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Transylvania Students Of 1829.

On the rear wall hard by the door, in the dim twilight of Christ Church Cathedral in Lexington, there is a tablet graven to the memory of the Rev. James Moore, first minister of that church and the first president of Transylvania University. One hundred and forty-seven years ago, the gentle music-loving pastor assumed the duties of pedagog and the sounding title of President of the first institution of higher learning west of the Alleghanies. Trustee records during April 1780 disclose that "no convenient house could be obtained and that Mr. Moore subjected himself to the incon veniences of keeping the school in his own house."

Founded in 1780 by the Legislature of Virginia for "her sons across the forests," the University had advanced from the crude log building at Cane Run Station near Danville, not without financial difficulties, to the home of the obliging first President. The price of a yearly tuition, "four pistoles," or about twenty dollars, as announced by the trustees in 1784, had evidently proved insufficient to meet the needs of the struggling institution and the appointment of a committee to "frame scheme for a lottery" in June 1250 resulted the following October in an announcement of its "success" and the raising of twenty pounds.

However, the gentle rector, as the tablet in Christ's Church sets forth, was liberal and amiable, as well as learned and pious, and he certainly took the struggling school to his bosom and warmed it into life.

For this writer, who spent one pleasant spring delving into old files of the Kentucky Gazette and the Reporter, there is remains in the history of this school, born before the State, and while the forests yet rang to the war-cry of marauding Indians. There is that in its history to prove the mettle of the men who came across the forests to make their homes in a new and beautiful, but oft dangerous country. There is that in its history to make Kentuckians proud and to make us ashamed, for the warring of religious sects had left a school, famous throughout the educational world during the brilliant era of President Horace Holley endue its charter with a collegiate institution to face the cataclysm of civil war.

Strange inconsistencies of mind in those who directed the destinies of the school are apparent from the records.

"No student of the Transylvania Seminary is to take part in any Theatrical Performance of any kind," said the Trustees in March 1798.

"Religious services are to be held daily at sunrise and all students required to attend under penalty of confinement to their rooms.

Students shall not play at cards, dice or any unlawful game, nor frequent places of licentious amusement, nor shall they bring any spiritous or fermented liquors into the college.

These rules from a Board of Trustees that in June 1789 appointed a committee "to frame a scheme for a lottery."

Evidently the Trustees felt that "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," and the students may or may not have agreed, for we find a committee being appointed to "assist the President in correcting the morals of the students."

How frequently as we delved through the yellowed pages of Dr. Bradford's Gazette those quiet mornings thirty years ago, did imagination attempt to conjure up a typical student of that era when Transylvania was at its heyday; a student of Lafayette came to Lexington and the son of a distinguished New Orleans family. Ursin Bayhi delivered the address of welcome to the Marquis in his native tongue. We remember reading in the Gazette that a sale had been promulgated against the keeping of pet panthers by the students. Parents were admonished to "be very sparing in granting money to their sons," and with board and lodging at $1.50 per week, evidently the college man of a hundred and eighty years ago made his demand upon the paternal purse than the collegian of today.

Yet human nature is human nature and boys will be boys when they enter college gates, and though no student could entertain company in his room without permission, he "may make any friendly arrangements either in the town of Lexington or in the College," one imagines there were goings on. And despite the strict rule that "no student shall fight a duel or accept or send a challenge or be a second to a duel," or abuse a fellow student or refusing to fight or be concerned in a duel, he shall be immediately expelled," one imagines that a student body attached to the custom of hoofing pet panthers on heath may have found a way to avoid even this faculty prohibition and have engaged in "pistols and coffee" instead of the strictly provided "prayers at sunrise."

In this student's college days it used to be told of the University of Michigan that its students were expected to obey only ten rules, namely—No student shall harm corn; any college building; no student shall murder any member of the faculty."

After looking at portrays of undergraduate goings on in a recent number of Life, one imagines that the rules governing the conduct of students in a great many of our modern institutions of learning are only slightly more rigorous than those referred to above.

The pendulum has swung far since the first Seminary of Learning west of the Alleghanies stood about fifty feet to the rear of the present city library in what is now Gratz Park. In 1823 the brilliant Horace Holley, under whose presidency the institution enrolled almost as many students as our State University registered two decades ago, had been driven out by his too great liberality of thought. Transylvania had come under the influence of that school of thought, who would—in some contemporary writer said—"put pantaloons on cows' legs." But it was in 1829 that the Records of the Trustees gave expository a vivid picture of the appearance of the college boy, who roamed the streets of Lexington one hundred and eight years ago, in the following pondering resolution:

"Resolved that from and after the 1st day of November and until the 1st day of May in each year the students be required on all occasions upon their appearance in the lecture rooms, and all other places within the limits of the town of Lexington except in their respective rooms, to appear draped in coat and pantaloons of blue mixed jeans or cassemere with black cord or binding along the outer seams of the pantaloons, along the legs, with a small ribbon cord rose about the size of a half dollar fastened on the collar of the coat in front on the right side a plain grey cloth cap with leather crowned front-pieces will on all occasions be required to be worn in place of a hat. Between the 1st day of May and the 1st day of November of each year they will be permitted to appear on similar occasions in dress above described, or in lieu thereof a blue cotton or linen roundabout with similar trimmings and a straw or leghorn hat in place of a cap, during the latter period. The use of a pair of pumps or shoes alone will be required during the whole time."

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Thoughts while driving: Home through the late twilight after two most enjoyable days at the newsing "auld acquaintance" with members of that gay, carefree clan which puts grey hairs in the head and much knowledge in human nature in the heart. And soon the moon silvers the fields, clean sweep of the meadows, dapples valley shadow in the woodlands, touches with ghostly finger the little tents of golden wheat, fresh from the reaper. And the kindly members of the Kentucky Press Association living in other sections of Kentucky were being transported to the Bluegrass Region in its June loveliness. For to me its beauty is a thing that, God grant, the greed of man for more money may never destroy. Tragic example of such story told by a speaker at the dinner given us Friday at the Lexington Country Club. He said, in effect, that some day there would be a meeting in Heaven and that upon investigation Saint Peter would find a man there who had been denied entry to were homesick. Should I be so fortunate, when I shall have shuffled off this mortal coil, as to avoid that nadir where one is supposed to fry endless, I'm one's own fat, I anticipate—grand memories of the loveliness of this Bluegrass. Region of rolling pastures of homesickness. . . Heighо! Why should I fall to thinking of the first meeting of the Kentucky Press Association I ever attended? Something to reminisce, I know, is the invariable attendant of a one-time editor and dry maturity, but the urge is strong nevertheless.

It was at Harrodsburg in 1911 and I was but a lad, though I am sure of my facts. Lancaster was the host town and Shelton Saufley, whose face I seem yet deal lightly, to mention a few of the names that occur to me this morning. For all but three of these Life has now called Taps. Fortunately it is not good for me, I think, to violate too much

Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years.

So to other thoughts as we drive through the summer's night—of how young so many of them seem, of how confident is the future of Kentucky newspaper work . . . of the magnificent dress made by Prof Edwin F. Farquhar, of the University of Kentucky, which was responsible for how right he is in his conclusion that newspapers are and should be disseminators of contemporary literature. I am not so bold as to say that I can write that which may be called literature, but for years I have written about things that grow in the fields and forests about us. I have tried, in the humble way that I envision for you who read my rambling writing the delight of hearing the first cardinal whose spirea, the fecundity of June and the rapture of the warm summer. I have tried to tell you about horny things, of singing teakettles and fires crackling on the winter hearth, of the aroma of good coffee in the morning and of the heavenly frying and of corn cakes with lacy edges. I have deserted the code of proper editorial writing and follow the fancies of a vagrant pen to tell the beauties of Bluegrass pastures the noise of cattle grunting in ash woodlands, the hum of the wire on line, the wriggling lure. I have sung to dear Nature, when the core ripens and like the tents of an army on the dun earth until the harvest, when for a brief moment the hearts of men are touched by the gentle spirit of the Galilean, who was of all men the kindliest.

Following the fancies of a vagrant pen. I have sought sincerely with you who read to find the solution of that mystery too-oft which man has stretched prayerful. Implored and since his mind awoke to the beauty, the ruthlessness and the exquisite perfection of Nature's mornings. . . . I have sought to bring to those willing to listen, of "Dame Nature" which "makes the whole world kin." How well I have succeeded I dare not say, but I am "on the right track," I believe, and so I have found cause to find confirmation in portions of an address made by a man of such moral distinction as Prof. Farquhar.

Along the smooth ribbon of road, a bit wistful to have been barred from competing this year for the cup offered by the late Ben Cochran—God rest his valiant soul—for "best editorial page," but magnified and glorified that Grimes Caywood gained The Mercury's first prize by writing an excellent story of the "doings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that an occupant of the office of County Judge in this county must withstand. . . . So in the brave mood of another form of foolhouse that must have passed away in the last twenty years, the fascinator, when he had to go to the old country school in winter, every girl wore a fascinator draped over her head and wound around her neck a time or two. When we boys went hunting in the snow, we often borrowed an old fascinator to keep our ears warm. I wonder now how my neck used to stand the heavy burden the fair ones of my time wrap up so warmly. I suppose that since we have left off red flannels we have toughened up a bit.

The winter of 1935-36, as you know, was very severe. Ear-muffs and other articles more than I had seen in the previous twenty years. Some of the college boys very appropriately went bareheaded in the zero weather, but sometimes they added a pair of ear-muffs to make up for the top exposure. I was reminded of the old days by whom I used to go to school with, who used to wear his ear-muffs in any sort of winter weather, even when he walked across the campus with his girl. Some one suggested that those ear-muffs ought to be a part of the uniform of the school.

And that reminds me of another thing. Most of the men of my generation have come to realize, out to catch the passing breeze Younger men rarely have such things. Indeed, I do not think he wishes to make an investigation of this strange phenomenon, so the answer all your questions as well. We have learned to keep caps that pulled down over our ears, or with our ears. I had better say, with our heads. We have learned that pull down have ceased to be necessary to have a comfortable stand in a less obvious position.

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

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Even if Dice Are Not Loaded, You'll Lose in the Long Run

Gambling Odds Figured Out by Mathematician

Princeton, N. J.—Prof. John Von Neumann, Institute for Advanced Study mathematician, even applies his science to the gambling table.

He has proved Princeton students in a lecture that it is impossible to win at dice over long periods, whether the "ivories" are loaded or not.

The magic "seven-eleven" combination is by far the most frequent thrown, he said, but if it doesn't come in the first cast, the chances are reversed, and the stakes are as good as lost.

"That leaves a .490 winning average, so the game is not fair," he declared.

"Stone-paper-scissors," a form of gambling that once plagued bored convicts and is as old as Egypt, is Prof. Von Neumann's specialty. This well-known game is won by making each play the opponent's number of times, but at random, and the opponents will lose in the long run.

He termed the intellectual pursuit of chess to be merely a game of skill, and said that "white," which has the first move, can always win, although "if black" is wise to the strategy, he can play defensively and tie "white."

Two Kinds of Luck

Prof. Von Neumann divided "games of chance" into two categories: those like dice where existing chances are introduced by rules, and those like poker, and "stone-paper-scissors," where "luck" is created by what the opponent does.

"In the latter type intellectual reasoning is sometimes needed, while in the former no reason is required except whether to bet," he pointed out.

In the case of dice, he showed that since 7 can be thrown in six ways and 11 in two, while 2, 3, and 12 are thrown only one or two combinations, the conditions are favorable to win on the first throw. But if "seven-eleven" is thrown the point of the first throw is unlikely, and the player is now working against the player. The net effect is the player's loss.

In poker, which he had to simplify considerably to be able to analyze, Prof. Von Neumann stated that chances are one out of 300,000,000 to obtain any certain combination of five cards.

To avoid hitting a calf after Argus, Ind., Harry Johnson swerved his car and crashed into a machine driven by Mary Elliot of Kaukon, Mich. Both cars were wrecked, five occupants injured—and the calf was killed.

50 Years Ago

Thursday, June 30, 1887

New fire alarm bell installed on top of fire department building.

John M. Campbell declines appointment as postmaster at Carlisle.

New residences of Sam K. Veach and Gaither E. Smith on Sycamore street nearing completion.

Sheriff announces that six per cent penalty will be added on all taxes not paid by September 1.

"A couple of young lawyers exchanged blows on the streets of Cynthia, Saturday and were fined $5 each.

Matt Archdeacon and John Martin, of Cynthia, traded horses and other carriage and harness works and each will operate shop.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 28, 1917

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin, of Crayton, on the 18th, a daughter.

Duke W. Young, of Carlisle, appointed principal of Mt. Sterling graded school.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

MISTAKE ABOUT ABOLITION

(Pathfinder)

The pinch of drought which has been felt in Kentucky for two years was being felt with increasing sharpness in the nation's meat supply. Thus the fact that the government received special emphasis in reports from the Chicago stock yards.

The terrific loss of livestock from drought, both through death and because of the failure of feed crops, can be seen in the rise in meat supply so badly that the government in retail meat prices is likely to continue for at least two years, the reports indicate.

Pork was selling in Chicago last week for around 80 cents a pound. The year before, according to the government report, the price was 34 cents, and in 1933 was only 19 cents. Similar upward trends were noted in steak and lamb. The high prices were of course due to the shortage in the with badly depleted holdings of breeding stock sheep had practically no livestock to sell.

Foreign livestock producers, however, were not slow to take advantage of the high meat prices offered in this famished land, and large numbers of cattle, hogs and sheep were driven in from Canada and Mexico. Pork imports jumped from 2,000,000 pounds in 1933 to 40,000,000 pounds last year. Beef shipments to this country rose 47,000,000 pounds during the same period. The import figures for the first three months this year were even steeper, with 24,750,000 pounds of beef coming into America and 23,000,000 pounds of beef coming into America from Canada.

Cattle farmers must make wholesale shifts in their breeding programs to meet the situation caused by drought, there is little doubt that the present prices in the near future. One or two years will be needed for pigs and lambs to grow from the present scanty breeding animals and produce offspring in numbers sufficient before the young beasts will be ready for the market. At least three years must pass before second-generation calves can be sold for slaughter. The only bright spot in the drought today is a third less than normal. Hay and grain prices are so high it is necessary to make up the short- age by feeding and developing breeding animals and produce offspring in numbers sufficient to replace