Bowls Em Over

Once again U-Hi boys and girls trotted over to the Colonial Bowling Alley for a short game of ten pins. Mrs. Gibb led the way and for a small price you could imagine you were the world's greatest bowler. This air of superiority lasted only for a short time. After throwing two balls down the gutter and one at the pin boy I began to realize that this wasn't my day.

Don (Bouncing Bubble) Sturgill was the man of the hour with his three straight strikes. (Sounds like John L. Lewis.) Due to these strikes Sturgill broke an all-time record high score, the terrific sum of 100 (laugh).

Jarrin' Jake Graves and Jimmy (Flash) Glenn both had high hopes—but low scores. "Flash" kept going down the alley with the ball until we told him that the usual rules were to let loose of the ball.

Don (Dopey) Evans and Hal Steele tried to give lessons to Bob Tice, but Bob was satisfied with the 160's and 200's that he was bowling. I wonder why?

Judy Forman, Rosa Talbert, and other freshman girls were really great bowlers. Ah! What curves! Stokes, Van Meter, and several Junior girls startled everyone when they told us that they were giving 2-to-1 odds that they could hit the pin boy.

Next Tuesday we will again return to the Colonial for our daily exercise. See you then.

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COMMITTEES SELECTED BY WILKIE TO MAKE CHRISTMAS DANCE PLANS

Ritchie Heads Decoration Group; Wise, Horlacher In Charge of Bids and Music

The senior class will hold the annual Christmas dance on Friday, December 17, in the school gym.

The decorations will be in the usual Christmas motif—evergreens, mistletoe, and holly.

At a recent class meeting, the president, Bunkie Wilkie, appointed the following committees: music — orchestra, Frances Horlacher, chairman, and Esther Brumfield; no-breaks, Betty Sue Scott, chairman, Pat Evans, and A. P. Schneider.

Bids—printing, Vella Wise, chairman, Morris Beebe and Tommy Asbury; addressing, Ridgely Park, Greenberry Marshall, and members of the social committee; bid list, Tommy Underwood and Carolyn McMeekin.

Decorations, Glenna Ritchie, chairman, Eva Lewis, Jane Fugazzi, Jane Clark, Patsy Karsner, Nancy Skeen, Dianne Le Sturgeon, Ann Carter, and Cora Mae Strain.

Trees, Jake Graves, chairman, Harry Scott, George Willmott, Gene Marlowe, William Henry Allen.

Lights, Henry Foushee, chairman, Eli Powers, and Jimmy Steiner.

Faculty invitations, Lola Stokes, chairman, and Phyllis Valleau.

Finance, George Willmott, and Bunkie Wilkie.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

The basketball season opens tomorrow!! Now's the time to see: how our team's going to shape up this year—how our new cheerleaders perform—the G.R.'s and Hi-Y selling popcorn and peanuts to make you buy Pepsi—but if you imagine you see anybody selling candy (remember that stuff?) look again, brother!

A.L.O.F.V.

What is this we hear about our editor at play rehearsals? Influence of "Lady of Burlesque," no doubt.

Incidentally, it seems there's a show of this type playing in our own auditorium during lunch hour! Passes may be obtained from Onnie Tucker.

A.L.O.F.V.

That was a good play last Friday—we hear David Morton's expert sweeping made quite an impression on the Building and Grounds Department.

A.L.O.F.V.

Note to new students: When Miss Peck murmurs reverently, "There's a Muzzey in the back of the room," this does not: (a) call for a crack such as "where is daddy?" etc., or (b) mean that there is a furry panda-like animal peering around Webster's Pocket-size.

A.L.O.F.V.

And who is the moron—or should I say senior—who convinced Barbara that another senior is a full-blooded Mexican, who has lived in Mexico many years and can speak Spanish and many native dialects fluently!

The University High basketball team begins its 13th season and first under Coach Ginger against Athens Friday night in the U. of K. gym as the initial half of a twin bill for the War Chest. Starting time is 7:30 o'clock for the U-Hi-Athens fray and the second feature of the night, a continuation of the Henry Clay-Lafayette rivalry, is to start at 8:30. Admission for the two contests is 25 cents for students and \$1 for adults. See story on page 4.

Adams At Ashland Assembly as Speaker

Dr. Adams, acting director of the University Training School, spent Monday, November 8, 1943 in Maysville, attending a committee meeting on evaluating Maysville City High School. Upon arrival, the committee found that Maysville City High School had already evaluated themselves on their teaching and system of education. The committee had only to approve of their ratings, which they did.

Dr. Adams returned to Lexington and spoke at the Business and Professional Women's Club on Tuesday.

Wednesday, Dr. Adams went to Ashland, Ky., to attend the Eastern Kentucky Educational Association. On Friday he spoke at a luncheon to the School Administrators. He then returned to Lexington.

Miss Peck at Meeting Of Deans of Women

Miss Anna B. Peck, dean of girls at U-Hi, left yesterday afternoon for New York City where she will attend a meeting of the Executive Committee of National Association of Deans of Women.

Since Miss Peck is state president of Kentucky Association of Deans of Women, she was urged to attend this meeting. One of the highlights of the meeting will be a Thursday night dinner with the Council on Guidance and Personnel. She will return to Lexington on Saturday afternoon.

Scout Supervisor Schrotky Speaks

On Monday, November 8, 1943, Miss Oleda Schrotky of New York City, spoke in convocation. The topic of her talk was the importance of everyday living to high school boys and girls about whom she related a series of amusing and interesting incidents.

Miss Schrotky has always taken an interest in the stage and her ambition is to be able to give every boy and girl who wants it, the chance to act. She is an enthusiastic leader and participant in the Girl Scout organization and has produced a good many plays for individual Girl Scout groups.

In her discussion, she stressed courtesy as one of the chief characteristics that should be possessed by all high school boys and girls. She also maintained that courtesy should be included as a part of the allegiance to the flag.



Bunkie Wilkie, left, who played the lead, Michael Creighton, in the American Education Week play, "Let Me Come Back," presented by the dramatics class, November 12, reads from the blackboard as supporting members of the cast, Nancy Skeen and David Morton, look on.

WILKIE, SKEEN & CO. SCORE HIT IN DRAMA DIRECTED BY BRIGGS

Audience Very Receptive To Serious Drama; Cast Excels

On November 12, in conjunction with National Education Week, the University High dramatics class presented "Let Me Come Back," a one-act play by Jean M. Byers. The play deals with an American soldier, Michael Creighton, killed in action, who returns to his high school to tell the students what war really is.

The first scene shows Miss Lowry, an English teacher, and the janitor, Mr. Dennis, talking. Miss Lowry is discouraged and tired; Mr. Dennis tries to convince her that young people will have no time in the world of the future for poetry. Mr. Dennis leaves and Michael slips in, looking about the room reminiscently. He tells Miss Lowry that he must try to show the students how they will need all the knowledge they can gain, and she agrees to let him come back next day among the pupils.

The third scene opens to show a very changed Miss Lowry. Today she is happy and again enthusiastic about her work. Michael comes to say goodbye and she asks him to stay and help her. He cannot stay, but tells her that she is strong because she is needed. As Miss Lowry quotes softly from John Keat's "Endymion," Michael leaves. Mr. Dennis enters and asks if Michael

will be back next term. The play closes with Miss Lowry's words, "Yes, he'll be back next term—and the term after that, too. We may not see him, and he may not speak to us, but he'll be here—always."

The cast was as follows: Miss Lowry, Nancy Skeen; Michael, Bunkie Wilkie; Mr. Dennis, David Morton; Judith, Ridgely Park; Jim, Tom Underwood; Ray, Greenberry Marshall; Shirley, Glenna Ritchie; Doris, Betty Jo Underwood; other students, Lola Stokes and Peggy Berryman. Prompters were Lola Stokes and Peggy Berryman. The play was directed by Mr. Briggs, with Floye Mullinaux as assistant director. The stage crew was Henry Foushee and Harry Scott, and Betty Ree Rhoads was in charge of props.

Basketball Schedule

Nov. 23—Lancaster, here
Dec. 3—Williamstown, here
Dec. 4—Olive Hill, here
Dec. 7—Winchester, there
Dec. 10—Owingsville, there
Dec. 14—Open
Jan. 7—Lafayette, here
Jan. 11—Wilmore, here
Jan. 14—Open
Jan. 21—Athens, here
Jan. 22—Open
Jan. 25—Versailles, there
Jan. 28—Georgetown, there
Feb. 1—Clark County, here
Feb. 4—Lafayette, there
Feb. 8—Mt. Sterling, here
Feb. 11—Owingsville, here
Feb. 15—Georgetown, here
Feb. 18—Athens, there
Feb. 22—Wilmore, there
Feb. 25—Open

Jeep Campaign Set

The seventh grade set its goal in War Bond and Stamp sales for this year at \$75,000. If they sell this amount, they will be privileged to name a pursuit plane. On Pearl Harbor Day they are planning to hold a Jeep Campaign. If \$1,165 worth of bonds and stamps are sold on that day they may name a jeep.

The seventh grade class has voted down its Administration Committee which had been acting as a Junior Council. This body, which was to keep down running in the halls and other similar offenses, will no longer function.

CAFETERIA PLAN GOES IN NOV. 29

Plate Lunch to Include Extra Dish; Visitors Asked to Keep Out Until One

The University High School Cafeteria committee and Mrs. Ritchie, cafeteria manager, have worked out solutions to several problems concerning the cafeteria. Their recommendations are to go into effect after Thanksgiving.

The plate lunch will henceforth include one extra vegetable and the price has been advanced to 30 cents.

The committee requested that visitors stay out of the lunch line until 1 p.m. after students, faculty, and office workers in the building have been served.

Another proposal approved by the committee was that employees of the College of Education other than University School faculty members go to the cafeteria from 12:15 to 12:40, a slack time.

The elementary school bargain plate has been changed to include three smaller helpings instead of two as it now includes. The price has been reduced to 25 cents despite the 37 per cent increase in food costs.

Mrs. Ritchie suggested to the committee members, Miss Willson, Mr. Ginger, Miss Elliott, and Bunkie Wilkie, that several requests be made of faculty and students.

- (1) That tickets be bought between 8 and 9 o'clock.
- (2) That every effort be made to avoid breakage, since this results in higher food prices.
- (3) That students not handle food they do not buy.
- (4) That wrappers, bottle caps, etc., be left on tables or put on trays.
- (5) That students make food selections and pay cashier quickly to speed up line.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

SERVICE STARS

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Pvt. William Gabbert was recently home on leave from Camp Grant, Ill. He is attached to a surgical unit of the Medical Corps at that post.

Flight Officer Morton Maugans, pilot of a B-25 Marauder, with the Eighth Air Force in England, has been awarded the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters.

Maugans enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force July, 1943, after having learned to fly at the Lexington airport. He went overseas in October 1942 and transferred to the United States Army Air Forces in April of this year.

Flight Officer Maugans was graduated from University High in 1938.

Lt. David Trapp, Chemical Warfare Division of the United States Air Forces, is now based in Orlando, Florida, where he is aboard a "Skip" bombing plane. Lt. Trapp entered the Chemical Warfare Division of the Army in February of 1942, and upon graduation from Chemical Warfare school at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., he enlisted in the Air Forces and was based at Aberdeen, Md., until his transfer to Orlando.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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YOUR RED CROSS

The seventh and eighth grades under the direction of Miss Shipman are taking the lead in the Junior Red Cross project. This is supposed to be an activity in which the whole school takes a part. All high school classes except the senior class have enrolled. The enrollment is five cents a person in the high school and fifty cents a grade in the elementary.

The school has agreed to make fifteen checkerboards, thirty-six writing boards, four dart boards, and fifty lap boards.

Answer Michael's Challenge

The cast of "Let Me Come Back" is to be congratulated on its fine presentation in convocation Friday. As Mr. Briggs said, the play has a message for its audience. Most of its audience heard that message, as evidenced by the serious and occasional tearful expressions on their faces.

It is for these people that this is written. To those few who found humor throughout the play, this editorial can mean nothing.

To you who did "catch on," then, ask yourselves this question: I've seen the reasons why I should make the most of my educational opportunities, now what am I going to do about it?

It was easy to leave the auditorium in a thoughtful mood, saying to yourself, "I hope those kids *did* hear Michael, before it was too late." But did you stop to think that instead of "those kids," Michael was really talking to *you*? To you—the boy who will have your education interrupted—perhaps ended—by the war. To you—the girl who will go on to college or into business training and on into life.

Michael said that you never know when you will use the knowledge you possess. You only know that when the time comes to use it, you either have it or you don't. If you don't, it is too late to acquire it.

You have heard Michael. You are lucky. There is still time for you to gather the education he forsook and regretted forsaking. What are you going to do about it?

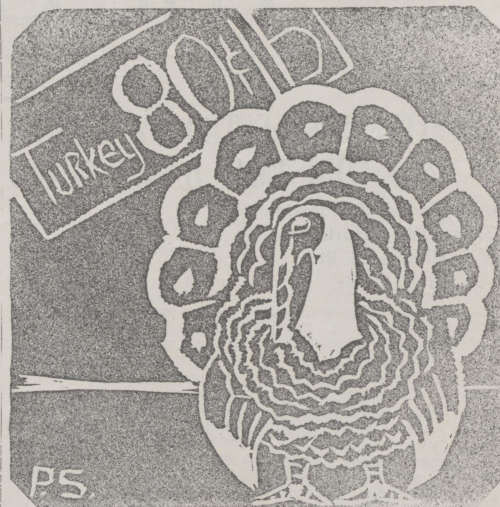
The Next V-12 Exam

You who intend to take the next V-12 exam have at least four months to prepare yourselves. The outcome of your exam will play an important part in the next few years of your life. It may mean the difference between getting a college education or not. To prepare for the test study English and mathematics—word-definitions and simple algebra and geometry—English and mathematics.

Thanksgiving 1943

There won't be a U. of K.—Tennessee football game November 25, but maybe that's something to be thankful for. Remember how many battle-royals for the beer-keg on past Thanksgiving days we wished we hadn't gone to. But we'll be thankful most of all that we live in a country where we can say anything about our leaders that we want to and the only way they can get even is by proving that we're wrong.

Let's Talk Turkey Thanksgiving Day I'm a Favored Son of the O.P.A.



FACULTY FOOLISHNESS

Webster says a library is "an apartment or building, devoted to a collection of books, etc., kept for use but not for sale." A librarian is "one who has the care of a library." Sounds simple, doesn't it? Yes, indeed... about as simple as running a three-ring circus!

The door opens, two seniors girls and a boy enter. "Has the paper come?" asks the boy. "When you get it fixed I want it first."

The girls sign library slips and one says, "We have to phone the Y for Girl Reserves and then stop by the Art room for some paste. We may be late."

"It won't take but one of you to do both things, and alone you'll get back sooner."

The one departs after bestowing a look which says, "What fun is it to phone alone and why can't I take her along? Teachers forget they were ever young like us."

The last bell rings, "My Day" has begun!

"I don't read much but I want a book for English. Do you have one with big print, about a hundred pages, easy to read, and nat-

urally, I'd like it to be interesting."

Strains of "Pistol Packing Mama" waft down the corridor. The quartet of Senior boys is returning from lunch and practicing as they amble along. The library occupants are very amused and must buzz buzz to their neighbors. I am about to eject some of them when the bell rings.

Last hour finds six or eight Freshmen ganging up at the encyclopedias chatting together. They are sent to study hall. "But we were talking about our history." Not too patiently I repeat for the umpteenth time that it doesn't matter what the talk concerns, the point is they are not to talk at all. "Has the new Saturday Review of Literature come yet?"

(Ah, at long last I have a literary soul aid for the finer things.) "Yes. Do you like the reviews in it?"

The student looks at me blankly—"Oh, no, I like the cartoons—they're keen!"

Yes, like running a three ring circus—never a dull moment!!

NOTHING ... in particular

Immediately when you land in the gigantic auditorium where the exam is being given, you don't feel so good. You look around you and see at least a thousand college students, mighty old and mighty sage looking, who are also there to take the test, but they don't look like they feel so good.

Two University personnel department girls are giving instructions. They don't look like they feel so good. Matter-of-factly, one reads the instructions—"This test is to be taken without any reference material whatever." This was very funny to Leach, but none of the 999 others laughed. Personally, I'm beginning to wish I'd brought a couple of pocket Muzzeyes and a Literature and Life along.

The test is passed out and Bigge passes out and after we've filled all the documentary data including name and age and matrimonial prospects, the shakal gal up front gives us the signal to begin. Only Eli Powers whom you're sitting by has been thinking of Silas or something all this time and hasn't got a pencil. Unperturbed, he just marks x's in the answer squares with his fingernails and you return to watching your own paper as you can't make out which squares he's x-ing.

For a page or three (thank you Miss Shipman.) the English word definitions are easy except that Leach does English better when he sings, and he sings now and there ain't nobody that can do anything scholastic when Leach sings except Leach who ain't nobody depending on how you look at it.

Suddenly, you get to about 35 definitions which you can't answer.

It's multiple choice stuff with seven numbered answers, only one correct. Having your mind in a rut to begin with and since she's the kind of girl who might have learned some long words from Owens, you begin marking the successive squares with Haley's telephone number—7-1-3-1-7-1-3 and so on until the math section which is very simple except that you don't get but four of the 325 match problems solved before the gal announces that the two hours are up. She collects them carefully, counts them and announces that we won't be allowed to leave the room. One test paper is missing and the war department will put us all in solitary confinement if it doesn't turn up.

Finally someone discovers Leach under a chair in the back of the room with the missing test. He'd answered each problem, written a 1000-word theme on why he'd chosen the navy as his career, checked everything twice and sung himself to sleep.

Sometime when you're bored with the convocation program, don't get up and walk out of the auditorium or throw your history work book at the participants or go to sleep. Instead, twist your neck around if someone's not leaning on it and take a gander at your fellow classmates. Up in front there's the fellow who announced the speaker. He's very attentive since he's gotta' act like he's listening whether he is or not.

Next to him sit the five senior boys who drown everyone out on the National Anthem. In every convocation for years, the speaker has made some reference to this group, such as calling them big or

dumb or handsome or in love, and instead of smiling at this pleasant poppycock, they go off into one of those long winded horse laughs calculated to lead the program into English period.

Immediately behind them, are two senior girls. They both wear blank expressions and stare fixedly at the speaker. One of them is in love with Bigge and not responsible for her actions; the other is just not responsible for her actions on general principles.

A few rows back of these Gibraltar-pusses (No, Miss Peck, we're not working for a history credit.) lie the Juniors who are all asleep except Horine who might as well be, so our penetrating gaze passes to the rear, the back, the Sophomores.

Glenn is combing his hair. Wallace is finishing his B level. (Give this boy an A, Miss Peck.) Della, Pat, and Joyce are tweeking Hugh Hammet's ears. Miss West is conking Trimble on the bonk because he just conked Griffin on the bonk. Onnie is still blushing on account of something she wore to school the other day.

Behind these illustrious (?) students (??) sit the faculty, veritable Napoleons (No, we ain't, Miss Peck), strong, sturdy and silent. Only they do a little whispering, too.

Hidden Desire

"But Miss West. You shouldn't be harsh. The Sophomores are really very gentle, subtle people."

Business Booming

Having paid their 5c apiece, the following students' names are mentioned herewith: Dal Thorpe; Jim Glenn; Jim Glenn; Jim Glenn; Jim Glenn. (He had only a quarter and needed a nickel for bus fare.)

Search Lights

An ash tray is something to put cigarette butts in when the room hasn't a floor.

* * *

The young daughter of a radio announcer, called upon to say grace at a family table, bowed her head and said in loud, clear tones: "This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God."

* * *

Miss Shipman: "Nancy, name five things that contain milk."

Nancy: "Butter, cheese, ice cream, and two cows."

* * *

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
But different somehow.
What is the difference
Oh, I see it just now
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

* * *

Dear Moron,

I sit myself down, pencil in hand, to typewrite you a letter while standing here doing nothing. Pardon the pen and ink.

I don't live where I lived before. I moved where I live now. When you come to see me, ask anyone 'cause no one knows.

I am sorry that we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart. We are having more weather this year than ever before.

Aunt Wally, who really isn't my aunt, died and is doing nicely. Hope you are doing the same.

My cousin has the mumps but she is doing a lot of things and having fun. She is near death's door and we hope the doctor can pull her through.

I started to Camp Livingstone to see you but remembered you weren't at Fort Riley. I laughed and started to Kansas. I saw a sign which read, "This sign takes you to Kansas." I got on the sign and sat there for three hours and the darn thing wouldn't move.

I am mailing you a coat by express. I cut off the buttons to make it lighter. You will find them in the top coat pocket.

If you don't get this letter, let me know and I'll mail it to you.

Our neighbor's baby swallowed some pins so I fed it a pin cushion and everything is all right now.

I would send you a five-dollar bill with letter but I sealed it before I thought of it.

Yours truly,

Moron No. 2

JIM'S JABBERIN'

The life around U-Hi is interesting to say the least. The noisy halls, the clanging lockers, and Mr. Briggs' voice above the din shouting "The bell has rung! Come on in here!!" Inspired by this, I shall today record for you a day in the life of a typical U-Hian.

Jingle! Jangle! Jingle. That noise isn't the proverbial spurs, so it must be that — alarm clock. Ho hum! Another day. Arising, I dash to the window, close it, and dash back to bed. Whereupon, a little man comes out of the alarm clock and beats me furiously until I get up.

Finally, after dunking my face, gulping my breakfast, and running briskly up the front walk, I enter old U-Hi. I am at once greeted by an assortment of horrible faces (i.e., Glenna Ritchie and Morton) who drone "Good morning."

Skidding to my locker, I jerk out a notebook and a French book. After knocking Mulloy all the way down the steps, I arrive at the classe de Francais. After forty-five minutes of "ou"-ing and "a"-ing, I'm off again.

The hall between 131 and the steps is a ??? track today and it takes me almost five seconds to reach the upstairs. There I hear voices from within Mr. Ginger's office—"But, Mr. Ginger, I can't get to school on time." It's the Barkers! After disentangling myself, I speed to the Latin room for English. (Confusing, isn't it?)

This is a rare class. Mr. B. keeps us in stitches.

Miss Peck puts up with us for an hour, but is saved from exhaustion only by the bell.

This summons home room — or shall I say, "round four"? It is truly a free-for-all. Marks, Barker, and Thompson get in one corner; Luigart, Brewer and Trimble in the other, and the battle begins!

And so to Physics—a verbal battle between yours truly and Brewer. This is usually ended by "Mac" who keeps talking about third class levers.

Geometry brings enlightenment indeed. Our poor instructor is haggled by questions such as "Why is the grass green?" for three-quarters of an hour. Finally, after proving angle one equals angle two, we again hear the ringing of the bell.

This is the most important period of the day—lunch! I race out of the room, sling my books in my locker on the run, and head for the cafeteria. There I am usually thirteenth in line. Oh, well, I never did like to digest my food. However, I do manage to down a goodly portion and on finishing, I stroll nonchalantly up to my locker, withdraw my tools, and haul them down the front steps, upsetting 7 Juniors. Then I take my post by the door of the English room and patiently wait for study hall.

With the end of study hall, basketball practice begins, and after a few hours of scrimmaging, I mount the steps of the bus and bump on home.

Glenn 'n Gallop Get Droll Poll

Inspired by the Republican victory, yours truly, in close cooperation and collaboration with Dr. George Gallup, held the bloody "Fizz Quiz." Results were actually amazing, one might say!

After recovering from the bombardment received from the Underwood fans, I took count and found that 50 per cent of the people in U-Hi thought Bunkie Wilkie was the most intelligent, 17 per cent thought Helen Deiss ranked first among the learned scholars, and 8 per cent of U-Hi bestowed the honor on Pat Patterson and Charles McMeekin.

The vote for the most egotistical ("conceited" to the Seniors) person in University High was quite a political shake-up. However, since the "machine must triumph," our friend, the "people's choice," Robert MacAfee Brewer IV, won with 35 per cent, second only with 20 per cent apiece were Harry Scott and Robert Trimble, and as U-Hi's third choice, we voted the Sophomore class in general 15 per cent. (Brewer wishes to thank his supporters.)

The most likeable person in U-Hi was a point of contention. We have come to Willie Allen's conclusion—"They're all good kids, they mean well." The figures show that 20 per cent of the U-Hians thought Ridgely Park the most likeable, 10 per cent thought Robin Griffin so, and 5 per cent liked Pat Thompson's "likeability" best.

Henry Foushee took top honors as the friendliest fellow around the little red schoolhouse with 30 per cent, a little less than 15 per cent thought "Mecan" was a friendly ol' gal, and Horine came through with 10 per cent of the votes.

The victims of "Ye Olde Haul of Larnin'" decided that Glenn was the funniest guy around with 40 per cent, Joe Mathews was the next biggest joker with 15 per cent, and Willie Allen pulled down 12 per cent of the votes.

The voting on the best looking boy in school landslided "sleek physiqued" Don Evans in with a big 40 per cent, Buddy Wallace carried 15 per cent, and James Mulloy had 12 per cent.

The best looking U-Hi girl was definitely decided to be Ann Carter with 30 per cent; Peggy Berryman was close behind with 25 per cent, and Joyce Barker swept through with 18 per cent. (Note to Miss West: All of the second year Latin class voted for you; don't you think that they deserve "A's"?)

"Ghoul Face" Glenn carried away the votes for the most horrible face in University School with 30 per cent, Sturgill was next biggest ghou with 20 per cent, and Jack Rogers rated 18 per cent of our votes! (Confidentially, Jack, we like that perpetual sneer!)

Bill Matlack swung the election for the saddest face with a big 20 per cent, Buzzy Myers and Gene Marlowe earned 10 per cent apiece, and the basketball squad voted Mr. Ginger 8 per cent on seeing his expression every time Brewer gums up the works!

And as for the person who uses the biggest variety of words, Deiss and Glenn are tied for first place with 20 per cent, Charlotte Garr and Underwood possessed themselves of 8 per cent apiece, and Pat Patterson brought down 5 per cent.

After checking the results of the election, we concluded, in addition to the other things, that Sken was the most interesting person, Beebe the most unpredictable, Beth Bicknell, the best all-around person, Frankie Horlacher the most talented, and Hugh Hammet, the "queer-of-the-year."



Which one will Mary Agnes decide on? Jimmie Steiner or Bobby Brewer? Bobby is "hot" on her trail but she seems to prefer Jimmy.

The hayride last week-end has supplied us with much interesting di—material. Obviously, Della, Pat, and Joyce wouldn't want their names mentioned, but we observed that the cold weather wasn't bothering them! Also, Champ almost got mad when a certain U-Hian kept detracting Della's attention!

Also among the notables were Jimmy Barker and Onnie Tucker. What's the matter, Onnie, can't you control your men?

We wonder what made Betty Joe Harris late that night? It couldn't have been a person by the name of Judy. She's sure been seeing a lot of him lately.

Has Griffin dropped Joyce for someone else? We haven't noticed him drooling over her lately.

What has happened to Beebe's love-life? He was going pretty strong for about a week or two. "Cootie," which is it to be, "Little Joe" or Jake Graves?

Ann Carter can't hold out on the U-Hi wolves much longer. We know all about these phone calls she gets from "Penny" at 8:30 in the morning.

What does Fred Luigart have that attracts Susie Stanfield. It must be something.

Interested bystanders at the hayride: Jake and Joyce Harris. Congratulations on your good taste, Jake!

Rumor has it that Pat Evans' heart goes "pitter patter" every time a certain Sophomore walks by! How about it, Pat? Also what's up with that University radio studio announcer?

It seems that a certain H. C. Rebel (R.M.) has been gazing toward U-Hi. One thing we know, he really had Rosa twitterpated over Friday night.

Wachtman and Marlowe were spotted out wolfing the other eve, have any luck boys?

Question of the week: Why does Winfree still blush at the mention of Pat Haley's name. Could you be concealing something? We wonder.

Would it be possible that U-Hi has a new and budding romance? Namely Carolyn Silas and Eli Powers. They were mighty chummy the other day as they left school "together."

Agnew's new love has come to rest on the Senior Class. His name is a secret but we have our ideas. Meanwhile what about Horine? You're slipping, Bub!

It seems most of the Sophomore girls are training their attention on Henry Clay's athletes and they seem to be doing all right, too.

What's Bunkie got that the other handsome males wish they did have! He's had the seventh grade girls in tears at the play, my! my!

We think Dan Evans should bring his love life out in the open. From all reports she's a junior and brunette. What's holding you back, Evans?

Barker opens his mouth.

Mentally unbalanced of the week: Luigart, for answering that R.F.D. stood for Rankin Felano Doozevelt in an I.Q. exam!

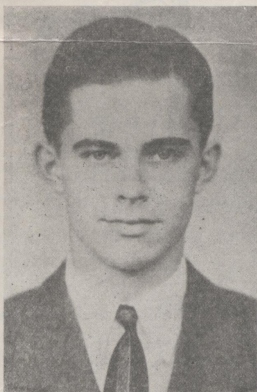
Silly thought of the week: Kent Hollingsworth six-feet-three and bass voiced.

Moron of the week: Robin Griffin for trying to get a job as a postman during the Christmas holidays. (I don't see anything wrong with being a fireman, do you?)

Song of the week: the new, but, oh, so familiar, Lubrication Song (a la Sinatra), "Oil or Nothing at Oil."

Occupation of the week: Printing, naturally, the copies of "Esquire," especially the Petty girls, in Braille!

PERSONALITY PARADE



Charles Francis McMeekin III

President of Junior Class
Basketball Team
U-Hi Lights Staff

He's the-boy-next-door who told you he didn't like red-nail-polish and you threw yours away. He's the guy you hiked with and discussed "Women!" You smoked your first cigarettes in his garage. When your Mother said, "Why don't you call up that nice Bud McMeekin" you liked him anyway—and that's going some! In short, he's a swell guy!

Of his fifteen years, Bud has spent twelve of them at U-High. He is scientific-minded and his favorite subjects are Math and Science. Although he hasn't made up his mind definitely, he would rather be an engineer of some kind and he plans to go to the University of Kentucky. While he's there he wants gas, four tires and a red convertible.

According to his favorite colors his personality is idealistic, ethereal (blue), and cheerful, optimistic

(yellow). His favorite foods are steak and French fried potatoes, "a jug of Ginger's peach likker, a loaf of bread and thou beside me—" The sports he spends the most time on are basketball, swimming and spin-the-bottle (first drink the liquid contents if the contents are "bottled in bond"!). He can watch "Bugs Bunny" by the eon, "he's my ideal!" and Dagwood reminds him of his own married life.

His pet peeves are: Robert Brewer, classical music, and popping chewing gum. "My ideal woman need not be beautiful, but a reasonable facsimile, she must have good manners and be a good conversationalist. She need not be well dressed—but, well—dressed!" In other words, he likes women in any shape, form or fashion but is partial to brunettes whose initials are Elizabeth Ann Bicknell.

And here is what people think: "He's faithful to Bicknell—damn it!"

"He's got what it takes—!"

"The Great Profile—"

"I should gripe, he does my Physics."

"He's lots of fun and very witty!"

"There are three things that impress me about Bud—his thoroughness about his work, his willingness to work in basketball, and his interest and perseverance in everything he undertakes." (Ed. note: A teacher!)

"Bud—he's strictly all right!!!"

"He's someone this school couldn't do without—!!!"

PERSONALITY
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Korruption Korner

Question of the week: Should we throw away our old Willie buttons or will our Bunkie come through? (After the Sixth Term, of course!)

Quotation of the week: (Mercy bucket, McMeekin.) It won't be a queer party unless Wachtman is there!!!

Physical wreck of the week: Student teacher Miss Ricketts in Sophomore English. Our heart goes out to you every time Jimmy

Barker opens his mouth. Mentally unbalanced of the week: Luigart, for answering that R.F.D. stood for Rankin Felano Doozevelt in an I.Q. exam!

Silly thought of the week: Kent Hollingsworth six-feet-three and bass voiced.

Moron of the week: Robin Griffin for trying to get a job as a postman during the Christmas holidays. (I don't see anything wrong with being a fireman, do you?)

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Occupation of the week: Printing, naturally, the copies of "Esquire," especially the Petty girls, in Braille!

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PURPLES OPEN SEASON FRIDAY

Ginger's Lads
Play Athens

Friday night will see Fayette county's four senior high school cage teams battling for supremacy on the hardwood of the University of Kentucky's fieldhouse. The two games, featuring U-Hi vs. Athens and Lafayette vs. Henry Clay, will be the first 1943-44 season games for all the teams and will be an indication of things to come on the floors of Lexington's gymnasiums the rest of the season.

The primary purpose of the night's entertainment is to raise money for the War Chest Fund which was over 13,000 dollars short of its quota last Monday. The gymnasium, whose capacity is 4,000, will probably be filled to overflowing not only with loyal followers of the Purples, Generals, Blue Devils and Athenians, but many other entertainment seekers of Lexington who remember the heated contests of past year's regional tournaments between Fayette county's cagers.

Although nothing is as uncertain as the winner of a basketball game, the Purples and Generals are favorites at the present. Athens has never had a strong team and Henry Clay hasn't begun basketball practice yet.

Coach Heber may make a football game out of the engagement with Lafayette. He told the members of his football squad who wanted to play in the game to meet him Wednesday afternoon and he would pick his starting five from among them. This will eliminate some of the Devil's best players.

Certainly both games promise plenty of excitement to spectators and players alike, for with all teams playing their first games and with such highly partisan fans, it looks like a rough and tumble affair with no holds barred may be in the offing.

BLUE DEVILS WIN

On Friday, November 12th the Henry Clay Blue Devils journeyed to Somerset to meet the Briar Jumpers in an annual grid battle.

The game was hard fought all the way, and Somerset was leading only 7 to 6 going into the last two minutes of play. Then Len Shouse, Devil tailback, speared a pass intended for a Briar Jumper end, and sprinted 65 yards for a Devil touchdown. Dan Beam missed the try for conversion, but this mattered little as the game was too near conclusion for the Jumpers to score again. The Demons won 12-7.

Outstanding for the Lexington boys were Len Shouse, Bill Roberts, Bob Walton, Wilgus Dinsmore, and Tom Given.

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JUNIOR TEAM
STARTS PRACTICE

Such anguished cries as, "Aw gee, you guys, sling the ball to me more; I ain't had a shot yet," can be heard once again echoing through old U-Hi's gym as the University High Purplettes begin to concentrate on Naismith's sport of basketball in a more serious manner.

This year Coach Ginger has booked eight games for his small, but potent, squad of junior high basketballers. Two games with Morton, two with Bryan Station, two with Lexington Jr., and two games with Lafayette all add up to a long and treacherous season.

On the whole the team will probably average a lengthy five feet. It appears that the powerful, shrewy "Cush" Gifford and our tall, massive friend, Charles Stern, will be the nucleus of the squad. For the guard positions Buddy (Dead-eye) Wilkie, Pete (Slim-Jim) Knapp, and our quiet little sparrow, Roger Hull will battle it out; however, according to that great authority, Bill Halbert, Halbert will undoubtedly be the star of the team.

Forwards for the Purples will probably be Birch, Stern, Glenn, and Utter. An addition of a basketball "court jester" may be added this year to the usual cheerleaders. His name—Worry-wart Winnegar.

SPORTS QUIZ

Question: Do you think we should have a basketball game with Henry Clay this year?

Mr. Griffin: Just say you could not find me.

Charles McMeekin: No, I don't think we should because we would beat them too bad.

Helen Deiss: Yes, because it would be a good game, and we could sell a lot of peanuts and stuff and make a lot of money for the Girl Reserves.

Pat Thompson: Yes, because I think we can beat them with the team we have this year.

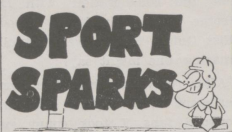
Bill Winfree: No, there is too much rivalry between the two schools, and a basketball game would just lead to disorderly conduct.

Junie Roberts: Yes, so the girls could see Henry Clay's flash, Len Shouse, perform before his U-Hi public.

Joyce Baker: Yes, we should play them, because I think we could beat them with the team we have.

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Let's Go Gang!



By Morris Beebe

Listen carefully sport fans? I have a very urgent request to make of all my readers (what readers? Oh well!). It would be appreciated by the editor if all comments on this column would be kept out of public places. The faculty has complained about the profanity used around school.

Did you know that U-High has a new pool shark. His name — Charles (Chubby) Wachtman. "The Chub," who has uncanny control over the ivory spheres, is threatening to become one of U-High's most immortal "rail-riders." From where I sit Willie Hoppe had better mind his p's and q's (get the pun?).

Recently in basketball practice, Coach Ginger put the team to work scrubbing the floor. Don Sturgill protested loudly but soon quieted down when Underwood told him that this was an excellent way to reduce. Jim (Peaches) Glenn also looked sad when work was suggested, but he too accepted it gratefully when reminded by Horine that it might help his complexion.

Speaking of basketball practice, the U. of K. Wildcats are really going strong. Although the members of the squad are young and inexperienced in college competition they are smoothing off rapidly and should be a well-functioning unit when the first game rolls around. Good luck to you Wildcats.

Congratulations go to Coach John Heber's Blue Devil griders. The Demons came through the season winning 5 and losing 2. Much of the team's success can be attributed to fullback Bill Roberts who did an excellent job of play-calling and ball-carrying for his old Alma Mater. Len Shouse, David Beam, Tom Given, and Wilgus Dinsmore were also outstanding for the Devils during the season.

The girls are continuing their war service at the hospital. Each Monday the girls try to reach a quota of one thousand bandages, or over.

Badminton, which was planned for the girls in the gym the last two Tuesdays, but was postponed because of the gym floor being waxed, will probably start next Tuesday.

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U-HI BOWLERS
SHOW PROMISE

By Robin Griffin

News of the week! Hal Steele has secretly been teaching Junior, the Great Dane that stays at the Colonial Bowling Alley, how to bowl. This wonder dog—Junior, of course — has a terrific average of 225. He picks the ball up by his front teeth and his tongue. With two gigantic strides he throws the ball down the alley. Strike! If Junior keeps up his average the U-Club feels that it will be possible to give him a letter. This will be the first letter ever given for bowling.

Thursday, November 4, Hal, the wonder dog, and the rest of Hal's team, matched their skill against the "Ball and Chain" team, captained by Sara (Happy) Hall. Ah! What a thrilling battle. When the dust had settled the totals were announced. Sara Hall's team, 697, Hal Steele's team, 693. These scores included handicaps.

In other games the 4th. Betty Ree Rhoads' team had a smashing victory over the "Pin Balls" captained by Louise Rhoads. The score was 708 to 71. The "Lucky Strike" team also scored a one-sided victory over Rosa (1) Talbert's team, 614 to 490. The "Lucky Strikes" are captained by Emie Brown, and most of the strikes were certainly lucky!

Betty Joe Harris' team also suffered a terrible defeat. The "Six Footers" had the game cinched from its second frame on. The final was 618 to 392.

The basketball boys have not had time to bowl the past two weeks, but they will probably be out there pitching next Thursday.

FOUND: One used gym shoe. Owner may retrieve same by proceeding to locker room and picking it up.

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CHEERLEADERS
ARE SELECTED
BY STUDENTS

With the loss of Dorcas, Pat, and John and basketball season almost here it meant new elections for U-Hi's cheering section. The tryouts were held three weeks ago, after school in the gym. Three cheerleaders were chosen, Joe Mathews, David Morton, and Betty Joe Harris.

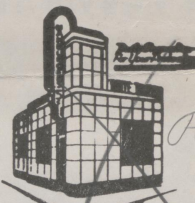
Missie, who was a cheerleader from last year will have the job of coaching the new cheerleaders. Here's hoping they give out with some good yells.

The cheering section, even with the new elections, will not be complete until Beth's return. Her place is being held for her and we all hope she will be back soon to help cheer U-Hi to victory.

We're going to try some new yells this year. They'll be a success if the school backs them up, so let's all come to the games and put some spirit behind those yells.

A big pep rally will be held at home-room period Friday. Let's really show some school spirit and let the team know we're behind them 100 per cent.

The Junior High also had their cheerleaders to elect. The winners came out LeGrand Briggs, Doris Coleman, and Joan Specht.



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NEW YEAR!

"For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, But how you played the game."

Volume XIV

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943

Number 5

ROBINSON BACK FROM WAR FRONT

U-Hi Graduate Wounded
In Italy; Addresses
Students on Army
Experiences

By Jimmy Steiner

At a general convocation at 11 o'clock on December 3, Lieut. Clayton Robinson, a graduate of U-Hi, just back from Italy, told of his experiences in the war.

To Lieut. Robinson, the army seemed as if it were just one replacement center after another. A replacement center is a place where you do nothing but twiddle your thumbs and wait for orders. To most soldiers, nothing is worse than complete boredom, even work.

Lieut. Robinson said he was lucky. He only spent a week or so at a time in them, while many soldiers stay there for months.

When asked about the training a soldier receives for combat, he replied that it was very helpful, but it is nothing to compare with the real thing. No soldier was ever any more scared in his life than when he is first exposed to real firing.

When questioned by one of the almost-eighteen-year-olds as to the draft, he said he thought the number of men going would become gradually less and less. However, he thought that every boy would be required to have a year of military training before he became 25.

Lieut. Robinson is in this country on sick leave, having been wounded while occupying Italy, but expressed his hope to see action again soon.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

Christmas is next week! We like the smell of evergreens—Christmas packages—holly wreaths—all the fest of that sorta stuff. But what we're really waiting for is the Christmas program. If Hugh and Jimmy's duet in geometry is any sample, I wouldn't miss it for anything! And Willie (Sinatra) Allen is reported to be just out of this world!!

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

Congratulations to the G.R.'s for naming their club as they did.

Un-familiar quotations: Jimmy Barker: "Microbes are plants that are animals that cannot see without the naked eye!"

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

"Oh, 'Olive' Hill, we bottled you!" (Spotting the uniformed Winchester band) "Oh, Miss Peck, the red-coats are coming!"

Brewer: "What was I doing crawling along the floor during the B game? Just feeling the grain of the wood, that's all!"

Mrs. Mercer's unkind reference in geometry to feeble-minded people she has known in the past!

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

"What's a rhombus? Some sort of dance?"

"Nah. Haven't you ever heard of Rhombus and Remus?" (Only kidding, Miss West, only kidding.)

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

Greenberry's vaccinations in Spanish: "If iron is good for you, why not pencil lead?"

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

Christmas vacation starts tomorrow, so just a reminder to the Barkers, in case their calendar doesn't go off: School starts again Jan. 3! Have a swell time, everybody!

G. R. Honors Miss Peck

In appreciation of her efforts in behalf of the Girl Reserves of University High School, Miss Anna Browning Peck was honored by the club at a recent convocation. On Friday, December 3, it was announced that the club had unanimously voted to be known as the Anna Browning Peck Girl Reserves.

YULE CALENDAR FEATURES DANCE

Two Weeks Furlough For
Xmas Merry-Making
Starts Saturday

The Christmas holidays will begin on Friday, December 17, at noon following the annual Christmas program in the auditorium. At this time the Glee Club will give a program of music.

Tomorrow night, December 17, the University High School gymnasium will be the scene of the traditional Christmas Dance sponsored by the Senior Class. Music will be provided by "The Rhythm Makers" for dancing from 9 until 12 o'clock.

Attractive bids in the Christmas colors have been sent to more than two hundred and fifty guests; those from outside the school must present their bids at the door or they cannot be admitted to the dance.

Members of the faculty will be chaperons for the evening. They are: Dean and Mrs. W. S. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Jesse Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Ginger, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gilb, Miss Anna B. Peck, Miss Jean Elliot, Miss Louise Galloway, Miss Grace Anderson, Miss Helen Belser, Mrs. Andrew Ritchie, Miss Martha Shipman, Miss Mary West, and Miss Carmen Perez.

After a two weeks vacation, school will be resumed on Monday, January 3.

The University of Kentucky will dismiss school for the holidays on Wednesday, December 15, and their vacation will last until Tuesday, January 4.

Hats Off Department

The University School takes its hat off to the eighth grade for buying the most bonds and stamps so far this year. Their purchases amounted to \$427.85.

Thanks a million, eighth grade. Keep up the good work.

—Seventh Grade.



Upper left: Allen rebounds—Upper right: McMeekin shoots.
Lower left: Scramble in Athens game; Lower right: Wilkie poised to shoot.

Versions of Verse

By Ridgely Park

'Twas the day after New Year's
And tho' we were soured,
Not a feature was stirring,
Not even a mouth.

The children were jumping all over
their beds,
With visions of Sinatra in their
empty heads.

I had just settled down for a long
summer's nap
With my dear little brother (the
crazy sap)

When out in the bar there rose
such a clatter
I fell out of bed to see what was
the matter;

I ran to the window and pulled
down the shade—
For all I knew it might be a raid—
But what to my wandering eyes
should appear

But, a good lookin' iceman with
six bottles of beer.



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such a clatter
I fell out of bed to see what was
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I ran to the window and pulled
down the shade—
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BUNKIE SINATRA SINGS SILENTLY

Peppy Pantomimes Prove
Popular; Melodrama
Revived

By Carolyn McMeekin

"But, Underwood—two hundred and forty words on the dramatics class? This is Friday, after all!"
"Yes, two hundred and forty words worth of feature on dramatics—by Monday!"

"But—" "NO BUTS! Understand?"

Thus an assignment is made. After this unprofitable conversation, knowing that I had to have something in by Monday, I wrote the following:

The dramatics class's recent study of pantomime brought to the front many heretofore hidden talents. Among the blue-ribbon winners was the skit put on by Esther Brumfield, Betty Jo Underwood, and Ann Carter. In a take-off on the old-fashioned melodrama, Esther was the villain, complete with imaginary mustache and asides to the audience. Ann was the tender heroine, and Betty Jo the manly hero.

Bunkie Wilkie and Doc Foushee did a bottle-passing, bone-rolling scene which belied many years of practice at the gentle game of the galloping dominoes!

Feminine members of the audience were thrilled by a selection by Bunkie Sinatra. Bunkie, wearing a coat several sizes too small, twined himself around the mike, closed his eyes, and crooned, while Gush gave out with a hot piano accompaniment. Underwood and H. B. Scott, pants rolled above their knees, were his admiring though swooning audience.

Another popular pantomime was given by Ridgely Park and Vella Wise. Getting off to a realistic start with Ridgely coming in late, the girls entered a booth in the Cottage. Latest gossip was exchanged with many "Oh, no's" and "You don't say's," and forbidden cigarettes were snuffed out quickly, but effectively as friends of their mothers strolled by.

Truly, the dramatics class is unique! Drop in some time — we never know what will happen next!

CAROL ASSEMBLY SET FOR FRIDAY

Skeane, Le Sturgeon, Hull
To Narrate; Junior
Choir To Sing
Selections

By Frances Horlacher

The annual Christmas program of the University High School will be presented at 10:45 o'clock Friday morning, December 17.

The program will be as follows:

"Light, Light Our Candle".....
.....French Folk Song

Junior High Chorus
"Bring a Torch, Jeannette,
Isabella".....Old French Carol

Junior High Chorus
Bible Reading..... Luke 2:1-14

Roger Hull
Processional.....
....."O Come, All Ye Faithful"

"Cantique de Noel".....Adolphe Adams
Frances Horlacher

"I Heard the Bells on Christmas
Day".....J. Baptiste Calkin

Chorus and Audience
Christmas reading.....selected
Nancy Skeane

"The Virgin at the Manger".....
.....A. Perillo

Charlotte Garr, Pat Evans,
Priscilla McVey

"The First Noel".....
.....Beatrice P. Krone

Senior Girls' Glee Club
"O, Come! Shepherds".....

Italian shepherd carol
Senior Boys' Glee Club

"Silent Night".....Franz Gruber

Mixed Chorus
Christmas reading.....selected
Diane LeSturgeon

"The Heavenly Resound".....
.....L. von Beethoven

Senior Girls' Glee Club
Recessional....."Joy to the World"

Chorus and Audience
The University High School student teachers in music, Miss Mildred Buchanan, Miss Anita Roos, Mrs. Lucille French, Miss Mabel Gumm, and Miss Kathleen Hagan, assisted by Miss Helen Belser, Miss Martha V. Shipman, and Mr. Wallace Briggs are in charge of the Christmas program in the absence of Miss Lela Mason. Betty Sue Scott will be accompanist for the entire program.

The elementary program will be held at 9 o'clock Friday morning.

SERVICE STARS

Bill Chambers, oiler in the U. S. Merchant Marine, is now visiting his family and friends in Lexington. Bill was called to active duty in May. Because he already had his seaman's papers, he didn't have to undergo training. After taking a short trip on the Lakes he went to a New York port and shipped out for England, returned to the United States and in a short time was again sent to England.

Bill graduated from University High in 1942 and attended the University of Kentucky until his call to active duty.

M.T.C.D.T.B.O.Y.

Pvt. Carroll Robie was recently home on a short leave from Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, where he is studying in an Army Specialized Training Program. Carroll was called to active duty in April of this year and was sent to Camp Wolters, Texas for Basic Military Training and at which place he passed the qualifying examination for A.S.T.P.



Seventh grade takes part in war effort; Pearl Harbor Day sales \$1,089.50.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I, as a member of the Junior High Council, would like to correct a statement printed in the last issue of this paper. The mistake was not made by a U-Hi Lights reporter nor at the printer's office, but by an unreliable seventh grader (myself).

My correction is as follows:

The Junior High Council, which is composed of seventh and eighth grades, selected an Administrative committee. The duty of this committee is to enforce the rules passed by the Council as a whole.

The committee does function.

Sincerely,
Bruce Glenn, 7th Grade

Obituary

Were there an obituary column in this paper, this item would head the list: "Died, of suffocation: the Student Government of University High School." Don't laugh, for it is quite true! At one time our Student Government had a little bit to say about how things should be done and how students should behave and other things that could be handled by the student body. Then, little by little, we saw the Student Government wither away from lack of activity. In vain, it clutched at something to do—something for survival! Interest dropped, the members became lax and didn't attend meetings, thinking that everything was all right and that nothing needed to be done! They were sadly mistaken; something did need to be done—a great many things. Perhaps these things looked too large to undertake, or perhaps they looked a little bit "childish" to the ever so sophisticated members! The last few years the Student Government was allowed to do little or nothing. Why? Because the power had gradually been returned to the faculty and our only means of self-government and protection was gone!

Perhaps it was only right and natural that the faculty of University High School vote out the Student Government at the beginning of this school year; perhaps it was right and natural that nothing was said to the students about the faculty voting it out; perhaps it was right and natural for us to have kept silent this long. But we are not silent now! And I, for one, ask for a reinstating of the Student Government. We have a right to try to govern ourselves and deal with the problems that arise from so doing. I believe that our students will abide by and sympathize with regulations made by their own representatives better than they would those made by the faculty!!

I ask you, U-Hians, where is your spirit of Democracy? Don't you see that "flag-waving" means very little; it's the real practice that counts? Are we going to govern ourselves or not? Are we going to revive the Student Government?

Saint Nick's Leavings

The Thanksgiving turk has not yet turned to the proverbial dust and we are tugging the whiskers from the jolly lil' man.

Missie may expect a potted fern and a new glider to replace that well-worn swing.

We have good news for Miss Peck. Rumor from a usually reliable polar bear has it she will probably find a furlined edition of "Muzzey."

That fourth wise man, Mr. Ginger, receives two Christmas stars to follow, Jimmie Irvin and "Moose" Patterson.

Being as Don has been a good youth, he will receive his long-

dreamed-of piggy bank for Junior class funds.

Good news for all. The Barkers WILL receive an alarm clock and Joyce might find a candy cane from Len.

Rogers receives a pillow for a more enjoyable last hour. Miss Anderson's tree will be decked out in mentholated cough drops, and since James Glenn has a big black mark, he receives an empty stocking.

Skeen, bless her heart, must find an M.G.M. contract wrapped in nylons.

As a final bit of work, Nick leaves Peggy and Betty Joe, Don and Judy with mistletoe attached.



JIM'S JABBERIN'

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even the souses." —Smokestack.

Every year about this time, I get an unusual feeling. I can't understand it! Can it be that I am in love? Can it be that I need a new bottle of Retonga? Nay; 'tis the spirit within me! And that sound—what is it? Can it be Evans' zoot suit key chain dragging on the floor? Can it be the familiar spurs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle? Nay; 'tis the sleigh bells I hear! Ah! Eureka! It's Christmas again! But why so happy? Haven't I learned? Don't I know that this means of new batch of horrid ties and a wretched crop of eggnog?

This year a different problem is presented. You can't get nylon stockings for Aunt Sarah Belle and Uncle Albertoid simply will not wear those gruesome green and orange ties!

Also things are higher this year. However, I have a friend who is connected with a loan agency, and

a very reasonable one at that! You can borrow any amount up to three hundred fish, no co-signers, no co-lateral, "just drop your right eye in this little white bag." Supposing you don't have a right eye, they have a nice contract which provides for a slight matter of securities—your grandmother, to be exact. Moreover, they even agree to let her out of the cellar thirty minutes a day for sunshine and air. (It gets so dreary down there, without any lights!)

Despite all this, Christmas Day will arrive, cold but cheery, and you will immediately unwrap the interesting red package which turns out to be a "Little Gem" combination bottle-opener, tack-puller, and suspender hitcher. Also, you'll get a lovely gift from Aunt Lulu! (Just be tactful in writing her to ask what it is!)

And don't be dismayed; there still is a Santa Claus. He had pulled with the draft board and got classified 4-F, so he'll be around again this year.

Search Lights

Little Jackie, loving gore,
Nailed his sister to the door.
Jackie's mother, with humor quaint,
Said, "Jackie, dear, you'll spoil the paint."

High school days have their delight,
But can't compare with high school nights.

Bunkie: What is a suit of mail?
Beebe: A knight sheet.

The Senior was born for great things,
The Junior was born for small.
But no one has found the reason
Why the Sophomore was born at all.

Willie: "I can't sing today. My arms are sore."

Underwood: "But you don't use your arms to sing with."

Willie: "No, but I need them to protect myself."

She has steam shovel ears because they pick up the dirt.

Buddy: "Your pants look rather sad today."

Horine: "What do you mean?"

Buddy: "Sort of depressed."

"Stick to me closely," said the envelope to the stamp.

"By gum, I will," was the reply.

She was only a window-blind manufacturer's daughter but she had a shady reputation.

Hagnew: "Don't you approve of tight skirts?"

Charlie: "No, I think women should leave liquor alone."

Love is blind, but it sure finds its way around in the dark.

"How long are you going to be in the bath tub?"

"Oh, about five feet, ten inches."

Recent reports from the authorities show that seventy-five per cent of the accidents in automobiles are due to drivers hugging too close to the curve.

I was just wondering, could a fellow who was crazy over electricity be called an electric fan?

Specht: "If a man smashed a clock would he be convicted for killing time?"

Davis: "Not if the clock struck first."

NOTHING . . . in particular

About this time every year the 20-30 boys who play on the basketball teams begin to look on the locker-room as home. Most of them spend practically as much time there as they do in the Kentucky, at Jackie's, or staying in for Mr. Briggs.

The place is nothing whatever to look at. The orange-brick wall looks like something Steiner thought up; the lockers, which were last painted many, many years ago have the general appearance of stale kale cowering behind sandy rust. The building and ground department does alter the condition of the locker-room benches periodically by sanding and painting operations, etc. But they always return to normal inside of a month, dirty, drab, and dusty, lined with cobwebs; it would be a sacrilege if they didn't.

A newcomer might consider the odor typical of the colorful place slightly obnoxious and nauseating, but many of us prefer it to the multi-sweet perfumes of a Christmas formal.

Our dressing room is generally hot as the hinges of Hades and humid from dewy mist rising above warm showers. But there's always a cold draft right where your own locker is situated. It could be traced to a hole in one of the dirty, etched-glass windows where a drunk tried to crash a Christmas

dance many years ago.

Well we remember the locker-room six-seven-eight years ago. It looked bigger then. The locker-room was the scene of constant bickering when we were in the seventh and eighth grades. One fight after another followed intramural contests, and everyone swiped everything of everyone's if it wasn't locked up. Not maliciously, just through custom. And when someone was mad at the French teacher, the locker-room would be where they'd go to cuss her out without being disturbed.

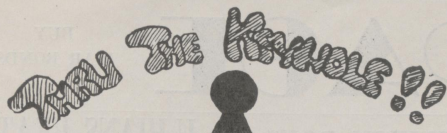
In the tenth grade we suddenly decided that the locker-room needed some changes. For one thing, we needed some more dressing benches. Reed, Shely, Bucher and Co., managed to take up the entire area, leaving us to dress one footed-stork-style or on the athlete's-foot-plastered floor. Also they taught us some amusing locker-room past-times including flipping each other with wet towels, turning off all the hot water on someone's shower when they aren't looking, hiding essential wearing apparel, and tying some interesting knots. (Printer's note: Knots to you.)

It was about this time that a wretched gym shoe appeared in an obscure corner of the locker-room. It was an unobtrusive shoe, old, narrow, torn, and defected. That shoe's a legend now. It's still there.

Still at rest in that obscure corner of our accomplished locker-room.

About midway of last year, Mr. Kemper made the startling announcement that singing didn't help one's basketball playing particularly immediately preceding a contest. This resulted in a sudden enthusiasm. Our locker-room became a music hall. And we were soon to discover that despite the rest of us, one, namely Allen, was a celebrated canary. His previous musical experience had been in the ecclesiastical field, but we fixed that quick. It seems that a certain type of lyric just naturally lends itself to locker-room laceration.

The locker-room's contribution to literature will never be cause for adding a new chapter to "American Writers," but it does have its public. In red crayon, "Brewer plus Mary Agnes," "Hugh plus Pat," and "Robin loves Joyce and so does Bunny" will long stand a memorial to the basketball boys of '43, but just as so many other little scribbles fade away, these will someday fade away. Only as shadowy outline now you read "Fred Wachs, 1939, Lafayette," on the side of the locker closest to the showers and you wonder about the history of U-Hi that has been written in our locker-room—the basketball team that went to the regional, the one that beat Henry Clay, the football teams and softball teams.



With my ear to the ground (I pick up more dirt that way!) and my "F" and "J" fingers poised above the typewriter, I begin another week's scandal-slinging. First of all, the rumor that Agnew's heart belongs to a senior seems to be groundless, in view of the tender glances cast back and forth by M. J. and Horine.

Incidentally, the "Ubangi" Deiss, "Bubblin'" Sturgill, "Smokey" Tucker triangle is quite interesting. The gals were almost at each others' throats during the B game at Winchester!

From where yours truly sits, it looks as if someone else besides Della has an interest in a certain Sophomore wolf whose initials are James Mulloy. You'd better watch out, Della, Judy's hard to handle.

And, speaking of Della, it looks as if she gets bored to distraction every time she goes out with a certain drip from Henry Clay!

Has the inevitable come? Is the illustrious Casanova Brewer giving up women? Surely he would not deprive the world of his wonderful (?) personality (?), even to spite himself after the tragedy in his love life with Mary Agnes! "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Another triangle worth mentioning is the Rose Talbert, Raymond Morgan, and Barbara Harris affair. Notice that most triangles these days are two gals and a guy; must be the manpower shortage!

The hottest triangle we know of is the Van Meter, Evans, and Ber-

ryman. Is this going to be the end of a beautiful friendship? Or is Don interested in a certain senior siren who is interested in him!

A close friend of Willie "Caruso" Allen reports that the former woman-hater has been completely converted by Fugazzi.

At last!! The secret passion of "Gush" Foushee has been revealed. U-Hi Lites "bought-out" True Love Magazine to get this exclusive story. The object of his sighs, drools and howls is none other than that glamorous student teacher in American History, Miss Wilson!! And Henry isn't working for an "A"!!!

What is this we hear about Cora Mae's boy friend coming home unexpectedly? How about that, Carl?

Why was Esther so interested in having the "Rhythm Makers" for the Christmas Dance? Hope they play "My Dee-votion"! While we're being musical, Nancy O'Hare's theme song is "Come to Me My Melancholy Mountjoy."

Wachtman is a wolf (and many girls will back that statement!). But someone told my uncle's nephew that I'd better watch Wachtman and Ashley! Nice going, Elaine!

During one of the famous Morton vs. Ritchie feuds, is David likely to turn to Betty Joe for consolation? Speaking of Betty Joe, just what was she doing at Saloshin's in her pajamas?? We have sworn witnesses! She was also seen on the night of December 8 with a carload of boys.

PERSONALITY PARADE



THOMAS HALEY ASBURY

If a list was made of all the "swell guys" at U-Hi it would cause an acute paper shortage and right at the top of that list would be Thomas Haley Asbury. Born in 1926, in "the heart of the Bluegrass," he has attended Briar Hill, Sayre School and U-Hi. His favorite subjects are mathematics and history.

Tommy is the typical Kentucky gentleman, sitting on his spacious veranda, mint julep in his hand, watching future-Kentucky-Derby winners frisking about; in fact, the only thing he lacks is a big white mustache, but give him time.

He could live on spaghetti, fried chicken and catsup—who couldn't? He is very athletic, being particularly fond of golf, bowling, riding, and tennis.

Girls, please note! Tommy likes them pleasingly plump with plenty of conversation and pep. They must not smoke or drink. (That lets out the senior girls.) Girls wearing too much lipstick need not apply ("I don't like it on my collar"). But above all they must not be fickle. (That lets out the sophomore girls.)

After graduating from the University of Kentucky, Tommy plans

to settle back and raise thoroughbred horses. Well, now we know where to place our bets for the 1953 Kentucky Derby.

Here's what people think:

"I think he's wonderful!"
"Anybody who wins the state Jersey Championship is bound to be good!"

"He's quiet but a swell fellow!"
"Tommy's just really wonderful!"
"He started bowling two weeks ago and now he bowls over 150."
"He's Pat's cousin, but I like him just the same."

PERSONALITY
PARADE

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Man-of-the-week: Sturgill, for finally renouncing pin ball machines after the grand jury had made them illegal.

Freak-of-the-week: Luigart, for thinking that we were going to Owingsville for a "picnic" when Mr. Ginger said that they were going to serve refreshments to the team!

Idea-of-the-week: Start a petition, and get all of our Henry Clay fans to sign it, to rename Henry Clay "Len Shouse High School."

Silly-thought-of-the-week: Wallace Horine minus that perpetual smile and his gurgling laughter.

Question-of-the-week: Will Santa Claus be around this year, or will gas rationing get the old boy as it has everyone else?

IT'S NOT THE THOUGHT; IT'S THE COST THAT COUNTS

By Ridgely Park

The multitude of gaily wrapped presents at your feet brings joy to your heart. You think of your friends, thoughtful and generous, and you smile. In fact, you barely suppress an out and out cackle. It was nothing short of a stroke of genius, buying price tags saying \$4.98, pasting them on your gifts, and then causing it to look as if you had made every effort to scrape them off. And you averaged a solid 100 per cent this year; last Christmas Beulah never did come across and you gave her one of your best presents, too. After all, a 50c handkerchief isn't to be sneezed at.

While you are debating between not hanging up your stocking and passing it off as "entirely too juvenile," or going ahead, then eating the ensuing contents and gaining another ten pounds, the doorbell rings. Mother, moving with her usual celerity, gets there first and you arrive just in time to hear "You have a visitor, dear; it's the little Abercrombie girl from next door. Come in, Pansy, and see our Christmas tree. We had a terrible time trying to get anything to—"

Mother is off again! You take this opportunity to scrutinize Pansy and you've just decided she's a drip of the first water when you notice with horror a grimy little package clasped in her hand. It couldn't be! It just couldn't be a present for you. It must be for Jackie. Of

"Give this girl an A, Miss West.

course he is only twelve, but what with the manpower shortage and all—

"I brought you a present. It's not much but Grandmother says it's just the thought that counts."

Omgosh! She's looking right at you and now she's shoved the horrid thing under your nose. Well, you can't just stand there. This calls for some fast thinking.

"How sweet of you, Pansy. You really shouldn't have. Mother simply refused to let me go out in this weather to bring you yours."

"Why, darling, you know I never

"I'll go right up and get it for you now, Pansy. Sit down and make yourself at home." You cast what you hope is an ominous glance in Mother's direction and make for the door. Safe in your room, the next problem is a little matter of what you don't want bad enough to give it to Pansy. A frantic search reveals no unwrinkled handkerchiefs or untarnished jewelry.

You are in a state of deep despair when a fiendish idea finds you as its grateful recipient. You, just by accident of course, happened to pull too firmly on the string around Aunt Matilda's gift and the flimsy thing broke, disclosing as its contents a lovely scarf of orange, purple, and green. Not believing this quite suitable to your personality, but entirely appropriate for Pansy, you make your decision, influenced no little by the visualization of Mother breathing down your neck

while you pen a cheerful little note: "Dear Aunt Matilda, thank you so much for the lovely scarf. It's just exactly what I've been—"

"Here you are, Pansy. Please excuse the way it looks. When you've had things wrapped for a long time it's awfully hard to keep them looking fresh."

You manage by some means to suffer through the next five minutes talking to "your little friend" about the latest Nancy Drew, Sinatra, and the Lincoln Jr. High basketball team. You practically fracture one of Mother's ribs with a well-aimed nudge following her polite little protest when Pansy says "she really must be going." After what seems an eternity, the door finally closes and you stand in relieved silence unaware that the gift from Pansy is still clenched tightly in your fist.

"Please don't double your present up so, baby, you might ruin it. Oh, see? The paper's already beginning to tear off. You might as well open it now. Here, give me the ribbon, I don't want my floor cluttered up with— My, it's a pretty scarf. I was hoping that you'd get one, you do need it. And the colors are so pretty for winter, orange, purple, and green—"

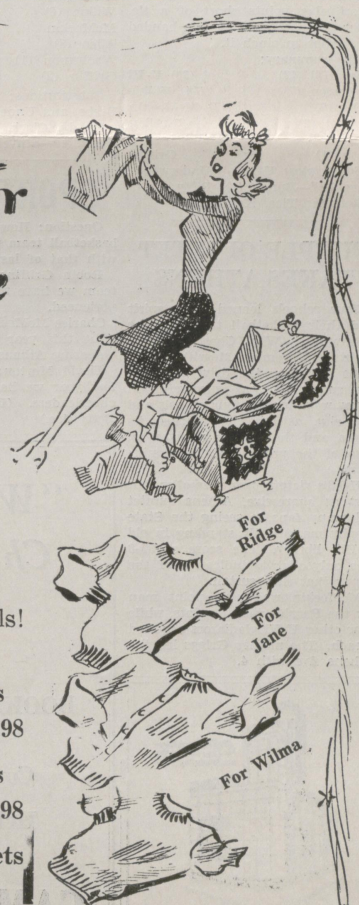
Give a Sweater Treasure

SWEATERS GALORE
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Slip-overs in Sloppy-
Sue and
Regulation
Styles -- in
Baby Pastels!



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BUY
WAR STAMPSBUY
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SPORTS PAGE

PURPLES BEAT OLIVE HILL 30-22

Bunkie Wilkie
Scores 14 Points

U-Hi's six-foot-plus hardwood cagers turned back Olive Hill's highly-touted quintet by a score of 30-22 Saturday night in a thriller that set the Purple stands on fire.

The game started before the Purples knew it, and the tip off play put them two points in the hole. Retaliating quickly, however, the Purples worked the ball in for a crisp shot and from then on played the slow, steady type of ball that entirely razzed the fast-breaking boys from Olive Hill. The first quarter ended with the Purples on the top side of a substantial lead.

Never blowing up, and continuing the rebounds against Olive Hill's six-foot-two forwards, Howerton and Fultz, the home team built up a margin of 5 points, to leave the floor at halftime with thunderous applause from the U-Hi stands.

Olive Hill tightened its defense in the third quarter but U-Hi, using a system of tight screen plays, increased its lead to 13 points. Only once was the lead threatened. In the last quarter, Olive Hill desperately tried to narrow the margin with a fast break. Six points was the net result of their last-minute effort, five points short of a tie. Then Allen stuck in a one-handed push shot to clinch it.

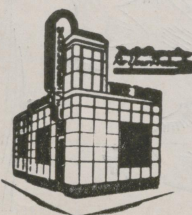
The summary:
Olive Hill (22) (30) U-Hi
Howerton (7) f (14) Wilkie
Fultz (7) f (7) McMeekin
Tackett (2) c (8) Allen
Holley (4) g (1) Wachtman
Mays (1) g Griffin
Substitutions: U-Hi—Underwood;
Olive Hill—Bunich (1), Riley.
Referee: Tice, Kentucky.

PURPLE QUINTET
TAKES ATHENS

Four schools loaned their spirit and their basketball teams to the Community War Chest on the night of November 21 with intentions of aiding the drive to reach its quota. It was successful in many ways for the four schools and the city, as the city reached its quota and the schools received an idea of the prowess of their quintets.

U-Hi's victory over a smaller, but just as aggressive, Athens quintet led many fans to seeing the State trophy majestically standing in old U-Hi's library. The score of 37-8 was only slightly indicative of the power that they sustain.

McMeekin was high point man for the Purples with 7 points, while four other U-Hi gladiators acquired 5 each. The mighty Griggs led the Athens five with 4.



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PURPLES WHIP
WINCHESTER FIVE

In a rough and tumble affair on the Shawnee's court, the U-Hi Purples overcame a six-point deficiency in score and beat the Winchester quintet by the score of 23 to 22.

The Winchester five took an early lead and maintained it until the closing seconds when Bunkie Wilkie dropped in a charity toss to send the Purples into the lead.

The contest was characterized by much fouling and hard playing. Both teams seemed determined to win and fought valiantly toward that objective.

With the Shawnees leading by six points and the clock showing four minutes remaining, Willie Allen, veteran center, hit a pivot shot and two long shots to tie the score at 22 to 22, with 30 seconds left in the game. Then Bunkie Wilkie hit a free throw and ended the scoring for the evening.

High point man for the night was Norton of Winchester with 12, followed by Allen and Wilkie of U-Hi with 8 each.

The summary:
U-Hi (23) Winchester (22)
Wilkie (8) f (4) Cole
McMeekin f Richardson
Allen (8) c (12) Norton
Wachtman (1) g Vaughn
Griffin (2) g (6) Ecton
Substitutions: U-Hi—Horne (4),
Beebe, and Underwood. Winchester
—Roddy, Clark, Mahan.
Referee—Shively, Illinois.

SPORTS QUIZ

Question: How do you think our basketball team this year compares with that of last season?

Robin Griffin: I think that the team we have this year is less experienced.

Charles McMeekin: We have more fight this year as shown by our defeating Athens.

David Morton: What we needed last year we have this year, good cheerleaders. (Ed. Note: Yeah—Betty Joe.)



By Morris Beebe

Jello again! (Plug) This is your old sports commentator back again to give out with some more daffy ideas on the world of sports. P.S.: Any similarity between the following material and an ordinary sports article is purely coincidental.

Congratulations go to Coach Adolph Rupp and his University of Kentucky Wildcats. They sure did a swell job in the Berea game which was played on Saturday night, December 4. Captain Tom Moseley and "Black Jack" Tingle turned in outstanding performances for the 'Cats while All-American Don Wulfiner was exceptional for the Navy men.

Coach Bobby Burns' Lafayette Generals are also doing well in their "early season" contests. It looks like the boys in Red-White-and-Blue are really intent on having a good season. However, Coach Ginger's lads have other ideas for the Generals. It remains to be seen who is correct. The Generals meet Henry Clay Friday night.

"Lefty Tom" Underwood has developed into a great bowling star. He was bowling consistently in the high 60's with his left hand. Then, one day as a joke he tried bowling right-handed. The result—three straight strikes and a spare—net score 143. Just call him "Ambidexterous" Underwood.

Speaking of bowling, Bunkie Wilkie and his "six-footers" are sure going swell in the Thursday afternoon league. The "tall boys" are on top now and it looks like they might win the championship. Here's hoping they do. (Don't think I'm partial just because I bowl on this team. I really don't care who wins, the editor tells me.)

In conclusion I wish to join the rest of the staff in a solemn wish that you will enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

U-HIGH BOYS
WIN OVER
OWINGSVILLE

By Robin Griffin

The University high Purples scored their fourth straight victory Friday the eleventh when they defeated Owingsville high school 39 to 18 on the Owingsville home floor. This was one of the most impressive wins that the Purples have had all season.

University high took charge early in the first quarter and were never bothered the rest of the game. Owingsville had a tall team, but they were unable to get many of the rebounds.

Willie Allen led the Purple attack with 13 points and played an excellent defensive game. Wallace Horine and Tommy Underwood came next with six points each. Richardson and Thomas were best for Owingsville with six and five points, respectively.

Owingsville had been pepping for this game for several weeks, because they wished to defeat their former coach, Lyman Ginger. After the game the Owingsville Pep Club gave a party for the U-Hi team and cheer leaders.

In the preliminary game, the Purple's B team, sparked by Hammet, defeated the Owingsville reserves 20 to 8.

The lineups:
U-Hi (39) (18) Owingsville
Wilkie (4) f Robertson
McMeekin (2) f (3) Benton
Allen (13) c (5) Thomas
Wachtman (2) g (6) Richardson
Horne (6) g (4) Dickens
Score by quarters:

	T	1	2	3	4	5
U-High	11	8	5	15	39	
Owingsville	5	1	8	4	18	

Substitutions: University high—Griffin (4), Beebe (2), Underwood (6), Wilcott, Hammet, Wallace. Owingsville—Crouch.

Referee: Heatherly, Mt. Sterling.

U-HIANS BEAT
WILLIAMSTOWN

By Willie Allen

To win or not to win, that was the question as, on the cool evening of December 3, the University Purples engaged the undefeated lads from Williamstown in a fracas that would determine whether the Purple-clad basketballers had the makings of a State Championship contender, or that of just another ball club.

Writing from a player's point of view, it seemed to me that the short, but quite efficient, Williamstown cagers had nothing more than a fair, but fast, offense and a weak widespread defense. This offense only netted a scant 5 field goals, each regular player getting one apiece, while the defense allowed the Purples 8 fielders.

McMeekin and Wilkie were best for the Purples with 8 and 7 points respectively, while Taylor, Petty, and Caldwell made three each for Williamstown.

The summary:
U-Hi (22) (13) Williamstown
Wilkie (7) f (2) Pilon
McMeekin (8) f (3) Petty
Allen (4) c (3) Taylor
Griffin g (2) Perry
Wachtman (2) g (3) Caldwell
Substitutions: U-Hi—Beebe, Underwood (1), and Horine; Williamstown—Gardner.

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AUTHOR SPEAKS
IN CONVO FRIDAY

Cleo Dawson Smith Will Present "The Eve of Saint Mark" To Students

Plans are being made to bring as a convocation speaker, Cleo Dawson Smith, author of the current best seller, "She Came To The Valley."

Mrs. Smith, who is well-known as a reviewer and critic, has been traveling throughout the United States where she has presented Maxwell Anderson's play, "The Eve of St. Mark," in which she takes all the parts.

She will give this play for the University High pupils. Before beginning her career as a novelist, Mrs. Smith was an instructor in English at the University of Kentucky. A native Texan, she resides now on Chinese Road in Lexington. She is recognized as one of the foremost play lecturers of the day.

She Came to the Valley has achieved a notable success for a first novel, being now in its fourth printing. The scene is laid in the Southwest and describes vividly the settlement of the Rio Grande Valley, the Mexican border troubles before the First World War, and the indomitable courage of the men and women who bore the discomforts and dangers to build permanent homes there.

THIS-N-THAT
By Helen Deiss

By Helen Deiss

Now that the old grind has been going on for two weeks we find that the holidays were not so grueling after all.

H. S. S. C. P.

Unfamiliar quotations overheard in the UK gym—

"Gee, look at Willie! I sure do like the Old English Sheep dog effect for basketball players!"

Lida: "That referee is so prejudiced he oughta be a cheerleader." (So she didn't use the word "prejudiced"—so what?)

"Sure are a lot of soldiers here tonight—lot of civilized people, too."

"Cynthia vs. U-High—Cinnamon vs. Ginger."

Someone suggested building a base for that tournament trophy, but we might just as well wait for the State championship trophy that's coming up.

Recommended: This week's editorial. It may make a couple of couples so mad they turn purple but this will be their first show of school spirit so far!

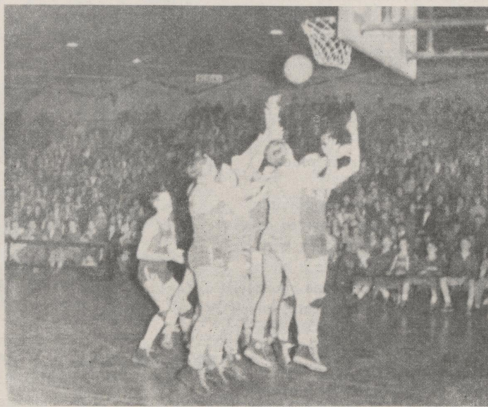
Onnie's mad love for the Biology class: "I enjoy my meals a lot more now that I understand the digestive system."

H. S. S. C. P.

By the way, what was that animal that the first-hour French class had in captivity? It could have been almost anything but it was believed to have been a species of dog—almost blind, toenails falling out and no teeth! (Forgotten its "Fas-teeth" no doubt!)

H. S. S. C. P.

Just think about the long stretch of vacationless days ahead, getting up before daylight, homework and more homework, the shortage of chewing gum, not to mention semester grades—and you'll see there are more depressing things even than this article!



Willie Allen (right) scores a rebound, but Lafayette beats U-High. See story, page 4.

Exam Schedule

Tuesday, January 18—
8:30-10:30 a.m.—First Hour
Classes

10:30-12:30 a.m.—Second
Hour Classes

Wednesday, January 19—
8:30-10:30 a.m.—Third Hour
Classes

10:30-12:30 a.m.—Fifth Hour
Classes

Thursday, January 20—
8:30-10:30 a.m.—Sixth and
Seventh Hour Classes

10:30-12:30 a.m.—Eighth
Hour Classes

Make up tests will be given in the afternoons for those pupils who are behind in their work. Otherwise, pupils are not expected at school except when they have examinations scheduled. There will be no school Friday, January 21.

Eli Powers Is In C.A.P.
He'll Take You Up For
A Nominal Fee

Not contented to stay on the ground and watch others fly, one of our more ambitious students decided to try his own wings.

One cold January afternoon last year found Paul Powers, or Eli as he is more "affectionately" known, at the Lexington Municipal Airport anxiously awaiting his first flying lesson. The minimum amount of time in which a student can solo is after eight hours dual training.

Eli soloed after eight hours. This was because it was getting to the place where the instructor was afraid to ride with him any more. After the middle of March it was not an uncommon sight to see Eli's yellow and blue plane flying over the school in the afternoon.

Last summer Eli joined the Civil Air Patrol and has done considerable flying with it. However, all his flying with the C.A.P. has been solo because he doesn't have a private license. (Eli has a student license. With it he can solo but can not take riders.) However, as soon as the weather permits he is going to take the test for his private license, which requires 35 hours solo.

Eli hopes to be called to active duty in the C.A.P. upon graduation from U-Hi.

FIVE SENIORS ARE SELECTED TO
ENTER NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Pledges Are McMeekin, Le Sturgeon, Beebe, Mullinoux, and Underwood

Caliente Aqua-Holder

"Never again will the throats be dry Of the gallant cagers who play for U-High."

Thus spoke eighth-grader Milward Wilkie, as he viewed the appalling number of time-out periods when the entire U-High quintet would retire from the floor and head for the nearest confectionery for a refreshing drink.

Applying initiative and carpentry-skill, Milward set to work and fashioned a handsome shellacked walnut stand equipped with 5 individual cup holders and pegs for towels.

Unfortunately, it was used during the Lafayette game and now must be unjinxed.

On Tuesday, January 11, formal initiation into the University High School Chapter of the National Honor Society was held.

In accordance with the constitution of the organization, ten per cent of the senior class were initiated. In this case five members, Tommy Underwood, Carolyn McMeekin, Morris Beebe, Floye Mullinoux, and Dianne Le Sturgeon, were chosen. The selection was based on the students' outstanding scholarship, leadership, character, and service to the school.

Two members of the Senior Class, Bunkie Wilkie and Ridgely Park, were admitted in their junior year. Jesse Adams and Nancy Ellen Taylor, alumni members, assisted in the program. In conclusion, Dr. Jesse E. Adams spoke to the new members.

The University High School Chapter of the National Honor Society was installed in May, 1926, by Professor Ligon. The chapter now has 126 members.

SALES HANDLED
BY G.R., HI-Y

Cokes, Candy, Ice Cream Sold At Home Games; \$128 To War Chest

Working from a central committee composed of Helen Deiss, Mary Jane Agnew, Carolyn McMeekin, Jim Glenn, Gene Marlowe, and Henry Foushee, the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y of U-Hi have handled the sale of coca-cola, ice cream, and candy at all home basketball games. The Hi-Y takes care of ordering, signing for and receiving the food, and settling the bills, while the actual selling and counting of the money is left to the Girl Reserves.

At the opening game, the charity fray with Athens, in which all proceeds went to the War Chest, the concessions netted one hundred twenty-eight dollars. This represents much hard work and is something of which both clubs may be justly proud.

The average profit from a game is about six dollars per club, but the Lafayette tilt yielded each group twenty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents. This brings the total so far to forty dollars apiece, a substantial aid to nearly-nominal treasuries. The Girl Reserves and Hi-Y wish to thank the student body, salesmen and patrons, for its cooperation and hope that the concessions will continue to be a success.

PHYS. ED. BOASTS
FIVE HELPERS

Spurr, Brekler, Wallace, Synder, Frank Help In Senior High

With the beginning of a new quarter at the University of Kentucky, University High has gotten a new group of student teachers, whom we welcome to the fold. We hope that their stay here will be as enjoyable as possible.

As usual, the Physical Education department has a large number of student teachers enrolled. It must be Mrs. Gilb's magnetic personality! Whatever the reason, there are five in Physical Ed: Miss Virginia Wesley, a native of Lexington, is struggling in the girls' gym class, along with Misses Lucille Clark, of Lexington, Maryann Vogt, Louisville, and Martha Cockrell, of Independence, Ky. Max Bookbinder is back with the boys.

Mr. Ginger's Chemistry class has the good fortune to have Miss Carola Spurr, of Lexington, with them for this quarter.

The Latin sanctuary has a man for their student teacher—Mr. William Buckler of Loretto, Kentucky. Men teachers are almost things of the distant past, so we are more than glad to have Mr. Buckler.

In Sophomore and Senior History, Miss Peck has Miss Patricia Wallace, of Huntington, W. Va., as a student teacher.

Dramatics class, under Mr. Briggs, also has a man teacher. Mr. Martin Snyder, of Louisville, Kentucky, is welcomed this quarter.

English has two student teachers this time: Miss Ann C. Frank, of Lexington, and Miss Virginia Long.

The Music Department has eight student teachers this quarter. Most of them were here last quarter also, and we are glad to see them back. Those majoring in music are: Miss Anita Roos, Lexington, Miss Mildred Buchanan, Mayslick, Kentucky, Miss Betsy Simpson, Nich-

(Continued on Page Two)

BENEFIT SHOW IS
NEW BRAINSTORM

Unique Show Would Bore Myriads of Local Talent

By Peggy Berryman

The newest idea that a few upperclassmen are trying to materialize is somewhat left up to the veto of the boys and girls of the Glee Club. U-Hi has long enjoyed originality in everything it undertakes and this will be quite an undertaking for all its uniqueness.

The idea is to have a benefit show, turning the money over to the Red Cross or the USO, in which the boys and girls of the Glee Club would wear masks of the movie cartoon characters, such as Donald Duck, Porky Pig, the Wabbit, etc., and would go through a minstrel show routine, singing popular songs and cracking jokes between numbers.

With the O.K. of the talented members of the Glee Club and the help of Miss Mason, the show could be got into running in no time, and might prove fun for everyone involved.

If the idea is okayed some volunteers will be needed for such parts as the master of ceremonies and some solos, either songs or dance routines, and the chorus characters.



Not Winnie viewing the world from an Egyptian pyramid, but Junior high girls gym class. Note lovely 3rd from left.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Tom,

A number of people have suggested that the U-Club meet and send for the basketball sweaters immediately.

The sweaters mean a lot to the boys and when they receive them at the end of the season they have little opportunity to wear them, particularly the senior boys who will soon be leaving town.

Yours,

Faithful Fan.

Lafayette Game

"Too little, too late, too bad," or "Lafayette, we are here, darn it," or "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." No, Miss Peck, we gave up on that history credit long ago.

Where Were You?

On the thirty-first of December, 1943, and the first of January, 1944, the Central Kentucky Invitational Basketball Tournament was held in the U. K. gym. I begin with this fact because I don't believe many of our students were aware even that a tournament was going on, much less that U-Hi was playing in it.

I didn't count the U-Hians at the game Friday night; I'd say there weren't more than twenty. Saturday afternoon I did count. There were twenty-three, including the cheerleaders. Saturday night there were eighteen, counting cheerleaders. Pityable, isn't it? That's a little more than a tenth of our student body.

The majority of you, I'm sure, have no idea how hard the team works. Those who have team members in their families know. Most of the basketball families of U-Hi never eat dinner before seven—because the boys seldom get home from practice before seven.

"But the boys don't have to play," you say. "They're playing because they want to." Sure, they are, but they don't have to be on the team to play basketball. They could get together with their friends, at school or the Y.M. and play. But because it adds prestige to our school, because it gives you and me one more thing to enjoy, they work hard so we can have a team worthy of our school. And we do. We have a wonderful school and a team to match, but our school spirit isn't good enough for either. And sooner or later that lack of spirit will seep into the team and it will go to pieces. If it goes far enough, the school itself will go to pieces.

Think about it. How would you like to play with only one-tenth of the school behind you? To quote one of our players, "The only thing that keeps me going out there is knowing that the students—a few of you, that is—are here rootin' for us," and another said, "You don't know how much it means to hear you all yelling when you're out there trying." Another player, not so cheerful, said, "No, they're not behind us. Most of the people at school don't care whether we ever win a game." Does that last remark fit you?

You see, it does mean something to the team to have you there. After all, you're not asked to put out much effort—it's the boys who have an hour of running and fighting to do. All you're asked to do it come and sit—and yell. Is that too much?

U-Hi Lights Policy

U-High Lights is a good-natured organization and it likes to be friends with everybody. On every issue it maintains a policy of unbiased neutrality, but it attempts to present the frank opinions of staff writers on both sides of interesting controversies which arise.

The U-High Lights is not a tool for fighting silly intra-school clique feuds born of petty jealousies. Any malicious or intentionally uncharitable reference or inference to any personality is blue-penciled.

The Editor



POISONALITY PARADE

POISONALITY PARADE honors this week I. N. Steiner. I. N. hasn't a friend in the world except H. A. Foushee, who is largely responsible for having him appear in this column. Steiner wanders into school about 2 o'clock every day and doesn't get acclimatized until ten after. He belongs to no worthwhile organizations except the Boy Scouts and the one Beebe succeeded Leach as president of. He's photographer for U-Hi Lites which shouldn't happen to even Owens. He's unambitious except that he would like to be president sometime. Summed up—

I. N. Steiner, a humorous wizard—Would dissect a chicken to tickle her gizzard.

As staff photo man for our school publication

His pictures cause alternately dismay and elation.

His grades and his jokes range from E to A-plus;

Steiner is an utterly unpredictable cuss.

More on Morons

Guard: Halt, who goes there?

Pvt. Cowgill: Aw, you wouldn't know me. I've just been here a week.

Then there is Beebe, who was recently reclassified 5-B — bifocals, bridgework, bay window, and bunions.

Army rank insignia had Leach all mixed up until Bigge explained that a colonel always had an eagle on his shoulder; a private always had a chicken on his knee.

Artillery sergeant to Simpson: "When I yell fire, don't stand there and tell me how much it's costing the taxpayers—fire the qxx** gun."

Phys. Ed. Helpers

(Continued From Page One.)

olaville, Miss Kathleen Hagan, Ft. Thomas, Ky., Miss Mabel Gumm, Miss Ann Mayer, Miss Frances Sullers, and Miss Mary L. French.

The elementary grades also have a few student teachers this quarter. They have been graced with half of the Brewer twins, Miss Margaret Brewer. Also they have Miss Frances Crawford, Monticello, Kentucky, Miss Marjorie Cummins, Brooksville, Kentucky, and Miss Anna Day and Miss Mary Burrier, both of Lexington.

Search Lights

By Lola Stokes

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

.....

Filling Station Attendant: "I've checked your motor; how's your oil?"

Fugazzi: "We all's all right. How's you all?"

—Lafayette Times.

.....

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. Oh, well, let him take it. Who wants athlete's foot anyway?

.....

Blow: "Y'know, they sent me old man away for a exercise."

Moe: "Exercise. What do you mean?"

Blow: "Oh, I dunno. Maw said they sent him up the river for a stretch."

—The Log.

.....

Miss Anderson: "Give me a sentence using the first person."

Steiner: "Adam lived in the garden of Eden."

—High School Record.

.....

Old Lady: "Usher, take me to the center door or aisle."

Chub: "Or you'll what?"

—Torchlight.

My heart is broke

My life is done

It is no joke

I'm not in fun

I feel so bad

I'd like to cry

I can't get gum

I think I'll die.

.....

Underwood: "What did the rabbit say when he ran out of the fire?"

Glenn: "Hooray!! I've been deferred."

—Tech Life.

.....

Missy: "What did the devil sing when Hitler was born?"

Peggy: "Somebody else is taking my place."

.....

Morton: (at the almond counter) "Who attends to the nuts?"

Clerk: "Be patient; I'll wait on you in a second."

—The Bell.

.....

Little Willie

Little Will, with father's gun

Punctured Grandma just for fun.

Mother frowned at the merry lad,

It was the last shell father had.

.....

Mr. Briggs: "Name two pronouns."

Brewer: "Who, me?"

NOTHING . . . in particular

Mother, does your daughter come home at night and sob silently on your shoulder after working all day at the war plant and tell you that she dropped her blow torch and the good looking foreman didn't even attempt to pick it up for her? Or does she murmur between sighs that she sat on the front row at the basketball game and not a single forward fell into her lap during the course of the game? Mother, rise to your daughter's aid. Remember what a fix you were in during World War I. Almost 18 and not even engaged.

Mother, this is leap-year. Make her help herself. First she must decide upon an objective. Then she must outline her strategy for the campaign. Her first battle maneuver should be one of power to denote the victim's strength and character. First, she should either knock him down in the hall or spill a full glass of water on his new suit in the vicinity of the cafeteria. If he laughs, he's the good-natured type; proceed immediately to impose upon his good nature.

If he bows stiffly, he's the dignified type; invite him to meet your good 'ole mother. If he gets mad, he's the type that's fun; repeat the violence until he succumbs to your charms. Mother, remember? Next, daughter, establish a bridgehead. Suppose the jerk likes music. Sup-

pose he likes to play the auditorium piano during his lunch period. One day, daughter, just wander in and think his piano playing is wonderful and establish a bridgehead. Next comes a show of strength. Walk down the hall escorted by a guard and a forward and pass right in front of the poor objective without even giving him a glance. Mother, your daughter has inherited some of your skill. The guy got jealous. You combine forces and you have an infantry engagement. Anyway, he asks you to go to the show, and you look at the picture, but have a swell time. And above all, you don't mind the fact that he couldn't get his pop's car, and that the bus is so crowded everybody has to inhale before the driver can shift into second.

Mother, now do your stuff. When you meet the objective treat him like a human being. Not too nice, understand? Analyze him. A wandering, shiftless, good-natured cluck? This type must be domesticated before they get the wanderlust. When he casually asks daughter to go to the prom practically the afternoon of the dance, she'd better already have a date with Bill. Thus, the objective sees he can't take things for granted and suddenly, he knows that he doesn't ever again want to go anywhere with anyone but your daughter.

Mother, mission accomplished. Let her handle him, herself, from now on.

New Year's Resolutions

Be it resolved that since 1944 is an election year, and everybody resolves one way or another on election year, that the following suggestions be accepted with a grain of pepper. We resolve—

That Willmott not grow any more

.....

That someone give Miss Anderson the cough drops she didn't get for Christmas

.....

That somebody with a C card offer to take Miss Peck to the Nile

.....

That whoever swiped the Christmas tree lights at the dance finds out they don't work and brings them back

.....

That senior committees and sub-committees work in closer federation

.....

That everyone speak to Harold and Viola

.....

That the sophomore boys should speak to the sophomore girls—i.e., Hugh and Della

.....

That Glenn throw away his lightbulb, also, that we throw away Glenn.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

Ring out the old; ring in the new! 1943 is but a few dusty memoirs which we affectionately offer here. Harry, Larry, 'n' Bill were hitting 'em from all over the floor, and the hope of aspiring to the State Tourney arose around U-Hi—forty loyal sons of U-Hi turned out for V-Corps—the "Cercle Sans Souci" was running madly about prepping for a gala Mardi Gras—the mighty Purple quintet of U-Hi downed Lafayette 25-20.

At this point Mr. Kemper left and Mrs. Harelson joined the faculty; poor woman, for she was to have a hectic year between Ray Murphy and Lad Simpson. Eleanor Tucker had been "nic"-named. The University Jr. high team finally won a game—the senior play cast was chosen—the Freshmen were going about mumbling "Save the land for the living."

The senior play, "Ever Since Eve," came off with John Marlowe and Pat Griffin stealing the show—and within less than a week, the Junior Prom took place—and finally, amid many tears, commencement—the seniors were gone forever from U-Hi but we would return again for at least another year.

And after a hectic summer, we did—many new faces were seen around the halls including that of Mr. Ginger—Mr. Briggs was back after a year in Uncle Sam's big fraternity—Ann Carter was making her debut in the motion picture industry—the fairer sex of University High were in a twitter over Henry Clay's backfield in general—Stelner spent twenty minutes getting the camera ready to take one still shot of June Haver—the Sophomores threw a jam session in the gym.

Simpson went to the marines (egad! this manpower shortage!)—twenty-odd eager lads were working hard prepping for a big basketball season—crooners walked around in the halls droning "Oil or nothing at oil"—U-Hians suffered from over-doses of turkey and alka-seltzer—cheer-

leaders were selected and we looked toward a victorious season.

This proved to be the case, with the Purple five defeating four out of five opponents and taking third place in the Central Kentucky Invitational—"Bubbles" Sturgill fell on the floor at Winchester and we had to replank it before the "A" team game—Betty Jo caught cold up at Saloshin's in her pajamas—Underwood and Glenn almost made Lola and Betty Sue sound bad in the Christmas program quartet—lots of fun for everyone—Beebe had nightmares of little green devils sitting on the end of his bed saying, "We're from Bridgeport an' couldn't be prouder; if you don't believe us, we'll say it a little louder"—Fugazzi just had nightmares of Beebe—and everyone left the old year slip away in hopes of a better one!

Korruption Korner

Man-of-the-week-end: "Bad Boris" Beebe, for shooting fireworks, in celebration of his winning two points in the Bridgeport game, and nearly killing three freshmen!

Poem-of-the-week: (Dedicated to the oncoming exams)
The revelations
Of examinations
Are often times amazing!

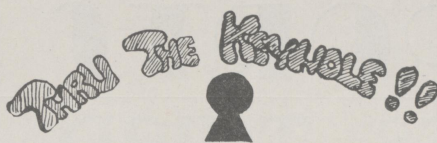
I wish to God

I were under the sod

Instead of sitting here gazing!

Song-of-the-week: "Mah Ideal," fondly dedicated to L'il Abner, and we're dog-goned glad he came in off of that cold roof!

Idea-of-the-week: Build a Republican home for Franklin and Eleanor in their old age — you know, the kind without any fireplace!



People like to start the year off with a bang but I always thought that a bad start made a good ending. So off to a bad start.

For the most part U-Hi isn't very romantic in the fall and winter but with the coming of "leap year" I predict disaster for some of the boys. In fact, it is rumored that Nannette Pratt jumped the gun by a few hours.

Martha Forman confided to me (secretly, of course) that she thinks "Gush" is very cute. "Gush," you've been holding out on us.

A certain boy, should we say that a certain two boys' eyes light up when they think of Bicknell coming back.

We hear that the sophomore girls—unpredictable as always—have a new idol, only this time he's closer to home. How does it feel to be a hero to girls like Joyce and Pat Thompson, Robin?

Pasty Karsner is hard at work trying to get back in Chubby's little black book.

"Cootie" is seeking advice from Dorothy Dix as how to attract a certain male by the name of Jake.

Dal Thorp and Betsy Houston have been going the same way since New Year's Eve. Isn't it wonderful what a moon will do, eh, Dal?

Scop of the Week: Don Sturgill reveals his secret love is Betty Jo Harris.

Jimmy Irvin is keeping Betty Ree company on these long winter nights.

Suggestion of the Week: That Arthur Roberts stop being a lone wolf. There are plenty of gals around just waiting for you to come along, June.

The thrill of the Week: "Super-wolf-maiden-swoon-Glenn" revealing his long winter underwear to the Physics class!

Have you noticed the loving looks that Greenberry sends D.L.S. in Dramatics. From what we hear one of U. K. wolves (a civilian, girls!) thinks those pretty green eyes are mighty interestin'. His initials are B. L.

Probably the biggest event of the holidays was the acquisition by Miss Ridgely Park of a highly valued little gold sphere with the words "U-Hi—42" engraved on it. Perhaps you've noticed that the gazes of several senior girls no longer linger longingly on Bunkie's key chain—instead they're directed enviously at the gold chain around Ridgely's neck.

Oh, the Christmas presents these U-Hi boys give! If you don't believe me, ask Glenna about the presents from David, and get Peggy to tell you about what Don gave her. Then also, Skeen is quite happy about the gift from Adolph which she's been wearing lately. (I know what you're thinking—hate

to disappoint you, but it was pearls and a sweater.) (Ed. Note: Who's disappointed?!)

Mecan, you and "Hag" made quite a spectacle of yourselves last Sunday afternoon. Don't you all know that nice girls don't ride piggy back down Fontaine Road—especially on Sunday? But what we're really wondering about is how Wallace and Buddy bore up under the heavy load.

Os there anybody who didn't see Fugazzi's gardenias that she wore to the Lafayette game? If you didn't, let us tell you they were beauties. But "Foo" was sad all the same. It seems Rudy had just left for Wisconsin. What was the matter, Willie, didn't you state your case plain enough?

Besides her following at U-Hi (and there are several besides the one who "worships her secretly and from afar") Pat Thompson has a fan in the A.S.T.P.-R.O.T.C. at the University. We hear on good authority that "Windy" Myers would like to start pitching in that league. Tsk, tsk—and her only a sophomore!

And say, Jake, everyone commented on your good taste when you brought that cute little blonde to the game the other night. For the benefit of all who asked, we'll tell you that her name is Joan Rehm.

Any time you want to start an argument, get Eva, Carolyn Hansen, Betty Sue, and Frankie into a discussion of the respective merits of two Art's, two Harry's, Bob, Gus, and other soldier-friends too numerous to mention. It will take days for the furore to subside.

Seen and overheard at various basketball games: Len Shouse, the pride of Henry Clay, the object of adoring glances from the sophomore girls and a few assorted seniors . . . Fugazzi saying, "But I think Beebe's good!" . . . Missie cheering for the team, but keeping her eyes on Bill . . . Peggy Berryman with a faraway look in her eye — which quickly vanishes as Don (Juan) Evans makes his appearance on the floor amid a host of feminine sighs . . . "Wallace and Morris have the prettiest legs, but Tommy's aren't bad!" (this last

Sidelights

Let's take stock of what we can expect in 1944.

The Sophomores really didn't need to make any new resolutions for 1944, since they haven't needed the ones they made last year. However, they solemnly pledge to enthusiastically support any school projects, and to continue to make their instructors happy—especially Miss West! Now let's come down to earth.

We predict warfare on uninhibited members of the Biology class who enjoy discussing the liver while others are eating same at lunch! Their motto is "We give you the inside dope!" while their opponents' battle-cry is "No More Meal-Time Lore in 1944!"

There is one group we didn't have last year that you may not know much about.

Hi institution — (there will be a brief five-second pause for everybody to fill in some sort of gag)—Glennandavid. (Get it?)

If the ice-cream and coca-colas have been there three hours and Gush has neglected to get any ice, if Joe Matthews suffers a sudden attack of bashfulness and just can't go out there in front of all those people, if Smokestack and "Nic" Tucker get into an argument over their favorite brands of — ah—chewing gum, if somebody passes out from excitement and can only be revived by the immediate use of Retonga — this noble little group takes care of everything!

One thing we hope will be dead and buried this year is those little ditties on the subject of Retonga, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Fastest, and other items. Ask Mecan to sing them to you!

The best bet for the year is the prospective pep club, so make it good!

from two senior girls) . . . Chubby Wachman thrilling his fans by some long shots . . . Bunkie looking for someone who isn't there . . . the two Ginger snaps watching the game from Papa's knee.

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PERSONALITY PARADE



CAROLYN CRAIG McEekin
National Honor Society
President of Girl Reserves
Associate Editor
Masque and Gavel
Student Council

"High scholastic standing" . . . "Leadership" . . . "Character" . . . those are the traits possessed by a member of the National Honor Society; and those are the traits that best describe Carolyn. If there was an award for having a sense of humor, "Mecan" would get that, too.

She is not a "wishy-washy" person as her likes and dislikes are quite pronounced. When she likes someone, it is almost impossible to shake her faith in him, but when she dislikes someone, the less she sees of him, the better.

Mecan is dead to the world with a book in her hand. She loves to

read and reads rapidly. Being a rabid Southerner and rapid reader, she has read "Gone With the Wind" fourteen times. One of her favorite books is "The Robe."

Definitely not a career girl, Carolyn wants a home and at least four children, all boys! Bud, her brother, says her cooking is "superb!" But her husband will have a diet of orange juice, vegetable soup, and chocolate cake as these are her favorite dishes. Let's hope he survives!

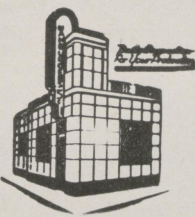
Speaking of husbands, Mecan's ideal man must have a sense of humor and some sense. He should be fairly tall ("so my chin comes to his shoulder") and she prefers blue eyes.

She loves to swim and walk miles in the rain. Being absolutely crazy on the subject of Nelson Eddy, Mecan can listen for hours to really good music, particularly Russian music.

Since her favorite color is blue, psychologists would say she was "out of this world," "a romanticist," "ethereal," but as Underwood would say—"She's a good old gal!"

People Say—
"Of all the goons in U-Hi, she is the best." (including Glenn)

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SPORTS PAGE

PURPLES THIRD IN TOURNEY

GINGER'S LADS WIN 2, LOSE 1

Lexington basketball fans saw 1943 out and the New Year in with the Kiwanis Invitational Tournament held on the hardwood of the University of Kentucky's spacious gymnasium. The eight teams invited to play were selected from the most successful of Central Kentucky's 1943 high school cage clubs.

Payette county's representative was University High, heretofore defeated in only one start out of five. Henry Clay declined an invitation and Lafayette had two games with Louisville squads Thursday and Friday.

In the first round Bridgeport beat Kavanaugh 32-26 with Cecil Shyrock, Cavalier forward, starting with 19 points. Clark County edged out Estill County 25-23 after a last-minute rally by the losers barely fell short, an Estill County boy missing a wide open crip in the last fifteen seconds. In the lower bracket U-Hi defeated Burgin by use of their superior height and Cynthiana's shifty Cinnamon ran Midway into defeat.

The semi-finals, played Saturday afternoon, saw Clark County out rebound an aggressive Bridgeport five and Cynthiana hand U-Hi its worst defeat of the season. Rebounding was fairly well matched in this game but Kuster and Cinnamon's dead eyes for the basket was too much for the Purples.

Cynthiana in the finals, a very different team, by the way, from the fast-moving, hard-hitting quintet that played U-Hi in the afternoon, defeated Clark County with Kuster's three one-handed long shots in the last minutes of play. U-Hi won the consolation game with Beebe's thrilling long shot in the third overtime period.

U-Hi's Purple-clad representatives started their tournament play by plastering a small Burgin quintet 34-21. The type of game the Purples turned in was nothing to be proud of as the Burgin boys, dressed in white, outfoiled them. Ball-handling was ragged but the shots that the lanky U-Hi boys hurled at hoops came close enough to hand the victory to U-Hi.

The next afternoon the Purples engaged the Cynthiana Bulldogs, a quintet of lads who lived up to their nickname and piled a 29-19 defeat upon the golden record of old U-Hi. This defeat was bitter to the taste of our team and the very obscure loyal rooters who attended the tragic episode, but the burden of sorrow was carried well.

That evening in the consolation game with Bridgeport the Purples went three overtimes before the yawning Beebe grasped the ball in his hands and swished the cords with the final points. 33-32 was the score that the light-hearted U-Hians ran up during the interceding 41 minutes of play, and the team had given its first trophy to U-Hi.

This game proved to be the most exciting of the evening although the championship match was also closely played. When the night's card of hardwood entertainment finally drew to a close it is certain that the worn, bedraggled spectators realized that they had witnessed two exhibitions that would be hard to top for excitement.

FUNNY FANS INSPIRE TEAM

by John C. Owens?

"'Twas the night after New Years'; we were still full of cheer, But Bridgeport, our rivals, had not come here to get beat—" Longfellow

When the fatal hour struck (8 o'clock by your watch, 4:05 by mine) not a stand was in the fans—er, ah—well, anyway, suddenly, a multitude of goons crashed the gate. Forty ethereal beings clad according to the fashions of the day, mothered by an intent coach wearing the visage of an expectant father mentally pacing the floor, swept past the amazed ticket taker at the gate, who hadn't seen anything like it since the UK football team got drafted. No it wasn't Morehead on the march; ditto the British 8th Army. Right—it was the U-High basketball team.

Suddenly, four weatherbeaten babes appeared inside the magnificent barn. They were the entire strenuous U-High cheering section and this was to be their third contest in 24 hours. Still no paid admissions in the house.

Then entered Curly Marlowe with a wet towel, manager, Thorpe with a dry towel—trainer, Owens—mascot, Admiral Halsey, public relations man with Henry Clay, Bigge—honorary freak of the week, Hammet, honorary Queer of the Year. Still no paid admissions.

Some minutes later, Glenn tripped lightly over the threshold, held aloft his lucky lightbulb and announced himself as team electrician. We were at last assembled. The game could commence. Still no paid admissions. Which reminds me, I never did get there myself. Who won the ball game anyway?

PURPLE SCORING IN YULE TOURNEY

Name	Games	Field Goals	Foul	Total Points
Wilkie	3	15	6	36
Allen	3	8	3	19
McMeekin	3	6	3	15
Underwood	3	3	0	6
Beebe	3	2	0	4
Griffin	3	0	2	2
Willmott	3	1	0	2
Horne	3	0	1	1
Wachtman	3	0	1	1
Totals	3	35	16	86



by Morris Beebe

In looking back over the Central Kentucky tournament recently played in the University of Kentucky gym, there were a few players who deserve special recognition.

One of them was Cynthiana's "ball-handling genius," Dan (never-stay-in-the-same-spot - more-than-a-second) Cinnamon. "Little Dan" was all over the floor, driving his opponents half-crazy with his rapid dribbling. He would certainly have to be placed on an all-tournament five.

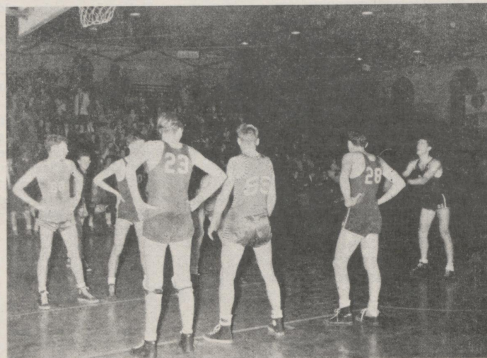
Another boy who turned in an excellent performance was Kavanaugh's Cecil Shylock, who scored 19 points against Bridgeport to lead all other players in total points scored in a single game. He, too, ought to be on an all-tournament team.

A third player who deserves a place on the honored quintet is U-Hi's own Bunkie Wilkie. Bunkie scored 36 points in the entire contest to lead all other athletes in total points scored in the tourney. His average of 12 points a game would hold up in any man's loop.

Other boys who did well in the tourney were Thomas and Hammons of Clark County, Waites and Kuster of Cynthiana, and McMeekin and Allen of U-Hi.

Speaking of basketball, the University of Kentucky Wildcats have been doing pretty well for themselves. They have already played and beaten some of the nation's top ranking teams, their most recent victory being over Notre Dame 55-54. In this contest the Kentuckians jumped into an early lead and were able to hold it during most of the game. The Irishmen fought hard, but were never able to gain a substantial advantage. The Wildcats finally won the game on a foul shot cashed by pivot-man Bob Brannum, in the waning seconds of play. Walter Johnson and Jack Tingle played well for the boys in blue and white, while Bob Lloyd was best for the boys from South Bend.

Action in Lafayette Game



PURPLES LOSE TO GENERALS 36-19

The University high team suffered their worst defeat of the season last Friday night, when the Lafayette Generals blasted the Purples to the tune of 36 to 19 at the University of Kentucky gymnasium.

Lafayette, who outclassed the U-Hians the whole game, were led by Sing Yearly and Lynn Grogan with 15 and 11 points respectively. Yearly made most of his on a fast break while Grogan hit long ones.

Willie Allen with nine points paced the Purples and Bunkie Wilkie and Charles McMeekin contributed three each. U-Hi's greatest difficulty was getting good shots from the floor, and the ones they took were just not there.

The U-Hi Purples, however, were not out-fought by the Generals. The Purples committed 15 personal fouls, while Lafayette was charged with 16 infractions. U-Hi was hurt through the loss of Wallace Horne and Bunkie Wilkie on fouls. Horne is a fine ballhandler and Wilkie is exceptionally good on rebounds. T. Daley was banished on fouls and Derrickson was removed from the game for unnecessary roughness.

The game started with Wilkie connecting a free throw, but Grogan hit a long shot to put the Generals ahead. McMeekin tied the score with a gratis toss, but Yearly sank a crip on the fast break and Lafayette took the lead. Yearly continued to do this and at the end of the first quarter he score was 15 to 4.

In the second quarter Lafayette slowed down due to the tightening

of the Purple defense. Both teams hardly scored during this period. The score at the half was 20 to 7 and at the third quarter mark it was 26 to 11. During the rest of the game the teams traded baskets.

The Purple B team also went down in defeat by the score of 26 to 19. Lafayette was ahead at the quarters by 8-5, 16-7, and 24-11. Hugh Hammet was high for the Purples with 8 and Flynn led Lafayette with four baskets.

Summary:

U-Hi (19) (36) Lafayette
Wilkie (3).....F.....(11) Grogan
McMeekin (3).....F.....(4) Derrickson
Allen (9).....C.....(15) Yearly
Wachtman (2).....G.....(1) Daley
HorneG.....(3) Papania
Substitutions: U-Hi — Griffin,
Beebe, Underwood (2), Lafayette—
Flynn, McCord (1), Kitchen, Marshal (1), Adams.
Referee: Hickey, Kentucky.

SPORTS QUIZ

by Don Sturgill

Question: Why don't more people come to our basketball games?

Charles McMeekin: Because they are a bunch of plutocrats.

Junie Roberts: They would rather go to a Henry Clay game to see U-Hi's dream boy.

Missie Van Meter: They don't care whether we win or lose. There is no school spirit.

Bill Winfree: Because they are too lazy to come.

Mary Buckner: Lots of girls don't have dates and they don't like to come to the ball games without dates. Even if we don't have a good team we do have good spirit. (She means this about junior high games.)

Mr. Ginger: The students turn out pretty well, but the parents don't come as they do at other schools.

Robin Griffin: If the team acted like the people, there would be no basketball.

Lida Ingles: Because some of them come on school nights, and parents won't let them out then.

Betty Ann Shropshire: I don't know, but I would like to.

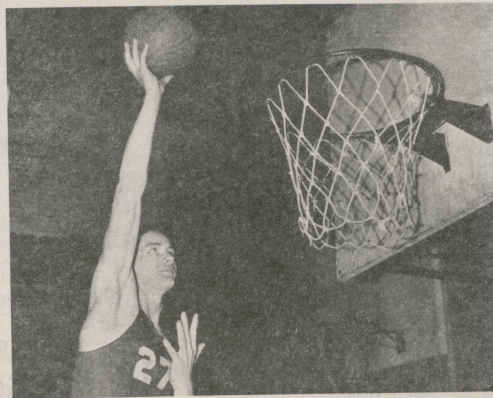
Kent Hollingsworth: There are not enough free refreshments.

GIRLS CONTINUE IN INTRAMURALS

The girls will start playing basketball Tuesday, Jan. 11. Teams will probably be formed for a tournament if enough girls come out.

The badminton tournament has been completed, Betty Sue Scott coming out on top. The ping pong tournament is still under way and will be finished soon. The girls had the same opponents in the ping pong tournament as they did in the badminton. The tennis tournament has been postponed until spring.

The girls are still working at the hospital, rolling bandages, running errands, and doing other small jobs.



George Willmott rebounds as U-High beats Wilmore 42-24.

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PAT EVANS CHOSEN TO REPRESENT
U-HIGH AS D. A. R. GOOD CITIZENPark, Ritchie, other Senior
Girls Nominated
For Honor

Pat Evans, sixteen-year-old senior, has been selected as the University High representative for the annual D.A.R. Good Citizenship Pilgrimage. Pat will represent the Captain John Waller Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The senior class elected three senior girls who they felt best personified the good citizenship ideals, which are dependability, service, leadership and patriotism. The girls were Pat, Ridgely Park, and Glenna Ritchie. From these, the faculty made the final selection.

Pat has attended University School since 1930—when the school was opened—beginning with two years in kindergarten. She is a member of Masque and Gavel, national honorary speech and dramatics society; the Glee Club; Intramural Club, of which she is secretary; the Pep Club; Girl Reserves; U-High Lights editorial staff; was a U-High representative in the All-State Chorus in 1943; and is active in radio work at the University of Kentucky radio studios.

In former years when the representatives from the various D.A.R. chapters met at the state convention, one girl was chosen to represent the State of Kentucky at the national convention in Washington, D. C. However, since the war, a name is drawn at the state convention and the girl whose name is drawn receives a \$100 War Bond instead of the trip to Washington.



Above, please find Pat Evans,
U-High's 1944 Good Citizen

PAPER SALVAGE
GETS 11,000 LBS.U-High Collectors Third
In County

The paper salvage drive, which first got off to a dismal start at U-High, has ended in success. U-High is the third highest of all county and city schools in the drive with 11,000 pounds to its credit. St. Catherine's Academy is first.

Waste paper will be collected weekly or every other week for the next month, according to the amount of paper reported in to us. The aim is to reach 20,000 pounds within the next two weeks. The Student Council will later decide for what purpose the money received for the waste paper will be spent. The Infantile Paralysis fund, the blood plasma fund and several others are among worthy causes which have been mentioned to which this money could be contributed.

Dr. Warmingham
Speaks On India

At a special convocation last Thursday afternoon, Dr. O. W. Warmingham addressed a group of U-High students who had expressed interest in the question of English-Indian relations after the war. Dr. Warmingham, who spoke to the entire student body Wednesday, February ninth, began with a brief history of the growth of the British Empire. He compared the English in India with our own relations with the American Indians.

In describing the Hindus and Mohammedan groups, the two largest in India, Dr. Warmingham emphasized the complete difference in the two. He also discussed the caste system and explained that these "inequalities" cannot be done away with abruptly, as the Indians have known and lived with them for thousands of years. Dr. Warmingham gave some of the reasons for friction between the Hindus and Mohammedans and stated that until some way is found to iron out the disagreements, the Mohammedans will not agree to an independent government in which the Hindus control the largest voting bloc.

When he finished speaking, Dr. Warmingham answered students' questions.

Pep Club Organized;
Stokes Is PresidentAllen, Van Meter, Glenn
Are Also Elected
Officers

At a meeting of representatives of the upper three grades, plans were drawn up for the organization of a Pep Club, to aid in developing more school spirit. At the first meeting of students interested in the Club, Lola Stokes was elected president, Willie Allen and Missie Van Meter elected co-vice presidents, and Jimmy Glenn was elected secretary-treasurer.

Since the first meeting, the application for memberships have been accepted, a constitution drawn up, a shirt selected to be worn by all members, an emblem selected and ordered to be worn by all members, and Mrs. Gilb has been chosen as sponsor.

The purpose of the Pep Club is: To stimulate and promote school spirit and loyalty; to support all school athletic contests, school drives, and school programs.

To be a charter member a pupil must have attended three-fourths of the home games, and to remain a member, he must attend all home games unless excused.

SCOTT SWORN IN
BY AIR CORPS

This year the third University High Senior class since the United States has entered the war will be graduated, but this is the first class to have some of its members already getting into the reserves of the armed forces.

At the present time, four have begun the process of entering these reserves. These seniors are Jimmy Steiner, Tommy Underwood, David Morton, and Harry Scott. Jimmy took and passed the Naval Air Corps Reserve mental exam which was given here several weeks ago. He will go to St. Louis early in March to take the physical. Tommy passed the physical exam for West Point. He too, early in March, will take the mental exam. David took the mental for the Army Air Corps Reserve but has not yet heard from that. Harry took the mental exam for the Army Air Corps Reserve. He passed it and went to Louisville last Monday for the physical, which he passed. He is the first senior to be formally sworn into the service.

Under the rules of these reserves a student in his last semester will be permitted to finish, if the semester does not extend for more than six months after the student is eighteen.

Science Class Enters
Penicillin Business

Under the direction of Miss Jean Elliott, the general science class is growing penicillin as a class project.

Penicillin is believed to be the greatest single medical discovery of this age. It combats certain infections that other agents, even the valuable sulfa drugs, do not reach. It has already been tried out on soldiers who have been sent home with wounds and infections. It is applied externally on the wound and cannot be used intravenously.

The culture for this project was obtained from Dr. Scherago, the head of the bacteriology department, at the University of Kentucky.

GINGER REPLACES ADAMS AT HELM;
ASSUMES DUTIES OF DIRECTOR

Smiling at you is Lyman Ginger,
Director, Principal, Teacher, Coach,
etc.

STUDENTS HASH
COUNCIL PLANCommittee To Draw Up
Constitution

Inspired by general student discussion and by signs posted in the halls of the school, a committee composed of the president and two representatives of each class was chosen to discuss the desirability of organizing a student council to take the place of the body which was discontinued after its inactivity last year.

The problem was brought before the student body on February 3 in a general assembly directed by Mr. Ginger. Tommy Underwood, Wallace Horne, and Jimmy Glenn, representing the senior, junior, and sophomore classes respectively, expressed their approval of a plan having such a body. A general discussion followed in which all students could express their own views.

It was finally decided that the original committee would meet to draw up a constitution. The new student council will be formed on a basis of cooperation by the entire student body. Temporary plans are for two members from each class and three officers elected by the student body in large.

Visitors Invited Out
Of U-High Cafeteria

The Training School cafeteria is operated for the purpose of serving the students and faculty of U-High; and those connected with the College of Education.

Because of the food shortage brought on by the war, it has become difficult to secure enough food to meet these needs. The rise in the price of food has been a severe handicap. This has also caused the changes in the price of food in the cafeteria.

Our cafeteria has always been rated as one of the best. In order to keep up this reputation, it has been necessary to cut down on the variety of food. The cost of food is not the only thing which has caused the raise in the prices. Wages of the help have been raised also. This has been necessary to compete with other places.

*Busy Mr. Ginger Is Also
Principal, Teacher
and Coach

On January 24, 1944, Mr. Lyman Ginger, who is principal, coach and science teacher at U-High, added to his already long list of duties the title of Director of University High.

Mr. Ginger fills a position vacated by the resignation of Dr. Jesse E. Adams. Dr. Adams has resigned so that he may devote his time to his college classes. He is head of the Philosophy of Education Department at the University of Kentucky. Dr. Adams had been acting director since September in the absence of Dr. Ellis F. Hartford, who accepted a commission in the Navy last May. Mr. Ginger will continue to be the Director of U-High until such time as Dr. Hartford is released from active duty and is prepared to take over again.

Mr. Ginger came to U-High last September from Owensville High to take over the classes Mr. Kempfer taught before he joined the Army and to coach the U-High Purples.

Mrs. Trimble Becomes
Fifth Grade Teacher

Mrs. E. G. Trimble (Lois H.) joined the faculty of the Training School in January when she became the teacher of the fifth grade in the Elementary department. Mrs. Trimble is a local woman, living on Henry Clay Blvd., and is the mother of Robert Trimble, a member of the Sophomore class. She has never done regular teaching, but has done substitute work in the city and county schools.

She received her A.B. from Berea College, and her Master's degree from the University of Kentucky, where she majored in German literature.

Her husband was assistant professor of political science at the University, but at the present time is on leave doing war work in Washington.

☆☆☆
SERVICE STARS

Lt. A. B. "Tony" McCain was recently home on leave from his anti-aircraft base at Ft. Fisher, N. C.

Lt. McCain entered the armed forces in 1941 and he was sent to Ft. Riley, Kansas, Ft. McIntosh, Texas, Ft. Bliss, Texas, and Camp Davis, N. C., respectively. He attended Officers' Candidate School at Camp Davis and received his commission as Second Lieutenant in April of last year.

"Tony" attended University High and later worked in the Engineering College at the University of Kentucky until he entered the armed forces.

Pfc. Sam Huey, United States Infantry, was recently home on a 3-day pass from Camp Butler, Durham, N. C.

Sam entered the armed forces in May of 1943 and was sent to Camp Wolters, Texas, where he received his basic military training.

Pfc. Huey was graduated from University High in 1942 and attended the University of Kentucky until he was inducted.

Pvt. Logan Savage is now taking his basic military training with the Army Engineers at Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Pvt. Savage enlisted in the Reserve Corps in 1943 and was called to active duty in January of this year.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

The basketball season's almost over! But the tournament (s) are still to come, which inspires the following:

Ode to the Pep Club

If as a Pep Club member you really want to rate,
Be at all tournaments—especially the State!

Ode to the Girl Reserves

When the score is all tied up, and the game is not so quiet,
Recommended: a fingernail and Coca-Cola diet!

... those do for an A level, Mr. B.? There were a large (ahem) number of objections to the Pep Club's "why - wear - a - skirt-only-it-does-get-a-little chilly" skirts, but this is the wierdest: "T shirts! Why I wouldn't be seen in one at a tea!"

We had a rare time after the Owensville game. Interesting items: Willie stowing away nine hot-dogs and three cokes. . . Griffin spending the evening on the ice cream cooler . . . Glenn, after a slight mishap in the kitchen, glancing in the weiner pot and screaming, "Look, everybody, I've found Deiss' finger!"

Man-of-the-week: That great "operatic" baritone, Frank Sinatra, for getting "4-F'd" and preserving his voice for the croon-swooners of the nation and future generations.

Silly-thought-of-the-week: Back during the coldest days of December the Office of Price Administration "froze" ice cream!

Moron-of-the-week: Greenberry, for wanting to make a change from the annual "Constitution Calendars" and put up the "familiar" Varga calendars in all the classrooms!

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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Bond Sale Boosts Fourth War Loan

The Junior High students have put forth a grand drive to boost the fourth war loan.

Two teams were chosen and there has been quite a bit of competition to see which sides could sell the most bonds and stamps. These teams were headed by Mary McDowell Van Meter and Bruce Glenn. The result of the sales totaled around \$15,000 with Glenn's team ahead. The drive closed Tuesday, February 15, 1944.

The eighth grade also had a white elephant sale in the gym. This sale which was for the benefit of blood plasma, made \$17.85.

The hard work of these students has proved very profitable and these boys and girls have earned high praise.

Next time you're down town stop in at B. B. Smith's.

Student Council

Mr. Ginger has shown clearly that he favors Student Council. Mr. Ginger and Mr. Glenn have done a good job explaining the functions of a Student Council to the student body. Lack of understanding by the student body has been its prime cause for failure in the past.

The questions now before us are:

(1) Are we interested enough to give freely of our time and energy to the Student Council?

(2) Supposing a new, improved constitution is drawn up by the committee for that purpose, to replace the humorous masterpiece of contradiction, our heritage from days of old, and supposing it is submitted to the student body in convocation for ratification, and supposing we vote to adopt it, are we willing to support its decisions? That's the sixty-four dollar question.

Baby Purples

The Baby Purples may have gone down on the loss side of the ledger with consistency this season, but we think Knapp, Halbert, Stern, Birch, and Wilkie are a good little bunch. Besides, the 4-Fs they played against are big enough to give Depaul a battle.

Mr. Beasley has just replaced Mr. Tice, who got Navied away, in the Junior High coaching slot, and the cagers are improving steadily. Let's attend the remaining two games on the Juniors' schedule and cheer them to victory.

Cafeteria Price Changes

The Student Body accepted the new cafeteria price changes with a genuinely commendable attitude. Everyone realizes that food and labor are at sky high prices, and that Mrs. Ritchie is doing a magnificently good job of keeping up food standards in our cafeteria.

We also liked the paragraph in the cafeteria committee ruling stating that outsiders are not to eat in our cafeteria since it is subsidized by the University. We hope this will be enforced next time a Farm-Home convention or similar gathering takes place in our neighborhood.

AFTERTHAUGHTS

Amusing thought: Suppose cutie Carter's Florida phone call was from a relative? No, couldn't have been.

Scoop report: Hear one of last year's seniors has become a settled-down married man of late.

Hidden desire: But, Dianne, Pat's not really too tall for you yet.

Usual procedure on campus. Meagan, Aggie, and Missie chasing basketballers Beebe, Allen and Wachtman.

Congratulations to Wilkie and Graves, two swell fellows who like two swell girls.

Every time we see Schneider at Jake's, he's with a different good-looking girl. He must have talent scouts.

Carter has practically got last year's whole B team following her around what with Marlowe, Dunn, Leach and Underwood on her trail. And incidentally, Seaman Prewitt didn't waste any time about renewing acquaintances, did he?



Student Council Caucus

"Con-Foushee Says"

By Henry Foushee

Con-Foushee says: Never go out with a twine manufacturer because he will always string you along.

Well, I hear that most ever on attended the Mt. Sterling game last week. Yours truly was taken for his roll, too, between Wachtman and Sturgill. I have to my lone-some, thirty-two cents, two slugs, one headache, three Pepsi-Cola tops, and a Wilkie button.

At least I am not the only one in trouble. I saw "Doc" Ginger getting a car battery at Sears and Roebuck's last week, and the store detective accused him of shop-lifting. Naive little character, ain't he?—he thought the battery was charged.

Car batteries reminds me of gas rationing difficulties. You know, I had to ride with Big Jim in that fugitive from Wides and Baker's junk lot that he lovingly calls a car. Yesterday when I got in with him, he turned the key, pushed the starter, stepped on the gas, and the next thing I knew we had picked up two stop lights, one policeman, four pedestrians, a milk wagon, and a banner which had previously hung over Main Street, and read "Drive Slow," also "Vote for J. Steiner, our next Safety Commissioner."

Notice: There will be a box in the Library for contributions for Steiner's bail.

While we are on the subject of cars, there is the sad case of my Uncle Joe, who just bought a new seven passenger Cadillac, but he had a little trouble. It seems that he ran down a one-way street, hit a brick wall, and a building fell on it. Don't know anyone who wants to buy a long thin Austin, do you?

In conclusion I want to call attention to Uncle Levi Beebe, a man of letters. His title reads as follows: Dr. Levi Beebe, Ph.D., LL.D., B.V.D., C.I.O. A. F. of L., and L.S.M.F.T.

So long for now.

P.S. Have you heard about the little Moron who blew his brains out, drank poison and hung himself? Neither have I. If you run across one let me know.

To get serious for a minute, kiddies, I would like to blow my top as others have done on the subject of the Student Council. I am for said Council, but it is going to take work. Just after the meeting last Friday I saw two examples of people either not thinking or maybe they didn't pay any attention in convocation, for they were running in the halls. I know I am not exempt from this myself, but if people would think, our Council would work and then Tom Underwood's statement would come true. We would have the best school in Lexington.

Search Lights

Little Willie

Into the cistern little Willie
Pushed his darling sister, Lily,
Mother couldn't find her daughter
So now we sterilize our water.
Red 'N Black

Mr. Mac: I won't have you standing on the front porch with that young man.

Mecan: But, father, I only stayed for a second.

Mr. Mac: I distinctly heard the third, fourth and fifth.

Torchlight

Wife: There is company at the door and we're not through with dinner yet.

Scotchman: Quick! Grab a toothpick.

Torchlight

Comb 'um hair
File 'um nails
Paint 'um mug
Catch 'um males.

Torchlight

Miss Anderson: Tell me one or two things about John Milton.

Joe: Well, he got married and wrote "Paradise Lost" and then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Red 'N Black

Sinatra — For whom the belles toil.

Wolf—A guy who is what the guy whose gal he stole wishes he was a good-looking as.

Itch — What when a soldier is standing at attention his nose always.

Bell

Horine: Do you file your finger-nails?

Chub: No, I just throw them away after I cut them off.

Crimson

Miss Anderson asked the senior class to submit a couplet to rhyme with Kelley. I. N. released this epic:

There was a likely lad named Kelley

Who waded in the brook up to his knees.

"Where is the rhyme?" asked Miss A.

"Water wasn't deep enough," replied Steiner.

Red 'N Black

English teacher: How would you punctuate this sentence: There goes a beautiful girl!

Don Evans: I'd make a dash after the girl!

Lafayette Times

NOTHING . . . in particular

We Like:

The Pep Club.

Mr. Briggs' frankness.

Joe Mathews' floor talks.

Allen's haircut.

Tiny Jones for not breaking down and bawling sorrowfully after he'd hurt everyone's feelings so badly.

The one senior boy who doesn't sing in the halls.

The sundry signs going gaily upon the front hall bulletin board daily.

The guy from India who spoke in convo.

We Could Do Without:

Peroxide

The U-Hians who don't think our school is the best in the world.

Faces and Places:

Harris at Jakes, usually well escorted.

Don, Bill, Peggy and Missie on the front steps.

Buzzy Myers still at basketball practice when the rest of us are listening to the 10 o'clock news.

Glenn and "Mexico" in the English room discussing der Fuehrer's Russian campaign.

Harry and Vella swinging low in Scott's chariot.

Simpson Says:

A young lady, her mother, an Italian officer and a Nazi trooper were riding in the compartment of an Italian train which went through

a tunnel. As soon as darkness enveloped them, a noisy kiss was heard — followed by a hard slap.

The passenger's thoughts were these: (1) The Nazi—"Those mad romantic Latins. How dare he kiss that girl? How cowardly, to try it only in the dark." (2) The young lady—"The nerve of him, trying to kiss my mother. I'm glad she was able to defend herself." (3) The mother—"So they'd kiss my daughter, eh? Well, I raised her properly, and I'm glad she took proper action." (4) The Italian: "It was worth kissing my hand, just for the opportunity of slapping that German."

Miss Mason writes in:

"This is to inform the public that I will not accept blame for the wave of suicides in the neighborhood of the auditorium during home room period Monday and Wednesday."

We don't want the Student Council to be like this:

Pres.: Call the meeting to order

Glenn: I coked.

Horine: Gentlemen, we ain't at Jake's.

Underwood: Mr. President.

Pres.: The floor recognizes Mr. Underwood. Which reminds me. I thought this room had a rug in it.

Underwood: Mr. P. I make a motion that we dig a tunnel to Salsoshin's.

Mr. Beebe (Who looks like he just came out of a tunnel): I second the commotion.

Pres.: Well, is there any discussion?

Glenn: Yes, Mr. P. I think you ought to cut out dis cussin'.

Horine: He said "well."

Glenn: Gentlemen, bear with me. Foresee the farsighted results. Do you want that our good-looking Sophomore dames and Della could leave study hall, guzzle three beers in the vicinity of Tom Baer high school and return on time for history?

I impeach you.

Underwood: In lieu of the fact that the building and grounds department has just been drafted, and that the Sophomore boys won't help us dig, and that we might run into Shouse and Morgan digging in this direction somewhere en route, I withdraw the notion.

Pres.: Get a look at that new blonde going down the hall. Meeting adjourned.

Well, said the undertaker, when the coffin fell out of the car, "we'll have to rehearse that."

Tech Life

Mr. Briggs: Why put a hyphen in bird-cage?

Bill W.: For the bird to sit on.

Lafayette Times.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

Ye gods and little fishes! It's dark in here. Where are the lights? Hmmm! After hours. What would Miss Galloway say? Ah, here is the light switch. Now I can see what I'm doing. Better not turn on all the lights, just this one. Kind of gloomy in here.

Eek! Who are you? Oh, you are? Whv I thought Sir Lancelot died a thousand years ago, but then one never can believe these wartime rumors. Say, Lancelot, what happened to that famous horse of yours? Oh, the meat shortage, eh? Well, that's the way it is.

"Cuse me, please. Oh, I didn't see you there, bent over the encyclopedia, Ben. Say, you're trying to find out how many legs there are on a Franklin stove? You ought to know, you invented it.

If you fellows will pardon me—why, hello, Nero—and you, Julius. Can't you boys ever get together on the right way to govern Rome? You'd better hurry, or the Fifth Army will be showing you both how. Oops! Sorry, buddy! Should have known you'd be sitting there.

You've been trying to get that darned iron thing off of your head ever since Alexander Dumas put it on 'way back in the eighteen hundreds!

Gee, whiz! I wish Willie Allen would take his English book out of the middle of the floor when he leaves here after last hour study hall!

Oh, hello, Sherlock. Still arguing with Ellery Queen? Well, I suppose you're both right in a way—after all, Dick Tracy is the super detective, even if he does wear that bloody filthy trench coat "tout le temps."

Why, "Boney" what would the world think of you if it could see the Empress Josephine bashing your head with the royal rolling pin. Oh, you don't care—just take that "blitzkrieg" away! I see!

What's that noise? Oh, that's Honest Abe splittin' Miss G's "chair rails" over in the corner!

Ah, here it is! Lemme see. Page four—just what I've been hunting for. Well, whaddaya know! Superman got out of the volcano!

KORRUPTION
KORNER

Question-of-the-week: Have you noticed how Mr. Ginger's disposition changes with the Purples' score?

Quotation-of-the-week (Overheard in Miss Anderson's room, last hour): "The best goons of all come to my study hall."

Freak-of-the-week: Deiss, for declaring that the atmosphere which hung about her Thursday night was not onion, but rather "Tabu, the forbidden perfume."

Moron-of-the-week: Horine, for arguing that Holy Rollers were things which preachers used to roll their lawns with.

Rooster Bout

There in the courtyard below the north window of the physics room, was, of all things, a bantam rooster!

Splendid in even these humble surroundings, there he stood, the essence of manhood, alone, friendless, without a mate, without those bare necessities of life, food and O. The rain was beating down upon the roof over our well brushed (?) heads and alas there stood this fugitive from a frying pan.

Even though this tiny representative of the animal kingdom was a pre-"Bluegrass Day" special of the "White Elephant Sale," the least we could have done would have been to introduce him to the cook of our well-known and beloved cafeteria. I, for one, am a fiend for chicken ala-king!

PERSONALITY PARADE



LOLA JUANITA STOKES

President of Pep Club
President of Intramural Clubs
Exchange Editor of U-High-Lights
She's seventeen years old with blue eyes, freckles, the reddiest hair, and the friendliest smile you've ever seen. You like her when you meet her and you like her even better when you get to know her.

Lola ("Stokes," as you know her) is a U-High of 'way back, having entered in the second grade and now being a member of the promising (promising what?) senior class. With Stokes as captain, the U-High (girls) basketball team won the city championship.

If you know Lola, you know her main interest lies in athletics, particularly basketball, her favorite active and spectator sport. But she

has o'her interests, too. She sings and swings a mean contralto. When she goes to U.K. she will major in either Phys. Ed. or Music.

Her primary ambition, the subject to which she devotes her most concentrated attention, and her life occupation is that fascinating career of "getting married!" When asked if she had anyone in mind, she blushed. (Ed. note: That might mean anything!) (Stokes' note: Oh, brother!)

Blue is her favorite color; hamburgers and cokes, her favorite food; and "Smoke Get's in Your Eyes" makes her feel romantic. The two people she admires the most (around U-High) are Bunkie and Willie Allen. "They are ideal boys—nice manners—a sense of humor and they don't smoke or cuss, at 'ast, around me!"

Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Queen Elizabeth and Lola Stokes all have one thing in common, beautiful red hair! Historians say the first three were "great ladies!" (well anyway—"great!") and Stokes is no exception to the "great!" or to the "lady!"

People Say:

"I admire her sincerity."

"A copperheaded, country hick after your own heart!"

PERSONALITY
PARADE
is sponsored by
**SALOSHIN DRUG
STORE**
CURB SERVICE

Kids'll

Too If
Hollywood

By Ridgely Park

"This town is as dead as a door-nail!"

Ah, me! What familiar words. They represent a problem prevalent everywhere these days. The situation is thus: you have a date (isn't this a ridiculous article!) but no place to go. The nearest dance floor is 3/4 of a gallon away and since it's a national holiday, you can't play postoffice; so the question has now altered from "What shall we do?" to "Which movie shall we go see?"

In answer to this query a remarkable amount of merry solutions may be reached. However, it is of prime importance to remember that in the selection of a cinema offering the relative merits of the picture are to be disregarded completely. Selection should be based on more practical factors such as the price of admission to the various theaters; whom you are likely to see in the balcony; and whether you have seen the picture before.

If, on the other hand, you are making an effort to appear intellectual, you may wish to consider the type of movie to attend. There are many distinct kinds from which to choose. Let us consider first the currently popular "All Star Cast Motion Pictures." These are jolly, little profferings which are heralded by mobs of publicity capable of luring trusting audiences in on the promise of seeing, "350 Stars of Stage and Screen" or "More Stars Than There Are in the Heavens." Having, by nature, faith in the authenticity of said advertisements you venture forth suffering from delusions of the worst sort only to be bitterly disappointed. In expectation of seeing, shall we say, Katherine Cornell in her initial screen appearance, you sit through two hours of torture watching the producer's niece and the director's brother-in-law enfold themselves in a tissue-paper plot until at last the big moment arrives. A doorbell rings the butler takes slow, suspenseful steps toward the portal, the background music becomes deafening, and at last Miss Cornell actually appears. She may say "Hello!", or there have been occasions (this is purely heresay) when an entire line is uttered. With this, she will turn abruptly and vanish from view never to return.

Perhaps you are the adventurous type. If so, Westerns are your meat (yeah, even on Tuesdays). These pictures are really quaint with their shopworn plots and Sasparilloed heroes. A fuller appreciation of them may be obtained by attending them at a KIDDIES' MATINEE. Under such conditions you will experience an undefinable amount of pleasure while being buried beneath cascades of peanut shells and the atmosphere of excited, hot children. The situation is further enhanced by blood-curdling shrieks of "Sohio Sylvester" from the front row and the enlightening revelations of the tot behind you who has seen the picture before.

But enough of this! Our original difficulty still confronts us; therefore let us cease being technical. For a measly 30c we may enter the realm of unknown mysteries so nuf ced. Two on the aisle please, usher; (and don't forget your Milk Duds).

Counterfeiters made more money in 1943 than in 1942 a recent Treasury Department survey shows.

THRU THE KEYHOLE

It has been nearly a month since we have put our nose to the keyhole, and so, with a sly wink and an evil grin, we turn to the dirt-of-the-day!

If we can believe what is written on the gymnasium walls, Hugh "Beefie" Hammet has finally decided who the lucky girl is! Is this true, or only a rumor, Doris?

It looks as if Joyce has finally decided that Len isn't the one. Or maybe it was the other way around. Anyway, we saw him giving his old flame, Mary Lynn, quite a tumble in the Rebel Dance.

That "hunkamuscule," Evans, has been seeing a lot of a certain girl with a big blue La Salle! What does Berryman say about this, Don?

A. P. Schneider and Missy seem to get along fine. We see them together at all the basketball games. Luck to you both!

"Petie" and "Genius" Griffin still seem to be "that way" about each other.

Frankly, we thought that Brewer had more nerve than anyone in school, but it seems that he hasn't enough to hold Onnie's hand! What's the matter, Casey? She won't bite! (Editor's note: Ha! ha!) (Glenn's note: Would you like to

see my scars?)

C'mon, Bill! Why be bashful. Why not ask Pat for a date—or are you still faithful to Beth? Well, we can't blame you for that!

Sally Wilder has acquired a new admirer, we hear. Could it be that "handsome" Walter Yates?

Peggy Taylor has developed quite an interest in flying. Is this the influence of a certain Eli Powers?

Mystery-of-the-week: Where did Steiner get his technique? From all reports, he has a certain blonde at the Guignol eating out of his hand. And Miriam is really a sophisticated little number!

Who is the man in Betty Jo's life? It must be someone, but we can't find out who!

The romance which is the most evident about school these days is that of Buddy Wallace. "Big Earl" finally has a heart-throb! And we notice that they are always together, especially in the lunch line!

After looking through this darn keyhole for more than a semester, we have finally found out the truth about Agnew's love life. Happy is almost "the one," but not quite. There's someone else that she dreams about. Or, should I say, has nightmares about?

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SPORTS PAGE

WHIP
WILMOREPURPLES DROP
TO GENERALS

Fighting like true Purples should fight, the U-Hi cagers held the Lafayette Generals to nine points in the first quarter while garnering twelve themselves thus breaking the Generals' reign of this period in previous frays; however, one quarter does not constitute a full ball game and the Generals outran the Purples the second half to gain victory, 37-26.

The game started off fast; raging with the heat of swinging arms and driving bodies. Both teams seemed to have thrown caution to the wind, but the cool deep plan of each coach's stratagem was ever present in the heads of the swift moving athletes. Dreams of victory blossomed in the minds of the valiant Purples but the dreaded juggernaut of Lafayette was not to be conquered and driven into oblivion so easily. Their mouths also thirsted for the sweet taste of victory. Their thirst proved stronger to the tune of eleven very substantial points which were gained mainly in the waning minutes of the contest.

Blonde-headed Lynn Grogan and Sing Yeary lead the red-white-and-blue clad Generals of Lafayette with 13 and 12 points respectively. They undoubtedly lead their team under the wire to conquest.

Bunkie Wilkie, one of the Purples' two stalwart forwards, scorched the nets with 3 fielders and a gratis toss to lead the Purples' scoring. Horine was next with six while McMeekin played an exceptionally good floor game and dunked two beauties from far out.

All was not lost that night for the Purples, however, as the knowledge they gained while going down in defeat will prove most valuable in the oncoming all-important District Tournament, in which Lafayette's authority may again be contested.

The summary:
U HI (26) (37) Lafayette
Wilkie (7) F..... (13) Grogan
McMeekin (4) F..... (7) Derrickson
Allen (3) C..... (12) Yeary
Underwood (1) G..... (5) Daley
Horine (6) G..... Papania
Substitutions: U-Hi—Griffin (5), Wachtman; Lafayette—Marshall, Adams.

U-HIANS WIN OVER
ATHENS FIVE

The University High Purples won their ninth and tenth victories Friday night, January 21st, when they defeated Nicholasville 24 to 17 and Athens 42 to 10 on the home floor. The second team and reserves played the Nicholasville game and were sparked by Hugh Hammet who tallied 9 points.

In the main attraction of the evening, the Purples found the Athens Tigers a much improved but still a losing ball club. The Purples used a fast break and a number of set plays against the Tigers. U-Hi got nearly all the rebounds with Wilkie and Allen doing a fine job.

Willie Allen led the scoring with 18 points and also played a fine floor game. Underwood, Beebe, Horine, and McMeekin also showed up well in the Athens game.

The summary:
U HI (42) (10) Athens
Beebe F..... Keller
McMeekin (7) F..... Kelly
Allen (18) C..... Patrick
Underwood G..... Prather
Horine (2) G..... (3) Banks
Substitutions: U-Hi—Wilkie (11), Griffin (2), Wachtman (2); Athens—Griggs, Strong, Ballard, Stokely (1), Hisel.

SCORE BOARD
BEATS PURPLES

By Bunkie Wilkie

Mt. Sterling's hardwood warriors gave U-Hi a Trojan horse-laugh last Tuesday night as they walked off the floor, victors by a 32-31 decision. The cause of it to some seemed to be the stop-watch tactics of U-Hi's scoreboard, but to the players it was the fault of "too little, too late."

Working a new offense, especially designed by Coach Lyman Ginger to stymie the Trojans zone defense, U-Hi's tall purple rebounders crashed into an early lead to pace the Mt. Sterling boys seven to five at the quarter. Probably overconfident and certainly slow on the uptake the Purples lapsed into a deadly lethargy that left them reeling from the floor at half time under a deficit of six points.

The half-time score of sixteen to ten was due in part to the uncanny accuracy of the Trojan guards, sinking long shots from the middle of the floor, but their open crimps and the lack of scoring on the U-Hi side was due to nothing less than a lack of drive and alertness on the part of the Purple clad boys.

In the third and fourth stanzas the Purples played the type of offensive ball they are capable of and more than doubled their first half score by dropping in 21 points to the Trojans' 16.

Defensive work was still poor however and the smaller, less experienced Mt. Sterling boys walked off with the game, 32-31.

U-Hi's offense for the Trojan zone which placed the right forward under the basket made Wilkie high-scorer with 18 points, while Breeze and Thompson dropped in 12 apiece to pace the winners.

The summary is as follows:
U-High (31) (32) Mt. Sterling
McMeekin (4) F..... (12) Breeze
Wilkie (18) F..... (2) Stone
Allen (5) C..... (1) Lyons
Underwood (1) G..... (12) Thompson
Griffin (3) G..... Greene
Substitutions: U-High—Wachtman, Horine, Mt. Sterling—McCormick, Henry.
Referee—Cottrell.

PURPLE FIVE
TAKES OWINGSVILLE

University High, led by Willie Allen's 12 points, sent the Owingsville team home with a 43-18 defeat, and started U-Hi back on the road to victory after having been defeated in their last three games.

The Owingsville Bobcats opened their defense with a zone setup, but since this did not stop the Purples' attack, the Bobcats were forced to switch to a man to man defense, which fared about as well as the zone.

The score at the rest periods being 11-6, 18-9, and 32-13 favored the Purples each time. The Purples outscored their opponents in every quarter.

Allen and Horine were high point men for University High with 12 and 7 points respectively, while Thomas and Richardson were the high for the losers with 4 points each.

The summary:
Owingsville (18) (43) U HI
Benton (2) F..... (6) Wilkie
Robinson (1) F..... (6) McMeekin
Thomas (4) C..... (12) Allen
Richardson (4) G..... (3) Griffin
Dickens (2) G..... (6) Underwood
Substitutions: Owingsville—Norris (2), Bailey (3), Staton. University Hi—Beebe (1), Horine (7), Wachtman, Hammet (2), Wallace, Willmott.



By THE Morris Beebe

I have noticed that the attendance at the last four or five home basketball games has increased very noticeably. It sure seems good to have the school and students behind you when you're out there playing. Thanks a lot, U-Hians, for staying behind the team. Let's keep up the good work.

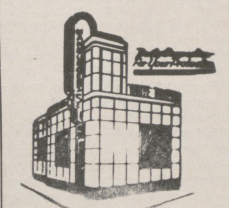
Well, bowling intramurals are over and the smoke of battle has cleared away, leaving the mighty six-footers victorious over the other competitors. The team is composed of Ray (Bunkie) Wilkie, Willie (Dumbo) Allen, George (Hayseed) Willmott, and Morris (Four-eyes) Beebe. These boys won six matches while losing only one. Their closest competition was furnished by the Ball and Chain team, captained by Elise Meyer.

The University of Kentucky Wildcats are certainly going in good style this season. Their recent win over the Illinois "Whiz Kids" has put them very high in national ranking. Much of the Wildcat success can be attributed to pivot-man Bob Brannum, who has been the outstanding man in "Big Blue's" attack all year.

Bob has scored anywhere from 10 to 20 points each game this season and his total is reaching higher toward the 200 mark with each new contest. If he keeps up the good work he might spot a place on the All-American team.

The Henry Clay Blue Devils sure did a swell job last Friday night in their game with the Lafayette Generals. The Demons fought hard all the way and in the third quarter it looked like they were going to beat Sing Treacy, Lynn Grogan, Dick Derrickson and Co. But the Generals put on a quick flurry of baskets to nose out the East Main boys by four points. Grogan and Yeary were best for Lafayette while Sims, Fowler, Roberts, and "Chick" Owens played well for Henry Clay.

After the game I overheard several people talking about the evening's contest, and about the approaching 85th district tournament. One of the gentlemen in the group said rather loudly, "I think U-High is a better than either Lafayette or Henry Clay, and I believe that they will walk away with the district." Let's hope he is right.



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CLARK COUNTY
TAKES U-HIGH

By defeating University High on February 1 by 24 to 18, the Clark County Cardinals handed the Purples their fourth defeat of the season.

The scoring was opened when Wallace Horine was fouled on a fast-driving crisp shot and made good one of the two shots awarded him. From this time until the end of the quarter, the Cardinals dropped in two field goals and held the Purples to one field goal and a gratis toss. This made the score at the end of the first stanza 4 to 4.

In the second period, the Purples were again outscored by the visitors three points to four to make the score at intermission 8 to 7 in favor of the visiting quintet.

The Cardinal steam roller really got rolling in the third period and chalked up fourteen points. The Purples were only capable of cashing in for three field goals, thereby making the lopsided score of 22 to 13.

In a final quarter drive, sparked by Charles Wachtman, the U-Hians tried desperately to overcome the deficit, but it proved to be a slightly larger margin than they could conquer. The game ended: Clark County 24, University High 18.

The summary:
U HI (18) (24) Clark County
McMeekin (3) F..... (5) Hammons
Wilkie (3) F..... Hylton
Allen (1) C..... (7) Littrell
Underwood G..... (4) Bush
Horine (5) G..... (3) Thomas
Substitutions: University Hi—Beebe, Wachtman (6), Griffin. Clark County—Spencer, D. White (5), G. White, McCann.

SPORTS QUIZ

Question: Do you think that U-Hi should have a track team this year?

Don Evans: Definitely. There is enough material in the school for a splendid track team.

Charles Wachtman: We should definitely have a track and baseball team.

Arthur Patrick Schneider: With all the non-smokers in this school we could have a team of state champions. I think we should definitely have a team.

Gerald Griffin: I think we should have a track team, and consider it a major sport.

Robert McAfee Brewer IV: I think that U-Hi should have a track team this year, because it would be a definite addition to school spirit.

GINGER'S GAELS
TOP VERSAILLES

On January 25, last, Dunn, Wachtman, and the rest of the basketball team left for Versailles. Of course those were the days before our two above mentioned friends had fully realized the beauty of astronomy, or they would have undoubtedly been out in quest of knowledge. Well, back to the game.

The Purples got started by a crisp on the tip off and led all the way. Their steam roller was well under way and had piled up a 14-1 lead by the end of the first quarter.

When the U-Hians came back after the half, they played a little "out of the groove" during the third quarter, but again hit their stride in the final stanza to make the scoreboard read 41 to 10.

The game was highlighted by the ability of the Purples to handle the ball and timing of their plays that worked so well. Coach Lyman Ginger substituted frequently and seemed well pleased with the way his boys played. The boy with the best aim of the evening was Willie Allen who cashed in on 13 points.

The summary:
U HI (41) (10) Versailles
McMeekin (9) F..... Cox
Wilkie (10) F..... Alokeke
Allen (13) C..... (1) Woods
Underwood (4) G..... Gregory
Horine (3) G..... (6) Benson
Substitutions: U-High—Beebe; Griffin (2); Wachtman; and Willmott, Versailles—Gravitt (1); Darling; Sutherland; Bishop (2); and Cline.

Referee: Payne.

GIRLS CONTINUE
IN INTRAMURALS

Last Wednesday afternoon the girls completed their bowling tournament with Lola Stokes coming out on top. Betty Sue Scott and Eva Lewis came in second and third respectively. The tournament was played with no handicaps.

The girls play basketball on Tuesday and Thursday. Intramural teams have been chosen and there probably will be a tournament if enough girls come out.

The ping pong tournament will probably be completed within a few days.

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WILKIE TO HEAD STUDENT COUNCIL

Woods Is Vice-Pres.; Mac.
Secretary; Ginger,
Sponsor

By Jimmy Steiner

Several weeks ago after repeated requests from the student body, a committee consisting of both students and faculty members met to consider the possibility of founding a new student council. After discussing its merits and demerits the committee called a general convocation to find the views of the students. After an hour's argument pro and on most people were satisfied that we should have a student council. They agreed that the council should be for guiding student opinions and actions, and should not be a disciplinary body. The student body is to cooperate with the council and faculty in decisions reached by them.

The main purpose of the council is to "encourage student leadership, develop worthwhile activities, and to encourage a spirit of cooperation and understanding among the students and faculty."

The constitution which was drawn up by the committee was accepted almost unanimously, and plans were made immediately to set it in action.

At an election in convocation the following officers were elected: President, Raymond A. "Bunkie" Wilkie; Vice-President, Tom Underwood; Secretary, Charles McMeekin. Besides these officers the council is made up of two representatives from each grade in Senior High and one representative from each of the two classes in the Junior High and a faculty sponsor. Mr. Ginger was elected by a large majority to fill this position.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

By the time this issue comes out, we will know (a) if the Pep Club emblems got here in time, and (b) how the tournament came out.

Crack-pot conversations:
Della: "Jimmy, you have acted perfectly abominably all day!"
"But, Miss Anderson, you know we always get our U-High Lights assignments in on time."

Miss West: "Hic ipse docet."
Pat Storey: "Heck, mairzy doats!"

"Umbrago? Was he that Indian guy who talked in convo?"

Mr. Ginger: "Give the three bases in chemistry."

Willie: "First, second, and third base!"

"But, Steiner, if they print this picture, they're deliberately spreading unconfirmed rumors and furnishing our East Main Annex with propaganda material."

Ode to the Last Hour Geometry Class (Strictly Rare)
You can argue and fight from morning to night,
Until you've grown old and gray.
But a Sophomore is always right,
You'll learn that, Mrs. Mercer, some day!

School will certainly be gruesome without those Tuesday and Friday nights to look forward to.



U-High's 1944 District champions; left to right, front row—Hammet, Wallace, Horine, Mr. Ginger, Best Coach in the World, Griffen, Wachman and Trimble. Back row—Underwood, Allen, Willmott, Wilkie, McMeekin, and Beebe; Manager Roberts in front.

STUDENTS SPEAK OF LOYALTY

Pickens Addresses Convo
On China

Sponsored by the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y, U-Hi's annual Bible Study group has had three meetings. Dr. O. W. Warmingham addressed the first meeting and the Reverend Claude Pickens spoke at the second. Dr. Warmingham spoke on India and Mr. Pickens discussed conditions in China.

The topic for the third meeting, held Friday, February 25, was Loyalty. Jimmy Glenn was in charge of the meeting. After Wallace Horine had read the twelfth chapter of Romans, three students made short talks on loyalty. Helen Deiss emphasized the idea that loyalty should be an everyday part of one's life, not a quality saved for special occasions. Bunkie Wilkie discussed serious, intelligent loyalty to one's ideals and the type of loyalty we owe our country. Carolyn McMeekin mentioned three methods—silence, thoughtlessness, and carelessness—by which disloyalty is shown.

To Lafayette

For you Sing, Lynn, Dickie, Pop,

Tom and Coach Burns, real fighting Generals to the last, we have the utmost respect. We've seen you win game after game, and secretly we've admired your poise and confidence. Wednesday night you showed yourselves to be fine gentlemen as well. It took real courage to come to the U-High dressing room to congratulate the Purple cagers after losing a game which meant so much to all of us.

At the end of the game a stunned, crying Lafayette cheer leader gave a bouquet to the winning team from the Lafayette Pep Club. That was the best show of sportsmanship we've ever seen.

Lafayette fans, those of you who rode the schoolbuses with morning after morning last year, your school spirit and team loyalty is unexcelled, tops in defeat as well as victory.

SENIOR PLAY IS 'WHO DONE IT?'

LeSturgeon, Beebe Play
Leading Roles

By Betty Ree Rhoads

At last the Seniors can settle back and take things a little more easily since the cast for the Senior play has been selected and announced by Mr. Briggs, director.

This year's senior class decided to try and get away from the juvenile comedy type of play and see if a murder mystery would be successful and so voted upon "A Murder Has Been Arranged," by Emlyn Williams after Mr. Briggs had read and looked over about fifteen different plays.

The story takes place on the St. James Theater stage in New York at about the present time. The entire action takes place in one evening when Charles Jasper is giving a family dinner to commemorate his fortieth birthday and also the inheritance of \$5,000,000 at midnight. In case of his death the money is to go to Maurice Mullins, a cousin from whom no one has heard in years. Mr. Mullins appears on this particular night, and there is a murder, but that would be telling!

Tryouts were held in the Auditorium on Tuesday, Feb. 22 and the cast was selected from those who tried out for the different parts. They are as follows: Beatrice, Diane LeSturgeon; Charles Jasper, Bunkie Wilkie; Maurice Mullins, Tommy Underwood; Jimmy North, Morris Beebe; Mrs. Arthur, Carolyn Silas; Miss Groze, Ridgely Park; Mrs. Wragg, Floye Mullinaux; Cavendish, David Morton; Archibald, Willie Allen, and Clementine, Glenna Ritchie. The assistant director will be Pat Evans.

The set and lighting effects will be designed and arranged by Henry Foushee, Jimmy Steiner and Harry Scott.

PURPLES DEBUNK GENERALS 29-23

U-High To Be In Regional
After Overtime
Win

U-Hi's 1943-44 crop of basketball players under the best coach in Ky. beat the over-confident and highly-touted Lafayette Generals 29-23 to win Kentucky's 85th district championship. Out rebounding, out fighting the shorter but heavier Lafayette squad, the Purples failed to complete a play or hit but one long shot (courtesy of Guard Tom Underwood) in the whole game. The U-Hi score was racked up by dint of superior height, foul shots and plain old U-Hi fight.

Outstanding for U-Hi was big Will Allen, ace center who held usually high scoring Sing Yearly to one measly foul shot, while playing a superior floor game and incidentally sticking in six points just for the heck of it.

The first quarter, a chiller for U-Hi hopes, saw U-Hi draw first blood with a foul shot only to have the Generals throw in 7 points from the middle of the floor. A new spirit took hold of the Purples and they took the initiative to outscore Lafayette 8-5 in the second canto and to come within one basket of the Generals. Coach Ginger said at the half that U-Hi had won the ball game and in the fourth quarter when U-Hi seemed to have lost its aim, his sure confidence and smile of encouragement pulled the team out of a temporary slump and through the grueling last minutes of the game.

The second half was purely a game of fight and guts, a nip-and-tuck battle ending the regular contest in a 23-all deadlock.

The 3-minute overtime period was U-High all the way. Wilkie's foul shot and tip-in sent the Purples into a lead and Lafayette went crazy trying to score. Grogan, Derrickson and Yearly fouled out in rapid order and the laurels went to U-Hi's cagers 29-23.

Now the cry at old U-Hi is "Onward to the State!"

The summary:

U-High (29)	FG	FT	PF	TP
McMeekin f	2	0	3	4
Wilkie f	3	4	2	10
Allen c	3	0	1	6
Griffen g	0	3	4	3
Underwood g	1	2	1	4
Horine g	0	2	1	2
Lafayette (23)	FG	FT	PF	TP
Grogan f	3	1	3	7
Derrickson f	3	0	4	6
Yearly c	0	1	4	1
Daley g	2	1	1	5
Papania g	1	1	3	3
Kitchen	0	1	1	1
McCord	0	0	2	0
Marshall	0	0	0	0
Adams	0	0	0	0

SERVICE STARS

Lt. D. C. Kemper was recently promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Service at Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Lt. Kemper was called to active duty immediately following his appointment as second lieutenant in that service January 20, 1943.

Capt. Richards Swope was recently home in transit from South Carolina to California. Capt. Swope saw every U-Hi home basketball game while he was in town and took very great interest in this year's team and expressed his opinion that its season would be a good one.

Capt. Swope graduated from University High in 1938.



U-High Student Council; notice Glenn's intelligent look.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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IF

(Parody on Kipling's famous poem)

By Beth Bicknell

If you can use a jack when all about you
Raise hands to tell him that you do;
If you can wrap yourself in sleep each period
Yet pass each test they thrust at you;
If you can write a note your mother wouldn't
And Ginger will take it as from she;
If you can do the things you shouldn't
And get away with them like me;
If you can fill the class-room minute
With sixty seconds worth of slumber-fun;
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—what's more—you'll be a senior, son!

Congratulations!

Several weeks ago, an editorial appeared in this very spot in the U-Hi Lights entitled "Obituary." It made reference to the condition prevailing concerning the absence of any student governing body in University High School and demanded that the student body be educated to the use of such a body. May I say that this has been well done? No little interest was developed in the various home rooms concerning what good a student council could be to the school. Eventually, representatives of each class were called together to discuss the possibilities and probabilities of an opinion-formulating body as this would be. These representatives presented many constructive suggestions along this line. After some three or four meetings, the committee organized a convocation in which the subject was presented to the school as a whole and was thrown open for a general discussion, a constitution for the Student Council of University High School was drawn up, voted upon, and passed by an overwhelming vote. Nomination and elections were then held and the officers and representatives for the remainder of the school year were installed. May I here extend congratulations to Bunkie, Tommy and Mac, and to the chosen representatives of each class? May I also congratulate the students of University High for an excellent bit of clear thinking and fine cooperation in a serious matter?

To The Team

The basketball season is over. We say it sadly, but we say it with a great deal of pride in you, the basketball team of 1943-1944. Our pride is not merely in your record, excellent though it is. We are proud of you for helping to send Lexington over its War Chest quota by your game with Athens. We are proud of the spirit that prevailed on the team—a spirit that sent Willie Allen out to play in two of your toughest games, although he had a seriously strained back. We are proud of the "never-say-die" quality that kept you fighting every minute of every game. We are glad that you offered no excuses for games lost, even though there were several alibis that were valid. And lastly, we are proud of the coach who fully developed your already promising ability and imparted to you his own splendid ideals of conduct.

Our sadness is occasioned by the fact that never again will Bunkie, Willie, Tommy, Beebe, and the other seniors represent U-High on the basketball floor. We heard the ovation that greeted you, Bunkie, when you left your last home game after having scored 22 points. We saw all of you seniors go out in a blaze of glory that Thursday night, and rejoiced in your satisfying farewell appearance.

To you, Buddy, already a veteran of two grand seasons, we extend our best wishes for a third, next year. To Robin, Wallace, and "Chubby," go our heartfelt congratulations for a successful first season, and we suggest as your new battlecry, "See you at the State again in '45!!"



"Con-Foushee Says"

Con-Foushee says: "He who puts bucket over head is known as pail-face."

You know the hotel situation is terrible. No one can get accommodations except Senators, Congressmen and my Uncle Louie. He has a friend who has a quart of corn. Hic—correction—had a quart of corn. Yesterday I saw a landlady hanging out a Room for Rent sign, and before she could let go of it, six O.P.A. men, four W.P.A. workers, two divisions of the Sea Bees and a swallow from Capistrana moved in. While on the subject of Sea Bees, they ARE fast. I saw some of them building a pontoon bridge across the river so some infantrymen could cross and take an objective on the opposite side. Well, they built the bridge, fought their way up the beach, set up camp and played three hands of pinochle before they discovered they were two weeks ahead of schedule, three miles ahead of the American Army and eight miles behind the Jap lines.

Speaking seriously for a moment—let's all of us try to support the new Convocation program as set up

by the Student Council, and give some careful thought to the suggestions we make for programs. Let's not stuff the box in the hall with unimportant things, but instead try to make our requests helpful.

Beebe: You know, my Uncle Joe would still have a good job in the U. S. Mint if he had not been so vain.

Willie: What do you mean, Beebe? Beebe: They caught him trying to put his own picture on a three dollar bill.

Then there is "Peaches" Glenn, who is classified 9-Z in the draft, first to go after Zazu Pitts. Oh, Gush, you drive me to drink. No, you drive me, Gush, you've got the C card. (A soliloquy)

Did you hear about the little Moron who sewed his toes together so he could swim like a duck? Or—his little brother Moron who went to an English Naval Base to learn Basic English.

Truly yours,

Gurgling Gush.

P.S.

These lines are for those who like to read the paper upside down.

Search Lights

"It is being rumored around that you and your husband are not getting along very well together."

"Nonsense, we did have some words and I shot him, but that's as far as it ever went."

—Commentator

An old lady of the village was very angry because she had not been invited to a picnic her friends were going to. The morning of the event the hostess relented and asked her to come.
"It's too late," she snapped. "I've already prayed for rain."

—Commentator

The speaker, sitting quietly before the program finally swept into full swing, leaned towards Mr. Briggs and whispered:

"How long do you want me to talk?"

"You can talk all afternoon if you want to, but we usually leave here at 2:15."

—Commentator

He and she were driving alone on one of the local by-ways. "Is it dangerous," inquired the sweet young thing, "to drive with one hand?"

"Oh, you bet," came the quick reply. "More than one fellow has run into a church doing it."

—Commentator

A doctor had an urgent phone call from a gentleman saying his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"All right! I'll come at once," replied the doctor. "What are you doing in the meantime?"

Whereupon came the unexpected answer, "Using a pencil."

—Commentator

Little Willie

Little Willie, in bows and sashes,
Fell into the fire and burned to ashes.

In the winter, when the weather is chilly,

No one likes to poke up Willie.

Red 'N Black

Of course, we've all heard the joke about the moron:
Who cut off his nose to see what made it run.

Who was glad his folks named him George because that's what his friends call him.

Red 'N Black

Doctor Jones fell in the well
And died without a moan
He should a-tended to the sick
And let the well alone.

"This means a good deal to me," said the poker player as he stacked the cards.

NOTHING . . . in particular

O. K., so you collect stamps; I've got the queerest hobby of all the goons in U-High (including Glenn). I attempt to constantly discover and to continually expose split infinitives in my spare time which is most of the time.

Split infinitives seem to even happen in the best of families. Lyman (to really drive hard) Ginger and Wallace (to always pay attention) Briggs lead U-High's faculty in the art, averaging about four an hour. Miss A. splits about one a week; Miss West has yet to once commit the unpardonable sin. I guess it's because she is one to only seldom use an adverb.

Being one who finds time to religiously listen to the radio, I spent most of 1943 attempting to correctly tabulate these verbal faux pas. I was to soon discover that one of the news announcers (I shall not mention his name since Lowell is really a good guy and means well) was to unconsciously split 4,327 infinitives during '43.

The movies are somewhat better. Good pictures are found to usually be pure of such errors although "Phantom of the Opera" carried three all over the country. Hoss-operas average about one to-really-something-or-other per line.

But closer to home, our board of commerce advertising permit says, "to voluntarily permit;" U-High Lights No. 6, page 3, column 5 says,

"to enthusiastically support;" "Prose and Poetry," page 258 (English Book) blurts out, "to fully appreciate," and the Monroe Doctrine which is dear to our hearts states, "Any attempt . . . to further colonize."

No, Miss Peck. We had to finally give up on that history credit.

We wonder if:

Those senior boys will ever sing on tune.

Peaches will ever run down.

There's a girl in school who doesn't like Willie and Bunkie.

Rosa and Dora would consider a concert tour.

Some brave soul won't start organizing a school variety show.

Dianne has ever failed to answer correctly a history or English question.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to:

Mr. Snyder, because everyone didn't agree with him when he called American news censorship fascist and race-riot lynchings typical.

Agnew, who called the grocery when Horine asked her for a date.

The guy who lent Winfree a quarter.

The basketball players who drink their Ginger's ale.

Flat-top, who was stuck in the chimney over two weeks.

Just Ideas:

Serve beer in every home room.

POISONALITY PARADE honors this week Mr. M. W. Beebe, Jr., U-High's super-wolf. Mr. Beebe is a member of no worthwhile organization whatever except the National Honor Society which even Underwood is a member of. Mr. Beebe's offices include Second Vice President in charge of red tape of the A. F. of L. (address all letters in care of Glenn, Lord High Potentate), keeper of the Fourth St. zoo.

Mr. Beebe is one of the more industrious members of the Senior Class, although he does practically nothing. He goes around with the best looking dames in town, Underwood and Owens. He is very modest and recently announced that he intends to withdraw from competition with Leach for the title of "Queer of the Year." He is egregiously gregarious even when it comes to listening to the Senior quartet. His generosity is magnificent; continually he is giving waitresses seven dollar bills for two-fifty meals and telling them to keep the change.

People say:

"He hasn't got a paper dollar that he can call his own."

"I think he's wonderful. He doesn't act like Sinatra."

"He's the kinda' guy whose pictures I like to draw mustaches on."

"He's a jerk, but even jerks are getting scarce these days"—Senior girl.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

Greetings, stoogents, and a very cheery good day to you all, ladies, gentlemen, and Wilkie. Today your old professor will discuss the timely subject of "What To Do On Dates" or "Father, Can I Have The Family Hack? I Have A Date With A Sad Sack!" To quote the grand bard on the subject, "Who breaks yon window light? 'Tis the east and Juliet is my son!" Which reminds me of a book called, "My Son, My Son," written by the father of a Republican nominee. With many fond remembrances, this column is fondly dedicated to Dr. Levi Beebe who severely injured his left nostril in a mishap in which he fell from his pogo stick while racing a "C" card holder on Euclid Avenue. But on to the topic for today.

This subject is one of the most discussed topics of modern times, especially since Sturgill's black market went out of operation due to a shortage of T stamps. (Editor's note: If anyone finds one in the vicinity of the Athens-Walnut Hill pike, it is mine.) But, alas, we tarry. In approaching this question, I have again collaborated with Dr. George C. Gallup, well-known busy body, in gathering a cross-section of public opinion on this matter. They are, verbatim, as follows:

Mr. Sedlitz Noosebaum: "The Russians will win, but don't quote me."

Mr. Robert McAfee Brewer IV: "After giving the matter due—and undue—consideration and a goodly portion of my limited—but inexpensive—time, I have reached, I believe, a conclusion, or perhaps, hypothesis, which, undoubtedly—or, undoubtedly—may, or may not, lead, and I hope not astray, several, or

perhaps more, persons and individuals—sometimes known as characters—to the profound, philosophical outlook which I have attained in my relatively factual mode of existence, depending, of course, on the outcome of Albert's—Mr. Einstein to you—theory of the fourth dimension, but, as yet, it is not my sincere wish to divulge any of this valuable information to the general public."

Miss Delia Marks: "I am still digging to Saloshin's."

Mr. Harry Scott: "Checkers! Oh, boy!" (We have been told by a certain young lady whose initials are Vella Wise that H. B. is a wicked wolf!)

Mr. Wallace "Happy" Horine: "One can always chase one's date ten times around the court house square."

Miss Katrinka Tonbotham: "I feel that it is every good American girl's duty to take up judo in the war effort and if you don't have a practice dummy at home, you can always use the one you have on your date."

Mr. Thomas R. Underwood Sr.: "How should I know? Tommy won't tell me about life!"

Miss Mary Jane Agnew: (These were Miss Agnew's last words as she dived out the twelfth story window) "Ha! Ha!"

Mr. Don Evans: "Frankly, I don't know. I just go to the door, whistle, and a big blue car drives up."

Miss Ridgely "Smokestack" Park: "Anything anybody has said about me is a lot of bunk with a capital 'B'."

And so, my friends, I hope you have an opinion of your own!

PERSONALITY PARADE



THOMAS RUST UNDERWOOD
Editor of U-High Lights
Vice President of Student Council
National Honor Society
Masque and Gavel
Basketball Team

You can see from that impressive array of activities and honors, that Tommy is quite a guy. Anything you would say about him would be an understatement.

He's tall, very tall, with the bluest eyes and an infectious grin. Known as one of the three best-dressed boys in school, he wears socks borrowed from the gym, shoes that have been through three wars, overalls, Walter's shirt, the shirt-tail out, naturally, and a hat that defies description. His voice is slow and even hesitating, as if he were carefully thinking things over, with an occasional boyish crack in it. His gestures are many—one to suit every occasion. A persuasive orator, you have all seen him present one of his masterful ideas to an audience set against him and in five minutes they were claiming it was their idea to begin with.

T. R. (there are a few freshmen who think those initials stand for Theodore Roosevelt!) started with the school and was kept in kindergarten because of his tender age. His favorite subject is history; sport—basketball; hobby—collecting split infinitives; music—Strauss' Waltzes played by Andre Kostelanetz; food—steak, medium, broiled in butter.

Tommy says of his ideal woman: "She's gotta be fun, high-minded, loyal (to me), fairly attractive (not deformed) and she must speak Spanish fluently."

This left-handed genius' pastime is writing—writing any and everything (also nothing in particular). Last summer he wrote a book in his "Saroyan-ish" style; read it and then hid it in a dark place.

T. R. is also outstanding as an actor both on the stage and radio. But please don't get the impression that he is a second Orson "Allah, Allah" Welles, because he is not. Perhaps the one thing he lacks is conceit!

He's a hog about airplanes, likes dances that aren't sticky, loves to walk in the moonlight, draw pictures on Grace's board, and spends a lot of his time pacifying printers and slaving over U-High Lights.

Like President Roosevelt, Tommy refuses to state his ambitions so I'll make a few prophecies. It's obvious to even a casual observer that Underwood has journalistic or political leanings, and I think he leans further in the political direction.

Because of his brilliance, originality, persuasiveness and likeability, I predict that he'll succeed Roosevelt as President or Barkley as Senator.

People Think:

"He gets me twitterpated!" (A cute little blonde)

"When you understand him, you like him immensely!"

"He's just plain wonderful! He is so nice to everyone!"

"Brilliant, original, and an exhibitionist!"

"He is strictly a jerk, but I like

SIDELIGHTS

It was a dark, windy night. All over town little groups huddled in the rain, fixing flats and oiling the springs on pogo sticks. Soon the little armada (and who says we ain't?) was off to the game at a nearby town. This city's lights—both of 'em—beamed forth, but we couldn't find the gym anywhere. Stopping to call from a telephone booth, we found half the Pep Club and the team already inside! Casing the joint, we found it was built by the Manual Training Class of 1905, who got a D on the job.

Then our fans from our East Main Annex arrived, and it was much less crowded after we pushed the swooning damsels between the benches.

We were entertained by Dunn, who, bein' with Carter, cleverly arranged to have the lights go off, the B team's lack of uniforms, and novel cheers: "A tisket, a tasket, we want a basket!" There's the score, come on boys, you make the basket, we'll make the noise!" "There's our coach, there's our team, come on, crowd, and scream, scream, scream!" We were ready to. Suddenly a couple of crooners offered this hopeful ditty:

Ode to U-Hi's Future Tournament Victims, or Snap Back with Stan-back

You'd better snap back with Stan-back

For you will need it, we are sure, 'Cause you're really gonna be shellacked

And Stan-back is a certain cure When you're through being defeated By Willie, Bunkie, and Mac, We extend deepest sympathies And a big box of Stan-back.

him just the same."

"He a slick chick with a hot lick."

"A New Deal Republican with Jeffersonian principles."

"His philosophizing confuses me, but I think he's a swell guy!"

"I don't know what to think about T. R.!"

"What a man! He's preferred stock!"

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FRESHMAN STATISTICS

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Ambition	Destiny
Dan Bowmar	"Bowmar"	Horse racing	Newspaper man	Race track tout
Le Grand Briggs	"Plirt"	Boys	Blond Baylor Boy	Buzzy
Emie Brown	"Bill"	Dress designing	Designer	Work in dress shop
Raymond Burch	"Ray"	Basketball	U-Hi letter	The bench
Sybil Carey	"Carrot"	Talking	Wallace	Bobby Johnson
Doris Coleman	"Lil Coleman"	Boogie Woogie	New boy friend	Rolie
Rodes Estill	"Rodey"	Horses	Train horses	Jockey
Judy Forman	"Judy-Baby"	Being friendly	Black curly hair	Brown straight hair
Cushman Gifford	"Riff Raff"	Motors	4-F	1-A
Patty Happell	"Muscles"	Flirting	Chubby	Howard Wiles
Betsy Lee Houston	"Babe"	Dunn	Asbury	Old Maids' Home
Priscilla McVey	"Prissy"	Music	Concert pianist	Piano teacher
Marcia Middleton	"Shoo-fly"	Len Shouse	Len Shouse	Ben Erdman
Ann O'Bannon	"Bannon"	Drawing	To get married	Old maid
Marcellus Patterson	"Moose"	Being smart	Einstein II	School teacher
Nannette Platt	"Nan"	Boys	George	Franklin
Halleine Ramsey	"Hiney"	Art	Commercial artist	Art teacher
Louise Rhoades	"Lou"	Soldiers	Army wife	Navy wife
Joanne Rodes	"JoJo"	Sewing	Creator	Seamstress
Joyce Rudolph	"Joycie"	John Wyatt	John Wyatt	Bruce Collins
Phyllis Specht	"Spechty"	Talking	Talk louder	Lose her voice
Hal Steele	"Rupe"	Horses	Horse owner	Bookie
Charles Stern	"Charlie"	Rabbits	Contractor	Carpenter
Phyllis Strauss	"Phyl"	Hibbard	Hibbard	Hibbard
Rosa Talbert	"Rotha"	Ramon	Ramon	Mrs. Morgan
Virginia Tilton	"Murray"	Basketball	Movie star	Stand-in
Margaret Valteau	"Marby"	Boys	Singer	Voice teacher
Jane Wyatt	"Jasney"	Studying	Nurse	Governess
Nyram Young	"Buckteeth"	Worrying people	Farmer	Georgia

THRU THE KEYHOLE

One of our illustrious alumni, Harry Gorham has Cora Mae's heart going pitter patter! Her theme song: "The Moose — ic Stopped."

Charlie Wachtman has been hitting it off with graduate Marion McCaw pretty well. "Oh, the stars at night are big and bright, Deep in the Observatory."

"Ace" Horine was kept warmed up at the Wilmore game by a cute miss.

Agnew's interest was aroused but was quieted by Wachtman. What about Beebe and Allen, Fugazzi??

Besides Wachtman and Dunn it seems that Greenberry and Harry Scott like to study the stars! They certainly were in reverse a few nights ago.

All of us "chillums" are glad to see David and Glenna all smiles again.

Lola Stokes and Willie the Wolf are hitting it off! — Willie will have to decide between Lola, Jane, and Eva!

Ask Gene Marlowe about a certain Sunday night and watch him blush! What did you start the fire with, Gene?

Pity the poor senior girls. Just seventeen and already old maids; or haven't you heard ye olde wedding bells ringing through the halls of late. We don't want to mention any names, of course, but the general theme seems to be, "Graduate from Henry Clay, get married the next day."

Oh how I wish I had what Carter has! The manpower shortage doesn't seem to have hit Ann, what with Penny, Underwood, Dunn, and Prewitt competing—She does go in for variety. Seems she had a date with Dunn; Prewitt had his leave extended and really got mad when she wouldn't break her date with Neville—soooo mad—that he broke the antique ring he had given her. I hope Dunn comes out ahead, 'cause they make a cute couple.

Saw Bill (Blondie) Winfree "Strolling Down the Avenue" the other night with Pat Thompson. What a wolfish gleam, Bill—you shock us!

Physics question: (page 313 — number 21, in case you doubt it) "How are campers warmed around an open fire? What are the disadvantages to this method?" Everybody agreed on the right answer but no one could think of any disadvantages to this "method." (Not even Mr. Ginger!!)

Like a bad light bulb Missie and A. P. are on and off too much.

Could A. P.'s old flame in Nicholasville be the reason for the bad connection?

What's that we heard 'bout Peggy n' Don in the back seat? Helen LeBus has cut into Pegg's territory. You can deny it Don "Juan" but evidence is agin' you!

Where you see James Molloy, you see Della and vice versa. Could it be that friendship has blossomed into something more tender! (It's the spring that's making me so sentimental.)

Betty Jo Underwood and Jack Rogers are exchanging those sweet little words these days. But don't let the "Strain" of it all overcome you now, B. Jo.

Congratulations to all who got parts in the senior play. We wonder how much acting Tommy's part will require.

Say Mecan, how come after a semester of spending 1st hour in the library, you abruptly start going to study hall? Couldn't be Mr. W. H. Allen's presence in study hall that gets you there, could it? And speaking of Willie, why was Eva so embarrassed when he borrowed her English book?

A lot of girls we could name are sorry that Editor Underwood is going dateless these days. Hope you pass those West Point exams after all this sacrifice, Tommy!

Peggy Taylor is looking mighty forlorn these days. Seems Prewitt had to go back to the Navy. Chin up, Peggy, he'll be back — we're afraid.

And while Len Shouse (we had to get his name in, or the paper wouldn't be complete) still has his following, we know at least one senior girl who thinks Lafayette's Sing Yeary is much more attractive — ooh so much more! (Haley, agrees, naturally.) Another theme song: "Shoo, shoo, shoo, baby." Yes, we think Wilbur's cute too, Esther.

Watch for budding romances among members of the Senior Play cast, with wolves like Beebe and Willie floating about, things are sure to happen.

Being backstage always results in something, for example take Steiner and Miriam. Brother, if you haven't seen Miriam you haven't lived! She's a luscious dish with blond hair, blue eyes with a husky Tallulah Bankhead voice. Says Miriam, "I'm afraid to sit by myself in the dark..." Steiner, "Sit on my lap..." (P. S. She took him up on it, and was Steiner scared???)

YEA
U-HIGH FANS

SPORTS PAGE

KEEP
YELLINGPURPLES DUNK
KAVALIERS

By Willie Allen

Basketballs continued to disturb the dangling nets of U-Hi's goals like the fleas of some mangy fido as the battling Purples sent another worthy adversary to the hall of defeat by the seemingly unsurmountable score of 47-18.

Kavanaugh's Cavaliers were unlucky enough to have hit U-Hi just as the boys began finding their range. The Cavaliers also seemed to have left their ability to run up points at home.

At the beginning, both teams sparred with each other, neither showing signs of amassing a huge score. But suddenly, without warning, the Purples began running like frightened rabbits and shooting the ball as if its leather, or what-have-you covering, was too hot to handle. Forty-seven points resulted.

It seems that the referee unaccountably developed a 24 tracked mind. "Foul," he would shout in his tarnished brass voice, "shoot two Number 24." And with that our tall handsome lad, Bunkie Q. Wilkie calmly told the foul line with his size thirteens and dunked the spherical nuisance ten out of ten times. So amazed was he at his ability that he ran around with fiendish glee during which time he absent-mindedly dropped in six field goals, totally scoring 22 points.

Keightly led the Kavanaugh quintet with nine, while the mainstay of the team, Shyrock, played a fine floor game.

All in all the Purples showed definite possibilities of becoming a regional winner which would be an honor and a pleasure the team would undoubtedly be most happy to receive.

PURPLE FIVE
TAKES ATHENS

The University High Purples scored an impressive 42 to 20 victory over the Athens Tigers after having a slight four-point margin at the halfway mark. The Tigers hit extremely well for the first half on their home floor while the Purples hit a low percentage during the same time. The country boys outfought and outrebounced the kids from the city during the first half, but in the second frame the U-Hi lads had it all their own way.

Bunkie Wilkie led the victors with 13 points, and Buddy McMeekin was close behind with 8 points. Prather and Banks were high for the Athens five with a total of 6 each.

The Tigers had another crack at the mighty Purples when the teams met in the district tournament.

The summary:
U-High (42) (20) Athens
Wilkie (13) F..... (2) Keller
McMeekin (8) F..... Stokely
Allen (6) C..... (2) Ballard
Underwood G..... (6) Prather
Griffin (5) G..... (6) Banks
Substitutions: U-Hi—Beebe (6), Wallace, Wachtman (2), Trimble (2), Hammet, Willmott; Athens—Carrol, Strong, Kelley (2), Patrick, Hisle (2), Marshall.

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U-HIGH BOYS
TRAMPLE
GEORGETOWN

By Wallace Horine

The University High Purples gained their fourteenth win of the season by defeating the Georgetown Buffaloes by a 44-25 count on the local hardwood last Tuesday night, February 15. The Purples were never in doubt and led all the way.

Sparked by tall, lanky Bunkie Wilkie with 18 points, the U-Hians racked up a total of 44 points, this being the second straight time that they cracked the forty point level. Big "Wilkie" seemed to hit from every corner of the gym.

In defeating Georgetown for the second time this season, University High moved in front at the end of the first quarter by 10-6. By intermission the Purples had raised the count to 24-11. Paced by Morris Beebe, substitute forward, the Purples continued their net ripping in the third quarter and by the end of the canto they had climbed to a 38-17 lead at the start of the final frame.

The summary:
Georgetown (25) (44) U High
B. Barlowe F..... (18) Wilkie
Robinson (11) F..... (2) McMeekin
Lynn (2) C..... (8) Allen
Brannock (12) G..... (4) Underwood
J. Barlowe G..... (2) Griffin
Substitutions: U-High—Horine 2, Beebe 8, Wachtman, and Willmott. Georgetown—Hill, G. Lucas, Marshall, McMillan, and Simpson.
Referee—Payne, Frankfort.

ODE TO A
ZOOT

By "Gooze" Willmott

Oh! Sleek royal purple duds
As clean as fresh as super suds
In time you'll inspire us to glorious
Victories

As thrilling as any of Hannibal's*
Like the mighty Celtics we'll take
The foe

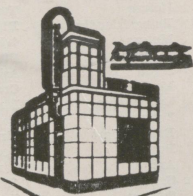
(Anyways like the Zulu Cannibals).
Should the going get tough,
We've sure got the stuff

We can off in a flash with those
barber shop hose
And defensively wave them 'fore the
offense's nose;

The pants are of satin
To wear them takes gall,
When you bend, they go with you,
But, oh! should you fall—

The shirts are complete with most
unusual junk
Built-in scoreboards, pencil-pads,
energy pills for Bunk.

(P. S.) "Dear Miss Peck: The
jerk that wrote this junky jingle
took history at Georgia Tech.

WHITE TAVERNS
Delicious

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113 N. Lime



By Morris Beebe

Well, the basketball uniforms finally came in, and were they nice! When the man from Sutcliffe's saw "Chubby" in his 00 he asked Mr. Ginger if he couldn't take that "pudgy little boy" with him to model other styles for him. Coach Ginger almost agreed, but changed his mind when he remembered how handy 200 pounds would be in the tournaments.

With the gradual departure of old man winter, sports minded U-Hians are beginning to look forward eagerly to spring sports, such as golf and softball. Veteran golfers include Tom (Shirley) Underwood, Ray (Slicin) Wilkie, and Morris (Par is out of the question) Beebe, while Chubby Wachtman, Buddy McMeekin, Wallace Horine and Robin Griffin will be returning softball grabbers. So with these old timers, and a host of young material up from junior high, U-High should do very well in sporting activities in the ensuing months.

The University of Kentucky Wildcats successfully ended their 1943-44 regular basketball season last Friday night by defeating Ohio University, 51-35. "Big Blue" moved rather slowly during the first half, and did not fully hit their stride until rather late in the second stanza. Jack Parkinson and Jack Tingle led the Wildcats throughout the game, while grabbing 14 and 12 points respectively. Fruit DeMolsey did a nice job in the pivot-slot after regular center, Bob Brannum fouled out.

The next test of the Wildcat strength will be in the Southeastern Conference to be held in Louisville Armory on March 2, 3, and 4.

After that they will proceed to Madison Square Garden in New York to play in the national tournament. Good luck, Wildcats. Come home victorious in both tournaments.

SPORTS QUIZ

Question: Do you think a pep club helps to promote school spirit at athletic contests?

Missie Van Meter: Yes, I think a pep club helps promote school spirit, but our pep club is not fully organized yet.

Betty Jo Harris: I think the pep club is a grand idea because it makes the students feel more of a responsibility toward the school, but it is not taken seriously enough.

Gerald Griffin: I think it's a swell thing, but it has to be more active.

Wallace Horine: I think the pep club stimulates student interest in school sports.

Franklin A. Bardwell: I think the pep club should be better organized. They ought to have a committee to get new yells and quite a few other things.

Delia Marks: Yes, I think it does help very much.

Hugh Hammet: No, I have nothing to say on the matter that would be constructive.

Helen Deiss: If everybody were as enthusiastic about it as they were when it was first organized, it would be wonderful.

KORRUPTION
KORNER

Catastrophe - of - the - week: The untimely death of the ram who dropped dead on hearing Crosby moan "There'll Never Be Another Eve."

Idea-of-the-week: Change Frankie's name from Sinatra to Not-so-hotra.

Freak-of-the-week: Hammet, for trying to go through a revolving door with skis on when he heard that nothing was impossible.

Handyman-of-the-week: Luigart, who can play basketball, work geometry, and remove warts. For reference, see Derrickson or Free-man.

Poem-of-the-week:
There was a young Arab assassin
Whose mother had named him Al
Hassin.

Once caught in the act,
His head was off whack,
Thus teaching Al Hassin a lassin.

GINGER'S HARES
TRIP THE BEARS

After rolling up 40 or more points in each of their four preceding games, the U-Hi Purples dropped to 26 and almost dropped the game to the Wilmore Bears.

This was the last game of the season for the U-Hi lads who ended with a record of 17 wins and 6 losses. For Wilmore it was their eighth win in thirteen starts.

The game was a knock-down-drag-out affair with Wilmore hitting on long shots from far out. At the end of the first stanza the Bears had the invaders on the short end of a 13 to 9 score. Then in the second period the Purples gave up all thoughts of an easy victory and led at the mid-point, 18-15.

The Bears came back in the third quarter and cut the lead one point to trail by 24-22 at the three-quarter mark.

Willie Allen was high for the Purples with 12 points while Turkington, the opposing center, dropped in 9 to lead Wilmore scoring.

The lineups:

University High (26) (25) Wilmore
Wilkie (5) F..... (2) Moody
McMeekin F..... (4) Culver
Allen (12) C..... (9) Turkington
Underwood G..... (8) Woodard
Griffin (5) G..... (2) Mikelson
Substitutions: University High—Beebe (4), Wachtman, Wilmore—Anderson.

U-N-O
JONES

SOUTH 407 LIME

GOOD EATS

LOTS A FUN

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Volume XIV

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1944

Number 9

ANNA B. BRIBES HER WAY TO NILE

Miss Peck's Candle Goes
Out On Return Trip;
Crock Eats Her

By Orsen Bogey

During the summer of 1782, a tiny figure could be seen trotting by her mother's side and lisping, "Muvver, I wanna see da cwocadilles!" Today that dream has been realized. In a specially-built vacuum tube (for blueprints see Professor Wilkie) Miss Anna B. Peck has reached the Nile Valley.

After a delightful ride by camel (she'd walk a mile for one) Miss P. arrived at the pyramids. Mumbling more-or-less incoherently, "Gentlemen, forty centuries are looking down upon you!" she struggled to the top and had her picture taken holding aloft the candle of civilization. Bribing her way among the natives with discarded history workbooks, Miss Peck then proceeded to dig around in search of some wood from Tutankhamen's throne to make into souvenirs. This failing, she amused herself by throwing Republican imitation silver dollars across the Nile.

At last the great day dawned. After a long search, one slightly-used crocodile was procured for the long-awaited Nile cruise. Miss Peck was last seen waving goodbye from crocodile-back with a scrap from Empress Eugenie's petticoat, picked up somewhere en route. To her memory the following poem is dedicated: She sailed away on a lovely summer day

On the back of a crocodile.
"You see," said she, "he's as tame as he can be,
I'll float him down the Nile."
The croc winked his eye as she waved them all goodbye,
Wearing a happy smile.
At the end of the ride, the lady was inside
And the smile was on the crocodile!

Council Constitution Change Suggested

By Wynn D. Payne

At a recent meeting of the Student Council, Mr. James Glenn moved that Article 2, Section 1 be amended to read, "From January 1 through March 16, inclusive, Assembly shall Swengale so as not to confound with the salutation of the flangent resumptioms. Pariferente delanto berrente perletto gig unless in the specific case nientoburp (excuse me) whereby doctad edatsepot in effect." The motion was referred by consent to the committee on Post-War planning.

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

Well the basketball season is over and those "beautiful purple duds" (quoting Googe Willmott in his poem "Ode to a Zoot") have been put away until next fall when Mac, Robin, Wallace, and Chubby will again resume their sporting activities. It is rumored that they may be joined by Davis Buckner and Wynn Moseley first-stringers on this year's Woodbury Forest and Shelbyville teams respectively.

Post season congratulations are extended to Chub Wachtman, who did more to thrill the basketball fans of Central Kentucky, than any other individual player. His looping long shots and arched one-handers constantly brought shrieks of delight from the U-High fans and

"Beebe, Most Likely To Go To Seed"—Poll

By T. B. Hack

"Queer," the exciting new pictopublication which recently surpassed even Life and Look in circulation, has just completed a national poll to determine the person least likely to succeed in '44. Despite many handicaps such as Owens, the title of "person least likely to succeed in '44" was bestowed upon a U-High student, Mr. Morris (Superwolf) Beebe. Address all mail in care of Fourth Street annex of Cincy zoo.

Tied for second place in the poll were Eleanor Roosevelt and Wendell Wilkie. When quizzed one Mon-



tana man informed the local poll-taker that he'd never heard of either one of them; he's got a one-year contract with "We The People."

When questioned about his new-gained laurels, Mr. Beebe smiled bewitchingly and mumbled, "It was character, scholarship, and association with Owens that did it for me sport fans. Thanks for your support and as a reward I'll continue to write Sports Sparks the rest of my supernatural life." (This obviously accounts for the alarming increase in the death rate of sports fans during the last few weeks.)

Galloway, Shipman Went To War Wed.

By Hammer Burger

On Wednesday, March 29, the United States WAVE's were expanded by the addition of two new ripples, formerly of the U high tide. Miss Martha Virginia Shipman and Miss Louise Galloway were sworn into the auxiliary sea rovers at the Lexington post office at 3 o'clock CWT and the Navy's gain became University High School's loss. This drastic step, accompanied by no fanfare, came as a complete surprise to many, for it was not widely known of Miss Galloway's doating on boating and Miss Shipman's desire to man-a-Ship.

Although Miss Galloway was publicly shy, she did consent to release the following statement:

"I deeply regret having to leave the school, and the students whom I have come to regard affectionately as little helpers. The culture and refinement personified by the pupils has made a lasting depression on me—but, I feel that the time has come for a switch from saving study halls to braving muddy squalls; from admit slips to moonlit ships; from walls to sails."

Resplendent in her chic blue uniform, Ensign Shipman offered a terse, concise explanation for her decision. "I wish to become a permanent Wave."

In token of its appreciation, the school has presented to the gob-Jets a medium-large jar of Mother Sill's Little Pills and a heartfelt "Bon Voyage."

Wachtman's host of female worshippers. Nice going Chub, do it again next year.



Raymond A. Wilkie reclines in eternal slumber as the 1944 Senior Play ends in disaster.

"THIRTY-SEVEN SENIORS EXPELLED FOR TREATING FACULTY MEAN"

Wachtman, Marlowe
Remain To Study

By Weil B. Bach

Disaster befell the senior class today, as its proud rank of 41 members was reduced to 2. Following their tradition of proclaiming the day after the senior play, "skip day," thirty-nine students failed to attend school, choosing instead to cavort merrily in the vicinity of Saloshins. Some unidentified stool pigeon from the coop across the street made haste in informing the proper U-High authorities of the prospective graduates' activities and drastic measures were taken.

At an emergency meeting, called earlier this morning, a unanimous decision was reached; to expel the 39 offending students. In explaining this action, Principal Ginger declared that the seniors had behaved unpardonably. He pointed out that though a multitude of car space was available and refreshments were plentiful, not a single member of the faculty was invited to attend the annual fest. He added that spring looked just as good from one side of a teacher's desk as it did the other.

A special convocation will be held Monday to honor the two who were not a party to this disgraceful exhibition. Charles Wachtman and Gene Marlowe, the senior class of '44, have shown their ability to withstand temptation and continue in pursuit of knowledge.

Convocation Boring

By T. Bone

On Monday, March 20, 1944, University High was subjected to an abominable convocation, at which some gentleman, with a bald head, whose name was misunderstood by everyone, got up and spoke lengthily and tringly on a subject which, as nearly as the audience could discern, had to do with the relief of starving Armenian pipe-fitters in Bulgaria and undernourished Russian communist boiler makers. The speaker was introduced by Mr. Briggs, who made an asinine spectacle of himself. The speaker was from a coal mining town in Pennsylvania and there was a good deal of coal dust still on his shoes. The entire student body paid little or no attention and the faculty, up to its old tricks, shot craps throughout the whole talk. Gathering very little from the speech, the school would suffer little if the speaker failed to return at a later date.

RAYMOND WILKIE ASSASSINATED

U-High Mysteriously Slain
On Senior Play Set

By Hood Unnit

The brutal murder of Raymond Abell Wilkie, Jr., late last night, brought to an unforeseen and dramatic climax the University High Senior Class Play.

The body was discovered at about 10:30 p.m. in the alcove on the stage by William Henry Allen, who had missed Wilkie in the dressing room after the play and gone to search for him. Although Allen told a U-High Lights reporter that a gun equipped with a silencer lay beside the corpse, the police medical authorities said that the angle of the bullet prevented a suicide theory. The pistol is believed to have been the one with which Wilkie was shot, however.

U-High Director (etc.) Lemon Ginger announced today that school will be dismissed for the remainder of the year and perhaps for the duration due to the "untimely and unfortunately unique disassociation of one (Wilkie) who had so long been so close to her ceilings and roofs."

Wilkie was last seen alive when, as the ghost of Charles Jasper, he appeared in the last scene of the play, titled by a strange coincidence, "A Murder Has Been Arranged."

His body was viewed in the alcove a few seconds before the play ended, but since in the play he was supposed to be dead, the cast noted nothing unusual in his appearance. Chief Austin B. Price of the Lexington Police Department, stated that the police have unearthed several clues, and expect to make an arrest shortly. Chief Price declined to name the suspect and would make no further comment.

The U-High Lights learned from a reliable source that Wilkie, who was president of the Student Council, and Tom R. Underwood, Jr., vice-president of the Council, had a violent quarrel after the last Student Council meeting. All efforts to contact Underwood were unavailing. The maid at the Underwood home said that when she informed Underwood that the police had been there in his absence, he seemed greatly excited. Shortly afterward he left the house with a suitcase, she added.

★ ★ ★

SERVICE STARS

★ ★ ★

By Miss Lacy Panz

Commodore Frank L. Leach, Snafu, United States Naval Air, Submarine, and Maritime Services, is now serving in the North Atlantic (the part known as the Great Lakes). Commanding from the decks of his flagship Garbage Scow, Commodore Leach has been reported to have sunk: 6 German and 4 Japanese cruisers, 8 German and 10 Japanese destroyers, 5 German and 3 Japanese aircraft carriers, and 13 submarines for each of the nations, to say nothing of the two gulls and 56 enemy aircraft he has downed.

Now It Can Be Told

Comm. Leach has at last disclosed his secret formula and it is being published here for the eyes of the public for the first time. The formula follows:

Pi times square root of BVD plus L.S.M.F.T. divided by I.O.U. 2 Foo G.I. equals B. S.

Fayette county officials earlier today warned police of neighboring states "to be on the lookout for Tommy-gun Underwood, alias Shirley, about six-foot-two, wearing a youthful mustache and a 'hat'—last seen going West on a one-way street going East; wanted for embezzling funds of Masque and Gavel, National Honor Society, Student Council, and murder."

Hollywood Captivated By "Big Moose"

By Broake N. Armstrong

The University Hi-Lights is proud to announce a "scoop" on the ascension of a new star to the heavens of Hollywood. This star is none other than our well-known and beloved Marcellus "Moose" Patterson. We were extremely gratified to learn that, while in Hollywood on a visit, "Pat" was placed under contract by Super Colossal Films, Inc., to play the title role in the forthcoming super epic, "Frankenstein and The Black Market," due to the untimely drafting of Mr. Boris Karloff. Around University High, Pat's modesty is surpassed only by his intelligence. If you keep on the alert, you may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of "Big Moose" slinking from shadow to shadow, prepping for his big debut. Talent scouts reveal that, although the amazing ability of this new star is a secret, it is quite possible he may acquire the title of Lon Chaney III or King Kong, Jr. It is with that fond hope that we wish Pat every success in his motion picture career.

Willmott Tops Mezzos

By B. Good

Top honors in the mezzo-soprano division at the State Music Festival held at Richmond this week were awarded the talented and gifted George Willmott. Asked for a statement to the press and admiring followers, Mr. Willmott said modestly, "Howdy."

Lola Stokes, a rejuvenated soprano, got "fair" in the baritone class, although C. Wachtman was disqualified from singing "Water Boy" because of "lack of experience with subject."

The five-man quartet failed to arrive, due to a breakdown caused by a too low-swinging chariot, but a trio composed of Buddy Wallace, Cushman Gifford, and Charles Ferguson ranked excellent.

THE U-HI LIGHTS

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Tom Underwood....Editor-in-Chief
Carolyn McMeekin....Associate Editor
Teacher: "Fools can ask more questions than wise men can answer."

A. P. Schneider: "No wonder I flunked that English exam." (No reflection on you, Miss Anderson.)
—The Scout

Joe: "Where do you live?"
Puss: "Upstairs over a vacant lot."

Lafayette Times
Brewer: "Why didn't you keep your date with me for Tuesday and meet me on the corner as we agreed?"

Onnie: "Because Tuesday was meatless day."

Lafayette Times

Scene: any basketball game. Hugh Hammet goes out on the floor. Immediately the feminine spectators give out with, "Isn't little Hammet darling?" or "Gosh, isn't he cute?"

fact!
Dear (Lafayette-Henry Clay). U-Hi is back!
Snap back with Stan-back, don't give in to lasting hate,
And come to see us in the State!

—Red n' Black

sand pound pounds.
English woman who lost a thou-

ling.
Wallice: "What are you read-

that fat."

believe any lady who could ever be

Franklin

Ridgely Park.....News Editor

Morris Beebe.....Sports Editor

Bunkie Wilkie.....Assistant

Sports Editor

Elizabeth Ann Bicknell, Social Editor

Lola Stokes.....Exchange Editor

Nancy Skeen, Jim Glenn,

Helen Deiss.....Feature Editors

Floye Mullinaux, Pat

Evans.....Proof Readers

Jimmy Steiner.....Photographer

Miss Grace Anderson.....Faculty

Adviser

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Beebe.....Circulation

David Morton, Tom

Underwood, Harry Scott,

Henry Foushee.....Advertising

Floye Mullinaux.....Business manager

In Conclusion

Having reached the end of the rope, we would like to offer our humble thanks to those persons who helped to make U-High basketball a success this year, the last for many of us, despite hectic world conditions.

To Mr. Ginger, who gave untiringly of his energy and ceaselessly of his time despite his many other duties, to the B team boys who gave their time to gruelling scrimmages, to those loyal supporters who drove us to out-of-town games, to the parents who kept supper waiting for us night after night, and to the rooters, Carolyn, Fu, Peter, Andy, Harry, Mr. Cowgill, and all the rest, to you we extend our heart-felt gratitude, our sincere appreciation.

Signed,
The Basketball Team of '43-'44

REPORTERS

Vella Griffin
Robin Griffin
El Powers
Jimmy Steiner
Peggy Berryman
Missie Van Meter
Nancy Potts
Jack Rogers
Frances Horlacher
Charles McMeekin

Betty Sue Scott
Ann Estall
Don Sturgill
William Allen
Wallace Horine
Harry Scott
Betty Jo Harris
Betty Ree Rhoads
Don Evans
Mary Jane Agnew

Stewed-ant Problem

vary the daily routine (i.e., Nicholasville H. S.) and then where'll we be?

Students, it's our school. Are we nice or are we not? I ask you. If Shouse and Morgan can dig a tunnel from Pat Haley High School to Rosa's house in less than two months, can't we even swipe the bolts holding up the library tables?

Be dumb if you must, be studious if you will, but if you would uphold the honor of U-High, be not nice. Also for a pin-ball machine in every home room elect Sturgill, the poor man's Sinatra, to the school board.

First, everybody looks too good on Monday morning. Also, the last time somebody skipped was the day the Armistice was signed (W. W. I). This is an insult to our initiative. Mr. Ginger doesn't get mad and expel everybody all the time like other principals do. He's destroying our morale.

We've gotta' start smoking on school grounds, courting in the halls, and walking in on Home Nursing Class demonstrations. If things get much duller somebody'll set the building on fire to "University High School is the nicest school I've ever been to"—these words were recently spoken by a newcomer to our sacred halls but, doubtless, reflect the sentiment of other goons beside himself.

Students arise! Where is your loyalty. I say start a "We are not so nice" campaign—the student council or senior class could sponsor it.

U-High Noose

News flash of the week, fter going steady for two years, Vella and Harry have broken up. The cause of the split seems to be Betty Sue, who has had her eye on Harry for years. As consolation, Vella has decided to peroxide her hair.

Now that the team has acquired their second basketballs, they shouldn't mind parting with at least one. After all, if Bunkie can do it, you can too.

Noticed at play rehearsal — the long glances of certain Senior girls at current heart throb, Mr. W. H. Allen, who seems unaffected by all this attention. (Darn it!)

The best friend is always the last one to know. Hummmmm—Nancy, it seems that Dianne is cutting in on you with Adolph. Perhaps Nancy will find consolation in Gush Foushee.

Some of the new Couples in the news: George and Alice, Bunkie and

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to what the girl has been thinking about all winter.
—Pantier

Pat Haley, Tommy and Helen Le-Bus.

We wonder if Mac has heard about the Senior girl who thinks he is pretty wonderful.

Now that the Prom is in the near future you boys had better start looking around for your dates. (Of course, we mean in the vicinity of U-High.)

Wolf Beebe has decided to give up girls for the duration after a very unhappy incident with "Stokes." Please address all mail and condolences to the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mr. Ginger entered his chemistry class and noticed Bunkie sitting with his feet in the aisle and chewing gum.

"Wilkie," exclaimed Mr. Ginger, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

—Red 'n Black

"I was on a night like this: the rain drizzled in the gutter, the so-lights flickered ominously, and even the magpies had left the bar. That Chinaman came waddling in the door with a bridge under his arm! Bimney! At this point he leapt from his chair, rushed out of the room to the room where the bridegroom hung! Suddenly we heard a terrible squealing and rushed to the next room. There we found the canary minus its lower portions, but there was no sign of Uncle Algie. We heard a rumor that something that looked like a canary's tail turned up in a Chinese lock shop in Singapore. Of Uncle Algie, we have heard nothing.

"I was on a night like this: the rain drizzled in the gutter, the so-lights flickered ominously, and even the magpies had left the bar. That Chinaman came waddling in the door with a bridge under his arm! Bimney! At this point he leapt from his chair, rushed out of the room to the room where the bridegroom hung! Suddenly we heard a terrible squealing and rushed to the next room. There we found the canary minus its lower portions, but there was no sign of Uncle Algie. We heard a rumor that something that looked like a canary's tail turned up in a Chinese lock shop in Singapore. Of Uncle Algie, we have heard nothing.

—Pantier

And then I saw it—ugh! "Smile,

pillars' underside, I'll bet.

... or soft as the fur on a cater-

as the down on a butterfly's wing."

I am Lubensnot! face powder soft

plant... these hot August days...

And YOU looking icy cool with Mad-

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

plant... these hot August days...

Perkins' "Exclusives"

Dorsa Dresses

Key Collier Dresses

Carole King Dresses

Tommie Austin Dresses

Swansdown Coats and Suits

Rothmoor Coats and Suits

Sportleigh Coats

Krull Coats

Mojud Hosiery

Se-Ling Hosiery

Flatterknit Hosiery

Dorothy Gray Toiletries

Tussye Toiletries

perkins
INCORPORATED

Buy Bonds to Bomb the Bums

Search Lights

—Bell

Eli: "Wanna fly?"
Silas: "Sure thing."
Eli: "Wait, I'll catch you one."

Teacher: "If there were Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and the baby, how many were there?"
Steiner: "There were two and one to carry."

—High School Record

Della: "I don't see how a football player ever gets clean."

Joyce: "What do you think they have scrub teams for?"

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

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... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

... "Yes, if kindness fails."

PARFUME BY SNE A. GAYNE

FIFTEEN
ON OWENS

SPORTS PAGE

LOOF LIRPA
A VOUS

PURPLES WIN STATE TOURNEY

WILLMOTT
PACES PURPLES

The University High quintet topped a highly touted Crooked Creek five by the close score of 138-5 here tonight at the Women's Annex. A capacity crowd of fifteen (eleven players, two coaches, two waterboys, and D) squeezed into this mammoth structure and proceeded to raise such a racket that the mice and termites had to leave their humble abodes until the festivities were over.

The game started off with a bang, probably because the gun loaned the scorekeeper was Willmott's squirrel gun which practically blew the roof off. Patterson, tall powerful U-Hi center, tipped the ball to little 6-foot 6-inch Georgie Willmott who dribbled the length of the floor, hit his head on the roof, and dropped the ball through the cords for two points and a brain concussion. This powerful lad of the green cornfields proceeded to dump in 15 more craps, 3 long shots, six pivot shots, and one foul attempt. His 21 jump shots resulted in 21 brain concussions and, at the end of scoring a mere 51 points — 42 points having been taken away because in his excitement he got off his knees—he left the game.

"Daw-gawn it!!" Gawgo groaned on leaving the game. "If I hadn't gone and got excited and got mah ole' brain to a workin' Ah'd a made 42 more luscious points."

During the second half, the boys took turns in scoring until, with fifteen minutes to go Foushee, worn out and bedraggled, flopped to the floor, having lost 38 pounds. He looked so comfortable there that they just let him lie in peace. Two minutes later, Patterson tripped over him and broke his "specs," after which he ran up 38 points on 14 pivot shots. On paying the opponents a dollar apiece Lemon Ginger got one foul shot, while Gifford, although handicapped by his undersized girdle, only made 28 points.

Summary:

U-High (138) (6) Crooked Creek
Ginger (1) (1) D. Jones
Gifford (28) (1) O. Jones
Patterson (38) (1) P. Jones
Willmott (51) (1) E. Jones
Foushee (20) (1) S. Jones

Substitutes: U-Hi — Marshall;
Crooked Creek—Trojanovich (1).

Referee: Anderson and West—
U-Hi.

SPORTS QUIZ

Due to the fact that this edition is to come out as an April fool's joke, our esteemed editor (a starving Armenian Railroad worker) has decided to reverse the usual procedure by having the innocent bystander ask the question, and yours truly answer same. (Copyright by Ish K. Bibble.)

Buddy Wallace (after completing a Biology test, groan): What did you think of the test? As most students have at one time or another taken one of these tests, I leave it to you to answer. This can best be done while listening to Intersanctum or some other cheerful program along the same line.

Marcellus Patterson: What do you think of the Sophomore class? As one faculty member who was made at an other one said, "This should happen to you."

Spring Gridders Get
Going Good

The University High Purples have changed from cagers to gridders. At least this is the report from the U-High camp. Coach Ginger is expecting great things from the boys as soon as the weather turns.

We have great material in our school for a hard pile-driving steam roller. Big Moose will be the line smashing tail back, with Bardwell and Billy Joe Hall at the two halves. Since we need a smart man to call the plays, we'll put "Bubbles" Sturgill at quarterback. This gives us a definite advantage at having a pookie and signal-barker in the backfield.

The line will be one of the strong points of the team. The ends are likely to be "Speedy" Allen and "Shorty" Willmott. For the tackles, we'll dig deep into the Junior High and pull out Halbert and Bruce Glenn. For the guards we'll go to the larger students and get Gifford and Wenneker. Curley Marlowe is expected to be here again next year so he is to be the center.

Now for a well rounded team there is still one more important man, so Don Evans will carry the water and towels.

With all this material and school spirit behind them, U-High is looking forward to a good football season next year.

Purple Track Stars
Start Running

This spring U-Hi will have a new and different sport—girls' track. This team is expected to attract widespread attention among the masculine members of the school.

The girls who will heave the shot-put is expected to be "Muscles" Phillips. Phillips was the leading member of Male High School's track team last year and is expected to bolster the U-Hi ranks to quite some extent.

U-Hi's own Betty Ree Rhoads will carry the Purple and White into the mile event. Rhoads started running the mile in practice last week and turned up three days later in Georgetown. This feat has never been equaled in days gone by.

Six foot three inch Alice Weil is practicing for the high jump and seems to be progressing rapidly. To date she has attained the alarming heights of almost two feet.

It looks like "Hips" Van Meter will be representing U-Hi in the 50 yard dash. Van meter is definitely built for speed. (Whoo-Whoo).

All in all, it looks like U-Hi's first attempt at track will be very successful.



Ginger Is Picture Of
Composure As Purples
Win State Tourney



BY

By Morris Beebe

NOTICE to all MALE students: Please knock before entering the Home Ec. room.

The cocktails in the Senior play will be "Ginger's Cocktail" composed of Ginger's Ale, peach liquor, and H₂SO₄. We can guarantee the play to be a success.

The Sophomore girls have voted Len Shouse, the boy I wouldn't want to be marooned with on a desert island.

It seems that two of our dashing Romeos (Glenn and McMeekin) were very much taken in by the London cheerleaders. How could you tell which one was Betty Jo, Glenn?

Cute, blond Betsy Houston has another beau who thinks she is the cutest thing on two legs. He was Dunn's week-end guest for the state tournament. Although they haven't met, I hear he is living for the day.

Ann Carter's troubles have started all over again as Prewitt is home on another leave. Which one is it gonna be, Ann? Dunn has written Admiral Nimitz about Prewitt's many leaves.

Joyce Barker had a date for the finals of the state with Bunny McKinley, who is home on spring vacation. Did you take enough lettuce with you, Joyce? We certainly hope so, as he sure is cute.

Attention to all girls between the ages of 14-18. See Wallace Horine immediately.

Le Grand Briggs has her eyes on Robert Trimble. After all, it's about time Trimble stops his lone-wolfing. Betty Joe Harris and Harky Edwards had a date the other night so maybe a new romance could be in the brewing for Betty Joe.

Pat Thompson needs but to say the word and Robin is hers. Give him a chance. You don't know what you're missing, Pat.

Why is it that Tommy Young hangs over the stamp table all lunch hour when Mary Mc. sells stamps. It seems that Charles Utter has been making passes at Marie Bigge. What's up, Charles? How is it that Bobby Van Meter and El-inor Massie both caught poison ivy at the same time and at the same place. Powell Taylor sure had a fine time Wednesday, when he was visited by his heart-beat, Joyce McCarthy.

That cute new girl from Harlan has captured more hearts than she deserves in these days of scarce men. It seems Don Sturgill is at the head of the list but that's making a lot of sophomore boys terribly unhappy.

Hugh Hammet asked Betsy H. for a date the other night but she turned him down. Too bad . . . But you can do better than that, Hammet. (I don't know about that.) (T.R.'s note)

Peggy Berryman is wearing a new basketball and she won't say where she got it. But it is rumored that it is, or rather, was Chubby Wachtman's. Chubby is having difficulty keeping his gals straight, but who isn't?

THIS AND -
- THAT
OR IT BELONGS
ON PAGE
ONE

Rejecting the editor's offer to leave a blank space where this should be (on the grounds that just as much would be gotten out of it) we return with gusto and the latest drivel:

There's generally a lull between basketball and spring, but the slack, like the auditorium, is taken up by the senior play. If it's only half as rare as rehearsals would seem to be, it'll be something—just what, we're too charitable to say. First of all, Mr. B. wishes to announce that the screams, shrieks and piercing cries of anguish in the front hall, afternoons, come from play rehearsals, not Mr. Ginger's office! Much confusion seems to have occurred when Ridgely appeared with a squirt pistol, and Tommy poisoned Bunkie with Alka-Seltzer!

New word dept.: Jane Garrett's "Sophomors."

Suggestion: That all classes be cut out for the duration of the school year. They take so much time away from extra-curricular activities!

Some-come-back dept.: Miss Peck: "Try, Lola. The question can be answered in only three words."

Stokes: "I don't know."

The day of jesters and of pest, April Fool is here with fun. With men who know their Aprils best.

It's Glenn, two to one!

Those Madison players certainly made a hit with the U-High girls. Rogers and Nelson seem to head the list with D. T. Ferrell running a close third and fourth.

Love has entered Eli's life. He can't make up his mind between Floye and Carolyn Silas. At the moment it seems to be Floye. We think he's powerful cute!

U-NO
JONES

SOUTH 407 LIME
GOOD EATS
LOTS FUN
Let's Go Gang!

GOOFY GOLFERS
ON BEAM

After winning last year's state golf tournament by an overwhelming score U-Hi's veteran golfers are looking forward to another successful season. Undoubtedly, the team will be made up of U-Hi boys unless the girls can be induced to play, or Johnny Owens of 7131 Aylesford Place changes schools. Chick would have a hard time, however, beating out Willie Allen, who has scored in the low twenties all during basketball season, or big "Wolf" Beebe, consistently inconsistent with his amazing 64's (for 2 holes).

Three positions are wide open for prospective players as Moose Gorman finally graduated. Tom (do you mind if I smoke) Underwood has not been able to shoot above 83 all year (obviously not material for the high-scoring Purple four), and Bunkie Wilkie is working ten hours a day on American history (probably for a credit).

When interviewed, Coach Ginger said that anyone with a golf ball and a baseball bat is eligible for the team, whose first game is with Crooked Creek, April 31.

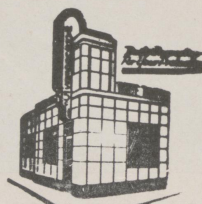
THE END
Note to Sports Editor: Listen, Beebe, if I don't get a by-line on this I'm going to tell Agnew about you & Edna. And then where will you be?

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518 W. Main 113 N. Lime

DeBoor

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or

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WELCOME HOME
BETH

THE U-HI LIGHTS

WHAT CHA'
SAY?

"For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, But how you played the game."

Volume XIV

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

Number 10

QUEEN SKEEN TO REIGN OVER PROM; LUCKY MAC TO CROWN THE BEAUTY

**Carolyn Maid of Honor;
Ridgely, Eva To Be
Attendants**

By Mary Jane Agnew

Nancy Skeen will reign as queen at the annual Junior Prom, which will be held April the twenty-eighth. Carolyn McMeekin will be the maid of honor to the queen, Ridgely Park and Eva Lewis are the other senior attendants. Junior attendants will be Missie Van Meter, Betty Ann Shropshire, Peggy Berryman, Betty Joe Harris, and Mary Jane Agnew. The boys who will walk with the girls in the procession at the Prom will be Tommy Underwood, Morris Beebe, Jake Graves, Tommy Asbury, Henry Foushee, Bunkie Wilkie, Gene Marlowe, Don Evans, Wallace Horne, Arthur Roberts, Charles Wachtman, Neville Dunn, and Charles McMeekin, president of the junior class, who will crown the queen.

Coming from Tilghman High School at Paducah, Kentucky to start her junior year at U. Hi, Nancy has been in many of the school activities. She is feature editor of the paper, member of the Masque and Gavel; has taken part in the radio plays last year and this year, and she was a member of the senior play cast.

The night of the Prom the gym will be decorated with spring colors and flowers. Bids have already been sent out. Those on the bid committee were Nancy Potts, Betty Sageser, Mary Jane Agnew, Charles Wachtman, Wallace Harline, and the members of the social committee. Decorations are in charge of Missie Van Meter, chairman of the committee, Sara Hall, Mary Jane Agnew, Dal Thorpe, Charles Fergus, and

(Continued on Page Four)

THIS-N-THAT

By Helen Deiss

By Helen Deiss

Stargill, about reversion to type: "Well, there'll be a field of hornless cattle and then suddenly there'll be a black sheep!" Please refer to the biology class. I don't get it, either. Mrs. Mercer: "You've found 'r' Now, what's 'rr'?"

Speech: "Railroad!" We'd like to know more about: Onnie and Lida holding study hall in the auditorium, the track team, Buddy Wallace's lunch-line romance, the Prom Queen, any of the subjects we're taking, and whether the sophomores were the cause of Mr. Briggs' startling over-night change. Try Kolorbak, Mr. B.

Give Me Some Splendid, Silent Sun-Tan Oil

Everyone's getting their summer tan! A beautiful brown from head to toes. But I am getting a summer burn. And the only place is on my nose.

We think it's nice that some of the inmates of our East Main Annex have artistic tendencies, even if they don't have anything else. We also announce that, to us, their last name is "mud."

Oh, What a Beautiful Morning, or There's a Bright Golden Drizzle on the Meadow

You put on your spring clothes the Russians rejected. But you soon have good reason to feel quite dejected.

You soon have good reason to feel quite forlorn—The dew sure is heavy on a lovely spring morn!

Unique Class of '44 To Graduate 42 May 26 Mr. James Park To Make Commencement Talk

By Jimmy Steiner

On May 26, forty-two seniors will be graduated from University High School in commencement exercises which will be held at 8 p.m. in the auditorium. The graduating class has asked Mr. James Park to be the speaker. Miss Peck is in charge of planning the processional arrangements; and Miss Mason and the music department will furnish the music for the program. The high spot of the program will be the presentation of diplomas by Mr. Ginger.

At a class meeting it was decided that Dr. Stephen A. Corey should be asked to preach the Baccalaureate sermon at the Central Christian Church. The Baccalaureate service will be held Sunday morning, May 21.

The annual senior breakfast, given by the Parent-Teacher Association, is planned for the last week of school.

This year's graduating class is unique in several ways. Because of the burning of the Nicholasville High School building we have a large number of Nicholasville students with us. This is also the first class to have more than one or two members who have attended this school from their kindergarten days. Also, this is the first class in U-Hi to have some boys in the armed forces at the time of graduation.

Members of the graduating class are: William H. Allen, Tommy Asbury, Morris Beebe, Mary Esther Brumfield, Martha Crutchfield, Ann Carter, Jane Clark, Patricia Evans, Henry Foushee, Jane Fugazzi, Jake Graves, Frances Horlacher, Juanita Jacobson, Patsy Karsner, Dianne LeSturgeon, Eva Lewis, Carolyn McMeekin, Greenberry Marshall, David Morton, Floye Mullinaux, Gene Marlowe, Nancy O'Hare, Ridgely Park, Eli Powers, Strain, Carolyn Silas, Betty Sageser, Betty Jo Underwood, Tommy Underwood, Phyllis Valleau, Alice C. Weil, Raymond Wilkie, George Willmott, Vella K. Wise.

Pupils Give Clothing Effort For Stalin

By Nancy Potts

At the close of the Clothes-for-Russia campaign last week, the pupils of the city and county schools had collected half a train-car load of clothing. U-Hi was an outstanding contributor, both of clothes and of workers at the Phoenix depot. These workers, who packed the incoming clothes, were chiefly from the eighth and ninth grades. The committee for the campaign expressed their appreciation for the fine work done by these pupils.

Hi-Lights Staff To Meet Monday

Monday, May 1, at Home Room Period the Hi-Lights staff will meet to elect officers for next year.

At this meeting the possibility of a junior issue will be discussed and new staff members will be selected.



All hail Queen Skeen, this beautiful gal.

HORLACHER, BREWER, GIRL TRIOS RATE SUPERIOR IN MUSIC CONTEST

Stokes, Rhoads, Valleau,
Quartets Graded
Excellent

On April twenty-second and twenty-ninth, the Regional and State Music Contests were held at Richmond, Kentucky. University High was well represented in both of these contests.

A trio composed of Frances Horlacher, Betty Sue Scott, and Betty Ree Rhoads sang "British Children's Prayer" by Wolfe. Another trio made up by Charlotte Garr, Phyllis Valleau, and Priscilla McVey sang "Brahms Lullaby." Both trios received superior ratings.

A quartet formed by Frances Horlacher, Betty Sue Scott, Hugh Hammett, and Jimmy Glenn sang "The Ash Grove," a Welsh folk song. Another quartet composed of Betty Ree Rhoads, Lola Stokes, Willie Allen, and Tom Underwood was presented in "Verdant Meadows" by Handel. Both quartets were judged excellent.

A number of University High School students were presented in solos. Frances Horlacher singing "How Do I Love Thee," received a superior rating. Alice Weil, "If I Could Tell You"; Betty Ree Rhoads, "By the Bend of the River"; Phyllis Valleau, "Little Boy Blue"; Lola Stokes, "Bless This House," all received excellent ratings; and Bobby Brewer singing "Brahms Lullaby," was judged superior.

Accompanying the singers from University High were Mrs. Urbach and Miss Joan Akers. Frances Horlacher was accompanied by Miss Jean Marie McConnell.

On Friday, April twenty-first, Charlotte Garr participated in the piano division of the contest, playing Beethoven's "Sonata in C Minor." Her performance was judged excel-

Greenberry Examined By Naval Doctors Wilkie Is Sixth Classmate To Be Sworn in

By Raymond A. Wilkie

To add to U-Hi's already large number of boys in the armed forces, three more boys of the graduating class of '44 have passed their physical examinations and are waiting for the induction call.

On April 4, Greenberry Marshall went to Cincinnati and was examined by naval doctors. Teeth, blood, eyes, weight, height—when they got through with him the navy knew more about Greenberry than he did himself. Then a week later they sent him the words of their favorite song, "You Belong To Us." Admiral Marshall is in "special assignment," due for induction after May 28.

Eli Powers, now in the Army, took his physical examination recently and was put into the Air Force.

Bunkie Wilkie is the third of the '44 group whom Uncle Sam has lately beckoned. Following the V-12 examination he passed his physical in Louisville April 6, and has been accepted for the program.

The future of U-Hi's boys seems pretty well settled. Either you're in or you're not. These boys are in:—Larry Simpson, Marine Corps; Adolph Bigge, Coast Guard; Jimmy Steiner and A. P. Schneider, Naval Air Corps; Eli Powers and Harry Scott, Army Air Corps.

Mary Adele Wilson, who had already received a superior rating in the Regional Contest at Harlan, again received superior in the State Contest. Her selection was "Fantasy Impromptu" by Chopin.

USO HALL CAN BE HAD FOR PUPILS

Local Clubs Promoting
Plans For Youth
Center

By Franklin Bardwell

Mr. S. T. Chase of the Lexington Roller Mills, acting as temporary chairman of committees from the Pyramid and Kiwanis clubs, is working on a plan for a student-governed recreation center in the USO building on East Main St. that is about to be vacated. All other service clubs of Lexington will be asked to cooperate on this community project. The building is splendidly equipped for this purpose and there is a possibility of retaining this equipment.

The tentative plans made are: That all Lexington and Fayette County school children between their 14th and 19th birthdays be eligible for membership.

That a governing board consisting of three boys and three girls from each of the three senior high schools be elected annually by the student body of each of those three schools. This board of 18 will elect its own chairman and vice chairman. That a senior advisory board be appointed.

(Continued on Page Four)

Beethoven Played By Garr in Convo

By Vella Wise

Convocation last Friday consisted of a musical program, a preview of what U-High's participation was in the State Music Festival at Richmond, Saturday, April 22.

Those participating in the program were: Frances Horlacher, who sang "How Shall I Love Thee," by Lippe. She was accompanied by Robert Kuhlman; Lola Stokes sang "Bless This House," by May Brache.

A trio composed of Charlotte Garr, Phyllis Valleau, and Priscilla McVey sang "Brahms Lullaby." Betty Ree Rhoads sang "By the Bend of the River," and Alice Weil sang "If I Could Tell You." Another trio composed of Frances Horlacher, Betty Sue Scott and Betty Ree Rhoads sang "British Children's Prayer." Bobby Brewer sang "Brahms Lullaby," and Phyllis Valleau "Little Boy Blue." A quartet made up of Tommy Underwood, Willie Allen, Lola Stokes, and Betty Ree Rhoads sang "Verdant Meadows," by George Frederick Handel.

The program was concluded with Charlotte Garr, who played "The First Movement of Beethoven in C minor."

SERVICE STARS

Sgt. Sam Huey, now home on leave, called at University High on Monday.

Pvt. Lad Simpson is now at a Marine Corps base at Pearl Harbor where he is a member of an amphibious group.

Lad graduated from University High in 1943 and enlisted in the Marine Corps immediately following his graduation.

Pvt. Lafon Ingles, U. S. Army, is now based at Camp Blanding, Fla. "Fonny" graduated from University High in 1943 and attended the University of Kentucky until he was called to active duty.

JIM'S JABBERIN'

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—spring exams! Not that we hadn't been thinking about them all year! But spring exams are special! They determine whether or not you spend another year here or not, or if you have to "repeat." Today I will give you an inside view of the number one obstacle in the road of life.

'Tis the night before exams! You've brought home all your books and a burning desire to pass English II. Calmly you seat yourself and open the fly leaf of the first book. There, before your eyes, probably in red crayon, is: "Underwood + Shearer—15 on Owens—our favorite fruit is Peaches—down with the C.I.O.—up with the A. F. of L." These inscriptions are not particularly educational, so you turn slowly over to the middle of the book. There are the notes you scribbled in class day before yesterday—"Are you going to the show this afternoon?" Just now you wish you were going to the show. If only you were as smart as Hugo! Oh, well! "Pi times five squared times Cosine equals B.V.D." Reading on you discover that "M.D., D.D., and L.L.D." mean "Malry dots and dozy dots and littl lamsie divey." Suddenly you are interrupted by little brother who rides frantically through the house on his velocipede, screaming at the top of his lungs, "Hi-yo, Silver!" You are reminded of Jimmy Barker.

Gazing wistfully off into space, you try to think what other people are doing just now. Ye gods!! Shame on you!! Hmmm! Glenna and David I wonder! And then there's Della and James—

Sighing, you return to the book, only to read until one o'clock when you fall exhausted into bed.

Morning arrives with a deafening jangle of the alarm clock. You

fall out of bed and dash down to your breakfast, like Evans on a last bit of toast, you grab your hat and coat and speed to the corner where you casually become the plutocrat of the morning bus. That is, until one of your pals yells, "Hey, didja 'member to bring my dice today? Huh?" This spoils everything, so you forget your plutocracy and open a book to cram. In doing so, you over-ride two blocks, finally waking up and pulling the proverbial cord, screaming "Geronimo" and leaping.

You finally get to school, and, book in hand, perch yourself in the upstairs hall window until Miss Peck comes and chases you out.

The bell! Ta-ta-da-ta-ta-dee! They're off! You gallop down the front hall, waving at the Latin class, and zoom into the last lap, knocking Agnew and Meean into their respective lockers. Slowly, you regain your breath and walk into English, reverently praying for an earthquake.

Everyone else in the room looks unusually calm and composed, except Brewer, who is biting off his last finger nail. You go to the pencil sharpener and grind away on your supply of writing sticks, thinking that perhaps if you stall away on Mr. Briggs will forget about the test and everybody can go home. This strategy fails, however, and you stagger to your seat.

They hand you a mimeographed sheet, laugh fiendishly, and you go to work. Gosh! You never saw any of this stuff before! You struggle on. Hugo gurgles spasmodically, passes out, and they roll his body out into the corridor. Toward the back of the room, you hear alternate chokes, sighs, and death cries. After long hours of exasperating endeavor, you finish and collapse into the arms of a waiting friend.

Terrible Tests Take Toll On Sad And Sorry Seniors

At five minutes of nine, on the morning of April 18th, freshmen, sophomores and juniors were startled to see harrassed-looking seniors dash out of class, in the general direction of the auditorium. Well-meaning bystanders, attempting to inquire the cause of the general exodus, were totally ignored as the seniors flew by, clutching in one hand a pencil and in the other a copy of the multiplication tables. The cause was made clear when the groups reached the auditorium. Amid the "pencil up" atmosphere of our grade school days, the annual classification test for seniors were given.

First on the schedule was the math test. Difficult for the first, this test included such thought-provoking problems as "From twelve and three-fourths subtract seven and a half" and "If pencils are two for a nickel, how much will a quarter's worth cost?" The one that stumped the entire class was the next to last—just how many quarts are there in a bushel? (Can't get quarts now anyway, so what the heck?)

After one hour's respite, during which the seniors sat stupidly muttering "Gerund—a noun used as a verb. Participle . . ." the class returned to the torture room to suffer through the English test. This consisted of one hundred and twenty sentences in which were grammatical errors—our job was to find the mistakes. Most of the statements were on a par with "She has went home" but a few, such as "I like John better than anyone," were quite touching. As we had been informed by our keeper—er, that is—teacher that we should report to history when finished, this test naturally required more time than the other. However, as lunch hour approached, papers were completed and handed in with amazing speed.

The general ability test, after lunch was the prize of the lot. Speaking generally, we're rather unable. Star items of this quiz were such statements as "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" means that two baskets are easier to carry than one" and "The opposite of Pacific is Atlantic."

After a quiet day spent sans seniors, the consensus of opinion at U-Hi is "More placement tests—more often!"

Father: "Yes, son, I'm a self-made man."

Son: "Gee, pop, that's what I like about you. You take the blame for everything."

—High School Record



Paper and pencil in hand, I fill my fountain pen to type out some dirt. Wise, clean wholesome dirt, due to my little board of censors.

First let us indulge in the sophomore comings and goings. Frank Sinatra has run into real competition as Bobby ("Mr. Ginger, sir!") Brewer made Anna B. and Galloway swoon in Convo. Why don't you try a little Brahms on Onnie?

Horine is twitterpated over two of the female species. Agnew is holding her own against stiff competition. Do my eyes and ears deceive me, has Champ Stophor found another blond in the halls of dear Ole U-Hi?? Della and Betsy could give us more details on this subject!

Joyce Barker, Please tell us whom you are mooning over. Bunny, S. G., or could an old flame be brewing up. Anyway let's have it!! Has anybody heard anything from that "never-fussing-couple," Thompson and Griffin?

While we're dwelling on sophomores (horrible, isn't it?) it seems that Robert Trimble and Buzzy Meyers have hit upon the same objective. Tough!!

Mary Delle seems to be popping with talents. Several sophomore boys are intrigued with her piano playing!!!!

Bud McMeekin has been faithful to Beth through thick and thin during these trying months and I hope we'll be printing scandal about them next year (pleasant scandal, of course!).

University of Kentucky's few remaining men had better start watching out for the girls at the Lydia Brown house as it is reported that Wachtman, Underwood, and Marlowe have been out prowling. "Chubby" in particular is the wolf to set your traps for! The ladies in question are Cokie, Pokie, Kaley, and Mithing.

A certain cute freshman is looking at George Willmott's basketball and senior ring with longing in her big blue eyes. Better watch your step, Bardwell!

For 10 weeks Dunn and Carter have been rolling right along. We hope that this romance will last as long as the Cowgill-Griffin one. The only flaw in the rosy outlook is Carter's collection of bracelets from Penny and Jack Taylor including Neville's.

Speaking (a few issues ago) of the observatory, a new star gazer has joined the astronomical crowd

and it is none other than Patsy K. Did you have fun after the Senior Play? (He certainly was cute!)

Our Junior Prom Queen, Nancy Skeen, is not going to have her King present, as Adolph left for the Merchant Marine Cadet School last Saturday. We all know how you feel, Nancy, as he sure is a swell guy. Good luck, Adolph, and put in a couple of good licks for U-Hi!!

It's rumored that Willie has so many secret admirers that they've signed a petition asking him to take his heart out of cold storage. In case he does, line forms to the right, girls!

Mary "Buckshot" Buckner had to put that Air Corps cadet on ice while Bill Owens was here for a while on a visit. Luckily, though, Mary took him off before he froze completely!

The Junior Prom bids certainly have brought to light some heretofore unknown "friendships." For instance, there's the case of Miss Pat Haley and our erstwhile editor. Or, on the other hand, consider Sing Yearly and Helen LeBus. An old cigarette lighter never goes out.

Current rumor has it that the Barker-Shoame flame is still a flicker! Now Glenn, you'll have to admit they make a good-looking couple.

Question of the week. What has Danville got that Nicholasville girls like? Answer: Obvious. Just ask one of the girls and note that shy little blush.

Pat Evans, we hate to say, must be doing terribly bad in Home Economics. Observant students and other prys can usually find some member of her family in conference with Miss Elliott. Has the school changed much, Palmer?

Spring seems to have revived that old feeling as far as Peggy and Don are concerned. To quote Mr. Evans, "We'd be all right, if people would just LeBus alone!"

My, my, this younger generation—or hadn't you noticed? Just take a gander at the basketball adorning Freshman Marcia Middleton's neck, and then glance at the simply superior ring that Sybil Carey's sporting. Nice goin' kids.

Say, Vella and Ridgely, who were those two out-of-towners you were glimpsed with one night last week. Now we ask you, is that any way to treat Harry and Greenberry?

Shortest tale of the week: Jimmy Barker wanted to take Louise V. M. out. The doctor wanted to take her appendix out. Please address room 999, Good Samaritan Hospital.

PERSONALITY PARADE



GRACE ANDERSON
President of Kentucky Council
of English Teachers
U-Hi Lights Sponsor
Senior Class Sponsor

"Gracie," "Lady Grace," (or Miss Anderson to the freshmen and sophomores) was born not too long ago in Scott County near Georgetown. She got her A.B. at Georgetown College and her M.A. at the University of Chicago.

Her personality is awe-inspiring to younger students and love-inspiring to seniors and what-not. Members of the U-Hi Lights staff live in constant fear for their lives when their articles aren't in on time.

Before coming to U-High she taught in Ashland and Henderson. She spent her summers camping in the Rockies, traveling in the West, in California, and going to summer school.

She is a confirmed garden-pu-

terer and antique re-finisher. What little extra time she has, she spends reading. Her favorite type of book is historical fiction and realistic fiction and if all the books in the world were destroyed except one (not including the Bible) "Tale of Two Cities" would be her choice to be left.

"Lady Grace" loves to wear blue but prefers green in homes. She loves all kinds of music to suit her various moods, but, as in all things, she prefers simplicity in her music.

Her dignified manner is always accompanied by a comfortable sense of humor and a gift for understanding people, particularly her students. She puts up with their "foolishness" and sees each generation of seniors safely through the throes of dances, plays, papers, examinations, and finally graduation. No matter how far they go and how long they live—no one ever forgets "Lady Grace."

People Say:
"She's so sweet!"
"Best teacher here!"
"We could never put the paper out, without her."
"My mind's a blank." (Morris Beebe)

"She never says 'ain't'—in other words, she savvies de English!"

"How she puts up with the seniors is a marvel!" (She ought to be glad she doesn't have the sophomores.)

"'Grace' is a good ole gal!"

**PERSONALITY
PARADE**
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JUNIOR STATISTICS

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Ambition	Destiny
Mary Jane Agnew	Smelly	Boys	Horine	
Elaine Ashley	Squeak	Pinball Machines	Jackpot	Tilt
Franklin Bardwell	Bardie	Nannette	Editor	Proofreader
Peggy Berryman	Boys	Getting Well	Evans	Any 4-F
Elizabeth Ann Bicknell	Beth	Gossip	To Come Home	Home Very Soon
Beverley Brown	Lovelorn	Carter	Columnist	School Teacher
Neville Dunn	Devil	Peggy	Carter	Mary Stanton
Don Evans	Duck	Cars	A Team Letter	Waier Boy
Charles Fergus	Chuck	Being Smart	Buick	Model T
Jane Garret	" "	Being Sweet	W. F.	W. F.
Sara Hall	Sary	Soldiers	To Be Mean	Just Being Nice
Carolyn Hansen	Bobbie	Cottage	Pass Physics	Physics in '55
Betty Joe Harris	Jetty Bo	Girls	Own "Cottage"	Own Dipper
Wallace Horine	Hoss	Good Prom	Have 'em	Scare 'em
Charles McMeekin	Bud	Vitamin Pills	Farmer	President
Joe Mathews	Poozie	Designing	Cheerleader	More Pills
Elise Meyer	Elsie	Talking	Fashion Editor	Cartoonist
Betty Muir	Amen	Lighting for Prom	Filibuster	"Silent" Yokum
Bill O'Bannon	Bunion	Soldier	Electrical Engineer	Explosion
Nancy Potts	Potts	Girls	Varga Girl	Latin Teacher
Arthur Roberts	Ba-ba	Ed	Girls	Girls
Betty Ann Shropshire	Randall Blair	Horse Laugh	Kil	Kil
Dal Thorp	Missie	Flirting	"Inner Sanctum"	Good Humor Man
Missie Van Meter	Chub	Long Shots	Sweater Girl	Burlesque Queen
Charles Wachtman	Shir-lee	Clothes	Hit Long Shot	Bench
Shirley Younger			Designer	Foushee

GOLFERS PLAY
HC TODAY

SPORTS PAGE

TRACK MATCH
NEXT FRIDAYGINGER'S TRACK
CONTINGENT
UNDER MOTION
MULLOY, GRIFFIN
DASH MEN

No, that contingent of boys running around the field behind the school is not crazy, nor does it have spring fever. It is University High's first track team in many years. The boys are running their two miles every day to get themselves in condition for the regional track meet, which will be held shortly at Stoll field on the University of Kentucky campus.

Boys who show up well in the regional meet advance to the state track meet, which will also be held at Stoll field.

Coach Lyman Ginger has taken over the job of instructing the hopefuls to a regional win. This track meet will have high competitive spirit since both Lafayette and Henry Clay have track teams which intend to enter the regional meet.

When the first practice session was called by Coach Ginger, sixteen candidates appeared ready for action. For the first week, the Purples limbered up and got in condition. This week they have been going over to the University of Kentucky's cinder track and working on timing, starts and for some, the high jump and broad jump. Eliminations to determine who is best in what event will begin Friday.

Of the sixteen out, five will attempt the shot put throw. The 12 pound shot will be thrown by George Willmott, "Club" Watchman, Don Sturgill, Willie Allen, and Jake Graves.

Hugh Hammet, Bobby Brewer, Jimmy Steiner, Charlie Stern, and Charles McMeekin will attempt the long runs of one mile and also one-half mile. McMeekin and Stern also are entering in the broad jumps.

Trimble, Mulloy, Griffin, and Mattack will probably enter in the short dashes. Wilkie is entering the high jump and broad jump events. Fred Luigart is the only boy who will attempt in the pole vault event.

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

TOTS
&
TEENSANNUAL BANQUET
HONORS '44 SQUAD

The annual basketball banquet, which was given by the Pep Club this year, was held in the Fireside room of the Phoenix hotel on Tuesday, April 11, at 7:00 p.m. with Lola Stokes presiding.

Mr. Bernie A. Shively, director of athletics at U. K. was the principal speaker and delighted all present with his estimation of U-Hi as one of the 10 best teams in the state. He also stressed the need of athletics during war-time and cited the reports of several former U. K. athletes who had returned from active duty. Mr. Shively was introduced by Dean W. S. Taylor and Dr. Adams gave an introductory speech. Two musical numbers were given; one a solo by Frankie Horlacher, and the other, by Mary Delle Wilkins.

Following the speeches, Mr. Ginger presented letters, certificates, and miniature basketballs to the team members, telling a story about each player before he presented the award. Mr. Ginger also announced that Bunkie Wilkie and Willie Allen were unanimously elected co-captains of the '43-'44 basketball squad. After this, Jimmy Glenn presented Mr. Ginger with a token of appreciation from the Pep Club. The banquet was brought to a close with the singing of "University, My University" with Betty Sue Scott accompanying.

The Pep Club officers Lola Stokes, president; Missie Van Meter and Willie Allen, vice-presidents; and Jimmy Glenn, secretary-treasurer, were in charge of the arrangements for the banquet. Betty Ree Rhoads was program chairman and Carolyn McMeekin, Helen Deiss, Mary Jane Agnew, Missie Van Meter, and Jimmy Glenn were in charge of the decorations.

LETTER TO
SPORTS EDITOR

Dear Sports Editor,

I have followed your page faithfully all of this school year and I feel it my duty to write to you and tell you just what I think of your work.

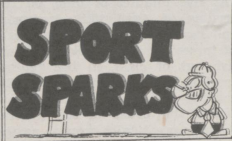
Caesar had his legions, Hitler has his panzers, but confidentially this sports sheet ain't got nuttin'.

For instance, the jerk who writes the headlines on your page should learn Owingsville is spelled with a "ville," and not with a "vil." Also the dumb cluck who writes those XO!?? Sports Sparks should learn that bylines are set in 7 pt. Ionic and not in 36 pt. Century bold.

I also wish to state that I greatly enjoyed your story on the Henry Clay High vs. Danville football game played at Stoll field last fall. According to your headline the Devils won, according to the story they lost. Can't you make up your mind what you're doing?

This could go on for hours, but I can't bear to think about it anymore, and besides that I'm getting sleepy. So without further adieu, I'll say nuts to you and goodbye.

Poorly Yours,
A Guy named Joe.



By Wallace Horine

Have you been noticing all the students on the front steps during lunch every day lately? That is the surest sign of spring that I know. As you know, with that comes spring sports at U-High. The newest of these, track, has been backed by "Quack" events. The other day while it was raining, only one runner was out braving the storm taking his laps. Yes, it was Don. Well, what besides a duck would you expect to be out on a day like that. Seriously, we wish the best of luck to Don and all the team.

Even though the basketball season is over, the seniors as well as the hopefuls for next year are still out each afternoon keeping the range of the basket. It's good to know of the interest in this sport and we're looking forward to another good team next season. It's true that we lose a lot of height, but with a little growing this summer and plenty of work next fall, we'll have another good one.

Speaking of the seniors, we all want to offer congratulations to co-captains Bunkie Wilkie and Willie Allen. Both did a great piece of work this year on the hardwood for our school. I think the wisdom of this choice was proven by the unanimous vote of the team. Congratulations to you both!

We had good material, hard work, and height this year in basketball, but this was not the whole story. These are essentials for a good team, but there is still one unmentioned. That one is a good coach. This we had in as great a degree as any of the rest. He wasn't an adult and the team just some boys, but he was one of the team. With this and knowing how to teach basketball, U-High had one of the best seasons in its history. Mr. Ginger, all the Purples and their backers want to say thanks a lot, and we sure hope you'll be back next year.

In conclusion I wish to thank Julie Roberts and Gene Marlowe for their job as managers of this year's basketball team. They did a swell job and the team all appreciated it. We say goodbye to Gene, but we'll see Julie again next year.

Seen to Reign
(Continued from Page One)

Wallace Horine. Jane Garrett, Betty Ann Shropshire, and Missie Van Meter are in charge of the flowers to be carried by the girls in the procession. The lighting will be taken care of by Bill O'Bannon, Neville Dunn, and Franklin Bardwell. The music was selected by Elaine Ashley, Peggy Berryman, Betty Ann Shropshire, Charles Watchman, and Wallace Horine.

Music will be furnished for the Prom by the Troubadours. The crowning of the queen will take place at 10:00 p.m.

FRED LUIGART
WATCHES
U-HIGH GIRLS

By Fred Luigart

Yesterday, I wandered into the gym to witness a girls' basketball game, and I can tell you that in that one hilarious afternoon, I certainly learned a lot.

Mind you, girls, I do not mean to be critical, for you certainly do a good job of yelling and screaming not to mention the two or three minutes that you really play basketball.

When I started playing basketball, I learned that a player should be aggressive defensively and offensively. Yesterday, while watching your game, I learned that in addition to these principles, that you should know two types of screams. The first type may be heard when your team makes a goal. The second type may be heard when your opponents make the goal. If you've mastered these two types of screams, you have an excellent chance of being the star of your team. The blazes with the basketball.

To one who has played boys' basketball, the most remarkable part of the girls' version, is their ability to make trips. I have seen girls, standing not more than two feet from the basket, throw the ball about forty feet in the air, and yet believe it or not, that ball no matter where thrown, will find its way through the basket. Now, undoubtedly, this is something for the girls to be proud of, and I am sure that if they would teach this shot to the boys team, that we would have every team in the state at our mercy. That is, if Mr. Ginger will let us shoot it.

USO Hall For Pupils

(Continued from Page One)

That a manager or director that is properly experienced be employed to handle the details of supplies, procurement, finances and all other matters concerning its proper and efficient operation.

That its operating hours be from 3:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. Monday through Thursday on school days and from 3:00 p.m. until 11:00 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays.

Rules suggested include that no smoking be allowed in the club. That anyone possessing liquor in any form or whose breath smells of the same shall be asked to leave after giving up his membership card.

Mr. Chase would like to have suggestions from the young people themselves concerning operating hours, dues, rules, etc. Mail your suggestions to him in care of the Lexington Roller Mills, Lexington, Kentucky.

U-HIGH GOLFERS
IN GROOVE

With the gradual departure of "Old Man Winter" from the U-Hi campus, comes a new sport to take over the interest of the students. Its name—golf.

Already several U-High boys have started beating the little white sphere around Picadome golf course, and new recruits are starting in each day. From the looks of things, it appears that there is going to be keen competition for first team positions this year.

Two veterans, Tom (Hookin') Underwood and Morris (Short-Game) Beebe, are definitely back this year to help strengthen (?) the squad. A third old timer, Bunkie (I've-got-plenty-on-the-ball) Wilkie may turn out to lend his hand, but is undecided at present time. The rest of the squad will be composed of such club swingers as Charlie Watchman, Neville Dunn, Bill Winfree, Jimmy Glenn and Tom Asbury.

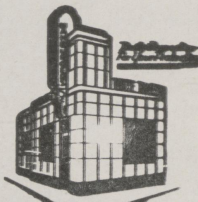
A definite schedule has not been worked out as yet, but Coach Ginger is hoping to arrange as many as five matches for his linksmen. The squad's competition will probably be furnished by such teams as Henry Clay, Louisville Male, Louisville Manual, and Valley. Besides their regular matches the team is also planning to participate in the annual State High School Golf Tournament to be held in Louisville on May 10 and 11. With bad luck and sickness barred, the team is expecting to enjoy a very successful season.

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