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Kenyon College

VOL. LV

KENYON COLLEGE, GAMBIER, OHIO, DECEMBER 17, 1928

NO. 3

DR. PEIRCE'S COLUMN

The place for examination in the college system of instruction has for many years been a subject of discussion. In my own student days Amherst announced that examinations had been discarded and that better and more intelligent methods of testing student progress had been adopted. My class went through college without examinations and with no discernable substitute for them. At a later period the Kenyon faculty for a number of years exempted from examination students who attained a certain standing in daily record. In adopting this plan the Kenyon faculty partially announced that examinations should be regarded partly as a penalty and partly as a test to determine whether credit hours would be given in the course. If the student's work from day to day had been sufficiently good he was exempted from the penalty and his claim to credit hours was accepted as proved.

In recent years however the examination has been defended by a rapidly increasing group of supporters. Quite apart from its function as a test for the delivery of credit hour tickets on a business basis, the examination is urged as a valuable educational instrument. No other method provides such a systematic and comprehensive review of the subject, and in addition a good examination measures with real accuracy the intellectual progress of the student.

Our present method however confines individual examinations to tiny fragments of the college course. Crumbs of knowledge that are worth from one to four semester hours each are made the subject of individual examinations and no overlapping or trespassing beyond course boundaries is encouraged. An extreme instance is the case of the student who asked if he might honestly use in a given examination information which he had gotten in a different course! Our present methods seem designed to encourage ready memorizing and speedy forgetting. Except in a few departments like mathematics or foreign language, continuity of subject matter does not obtain from year to year.

Thus the work of the freshman year is cheerfully forgotten by the sophomore while the upper classman would quite resent being called to account for the far-away beginnings of his college course—now sunk in utter oblivion.

The petty retail trafficking in credit hours which is carried on at the average college registrar's office is difficult to defend on a sound educational basis. As a systematic review the particular course examinations have little merit while they constitute no true measure of general educational progress. The comprehensive examination is thus

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CINCINNATI ALUMNI HOLD BIG MEETING

Dr. Peirce Addresses
Large Gathering

A meeting which, from a news-gatherer's point of view, evolved more angles than a golf-course map was conducted the night of December 1 by the Kenyon Alumni Association of Southern Ohio, attended by 48 diners residing in and near Cincinnati.

The dinner, served at the Cincinnati University Club, was preceded by a week of intensive work by officers of the organization to "get out the vote." The size of the gathering proved gratifying to the volunteers who had kept the telephone lines busy.

One of the first features that caught the attention of the guests was the fact that the classes represented spanned a period of more than three quarters of a century. Beside the presiding officer sat the venerable James Norris Gamble, '54, Cincinnati manufacturer and philanthropist, while not far down the long table sat members of the class of '32.

A second feature was the presence of five sons of Kenyon Military Academy, who, along with all K. M. A. men, have been made members of the general association of the college's alumni. There were others, too, who once attended the academy, but

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W. T. COLLINS OFFERS SCHOLARSHIP REWARD

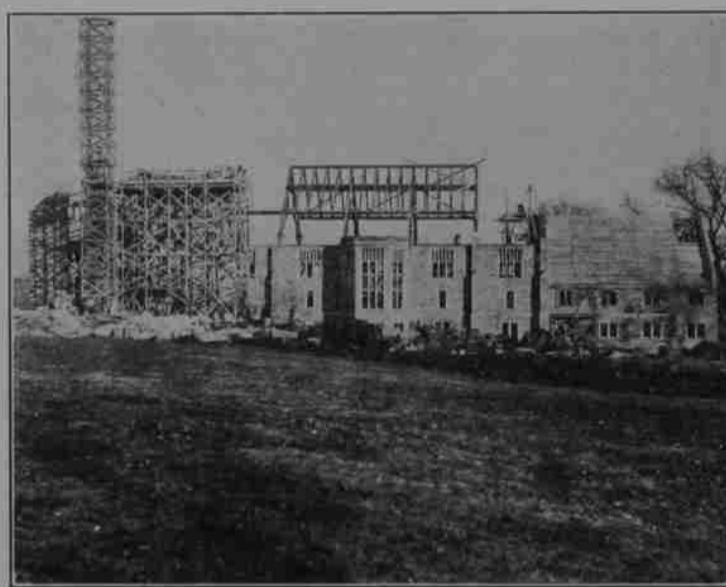
Alumnus Makes Gift to Stimulate
Scholarship

Mr. Walter T. Collins, '03 recently announced a gift which he has made to the undergraduate body, and which should go far towards promoting a really keen competition in scholarship between the various divisions on the Hill. Mr. Collins' most generous offer is that he will give five hundred dollars to the fraternity chapter on the Hill which makes the greatest improvement in scholarship during the current college year. He hopes, by means of this promised reward, to stimulate a considerable improvement in scholarship by next Commencement.

The announcement of this gift was made at a dinner given in Mr. Collins' honor by President and Mrs. Peirce at Cromwell Cottage on Sunday, December 9. One man from each fraternity division on the Hill was present at that time, and after dinner Mr. Collins propounded his scheme to this group. Needless to say, all the men present voiced their unqualified approval of Mr. Collins' generous plan.

The terms of the reward are that it shall be presented to the fraternity group of matriculated men whose scholarship shows the greatest improvement this year. Of course, under that proviso, the division which stands highest in scholarship

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WORK ON PEIRCE HALL PROGRESSES RAPIDLY

Construction of New Commons is on Schedule
Says Contractor

During the last month work has progressed evenly on Peirce Hall, and every effort is being expended to have it completely roofed over by the first of the year. Work on the Philander Chase Tower has been especially pressed, for the rest of the roof cannot be completed until the tower is well above the ridge. The tower contains a staircase made cantilever fashion. There are only a few in the country which can compare with it. The tower will extend some forty feet above the rest of the building.

The cement for the third floor has been poured, and work is progressing on the steel trusses and gables for the north end of the structure. At the south end of the building, the section of roof over the kitchen is boarded over, and tar paper is being applied in preparation for the slate. The eaves gutters are also finished on that part.

The huge wooden trusses which have gone up recently over the main hall have occasioned a great deal of interest, and they are worthy of special attention. They are hammered beam trusses and have been a long while in the making. They will be visible from the inside and add much to the beauty of the hall. This work is practically completed and the contractors hope to have the main section and north wing completely roofed and the slate on by the first of February. The slate is on the ground now and the roofers will be ready to put it on at once.

The plumbers have been busy on the first floor, running the first of the pipes. The steam fitters are finished with their work on the main system except for connecting up with the source and running the lines to the upstairs rooms and installing radiators.

The steel sashes will arrive any time now and will be put in immediately upon their arrival. The handsome stained glass windows for the tower, however, will be held over until the last possible moment on account of the chance of breakage.

The contractors say that work is just about on schedule, and with no unexpected delays the building will be completely finished on the interior by the middle of May. Of course, the terrace and lawn on the west side will take time to be developed.

The construction of the new Commons is a continual source of interest to all the students and townspeople as well, and is frequently visited by both. Its beauty becomes more striking daily as it gradually rises up to fill the space between the library and Ascension Hall.

ASSEMBLY OFFICERS ATTEND CONVENTION

Student Body Sends Delegation to
Missouri

The officers of the Student Assembly left last Wednesday, December 11, for Columbia, Missouri, where they attended the Annual Student Government Conference at the University of Missouri. This conference has met for a number of years, and, by virtue of the good which it has accomplished, the students of Kenyon College saw fit to have their college represented in order that it may have new ideas on student government for the coming year. Last year over sixty colleges were represented at this convention and a great deal of good was derived from the comparing of principles by the different student leaders.

At the meetings student government and its problems were the chief topics of discussion. Committees on honor systems, school papers and annuals, athletic problems and scholarships brought up before the meeting the different

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Christmas Recess Date Is Changed

At the request of the assembly the faculty has voted a change in the college calendar relative to the Christmas recess. It has been decided to postpone vacation one day, and dismiss college on Wednesday, December 19, instead of on Tuesday, December 18, as had originally been planned. College will resume session on January 3, then, instead of the previously arranged date, January 2.

This action was taken because none of the men in college wanted to leave home on New Year's Day. Some of the men, living several hundreds of miles away, would have been obliged to leave on New Year's eve if they intended to get back to college on time.

The faculty was glad to cooperate with the students in the matter, and the change was to the satisfaction of all concerned.

ALUMNI GIVE DINNER FOR STUDENT GROUP

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
MEETS IN MT. VERNON

Through the kindness of Mr. Robert Weaver and Mr. Fred Zinn the Executive Committee of the Assembly partook of a most excellent banquet on the evening of Saturday, December 8, at the Curtis House in Mt. Vernon. Besides these two loyal alumni the following were present: Coach Fletcher of Case School of Applied Science, Rudolph Kutler, Director of Athletics, Dr. Allen, Chairman of the committee, Dr. Walton, Treasurer of the committee, Gordon Hulman, '30, Captain of the 1929 football team, and one man from each division on the Hill.

After dinner the guests prepared to discuss the business of the evening. This business was the athletic situation at Kenyon, and particularly football. Those who planned this banquet desired to get the consensus of opinion on the Hill with regard to the subject at hand. Consequently each man present was asked to give a short talk, telling what he thought of the situation, what he thought necessary as a remedy, and what he believed to be the students' opinion. When this had been done, Mr. Fletcher was asked to offer any suggestions that he might have concerning the betterment of athletics. Although he had no previous knowledge of affairs, he had heard what the others had said, and with those facts he was able to draw several conclusions.

At the close of this part of the evening, the committee and guests returned to Middle Leonard parlor, where they smoked, played bridge, and held more informal discussions upon the same subject.

DR. JOHNSON ATTENDS MEETING

Dr. E. H. Johnson, head of the Department of Physics, was the representative of Kenyon College at the ceremonies which attended the inauguration of Dr. George Morris Smith as President of Susquehanna University. These took place on November 23rd at Selingsgrove, Pennsylvania.

ALUMNI

MORE ALUMNI JOIN ASSOCIATION

Last month the Collegian published a list of the names of those Kenyon Military Academy men who have become members of the Kenyon College Alumni Association in accordance with the amendment adopted at the last Commencement. There follows an additional list of new members:

Joseph Andrews, Andrews Steel Co., Newport, Kentucky.

Jay C. Butler, 8418 Haugh Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

C. E. Chenevert, Spitzen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Harvey Earle Cockell, 2661 Harding Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Carl F. Hespenheide, 1501 Irwin Ave., N. W. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Chauncy Hills, 158 West End Blvd., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Laurence R. Hills, 681 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frederic Higbee, 4 Engineering Bldg., University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

Harry Holmes, Gambier, Ohio.

Morton S. Hudson, Hale Center, Hale County, Texas.

Harvey C. Hull, Prophetstown, Illinois.

Donald G. Moore, Crockett, Texas.

John U. Nicholson, 86 Gale St., Akron, Ohio.

Franklin C. Owen, 1504 Scottwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Harry Priest, Eureka Suction Co., Loudonville, Ohio.

John G. Robinson, 3910 Reading Rd., Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

G. A. Shaw, care Auerbach, Polak, & Richardson, 30 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

Edwin M. Stark, 3500 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Illinois.

ALUMNUS BACKS

BRIDGE PROJECT

Mr. Hart Stanbery, '00, has been one of the most enthusiastic workers for the great Ohio River bridge at Pomeroy, Ohio.

This bridge, known as the Pomeroy Bend Bridge, crosses the Ohio at Pomeroy Bend, reaching from Pomeroy, Ohio, to Mason, West Virginia. It forms the last link in the longest completed highway in the United States. The highway reaches from Detroit, Michigan, to Miami, Florida, and is called the Blue and Gray Trail.

The formal ceremony of dedication took place on Monday, November 12. Governor A. V. Donahey of Ohio, and Governor Howard M. Gore of West Virginia met each other in the center of the bridge, and offered the good will of their respective states. Senator Simeon D. Pess, of Ohio, was the principal speaker of the day. Army officers were also in attendance as guests of honor.

Mr. Walter Compton, County Commissioner of Meigs County, has been working for ten years to complete this structure, which cost \$1,000,000.

ASSEMBLY OFFICES

Continued from Page One points, and the various delegates expressed their views.

Kenyon is unique in the worthiness of its honor system and student assembly, and the conference profited by some of our delegates' suggestions. Virgil Walling, president of the student assembly, represented us, assisted by Dudley J. Hard, Jr., vice president. C. Murray Cobb, secretary, was delayed in attending the convention on account of illness. At its last meeting the Assembly ordered that the Execu-

tive committee take action to appropriate funds for the trip, which was readily done.

It is only right that Kenyon take its place among the leaders of student government plans, for this college has always been known for the responsibility which the students accept and the good results which the system has obtained. Our honor system is one of the most effective in the country, and the college has always left many decisions in the hands of the assembly which deals with them as justly as may be expected.

There were also extensive discussions at the conference of the rushing rules of the various colleges, pledging, initiation, cooperation between the faculty and alumni, scholarships, and the question of paid athletes.

It is believed by its sponsors that this conference will be of great help to the students throughout the coming year, and that profit will have been derived from the contact of our officers with the officers of the other leading colleges in the country.

SCHOLARSHIP REWARD

Continued from Page One

at the end of the year will not necessarily be the winner of Mr. Collins' prize. The scholastic records of non-matriculated, and consequently non-initiated, inmates of the fraternity divisions will be excluded from the reckoning when the prize is to be awarded.

Mr. Collins says that if the scheme works out well this year, and if he has reason to believe that it is in any way through the influence of his offer that Kenyon scholarship is improved, he will not only make the same offer next year, but will even increase the sum of his reward.

At the same time that Mr. Collins announced his gift to Kenyon College he made an identical gift under the same stipulations to that chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, of which he is a member, which makes the greatest improvement in its scholastic standing in the college in which it is situated.

GARBER'S SHOE SHOP

15 S. Mulberry St.
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

CINCINNATI ALUMNI

Continued from Page One

who were not newcomers to the Cincinnati gatherings, being alumni of the college as well as of the long-defunct military school.

A third feature was the presence of President Peirce, who makes it a rule never to miss a dinner of the Queen City alumni organization. Dr. Peirce reported on the progress of the college and his encouraging remarks were greeted with prolonged applause.

Still another angle that no chronicle could omit without loss of completeness was the presence, on a nearby table, of the illuminated model of the new Commons. The stately lines of this structure permitted the alumni to envision this towering addition to the noble group of buildings which, crowning the plateau encircled by the Kokosing, makes the group on the Hill worthy of comparison with the ancient edifices beside the Isis and the Cam.

But the outstanding feature of the gathering was an impromptu auction in which more than \$1,000 was pledged for the work of the Alumni Council. When Robert A. Cline, '15, president of the Cincinnati Association, announced that the organization was behind its quota in the subscription campaign, a sample of the Kenyon spirit of that part of the state was promptly presented.

"I'll give a hundred!" responded one "old grad" who had mislaid his pledge card.

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KENYON COMMONS SHOP

And soon the alumni were offering new subscriptions, increasing old ones and making up in a few minutes of spirited bidding far more than the officials of the association had expected to gather by weeks of soliciting.

And in the deluge of pledges two notable factors were evident—the K. M. A. guests were prominent among those making the larger subscriptions and an adopted son of Kenyon, Clarence Pumphrey, Akron, '74, a regular attendant at the alumni dinners and at gatherings on the Hill, asked that "as an outsider" he be permitted to contribute. President Cline promptly informed "Pop" that he never was an outsider, having been for years "one of the gang."

Guests at the dinner were President Peirce, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Pumphrey, President Cline, R. S. Japp, '06; Gordon C. Hulman, '30; P. K. Kline, '25; Stanley P. Sawyer, '29; J. Richard Roe, '30; Charles Dunlay, '29; Linder Williams, '31; Robert B. Douglas, '30; Carl H. Wilhelms, '30; Eugene F. Kleiner, '29; Edward Southworth, '29; J. W. Scherr, Jr., '29; B. H. Rowe, '27; R. Gale Evans, '26; V. R. Muir, '28; William S. Todd, '29; V. P. Seldons,

'29; Ed. J. Franks, '81; E. J. Schmick, '24; John W. Anger, '21; Thomas O. Youtsey, '98; Phil B. Stanbery, '98; the Rev. Albert N. Slayton, '96; Dr. Albert J. Bell, '96; Arthur L. Brown, '06; Francis F. Martin, '29; Richard S. Tuttle, '32; Paul D. Japp, '31; J. A. Larmon; John Q. Martin, '28; Wallace Alexander, '25; Louis B. Dobie, '14; David W. Bowman, '14; Fred E. Hall, '06; A. S. Harkness, '93; the Rev. Louis E. Durr, '92; John G. Robinson, KMA; Franklin Alter, Jr., KMA; George P. Creelman, KMA; Stanley W. Allen, '09; Dr. Rufus Southworth, '90; Edgar R. Moeser, '06; Joseph B. Andrews, KMA '95, and A. K. Andrews, KMA '94.

Mathematics

1 and 2

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CAPTAIN NOEL MAKES ADDRESS TO COLLEGE

Climber of Mt. Everest Gives First Larwill Lecture

Captain John Noel gave the first Larwill Lecture for the year in Philo Hall, before an audience of nearly three hundred. The wide renown of the lecturer drew listeners from Mt. Vernon and other nearby towns. The subject of the lecture was "On the Roof of the World."

Captain Noel has always been deeply interested in photography, and it was through this connection chiefly that he was able to go on the expedition to Mt. Everest. He is an officer in the British army in India, where he has been in active service for many years. He told that several years ago he became interested in the strange people around the border of Tibet and India, and that on one occasion he obtained leave of absence to explore some of their lands. He found it so interesting to take pictures that he was several weeks late in returning to his position in the army. Some of these early pictures, along with the official still and motion pictures of the Mt. Everest expedition, comprised the greater part of the lecture. Many of the still photographs, particularly the ones of the jungle regions, were exquisitely colored.

The expedition set out from India early in 1924, with some four hundred men and Indian porters. These people marched through the tropical Indian jungles for several days; soon they reached the borders of the "forbidden land," Tibet. Until a very few years ago, the people of this country would allow no white men to enter its borders. The heads of the expedition obtained written passports from the Great Lama of Tibet. Without these papers it would have been impossible to reach their objective, without meeting with severe opposition on the part of some of the Tibetans.

After but a few days of travel they reached the more interior regions where white men are almost unknown. In some of these sections, Captain Noel took very interesting motion pictures of certain classes of people. In these upper lands there are very few trees and but little plant life of any sort. The people here use the mountain mule and the yak. The mountain mule can exist on the little grass it can find under the sand and dirt; the yak lives on small amount of dried grasses. The latter animal is the chief source of livelihood in the high altitudes; he furnishes flesh for food; his hair is used much as we use wool and cotton; his hide is used for clothing; his milk is used for butter and cheese; his dung is the only fuel supply. Without this useful animal, the people of Tibet would hardly be able to keep alive. There are brown, black, and very rarely white, yaks. In addition to their food and clothing uses, yaks make splendid pack animals.

As the higher altitudes, where the paths and roads become more steep, the yaks were exchanged for mountain mules. These animals can climb practically anywhere that a man can go, carrying between one hundred and one hundred fifty pounds. As the high altitudes were reached the weather became colder, also; as it was the beginning of summer, there was less snow and ice in the lower mountains than later in the year. In any season except early summer, neither men nor beasts could have made the trip.

Finally, at a turn in the mountain passes, the men got their first sight of their objective: Mt. Everest. This mountain rises about 29,000 feet above sea level; it is thus the highest point on the earth's surface. Shortly after coming in sight of the mountain, the expedition reached

what is probably the highest town worthy of the name in the world. Here the white men were completely new. After a short stay in the town while Captain Noel took motion pictures of some of the inhabitants, framed in the towering approaches of Mt. Everest in the background, the party went on. When they were within a few miles of the steep approaches of the mountain, they came to a tiny hermit monk village. The lamas in this village allowed the men to pass through the village only by virtue of the passports from the Great Lama. When informed of the object of the expedition, the lamas said that they had their hermitage there to worship the mountain, whom they call "queen mother of the world." They warned the party that the attempt would end in utter failure and disaster, as the mountain would never be scaled by man, much less by the men who do not worship it.

In a few days the party reached the high altitudes where travel becomes increasingly difficult and dangerous as one travels farther and farther. There are several factors contributing to this difficulty: the cold becomes intense, even in these tropic lands, when one gets into the very high altitudes entered on this trip. The ice and snow are very much eroded by the winds, and consequently they present all sorts of sharp and rough edges, as well as being exceedingly slippery. There is danger of snowblindness, particularly as the sun's rays are so direct. For this same reason, sunstroke is greatly to be feared. The temperature may be well below zero, but if the sun is high, sunstroke is liable to occur. Water becomes increasingly difficult to obtain. None of the glacier ice water can be used directly; it must be boiled and drunk only in the form of tea, coffee, and other beverages. The scarcity of water makes ordinary cleanliness difficult, and as for baths, no member of the expedition was able to have a bath for the seven weeks while they were in the cold lands.

Some 20,000 feet from the summit of Mt. Everest a base camp was established, at the juncture of the two main glaciers of the mountain. From

this point progress was very slow indeed. Frequently the men and their Indian porters had to scale sheer precipices of ice; in one place several hundred steps had to be chopped in the ice before all the men could reach a certain level. Furthermore, the air is exceedingly thin, and a man can go but a short distance each day; on account of the fear of sunstroke the men could travel only during the hours when the sun was not overhead. Several other camps were established higher on the side of the mountain, and it is from these that the individual expeditions set out. Captain Noel was forced to remain in one of the lower camps, but he continued to get motion pictures by means of special high-powered magnifying lenses on his camera.

Captain Noel is an excellent photographer, as his many photographs well show, as well as a very interesting speaker. All except the very introductory part of the lecture was supplemented by the pictures which he took.

ERRATA

The November issue of the Collegian published a schedule of the Larwill Lectures to be delivered this year, and in doing so contrived to report erroneous dates for three of the addresses. The date of the first lecture, given by Captain Noel, was incorrect, but since that lecture has already been delivered we can only crave our readers' pardon for the mistake.

The second Larwill Lecture will be delivered by Professor Fay on Monday, January 7.

The third address, to be delivered by Count Tolstoy, was originally scheduled for January 18, instead of the date we gave previously. That date, however, has been changed. At present Count Tolstoy plans to visit Gambier on Washington's birthday, February 22.

BEXLEY NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. Byrer entertained the members of the Junior class at dinner Tuesday, November 13.

Dr. and Mrs. Ball entertained the members of the Middler and Senior classes of Bexley Hall and several of the teachers and pupils of Harcourt School at a bridge party Friday- November 16.

The annual Thanksgiving party was held at the Deanery on the evening of November 21. Dr. and Mrs. Byrer were hosts to the Seminary faculty and students. Several other guests who were present were Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Peirce, Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Hawke, Rev. and Mrs. L. J. Bailey, Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Young, Miss Louise Adams, Mrs. F. T. Coe, and Mrs. J. E. Allan.

As a part of the evening's entertainment a one act play was enacted by Stanley Plattenburg, Rupert Williams, and Ralph Madison. The play which was entitled, "Her Suppressed Desire" was considered to be a great success by all who had the pleasure to see it.

Quite a number of the Bexley men are engaged in Missionary work in both the Dioceses of Ohio. This work gives the men quite a lot of practical experience as well as a taste of what can be expected in their chosen profession.

Those who have Missions are: Don Carey, who goes to Napoleon, O., Howard Harper, South Lorain, O., Charles Hughes, Sharon, Pa., John Pattie, Fostoria, O., Luman Morgan, Athens and Nelsonville, O., Stanley Plattenburg, Granville, O., and J. Ethan Allan, Bordman, O.

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MRS. STURGES

SAILS FOR EUROPE

Mrs. Hale Sturges, after spending the months of September and October in Gambier, returned to her home in Mansfield during the Thanksgiving recess. Having spent a few days there she proceeded to New York and sailed for France on the S. S. Lapland on December 8.

Mrs. Sturges will spend the Christmas holidays with her son Braddock Sturges, Kenyon, '29, who is in residence at the Sorbonne. Before leaving she said that she and Braddock hoped to be able to spend Christmas day with Dr. Reeves and his family, who are now in Paris. After Christmas Mrs. Sturges will leave the continent and take an extended cruise in the Mediterranean, at the conclusion of which she will visit Paris once more and then return to the states. She plans to arrive here in time to be in Gambier for Commencement.

1929

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EXCUSES AND WHATNOT

The months of December, January, and, to a certain extent, February, are encircled by a broad, black band on the calendar which hangs on the wall of the luxuriously furnished Collegian office. Those three months are the despair and the hoodoo of every man connected with the editorial staff of this publication. The reason for this, if it is not already apparent, we will endeavor to explain.

Generally speaking, nothing ever happens in Gambier that might reasonably be called news. During the months of December and January, one might almost say that less than nothing happens. We feel that we are fortunate this month in digging up two or three events which have transpired on or near the Hill and which we can write up for this paper. Next month we may not fare even that well.

Obviously we cannot print a paper with three or four blank pages. That would be nothing if not original (its only precedent being Mr. Stearnes' "Tristram Shandy"—an excellent precedent, to be sure, but scarcely a parallel situation), but, my dear sir, it would not do. And so we must fill out our eight pages, over and above our three or four pages of news, athletics, and editorials, with little gems of style and satire, calculated to entertain our readers when we are impotent to inform them of local events—for the just and ample reason that there have been no local events.

The Collegian, of course, has never been a newspaper in the strictest sense of the word. It has always permitted itself to print certain articles that could never find a place in a publication devoted solely to the dissemination of news. As a matter of fact those very articles are generally just about all that the undergraduates of the college ever read. Realizing this, the paper has, in the past two years, filled its columns with an increasing number of articles of a not particularly serious nature.

That, indeed, is our present policy. We will report faithfully all news that we consider of value to the students, alumni, and friends of the college. And when we have written that up we will fill out the paper with what we think will be read by the undergraduates and some of the alumni.

This month, and particularly next month, there will be little news for the Collegian to report. Consequently, we feel it only fitting and proper that we warn all serious-

minded readers of the Collegian to explore warily into the mysterious depths of this issue and the next. If you do not care to read anything but news, dear reader, scan the headlines cautiously and avoid disappointment by first determining whether you are about to read one of the few news articles that the meagre events of the last month have afforded us or whether you are about to read one of those awful attempts at humor which so chronically cause some of the ladies north of the campus to sniff virtuously (How does one sniff virtuously, anyway? That sounded pretty good so we stuck it in. Has any one ever seen a lady sniffing virtuously, or is that just one of those things?) and make injurious remarks about Collegian editors.

And so we beg you to pardon our shortcomings, as we would forgive you your sins, if we knew what they were. We offer eight pages for your approval, heavily padded. Take the meat or the padding. The choice is yours, my men.

INTRODUCING OUR NEXT

The Collegian begs to take this opportunity to announce that, following the precedent of many current publications, it has chosen to christen its January issue. The reason for this is that a certain sort of issue must be put out, and we have hit upon a name for it which is entirely appropriate.

The January Collegian, therefore, will be known far and wide as the "Hot Air" number.

The explanation for this is quite simple. The present issue will appear only a day or two before college adjourns for the Christmas recess. Vacation comes to a close on the third of January, and the next issue of the Collegian will be due to appear about the middle of January, or very shortly thereafter. That means that all events which are recorded in that issue must take place between the third of January and about the fourteenth, when the last copy must be in. Also the staff must take its pen in hand and write down those events during that time.

It is not hard to forecast that little of news-value will occur during the brief period after vacation mentioned above. Therefore, it is a pleasant necessity that forces the Collegian staff to announce its forthcoming January issue as the official Hot Air Number of 1929.

THE REWARD OF EFFORT

It isn't very often that the editor of a paper, and especially an editor of this paper, is paid a compliment which warms the cockles of his editorial heart and makes him realize momentarily what a fine, big, clean world he is living in and what roaring good lads his associates are. And that is why, whenever such an experience befalls us, we are tempted to tell of it within these columns. This time the temptation is too strong, and the little incident which we intend to relate should indicate clearly how avidly the Collegian is read by the Kenyon undergraduates, and what a lasting influence and effect it has on their youthful minds.

It will be remembered that an editorial appeared on this page last month in the form of a charming little story. The tale dealt with the sudden and lamentable death of an old alumnus, and its unmistakable object was to point out that the freshmen and sophomores and all manner of uncouth creatures were eternally dashing madly up the stairs at the commons in a flying wedge before the staid, eminently respectable, worldly wise upperclassmen had so much as started for the stairway.

That tale, gentle readers, was told in our most inimitable style. Its wit

was scintillating, its pathos heart-rending, and its moral vigorous and forceful. It was, in fact, written at the cost of tremendous will power in an inspired moment. So much for the effervescence of genius itself. Here follows its recognition:

We were chatting pleasantly with a companion the other day (That's a good sentence, isn't it? "Chat" is such a smart word, and the whole thing gives such a pleasant picture of idle sophistication—that's why we wrote it.) During the course of the conversation the other lad mentioned something about the deplorable conduct of the freshmen when the gong rang at the commons. As we remember it the two of us were even then waiting at the foot of the stairs watching the thrice daily stampede. Of course your editor agreed heartily to this substantiation of his recent brainstorm. And, being encouraged by this approbation, our companion unburdened himself of the following immortal compliment to this editorial page and tribute to our influence. "Why don't you say something about it in the Collegian?" suggested the wise young man.

THE "TALKIES"

The college world is a hotbed of tradition, and within its domain violators of precedent are dealt with in the same fashion as pirates, out-throats, and other felons. Therefore it is with trembling knees, and only after drawing up our will and making our peace with le bon Dieu that we now venture to break one of the most iron-clad, if unspoken, conventions of college journalism. We are (and we blush in spite of ourselves to admit it) on the point of writing an editorial for a college paper which is going to have little or nothing to do with the college campus of our alma mater.

Dame Orthodoxy just picked up her skirts and ran shrieking from the room, crying "heresy," and sobbing uncontrollably. Now that the old girl has left us we can pursue our hideous intentions with all the callousness fitting to the criminal who is resigned to his fate.

We figure matters this way. The average college man spends as much time in moving picture theatres, going to or coming from moving picture theatres, or talking about the time Dolores del Rio slid down to the floor in "Carmen" as he does in appreciating the finer, higher, purer angles of higher education or what have you. They why shouldn't we burst the bounds of the college park and discourse weightily on matters of import and common interest? Very well, gentlemen, we will.

It seems that the children of Abraham and the descendants of Shadrack, Meschak, and Abednigo who control the destiny of Hollywood are about to bring forth upon this continent a new art, conceived in vulgarity, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are born stupid. As a matter of fact they have already made some progress in their scheme to impede the progress of the motion picture industry just as it was beginning to look as though moving pictures might really amount to something some day if they tended to business and didn't form any bad habits in the mean time. That is to say, these giants of industry have foisted the "talkies" off on a credulous and helpless public. Why this has been done is beyond our power even to conjecture. But it is an evil with which we must contend, and that seems to be that.

The path of the pioneers is, however, far from a smooth one. We at least can hope that they will find the stumbling blocks in their way insuperable and be obliged to return to the old time attraction which was good for Doug and Mary and which ought to be good enough for them.

The purely mechanical difficulties which confront the producers of talking movies are tremendous. Take only a few examples. The noise and commotion around a studio, producing in full blast, is deafening. Jazz bands mingle with the screams of widows and orphans, and the lusty sighs which emanate from the manly breast of Alphonso Greasallino, the new Spanish find, are only slightly augmented by the wind machine on the next set, which hums merrily as it blows little Nell out into the blizzard. And then, too, there are the sounds of properties being torn apart by competent stage hands, and the gruff shouts of directors pleading with their charges to register fear, grief, pain, and emotion number six all at the same time. As long as the silent drama remained silent these distractions did not disturb the process of the industry. But imagine trying to stage a "talkie" deathbed scene with the bedlam suggested above going on in the adjoining sets.

Scenario writers will now have to become authors rather than picture puzzle experts—and that means fewer scenario writers and infinitely fewer scenarios. Dialogues will have to be written out in full; a task which will spell disaster to many a genius of the silver screen. And when it comes to the acting—we blush to think of it! Gone are the good, old days when the impassioned hero convinces an equally impassioned heroine of his eternal love in frenzied pantomime, actually whispering all the while, "This Russian get-up is too damn hot. When are we going to get to work on that South Sea picture?" Every scene will have to be carefully rehearsed and acted out in full before a talking picture will be a success.

Those are only some of the mechanical difficulties which are presenting themselves to those who wish to produce talking motion pictures. Let us suppose that the seed of Isaac and Rebecca summon up sufficient ingenuity to overcome these difficulties—that is not at all impossible, considering the innate cleverness of the breed and modern mechanical genius. What will we have then? Very little, as far as we can see.

The cinema is at present a sort of an art. That is to say, some of its offspring verge, from time to time, on the artistic. Why throw away all its individuality and make it an even closer and cheaper replica of the legitimate stage than it is now? Why sacrifice amusing, convincing, or lovely pantomime to an unworthy concept of drama? Most moving picture producers, it seems to us, are walking around with their heads in the clouds, and are consequently failing to see that they have overstepped their bounds and have tackled something that will, in all probability, throw them. Two or three eminent producers have gone on record as saying that the introduction of speech into the cinema has set the progress of the industry back twenty years. It seems a shame that such a magnificent effort is being made to do something imperfectly that has been done on the stage for over two thousand years.

And then we have a personal resentment over one phase of the "talkies," and we believe that that resentment is shared by all of our fellow students—and most every one else. With the advent of speech into the movies the choice of actresses will have to depend largely upon proper enunciation and native intelligence rather than the pleasing pulchritude to which we have all become accustomed and which is the secret reason for most of us dobbing down our thirty-five cents at such regular intervals.

What will happen now to the dear, dumb damsels that we have worshipped silently on the silent screen? When actresses parade in front of the camera eye where can we look for the sweet faces, the ravishing figgers, and the divine what-nots that have thus far kept us from suicide or a monastic life? Well may we start quoting poetry at this point. It is a sad season, my men, and one worthy to be celebrated in immortal verse. Villon's poem, "The Ballad of Dead Ladies" is most appropriate to our present dreadful situation. By only slightly misquoting Rossetti's excellent translation to that work we can wall despairingly at the thought of our enforced asceticism to be and cry: "Where are they whom we used to revere, and where are the stars of yester-year?"

CARNEGIE FOUNDATION MAN VISITS GAMBIER

Dr. W. S. Learned, a representative of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning, visited Gambier for two days, on December 10 and 11. Dr. Learned had just completed a survey of forty-nine colleges in Pennsylvania, which had absorbed his attention for some months, when he came to Gambier. His purpose here was to look the college over, study its methods, ascertain as well as he could the temper of the institution, and acquaint himself with the peculiar living and housing conditions of the place.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 10, Dr. Learned met a group of the upperclassmen, representing every division on the Hill and the Senior Council, in the president's office. He was interested in student government here, and how the honor system worked out. Immediately following that gathering, the faculty met Dr. Learned in the same place, where they had an interesting conference with him. On Wednesday afternoon, before he left Gambier, Dr. Learned visited several of the dormitories and division parlors.

While in Gambier, the representative of the Carnegie Foundation stayed at Cromwell Cottage with President and Mrs. Peirce. He appeared to enjoy his stay here immensely, and seemed to be very much pleased with the college as he found it.

In his conference with the student representatives in Dr. Peirce's office Dr. Learned told of the general information tests which had been given to seniors last year in forty-nine Pennsylvania colleges. He suggested that if the Kenyon seniors and faculty were willing to co-operate he would be more than glad to furnish the materials for a similar test to be given here in the spring. The idea of these tests is to find out how much miscellaneous information a man gathers by the time he graduates from college, aside from what he acquires in the courses that he took. When this proposal was made all the men who heard it expressed their opinion that it would be a good thing to try at Kenyon.

DR. AND MRS. MANNING ENTERTAIN

Dr. and Mrs. Manning entertained a number of the students and faculty at their home on Saturday evening, December 8. The faculty guests included Dr. and Mrs. Peirce, Dr. and Mrs. Rigg, Dr. and Mrs. Lord, Mr. Rutenber, and Mrs. Spooner. The group of students present represented nearly every division on the Hill.

The entertainment of the evening consisted in a bridge tournament, which proved to be a great success. After the completion of the bridge games refreshments were served.

STRATFORD PLAYERS ENTERTAIN COLLEGE

Present Julius Caesar in Rosse Hall

The Stratford Players presented Shakespeare's famous historical tragedy, "Julius Caesar," in Rosse Hall on the evening of December 10. Considering the illness prevalent on the Hill at the time, the performance was well attended. Between two and three hundred students, members of the faculty, residents of Gambier, and members of Harcourt School witnessed the play, and, on the whole, found it quite acceptable.

Conditions in Rosse Hall do not, of course, favor dramatic enterprises of any sort. However, the visiting company rigged up some simple drapes that created the proper austere atmosphere for the play which they were to present. The spectacle itself was appropriately framed, adequately lighted, and reasonably convincing.

The performance was a mixture of good and bad acting. At times it was extremely good, and at times it was pitiful. Every now and then one or more of the players caught the spirit of a scene and carried it off as the master showman who wrote it intended it should be done. At other times the players' work was dull and apathetic, and at still other times it was offensive to the natural emotions and to good dramatic taste.

In their advance literature the players advertised that many of their number were recruited from the ranks of the recently disbanded Mantell Shakespearian company. One might have surmised as much on seeing the play performed even if one had not read the advertisements of the company. Most of the actors' work was strongly tainted with, or else simply reeked of, the Mantell Shakespearian tradition. This tradition, one of the most insidious that has ever completely misinterpreted great literature, mistakes declamation for acting ability, vehemence for emotion, and volume of sound for effectiveness. Mantell and his followers made it their rightly practice to stand in front of the footlights, face the audience, wave their arms about, roar at the back row of the third gallery, and then suddenly drop their voices to a husky whisper to furnish contrast for the next moment, when they would begin to howl at the moon once more.

The Stratford Players were not that bad by any means. To a great extent they tempered their experience with Mantell by adding a little good taste and intelligence to their bombastic heritage. Most of the time they showed an honest effort to make human beings of the characters they were portraying rather than the conventional mouthpieces for Shakespeare's fine lines. Taken as a whole, the performance was fairly well done, and was certainly entertaining, if not intensely gratifying.

By far the best performance of the evening was given by Lewis Noskin, who played Casca in the first three acts and Trebonius in the fifth. Mr. Noskin had never been associated with Mantell, and his superior work certainly showed the benefits he had derived from that great advantage. His interpretation of the servile, plotting Casca was all that could be desired. As Casca he did not rant or leer. Instead, he relied for his emphasis on natural gestures, and the subtle modulation of his voice.

In direct contrast to the good performance that Mr. Noskin gave was the miserable bit of stalking around engineered by Mr. Frank Hilliard, playing Julius Caesar. Mr. Hilliard resembled the haughty, quietly dictatorial Caesar of history and of Shakespeare's play about as much as he resembled Wendy in "Peter

Pan." He strode around the stage, speaking his lines in a monotone rather distinctly reminiscent of a radio announcer reading off stock market quotations. In the third act, when noble Caesar fell, butchered by the swords of his bloody assassins, the audience breathed a sigh of relief, and nearly broke out into a cheer.

That scene, the murder of Caesar, was by far the worst bit of acting in the entire performance. The exultant speech of Cassius and the relief of the conspirators that their deed was finally accomplished were simply painful. Cassius roared when he should have spoken in an awed whisper; he expressed his delight by means of howls and guttural rumblings. He was about as unconvincing a murderer as one could pos-

sibly fancy. And his fellow conspirators were equally as bad in that scene. In Cassius' speech, delivered over Caesar's newly murdered corpse, are the magnificent lines:

"How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted
o'er

In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

Undoubtedly Shakespeare asked himself the same question when he wrote those lines and put them in the mouth of Cassius. How many times, he wondered, would his play be performed—in states unborn and accents yet unknown. But in his most awful nightmares he never conceived any "accents yet unknown" that were as unconvincing and bombastic as those employed when his "lofty scene was acted

o'er" in Rosse Hall the other evening.

Outside of his work in the scene mentioned above Cassius gave a very respectable performance. He
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Ye Xmas Spirit

A Merrie Yuletide Tale

By Herr C. Freydinghuyson Rose

Once upon a time, little lads and lassies, there lived a very happy family. At least I've heard somewhere that a very happy family lived once upon a time. But that's entirely beside the point, because Professor Rose isn't going to tell you anything about a happy family this evening in the first place. Instead I'm going to beguile your bedtime hour with a little tale of a perfectly normal family—expurgated to meet the demands of the Associated Press, the United States Government, the W. O. T. U., and the Womens' Federation of Christmas Clubs. So listen, my children, and you shall hear.

It was Christmas eve in Hoboken (Don't be frightened, my dears, they have Christmas eve in Hoboken just the same as in other places.). The snow was falling fast. Not too fast, but just fast enough. A large apartment in a fashionable section of town, following the excellent example of its inhabitants, was all lit up.

In this apartment house, in their luxurious suite, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hobby-Hartley were making Yuletide whoopee. Mrs. Hobby-Hartley, resplendent in her ropes of pearls and diamond tiara, was darning socks. Mr. Hobby-Hartley, the bread-winner, was drinking quietly in a far corner of the sitting room. For some moments neither one of this loving couple had spoken. Obviously each was deep in meditation—pondering, no doubt, on the deep significance and the allegorical beauty of Christmas tide.

The madam was the first to break the silence.

"Harvey," she began impressively.

"Yes, my love."

"It is Christmas eve."

"Hooray," shouted her loving spouse, getting up to his feet and tipping his chair over as he did so. "Hooray."

"Sit down," roared Mrs. Hobby-Hartley getting up out of her chair and thundering across the floor at her terrified husband like a Mack truck. "Not another drink tonight, Harvey Hobby-Hartley."

"Yes, my love—but it's Christmas eve and I thought—"

"Don't you dare think," rejoined the little woman. "You leave that to me." Mr. Hobby-Hartley sat down again and picked up his copy of the Police Gazette.

"Yes, Harvey," said Mrs. Hobby-Hartley. "This is Christmas eve. Peace on earth, good will to men, Harvey. It is the season of gladness, Harvey. It is the time to partake of good cheer."

"But I thought you just told me not to take—"

"There you go thinking again, you shrimp," cried his helpmeet. "Every time my poetical nature begins to get the best of me you always start to think something or other."

"I see here in the paper that there's going to be a Christmas eve stag party down at the lodge tonight," ventured Mr. Hobby-Hartley.

"Well?" said his spouse.

"Well?" said Mr. Hobby-Hartley.

"Well, what are you welling about," demanded the lady of the house. "What right have you got to well?"

"Well can't a man well in his own house if he jolly well wants to?" begged the lady of the house's husband, getting around in back of his chair.

"No," said Mrs. Hobby-Hartley.

"Well, that seems to be that," said Mr. Hobby-Hartley with a sigh.

For several minutes all was silence except for the snoring of Mrs. Hobby-Hartley's pekingese on the hearth rug, the crackle of Mr. Hobby-Hartley's Police Gazette, the lulling sound of the street cars passing to and fro in the street outside, and the familiar noises emanating from Schmaltz's Boiler Works just half a block down the street.

"Harvey," said Mrs. Hobby-Hartley.

"Yes, my love."

"What are we going to tell our two little blessings when they come in to say good night to us and hang up their stockings?"

"Anything but the truth," cried Herr Hobby-Hartley, bringing his fist crashing down on the table beside his chair and making the glasses rattle.

"What do you mean?" whispered his wife, growing whiter than her new front teeth.

"Pardon me, my love, I thought I was at the office." Mrs. Hobby-Hartley only sniffed significantly, and went on.

"Yes Harvey. What will we tell little Martini and his sister, Ovaltina? Shouldn't we tell them something about the wonderful legend of Christmas? They're old enough to understand it now and ought to know it."

"Yes, my love, if you can remember it."

"I shall always remember it, Harvey. I have a remarkable memory, and it is especially beautiful. It clutches at the seat of my aesthetic nature. Oh, Harvey, I am so aesthetic!"

"Yes," said Harvey. "Why don't you try some of that beef and wine tonic that—"

"Shut up," yelled Mrs. Hobby-Hartley in a voice that set the window panes vibrating, and made her pekingese run for shelter under the family davenport. "You brute. You have no sense of the finer things in life. Why did I ever waste my talents on you. Harvey Hobby-Hartley, I'll have you to know that I'm a very unusual woman."

"Yes, my love," agreed Mr. Hobby-Hartley. "Yes, my love."

The telephone rang, and the taxpayer of the household reached for the instrument.

"Hello," said Mr. Hobby-Hartley. "Oh, hello Joe. Yes, Joe, how are you? No, Joe, I can't, I'm afraid. How are things down at the lodge, Joe? No, I'm sure she wouldn't mind, Joe. Yes, Joe, that would be great. Alright, Joe. I'll see you up here in a few minutes then, Joe. Good by, Joe."

Mr. Hobby-Hartley hung up the receiver and turned to his spouse, who was swelling up visibly and getting red in the face. "That was Joe speaking, my love," he said.

"Well?" said the madam.

"Now don't let's get going on that again," her lord and master begged. "The boys have just had a Christmas party down at the lodge, and Joe was dressed up as Santy Claus. He wants to come up and give little Martini and little Ovaltina a treat. He says he still has some toys left over that he can give them, and then we can give them the stuff we got them tomorrow."

"Is he sober?"

"Of course, my love. Joe is not a drinking man."

"Don't lie to me Harvey Hobby-Hartley. I know he is. I wasn't born yesterday."

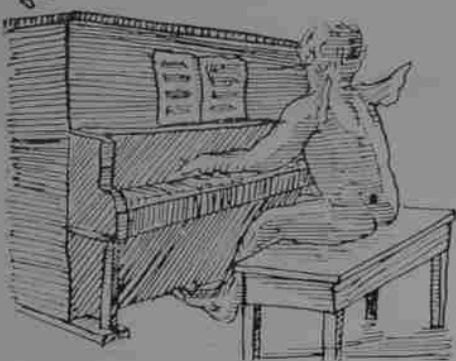
"No, dearie," said Harvey Hobby-Hartley, and started to laugh. His loving wife gnashed her teeth together until the upper set nearly fell out, and reached for a nearby bridge lamp. Undoubtedly, children, that laugh would have been our hero's last had not this charming little domestic scene been interrupted at that moment by the entrance of two minors, one male and one female. The male appeared to be of some nine or ten summers, and the lassie with him had evidently reached and passed the mature age of seven.

"Ah," shrieked Mrs. Harvey Hobby-Hartley. "Muvver's little darlings."

"Hello, pop," said the youthful Martini.

"How's tricks?" added the dainty Ovaltina.

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YE XMAS SPIRIT

(Continued from Page Six)

"And how are my eeny weeny sweetest ootsie tootsies tonight?" said the fond mother, rushing to the defenseless infants and enveloping both of them with one mighty swoop of her powerful arms: "Ums muvver does love ums. And do my pets want to see Santa Claus tonight?"

The poor children squirmed. "Don't slobber on me, mamma. Nurse just washed my face," begged Martini. He struggled loose from the half nelson his dam had on him, and ran over toward his father.

"Come back here, Martini," his mother called. "Mother wants to tell you and Ovaltina all about the first Christmas."

"What about this Christmas?" asked the impertinent youth. "I'd rather hear about that."

"Dry uu, Martini," suggested Ovaltina.

"Come here, children. Never mind papa," said Mrs. Hobby-Hartley in a voice that left no doubt as to her intentions. Obediently, her two offspring came to her knee, and assumed a conventional pose while Mrs. Hobby-Hartley wound up. Mrs. Hobby-Hartley winding up was a sight that people might well have come miles to see. Once properly wound up she could talk on any given subject for a week without stopping.

"This is Christmas eve, children," she began impressively. "Don't I know it!" horns in Martini.

"Martini!" scolded his ancestor. "Don't be rude. If you are the bogey man will get you or you'll grow up and be like your father."

"Fine!" said Martini.

"Shut up, you little brat," said Mrs. Hobby-Hartley. "As I was saying, this is Christmas eve. It is the season of peace on earth and good will to men. It is the time of good cheer—get your hand away from that glass, Harvey Hobby-Hartley. It is the time when we should all try to make some one else happy, because it was that sort of spirit which founded Christmas."

"And who founded Christmas, mamma?" pipes up little Ovaltina.

"God," says Mrs. Hobby-Hartley.

This speech of the oracle's was echoed from across the room. Mrs. Hobby-Hartley dealt one murderous glance at her man, who promptly curled up in his chair and shielded his face with his left forearm.

"When was Christmas founded?" asks Martini.

"About a hundred and fifty B. C." responds the prominent club woman.

"Oh," says Martini.

"And why was Christmas founded, mamma?" This from Ovaltina.

"Don't be so inquisitive, children. How can I tell you anything when you're asking silly questions all the time?"

At this point the door opened, and Santa Claus stumbled in, carrying a mail sack over his shoulder. His nose, peeping through his snow-white whiskers, was as red and merry as the specifications call for—if not redder and merrier.

Martini and Ovaltina just stood still and squealed in childish glee. Mrs. Hobby-Hartley said, "Oh, it's Santa Claus. We're so glad to see you Santa. The kiddies have been waiting for you."

She walked across the room and shook hands with the old boy, getting close enough to him to take a good sniff at his breath. Huge woman that she was, she could almost have chinned herself on it.

"I know you're in a hurry, Santy," she allowed, "and so you can just give Martini and Ovaltina what you've got for them and then go on out to see all the other children

that you've got to visit tonight—quick," she added under her breath.

Mr. Hobby-Hartley came up and slapped Santa on the back, making him reel unsteadily across the room and fetch up against the whatnot in a far corner.

"How are all the boys, Santy?" he asked.

"Okay, chief," said Santy.

"Sit down, Harvey Hobby-Hartley," said Mrs. Harvey Hobby-Hartley. He sat down.

"And now, Santy," said the lady, in that tone that only she could use, "go ahead."

Ovaltina and Martini, scared to death, stood before Santa, sucking their thumbs and wondering if they'd been good enough to get any Christmas presents. Their old gent, scared to death, stood behind Santa, twiddling his fingers and wondering if he'd live through the evening. A look at his spouse told him that his chances were slim.

"Good evening children," said Santa in the jolly voice that he assumed when he led the square dances at the lodge socials.

"Good evening, Santa," squealed Ovaltina and Martini in a mixture of fright and anticipation.

"Good God! Santa," groaned Harvey Hobby-Hartley in a voice of mixed terror and resignation.

"Children," says Santa. "I stand before you this evening to tell you about the last convention—but that reminds me of a little story. Stop me if you've heard it. A traveling salesman stopped at a farmhouse one night—"

"And what have you brought the children this year, Santa?" broke in Mrs. Hobby-Hartley, slightly bending the poker that she had quietly picked up. "Remember that you're in a hurry to visit all the other little children."

"Santa saw the poker, and it occurred to him that it would be a nice idea to get back to the lodge and hoist another one with the boys. He grabbed for his sack. For a moment he fumbled about in its depths and appeared not to be able to find anything. Suddenly his fingers closed on something. He started to withdraw it from the sack.

"Little men and women," he announced. "It gives me great pleasure to present to you this evening this lit token of my regard." And forthwith he drew out and presented to little Martini and Ovaltina a piece of glassware, not Venetian. On its label was the head of a wolf with bared fangs, and down below was some printed matter which dealt with chemists' reports and such trifles. This work of art was empty.

Santa saw what he had in his hand and wasted no time in thought. He broke for the door, and not a moment too soon. Mrs. Harvey Hobby-Hartley was after him like a shot. Ovaltina started to cry.

"What's the matter, pop," asked Martini. "Doesn't mamma like Santa Claus?"

The lord of the mansion looked sick.

"Yes, son. She likes him very well. She's just taking him as far as the door."

Three minutes passed, as minutes are accustomed to do. No sound was heard in the cozy parlor except for Ovaltina's sniffing. Presently a loud, clanging gong was heard up the street. I came closer and closer and finally came to rest in front of the Hobby-Hartley's apartment house. The loud, clanging noise stopped.

"What was that, pop?" asked Martini.

"Those were sleigh bells, son," replied the old gent, wiping a tear from his eye. "I guess Santy Claus's reindeer have come around to take him away."

STRATFORD PLAYERS

Continued from Page Five

was at his best in the first act. After that he failed to enunciate as clearly as he might have and many of the audience missed his lines entirely. Disregarding that factor, he was a seasoned player and did Cassius as the part demanded.

John Osgood, as Antony, gave an excellent performance, although he scarcely made a convincing Antony because of his physical characteristics. A mild, slender, soft-voiced man encounters grave difficulties when he tries to do the swaggering, aggressive soldier whom Antony really was. Mr. Osgood had the charm and persuasion of Antony, but not the obvious power and martial manner. In his entire performance, Mr. Osgood only made one bad mistake. He delivered his harangue to the mob in an admirable way. It was splendid. But whenever he came to a famous line or a famous passage he turned to the audience, paused, shot off a couple of sky rockets and a string of Japanese dynamite crackers, and then delivered himself of his lines in an arch manner as if to say: "Even if you haven't read this play, you've heard this before and recognize what I'm saying." But otherwise Mr. Osgood did his part admirably.

As Brutus, Mr. James Hendrickson, director of the company, gave a performance in which innate good taste and a splendid voice vied with

bad training. Mr. Hendrickson is a disciple of Mantell's. Like his master he has a fine voice and reads his lines beautifully. But like him also he tends toward pomposity and the "stained glass attitudes" mentioned by Gilbert. Mr. Hendrickson declaimed rather than acted, although he did not carry this false stage manner as far as Mantell. He was good in spite of his affectation. Without it he would have ranked as a first rate actor.

Mayves Tesenhaus played Calphurnia and Lucius in an anaemic fashion that was quite all right in its way. In a play of men, in which the interest is entirely masculine, the female parts are of little consequence. And the part of Lucius, the boy, was very minor one. The role of Calphurnia certainly has possibilities, small as it is. And Miss Tesenhaus certainly failed to exploit them. She went through her work in a routine way that might have been improved on greatly, but which was satisfactory as it was.

Miss Claire Bruce, as Portia, deserved much the same comment for her acting as Miss Tesenhaus for hers. She was flat. The moonlight scene in the garden might be both impassioned and lovely if done properly. As it was it just so many lines spoken to inform the audience of a certain situation. This was partly the fault of Miss Bruce, and partly that of Mr. Hendrickson.

The prize performances of the evening, however, were turned in by Messrs. Stackhouse, North, and

Shute. As "noble Romans" Mr. Stackhouse and Mr. North trod the boards with a silent and dignified reserve which extorted the admiration of their fellow students. Fraternal love, however, proved too strong to succumb even to the charms of Thespiis. The two gentlemen refused to be parted from one another for even a moment while they were on the stage, keeping perfect step in their various peregrinations, and never getting more than six inches away from one another. Their mutual affection was so marked that it called forth the comment from a gentleman of the Kenyon faculty that henceforth they should be dubbed Castor and Pollux, the heavenly twins.

And as for Mr. Shute, he was simply divine. As a member of the mob he put the entire Barrymore family to shame. On one occasion, however, the mob retired from the stage, leaving Henry in his toga, arm upraised in salute to Anthony, making whoopee all alone like a true Roman. Unabashed, that future genius swept his toga about him and strode from the stage, visibly agitated and impassioned by Anthony's long harangue.

Altogether, the Stratford Players' visit was a very pleasant occasion. Their work was far from flawless from a critical standpoint, but Shakespeare is practically foolproof, and the Stratford Players were far from being bad enough to have to rely for their success on that extremity.



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SPORTS

BASKETBALL SQUAD
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Coach Evans Is Preparing for Initial Game

Coach Bud Evans sent out the call for basket-ball material, and thirty-four men answered. It is pretty hard at this early date to be able to tell just what the team will do. Evans has been putting the squad through some hard practice sessions in addition to regular setting-up exercises that have rapidly been getting the men into shape.

It is most probable that the strength of this year's team will be built around Robinson, who is rated to be one of the best guards in the conference. He is fast on his feet and can pass the ball like a shot. In the practice games Hall has been playing the other guard position in a capable manner, and shows promise of developing into a mighty good man. Lyman has been jumping center on the tentative team, and doing a good job of it. Al has a dead eye when it comes to dropping them through the loop from follow-in shots. Walling, Baltzell, Rowe, and Evans have been alternating in the two forward positions.

There will be no outstandingly brilliant players with the possible exception of Robinson, and the entire success of the team will depend upon the smoothness of the teamwork and the manner in which the substitutes fit into the game when penalties are inflicted.

The varsity has been getting some stiff competition from the freshmen squad that will help it develop in a quicker manner than otherwise. The freshman basketball squad looks as good, if not better, than the freshman football outfit, and that's saying a lot. Burris, Caples, Swanson, Wilson, and McIlwain are the outstanding men that have been performing on the court for the class of '32. In spite of the fact that the new men have never played together before, they have already developed commendable teamwork.

The loss of Putnam, who was elected captain for this year, will be keenly felt. Putnam was placed on the All Conference team last year, and was one of the most brilliant players Kenyon has ever had.

The team's first test will come on the evening of Saturday, December 15, when they play the initial game of the season with Ashland on the home floor. Not much in the way of smoothness of team play will be expected at such an early date, but we will at least get a peek at the relative ability of the men. Ashland is expected to have a fairly strong team on the floor and the game will be strongly contested for the honor of starting out the season with a win. The game with Ashland is not a conference game, but regardless of that fact everyone on the Hill is expected to be there.

Coach Evans' team pulled up in second place last season and it is expected that he will tutor another good team this year. However, the loss of Putnam and Capt. Dempsey, Newhouse, Muir, and Johnston, regulars who were lost through graduation, will be felt as a serious setback. There is stiff competition for all of the positions, but by the time the first conference game is played the berths on the first team will pretty well settled.

So far in practice, the man for man defense has been used. Kenyon seems to employ this system best, and Evans used it to advantage during the major part of last season.



GORDON HULMAN.

Gordon Hulman was recently elected captain of the 1930 football team by the men who will receive letters on this year's team. The choice is an extremely popular one, and was in every way merited by Hulman's fine playing. Brute was a very dependable and steady man in the line, and it was but seldom that a play went through his tackle for a gain. As valuable on the offensive as on the defensive, he could usually be counted on to open up a hole in the opposing line.

Brute hails from Terre Haute, Ind., where he played three years of high school football. In spring practice for the last season, Hulman won the football competition trophy for all-around football ability. Next year will be Hulman's last year at Kenyon.

only occasionally using the zone system.

The team's schedule for the year follows:

Dec. 15—Ashland at Gambier.
Jan. 8—Otterbein at Gambier.
Jan. 11—Muskingum at Zanesville.
Jan. 12—Marietta at Marietta.
Jan. 17—Ohio Northern at Gambier.
Jan. 19—Wooster at Wooster.
Jan. 24—Kent State at Kent.
Jan. 25—Mt. Union at Alliance.
Feb. 5—Ashland at Ashland.
Feb. 9—Kent State at Gambier (afternoon game.)
Feb. 14—Wooster at Gambier.
Feb. 16—St. Xavier at Cincinnati.
Feb. 19—Capitol at Columbus.
Feb. 23—Otterbein at Westerville.
March 1—Marietta at Gambier.
March 8—Mt. Union at Gambier.

AT HOME games: 7. Games AWAY: 9. TOTAL: 16.

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KENYON DROPS LAST
FOOTBALL GAME

Kenyon lost the last game of the season to Marietta, at Marietta, Nov. 17 by a score of 40 to 0. This defeat was the last of a series during Kenyon's poorest season. Despite the fact that the purple was a notably weak team, the Marietta outfit treated the boys from Gambier with much respect until the game was well on ice.

This is the first time in the history of the games between the two teams that Kenyon has not emerged victorious. Marietta, realizing that a win would mean a top place in the conference standing, proceeded to go after that win with determination. It was the home-coming game for the winners, and the entire town turned out to witness the contest.

Kenyon did not threaten once. For the first half it looked as though the game would be closely contested; then as usual the storm broke in the second half when Marietta scored 28 points. There was simply no stopping the home town ball carriers. Every combination that they put in, and they put in about four, seemed to be able to carry the ball wherever they pleased. Kenyon did not lay down, they kept fighting doggedly until the last, but it is hard to keep up spirit when the team has suffered nothing but reverses. They were simply outclassed; for some reason or other the team did not play as good ball as in previous games.

Kenyon has finished a bad season, but in contrast to that it looks forward to next year as being the best in years. With the men returning more experienced, and with the present freshman class eligible to play next fall, there should be a wealth of excellent material from which to mould a team that will end up the season near the top of the conference list.

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DR. PEIRCE'S COLUMN

Continued from Page One

growing in favor and colleges which have undertaken the establishment of Honors courses naturally adopt it as a part of the new system.

Great interest naturally attaches to the study undertaken in Pennsylvania during the past year by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A large appropriation was made for this survey and the co-operation of the Pennsylvania public schools was secured. Over 50,000 high school pupils have recently been given a comprehensive intelligence test and the Foundation expects to follow their career through college by similar annual examinations. Careful individual records will be kept and the educational progress of the student will be determined by a standardized measure. At least five years will be needed to conclude this very interesting experiment.

A similar comprehensive test measuring general mental achievement was given in Pennsylvania last spring to 8000 members of the class of 1928 distributed among fifty co-operating Pennsylvania colleges. The results show that Haverford, a col-

lege which in type closely resembles Kenyon, stood first by a wide margin. While the mean of the whole fifty colleges was 569 points the Haverford mean rose to nearly 900. More entertaining was the record made by about two hundred faculty members who voluntarily took the examination. While the mean score of the faculty was a few points higher than Haverford the lowest faculty member made less than half as many points as the lowest Haverford senior. Indeed, out of the whole fifty colleges only six would furnish as low a score as this same low faculty member who none the less presumes to teach!

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