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## Kenyon Collegian - May 2, 1952

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# kenyon collegian

may 2, 1952 kenyon college, gambier, ohio vol. 78, no. 10

## Of Men . . .

Tonight and tomorrow are the big nights! Once again, the annual Kenyon Dance Weekend will come and go amid a flurry of flowers, females, and foolishness. (Foolishness: noun, neuter: General term signifying total class of things that students want more of, and deans wish they could prevent.) During the vast, mad parties that will make the campus ring with the sounds of happy voices and breaking glass, many will seek pleasure in the inviting tastes of Sea Breezes, Collins', Rum-and-Water's, and Beer. The lonely fellows without dates will get stinking drunk, and the happy ones with dates will get stinking drunk. And where will all this leave us? Within forty-eight hours, a couple of thousand dollars will be matter-of-factly flushed, for we usually make up in quantity, what we lack in discretion. There will be Saturday-night sickness and Sunday-morning hangovers, not to mention Tuesday-afternoon regrets. Ah, the folly of youth!

But still we cling lovingly to our Dance Weekend legend. We are quite willing to turn its giddy successes into pleasant smoking-car stories, and to ignore its sordid failures. Well, why are we so proud of Dance Weekend? Not for its ever-new and original entertainments, which don't change from one year to the next. Certainly not its exotic flavor — it is compounded of only the three primitive elements, booze, women, and music. Why, then? Because it is a golden opportunity to make complete asses of ourselves and to win long and loud applause in proportion to our success. Now don't get us wrong. We aren't using that analysis as a point against Dance Weekend. On the contrary, we agree that everyone has to be able to commit some harmless little follies now and then, so he'll be wise enough to avoid the big ones. Dance Weekend provides that opportunity. On the positive side, the actual dances and the earlier portions of the parties are usually fine entertainment in their own right. And a big blow-off is always welcome at such a monastic institution as this. We like Dance Weekend as well as anybody, and we think a Tom Collins is a smoo-o-o-th drink, but we just don't think that anything goes.

We don't really expect anyone to take this analysis of Dance Weekend too seriously, because that might make him a party-pooper in the eyes of his compatriots. We hardly expect it to have any effect at all. We're not even sure why we went out on a limb and wrote it down. Maybe we just have a sublimated urge to stick pins in overinflated balloons.

## . . . And Mice

In reopening the question of cut rules, about which we suppose you are tired of hearing by now, the Collegian wanted to see what your reaction would be to a careful analysis of the problem. So far we have found no reaction whatsoever. We feel that this is too bad. A few disturbed individuals, who have not lost the capacity for holding strongly to their convictions, have occasionally approached us with comments, pro or con, on our opinions, but for the most

part, no one seems very interested. This seems strange to us, for there have been many people who have griped quite loudly in private about how this school ought to be run, or to put it another way, how it ought not to be run, namely the way it is now. If we just happen to find a little bull session going in the evening, we know that we shall be able to get a strong opinion from almost everyone there, if we just mention some irksome regulation. But when we attempt to evoke a response from a large number of students en masse, all the opinions seem to vanish. Where do they go? We don't know. We're not trained in group psychology. All we know is that

wherever we have investigated problems that have bothered a sizeable number of individuals, we have found a general apathy, a sheep-like submission to the status quo, that frightens us a little.

As far as we are concerned, we will continue to moan, groan, or complain whenever we feel the urge, because we are optimistic enough to think that it's not too late to make changes in unsatisfactory systems. However, we are already beginning to wonder how much good it will do us or anyone else for us to build a case against our opponents, when our clients are too indifferent to prosecute. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

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(hick!)  
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# LETTERS

## Nulla Pudicitia?

In the light that the Collegian represents the most popular vehicle of free thought on campus, we must take this opportunity to express our indignation at still another thorn which has been impaled in an already festering side. Kenyon College, the Higher Orders of same, has long taken pride in the diversity of activities in which the student body may participate. Most of these activities are nourished under one or another organization heading specifying the singular abandonment of that organization. In difference to the supposed "liberalism" as the keynote of a liberal college, these organizations are required we find, to humor the Higher Orders by applying for Executive sanction of their activities. Without this very same legislative sanction an organization whose intentions are suspected to be beyond the bounds of what we find to be a very narrow conception of "liberalism" is not permitted to exist.

A whopping fallacy does exist. An organization does exist upon this campus without executive sanction, an organization which shall not go defunct for lack of an official charter, an organization which is forced to flaunt its illegality in the face of the Higher Order because of the particular indisposition of that Higher Order towards the altogether socially and morally accepted activities of that particular organization. Particular members of that organization are recognized leaders on the Kenyon campus in scholastic, athletic, and the other "sanctioned" social activities. Their affinity to one comparatively insignificant organization and its particular pleasure, however, immediately black-balls these particular members in the eyes of that authoritative Higher Order. Their sanctioned

"virtues" are overlooked. One unjust recorded blackmark is sufficient to criminate for life, one power of veto to outlaw an activity which has been socially and morally accepted since nineteen thirty three!

We refer of course to our cherished order of gentlemen, popularly recognized as gentlemen, T.N.E. We read admit that occasions have arisen in the past wherein individual members of this organization have been successfully implicated by the Higher Orders in connection with misdemeanors committed upon this campus. More often than not, however, no direct connection could be made by the most imaginative straining of evidence be attributed between a particular crime of the individual and the organization called T. N. E. If the authoritative Higher Order is stooping by virtue of their latest coup to "naming," we of T. N. E. feel pompous confident that we could prepare a list of the most serious crimes ever committed upon this campus and attach to this list the names of their perpetrators gentlemen who in no way have been at the present, or ever would be permitted to pride themselves upon a connection with T. N. E.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to relate the latest coup of the Higher Order, the latest thorn in our side. We feel we shall continue to feel that there is a justification for Executive intervention. That members of the student body have actually been threatened with the most capital punishments should they accept an invitation to join these most heinous orders in not only a blackmark in our mind upon the touted "liberalism," but also acute evidence that one's most personal inclinations are not safe from "seizure."

The Thinking Committee,  
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# LOCAL NEWS

Edited by Mel Plotinsky

## Sacre du Printemps

As Dance Weekend began, Chairman Joe Rotolo felt satisfied that the Social Committee's work in juggling Social Fees to allow the customary activities had been successful in making possible a bon fete.

As a matter of fact, Saturday night's band will be the one headed by Bob Sidnell, of Ohio Wesleyan—the same that performed at the autumn Weekend.

One innovation will be the orchestra of Ralph Marterie, scheduled for the bandstand at tonight's Formal. It is said that Marterie and company are "coming up" in the trade.

Tonight the Kenyon escort will make his own appraisal, but both he and the Kenyon stag had best have paid their Fees and be wearing tuvedos, Joe warns for the Committee—strict control of admission will be imposed.

Regardless of the quality of the music or the formal atmosphere, the Weekend must depend for success, (as always), upon the season and the climate.

Choric Song:

It is Middle Path transformed:  
Where once ago it was a strange road,  
A yellow-brick-road which we explored,  
discovered;

Then since we knew it as a busy street,  
A street for the workaday feet of us.  
Now it is Middle Path transformed:  
It is a lane, lined with trees that move,

half-move,  
At last a path, with a canopy, with a  
charm.

Rotolo for Queen of the May!

## Variations On A Theme

Each year men of Kenyon look forward to Dance Weekend and everything it involves, from the Friday night formal to Sunday dawn milk-punch party. But things were considerably different at the turn of the century and around the quarter-century period.

Rosse Hall was formerly the scene of what corresponded to Dance Weekend. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and crepe paper decorations for the affair. In order to be used for dances, Rosse Hall, which was the college chapel, was deconsecrated in 1895. Many people connected with Kenyon thought that that was very wrong, and when the building burned down in 1897, they said that it was the curse of Heaven.

Until the first World War, Dance Weekend activities were extremely formal. Chaperones were very strict, and no cutting in, nor "bird-dogging" was allowed at the dance. There was a line of patrons and patronesses, and each man had to introduce his date to that group. Leather-covered programs with pencils attached were given to the girls to make out their schedule of dances for the evening.

There were four big dances to think

about in that period: the Senior Fall Dance opened Kenyon's social season in the latter part of October. According to a Reveilla of the Roaring 20's two days the "staid old institution was the scene of Bacchanalian revelry, and joy was 'unrefined.'" Then came the Seniors Mid-Winter Ball, followed by the Sophomore Hop in May. This latter closely resembled our present Dance Weekend, in that the festivities lasted for two days. However, there were three dances instead of the two now held. The final event of the social season was the Junior Prom, given in honor of the graduating Senior Class.

The Prohibition era brought on almost insurmountable difficulties to the hill. They were coped with fair success until one fateful spring. Frequent trips were made from the confines of Rosse Hall to the "wide open spaces" of the cemetery in back. There happened to be some tombstones which could be opened and therefore, used for liquor cabinets. However, this practice was discouraged at the Spring Dance of 1923, when Federal officers raided Rosse Hall and made several arrests.

In the late 30's famous name bands graced the Kenyon campus. It was nothing to spend \$2500 for an orchestra for one night, and such entertainers as Buddy Rogers, Ted Lewis, Tiny Bradshaw, and Vincent Lopez were obtained.

Later years have produced many wonderful experiences to heighten the interest of Kenyon Dance Weekenders, such as in 1947, when Miss Kimball was doused with beer in the wee hours of the morning. During that same year President Chalmers abolished the Senior Council and made restrictions on "gay" parties. In protest 200 strong marched on Cromwell Cottage one midnight. In 1949 Spring Dance Weekend was rather unique. Many parties went outdoors by necessity, and fraternities joined their efforts to have well-organized brawls. Poison ivy was in vogue, and the scent of calomine lotion came drifting through the doors of Peirce Hall.

Whatever may be said about Dance Weekend, the consensus of opinion is that it is here to stay.

## Easter Lectures

On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22, 23, Dr. Elton Trueblood, widely-known eminent Quaker philosopher and currently professor of philosophy at Earlham College, Indiana, delivered the Seventeenth Easter lecture series at Kenyon. In five sincere, forceful and provocative lectures before audiences comprised of students, Bexley Hall alumni and their guests, Dr. Trueblood examined the need for "a radical change. If all we have to offer is the same routine of the conventional church with slight improvements in technique we might as well give up." In line with his general subject, "The Christian

Revolution" Dr. Trueblood noted that "there is no real chance of our survival as a people if all we have to offer the burning convictions of the young communists is the naive conviction that security comes by the possession of machines." A spiritual strength and security is sorely needed, feels Dr. Trueblood. "In our medication the small dose is completely ineffective. We need a big dose . . . the key to the big dose in our time is lay religion . . . our opportunity for a contemporary Reformation lies in the opening of the ministry to the common man as our ancestors in 1611 opened the bible to the common man. Our step could be as revolutionary as was theirs." Dr. Trueblood was born in Pleasantville, Iowa of Quaker parents 52 years ago; and besides holding degrees from six universities, among them Harvard and John Hopkins, has lectured and taught widely both in the U. S. and England. He is also the author of several important books on religion in life. Before assuming his present position Dr. Trueblood was chairman of the Friends World Committee for Consultation and taught at Haverford College and Harvard.

## Up-And-Going

Beginning next fall Kenyon's athletic department will be missing a familiar face. Dave Henderson, Kenyon's football and basketball coach, is moving on to bigger and better things. Next fall he will take over as football coach at Allegheny College in Meadville, Pa. His other duties will probably include helping coach the basketball team.

No one here at Kenyon will forget how a Henderson coached team went undefeated in football in 1950 or how this year's basketball team knocked Capital out of the conference lead. Kenyon athletics owe a great deal to Dave, and we hate to lose him, but as he says, "It's been a wonderful experience here, but this job is a better opportunity, both for myself and my family." Good luck, Dave.

## Books Abounding

Recently the assistant librarian at Bowdoin College, Edward C. Heintz arrived at Kenyon at the beginning of this semester to take the place of acting librarian Kent Moore. Immediately he was confronted with the almost hopeless state of affairs; there were books but no place to put them, there was work to be done but no place to do it, and there were fine editions mishandled. He didn't have to worry about making long range plans. Here was a tremendous job ahead of him before he could have the library at even a starting point for long-range plans.

The most serious problem is the lack of space. There is hardly any shelf space remaining and new books and periodicals are coming in constantly. The addition of the annex several years ago didn't solve the situation—it only eased things. The library had already reached

the saturation point.

Not only is there no room for the books, there is no room for the people who manage them. There is one room where all the buying, cataloging, and repairing must be done. Up to now there have been five regular employees (not scholarship workers) handling the library's business in this room. It is crowded. But it's like the wide open spaces compared to Mr. Heintz's office. His office, where he must control 125,000 books already in the library and the purchase of \$22,000 worth this year, a reduction of \$10,000 from last year, is the size of two telephone booths.

Another unfortunate condition in the Kenyon library is the mishandling of books. The location numbers are often poorly written; when they have been changed the old number has been painted over with either a dark shellac or black paint; the bookplates, of very poor taste, have seldom been pasted in carefully; the title pages always have numbers written on them. All these things



Heintz

An aesthetic experience from handling a book

destroy the beauty of the book. As Edward Heintz says, there should be an "aesthetic experience from handling a book." It is unfortunate that if some people get an "aesthetic experience" from handling a book, that it must be their own book and no other. However, all this destruction so far mentioned is not to be blamed entirely on readers; it is caused, in good part, by the scholarship students who work in the library. And the fault is still not solely each worker's. The students mis-handle the books because they work without adequate supervision or instruction. Librarian Heintz has already changed this to some extent by putting particularly interested students in charge of the ordinary library workers. He has started other improvement projects; all the books in the stacks are being cleaned, and the Congressional Records, in the annex, are being washed with a potassium nitrate solution to counteract rotting chemicals in the leather bindings.

On the positive side Librarian Heintz hopes to arouse some interest in book exhibits put on by the students. His

(Continued on page 6)

# SPORTS

Edited by Gene Schrier

## Lords of Kenyon

One of the outstanding athletes in the Senior class this year is Stanley Jackson from Steubenville, Ohio. At Kenyon, Stan is noted for his daring speed as halfback on the football team and as a sprinter in track. While at Steubenville, Stan went out for baseball when he was a Sophomore. His Junior year, Steubenville had a track team for the first time, of which Stan was a member for his last two years. Stan never went out for football until he came to Kenyon.

Stan decided to come to Kenyon before he was offered an academic scholarship. His freshman year he won numerals playing soccer. In his Sophomore year, Stan decided to go out for football. He played strictly defensively his Sophomore year until the final game with Hobart. There, he played sixty minutes and did so well defensively that he was named on Hobart's all-opponent defensive team.

In Stan's Junior year he was instrumental in Kenyon's unbeaten season. Alternating with Ross Haskell, Stan thrilled the crowd several times with his blazing speed. In the Hobart game, Hobart scored first and were heavily favored to continue the onslaught. But Stan broke loose for a 72 yard touchdown run and from then on Hobart wasn't in the ball game, as Kenyon won 34-20. Stan scored two more touchdowns that season, one against Capital and the other was the final touchdown of the season against Hiram. This came in the closing minutes of the final quarter and gave Kenyon a 14-7 win and concluded Kenyon's first unbeaten season in more than sixty years.

The past football season, injuries kept Stan out most of the season. In the opening game with Wooster, Stan dashed 65 yards for a touchdown on the first play from scrimmage, only to have it called back for stepping on the out-of-bounds marker. A couple of plays

later, Stan sprained his ankle and was never in top shape after that. No doubt, his presence regularly in Kenyon's lineup would have made a big difference to Kenyon's record.

Jackson's track career at Kenyon was hampered also by injuries. He ran on



Jackson

the freshman team because, at that time, freshmen couldn't run in varsity competition. Stan's Sophomore year, Kenyon had an outstanding season in track winning five, losing one and ending second in a triangular meet with Edinboro State Teacher's College and Allegheny. In most of the meets, Stan would enter the opening half mile relay, and then pull a muscle in his thigh on the 100 yard dash or some later event. When his thigh was in good shape he entered the 220 yard dash; the mile relay and sometimes the 440.

In his Junior year, the track team was on the verge of collapsing throughout the season. Stan was in top physical shape, but the number of good track men on Kenyon's team was limited. Kenyon only entered three meets and lost all of them. Still, Jackson will al-

ways remember the mile relay he ran with Cooke, Stansfield and Reade at Muskingham. Stan was anchor man and had a slight edge on his man when it was his turn to carry the baton. He kept that slight edge speeding up every time his man tried to pass him.

Early in the spring of 1951, Stan and Phil Best went to Cleveland to enter the Knights of Columbus indoor track meet where such men as Don Gehrman, Bon Richards and Harrison Dillard were competing. It proved disappointing as Stan was disqualified for false starts in the 45 yard dash, the only event he entered.

This year Kenyon has been unable to get enough men out to have a track team so Stan is relaxing and playing third base for the Middle Kenyon intramural softball team. After graduating this June, Stan hopes to get in the Navy, since Uncle Sam is showing an "interest" in him. After that, he would like to go to law school—possibly at Chicago University.

## Bring Us Giants

The all veteran Kenyon College Tennis Team took up where it left off last year and stroked its way to a 9-0 opening day victory over Akron University on Wednesday, April 16. Boasting a squad of veterans Ron Ryan, Tilly Mc-Masters, Jack Goldberg, Tim Ryan, Bill Greaves, and Dick Harrison plus newcomers Barry Cahill, Arnie Starr and Herb Ullman the Lords had an easy time in overcoming the host Akron Zippers. The two Ryans, Mc-Masters, Goldberg, Cahill and Greaves accounted for singles wins with the teams of R. Ryan-Goldberg, Mc-Masters-T. Ryan, and Harrison-Cahill accounting for doubles victories.

On Monday, April 21 the Lords met and soundly defeated their nearby rivals the Big Red of Denison. Again the Lords rang up a shutout, this time 7-0. The lineup of Ron Ryan, Jack Goldberg, Tilly Mc-Masters, Tim Ryan and Bill Greaves took all the singles with R. Ryan-Goldberg, and Harrison-Cahill winning the doubles. The top match of the day found Ron Ryan whipping Denison's freshman ace Bill Bowen, former Ohio State High School runner-up, 6-2; 8-6.

The Lords ran up against a real tarter in Kalamazoo College on Saturday, April 26th, and went down to their first defeat 7-2. The match was highlighted by good play on both sides with the Lords coming out on the short end of three matches that went three sets before a decision was rendered. Tilly Mc-Masters turned in a very good win at the No. 3 spot with a 6-2; 6-0 win over Don Stevens the Hornets No. 3 man. Ron Ryan played a fine match but a losing one against former nationally ranked Junior player, Dick Cain. The scores were 9-7; 6-4. Tilly Mc-Masters and Tim Ryan accounted for the other point with an easy win at

second doubles.

The Purple and White got back to the winning side with an easy 8-1 win over the Wooster Scots on Monday, April 28th. It was Kenyon's first home match and the Lords made it a very impressive one with Ron Ryan, Jack Goldberg, Tilly Mc-Masters, Tim Ryan, Bill Greaves and Dick Harrison turning in singles wins and Mc-Masters-Ryan Ullman-Starr winning in doubles. The Wooster second doubles team accounted for their lone point with an upset win over Harrison and Cahill.

The future looks bright for the Lords with seven regularly scheduled matches left plus the Ohio Conference Tournament at Oberlin on May 16th and 17th. The teams that the Lords have yet to meet are Ohio Wesleyan twice, Denison, Capital, Wittenberg, Oberlin and Case with Wesleyan, Wittenberg and Oberlin figuring to be the toughest.

## Lacrosse

The Kenyon lacrosse team, halfway through its schedule, boasts three games won, one game lost, and one tied. In their initial game, the Kenyon team lacking in experience and practice dropped a 15-3 verdict to Washington & Lee. The Delaware University Bluehens traveled to Kenyon and had a leave satisfied with a 7-7 overtime tie against the stubborn Lords. Kenyon playing against easier opposition, found no trouble in trouncing the Ohio State Buckeyes, 15-3, and the Denison Big Reds, 14-4, on successive Saturday afternoons. Last Saturday, the Lords journeyed to Oberlin to meet their arch-rivals, the Yeomen of Oberlin College, who have yet to defeat Kenyon in lacrosse. The Lords scored a goal in the last fifteen seconds to nip Oberlin, 8-7, for a smashing victory. Oberlin always has almost won, but in the last minutes succumbed to defeat. Phil Holt, playing his first season as goalie, has rapidly improved and shows brilliant play. On the offensive side of the team, Fred Papsin continues to lead in scoring goals. Other outstanding men on the lacrosse team are: Butch (Little Bear) Aulenbach, Tookie Cole, Pete Paisley, Si Axtell, and Jerry Ellsworth. Future games on the docket for the Lords are return matches with Denison, Ohio State, and a home match with Oberlin, promising to be the game of the lacrosse home season. There is an eastern journey also to the state of New York, where the Lords meet Hamilton College and Hobart College.

## Intra-Murals

by Tryon

With the intramural year rapidly drawing to a close we can already see that it has been a very successful year from the standpoint of student participation and interest. The most unusual aspect seems to be the fact that the Delts haven't won everything as they seemed to show an affinity to do in the past.

In the recent intramural track meet it was North Hanna's Phi Kaps that won going away. They gathered in no less than eight first places in thirteen

(Continued on page 6)

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# DIVISIONS

Edited by Bruce Pennington

## Beta Theta Pi

The Sun Club, with the advent of balmy breezes and Gambier's occasional sun, has started its spring curriculae of dixerland and sea-breeze. There have been many fanciful plans as to the improvement of the physical plant of the sunning grounds . . . several tons of white sand, a permanent flagstone terrace and an awning. It will take several years to conceive these plans so say Van McCutcheon and P. O. Knapp, president and vice-president respectively.

The softball team isn't a winning one, but its staunch advocates are filled with enthusiasm.

Currently the oncoming Dance Weekend is the object of a flurry of bull sessions here and about. The schedule according to the powers-at-present:

Friday night — bourbon  
Saturday afternoon — Three-Way Combo party  
Saturday night pre-dance — Beer on tap  
Saturday night post-dance — Beer on tap  
Sunday afternoon — tapering off on the lawn

(Sponsored by the Sun Club)  
It was quite a surprise to us all, but not really, to hear that our quartet consisting of Rotolo, Culp, Sutherland, and Thomas captured a second place at a contest between the Ohio chapters of Beta at the Columbus Roundup last week.

## Alpha Delta Phi

Dance Weekend Party Schedule:  
Friday Evening 8-11 Party with Sigma Pi at Sigma Pi lounge.

Saturday afternoon 2-5 Combo at Betas.  
5-7 Picnic at Psi Upsilon lodge with Betas.

Saturday evening 8-11 Party in ADP lounge with Peeps. Highballs.

Last Saturday afternoon Alpha Delta Phi initiated seven new men. They are Berry Menuez, Tom Kiger, Harry Hart, Dave Cummings, Al Kidd, Hal Axtell and Phil Nunn. We heartily congratulate these men and wish them the best of luck. After the initiation, champagne corks could be heard flying through the air as the brothers knocked off a case of imported bubbly water to celebrate the occasion.

Due to a record amount of sunshine

for Gambier a new club has emerged which meets daily on the terrace behind Old Kenyon. This is the Amalgamated Sun Bathers of East Wing who make a pretence of studying while showing off their rolls of slob collected over the long winter months. Granny Smith, having the most slob is naturally the head of the ASBEW.

East Wingers are anticipating a dynamic weekend with many of the old grads expected back on the premises. Rumor has it that almost everyone has a date, even John Lyons, but seeing is believing.

## Archon

Archon Fraternity, Dance Weekend 1952.

Friday, May 2 — 3-5:30 p. m. — Cocktail Party. 8-12 m. — Punch Party.

Saturday, May 3 — 2-5 p. m. — Picnic. 7-10:30 p. m. Mixed drinks.

Sunday, May 4 — 2-? a. m. Mixed drinks.

## Phi Kappa Sigma

Flushed with triumph after romping to a substantial victory in the intramural track meet, the Little Skulls A. C. sailed into intramural softball only to have their ears neatly pinned back in five of the first six games. Says bold new athletic director James "We'll win 'em all" Klosterman, "Bah! No comment."

Orchids to Al Murphy, who cordially saw to it that a visiting officer from the Grand Chapter wasn't left out of that last Peep night. Onions to the ceiling of Will Reade's room, which casually decided to drop in on the same evening.

Official congratulations to Art Johnson and "Shoes" for finally tying the knot, and to Ron Petti and "Peewee" for deciding to share the same fraternity pin.

John "Anvil Chorus" Gans would like to announce the successful trial run of the experimental Gambier-Fredericktown-Newark Commuter's Special.

Dance Weekend, of course is the matter of the moment. Final social committee report from Mr. O, the Squire of Hanna Hall, reads something like this: Friday afternoon — a get together beer party with Schlitz on tap. Friday night — a formal (?) closed party in the parlor with Brother Lund

dishing up champagne cocktails. From there to the dance, a 4 a.m. hayride, and a 6 a.m. buffet breakfast at Mazza's.

Saturday afternoon sunshine (we hope) will find the Skulls out at Harlow's for a picnic and beer-baseball game, and Saturday night (open party) — Tom Collins before and after Dance No. 2.

Sunday — well, judging from past experience — aspirin, leftovers, and the squeezing of empty bottles. Also, goodbye to the gals, D - - - t!

As of the Tuesday night election, new Phi Kap prexy is Tom McCarthy; Ron Petti and Jerry Reese are new vice-presidents; Roger Swigert and Tom Crawford, secretaries; and John Gans, treasurer. Mac Whittaker is the new pledge master. Congratulations to all you men.

Theta chapter is also pleased to announce the pledging of Gene Ross.

## Delta Tau Delta

Friday, Closed Formal Cocktail Party 7:00-9:00. Formal Banquet 9:30.

Saturday afternoon — Picnic in hall. Beer Party after dance 2-4.

With the "week of weekends" approaching, a number of the inhabitants of Middle Leonard were dashing around in the usual What'll-I-do-for-a-date frenzy. The result is a good number of "roommates," sisters and "awfully sweet" girls. Good luck boys.

There were a few however who had a little different problem. There was Operator Ranney who was worried that more than one of his seven invitations might be accepted. At press time he had two yes's and was a little worried.

Tillie McMasters had the same sort of trouble which came from a seminar course in Greek fauna, but the U. S. Navy came to his rescue and everything is placid for the weekend.

There was no government help for Larry Taylor, he had to rely on his fast talking to relieve a tight situation.

In spite of these small difficulties we expect this to be a great weekend.

Augmenting the party will be several old grads. Robin Carr, Boo Eggert, Bob Warmeling, and Dave Kuhn will be on hand to do a little celebrating. The chapter is glad to see them back.

A week from now the Delts will be partying again, but in a somewhat quieter vein. The D.T.D. mothers will be here to spend Mother's Day and see what Kenyon is like on a weekend. We hold our breath.

## the kenyon collegian

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John Jones, Delt, and star lacrosser of last year is now the proud papa of a 10 pound baby girl. Congratulations to mouse and the Mrs.

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## FEATURES

### Pierre's Grille

by Ron Petti

Runyon, always relishing a triumph over mighty Ohio State, can chalk up one more significant victory. Kenyon subscriptions to the National Blood Drive totaled 32% of the entire student body. O. S. U.'s goal for the year was 1200 pints or roughly just 7.5% of the student enrollment.

University of Michigan women are still fighting to crash the portals of U. M.'s all-male Union. For many years the Union has been held a male sanctuary where "you can reflect soberly, discuss politics, study, eat, or shoot pool without being harassed by women." A recent referendum defeated the ladies once again — this time by the man-frightening margin of 29 votes. The vote was 3,409 in favor and 3,498 opposed.

Sun-bathing is becoming an intra-collegiate problem. Miami women indignant at being nearly drowned by attacking male forces, retaliated by protesting the liberal laws covering male sun-bathers. Fearful that the male attire (or lack of it) might be "distasteful to visitors and women of the college," they urged the tan-worshippers be restricted to a "private" area.

Ohio University students were warned again to heed the regulations of the adjacent mental hospital. Dean of Men Maurel Hopkins reminded the coeds that the patients of the asylum are only there because they are not normal. Any displays of affection or such dress as tennis shorts or sunsuits may not be permitted lest they "aggravate the mental illnesses of those unfortunates who might be affected."

How much do students know? Students at the University of Oregon were given a general information test and came up with some great answers. Here are a few:

Fjora — A Swedish automobile; Bran — Bible of the Mohammedans; Nicotine — the man who discovered cigarettes; Scotland Yard — two feet, 10 inches; Concubine — when several businesses combine.

This is the same college where a student earned \$2.40 one afternoon by playing his accordion on a corner with dark glasses and a tin cup.

The Royal Purple yearbook at Kansas State is likely to be royally sued by a highly dissatisfied customer. He's a senior who posed for his yearbook picture in a wig, high stiff collar and pince-nez, and who has hinted he'll sue the yearbook if it doesn't use the photograph. "I don't need to give them

any explanation," he said, "I gave them my dollar and a quarter. That's enough."

Some very nice words about Dave Henderson in the Allegheny Campus. Prexy Benezet in announcing the new appointment stated, "We are satisfied that after a careful search we have found the man who can bring to Allegheny the best combination of training and talents to do the job. The students, faculty, alumni and townspeople will like Dave Henderson," he continued. "He appears to us as well-qualified and unusually sincere in his intentions."

Chances of getting a real "queen" from Ohio State will be slimmer in the future. With only one dissenting vote, the Women's Self-Government Association decided to put an end to the University's 31 Queen contests. Henceforth there will be only three. Seems the attractive women in each group are weary of being told to go out and inhale for the glory of dear old Eta Sigma Pi or what have you.

Speaking of beauty contests, Max Factor Make-Up is conducting a nationwide campus survey for the Max Factor Girl. The national winner will receive a \$1,000 scholarship, a radio, a trip to Hollywood, etc. Any Kenyon candidates please apply at the Dean's Office.

Interesting fact no. 807 — There are approximately 3,800,000 alcoholics (with and without complications) in the United States, of whom 568,000 are women.

Police in Coral Gables, Fla., started hunting for a University student named Winkie Wildgoose after he had kicked in the glass panel of a juke box playing a popular song with the lines, "My heart knows what the wild goose knows, so I must go where the wild goose goes." They decided he might be heading north.

### INTRAMURALS

(Continued from page 4)

events. Will Reade and Ron Hobbs had 7 firsts between them which gave them more points than the number two team, that of East Wing.

In the intramural softball schedule we find Middle Kenyon with the number one team at present. They have won four and have yet to lose. M. H. and E. D. are tied for second and the Delts reside in fourth. Results of the

intramural track meet and scores and standings of the softball schedule as Monday, April 27 are as follows.

### TRACK MEET

Results:

1st—North Hanna	63
2nd—East Wing	31
3rd—East Division	31
4th—South Leonard	23
5th—Middle Leonard	21
6th—Middle Hanna	10

### Baseball

The undefeated Kenyon Lords won their fourth straight game on Saturday defeating Capital in a tight duel. Joe Pavlovich threw a seven-hitter to win his first of the season. Bill Weyon lams singled in the winning run with the bases loaded in the ninth.

Ninth inning rallies were featured in the Lord's wins against Wittenberg and Dennison 7-3 and 9-8. Four runs in the ninth gave the Purple and White a win at Wittenberg. Don Cabriele's seventh-inning home run and Forsythe's steady pitching highlighted this game. Kenyon beat Dennison 5 in the ninth to overcome a 8-4 deficit. Will Krysmann's great relief pitching and the slugging of Cabriele and Fraley, who drove in the winning run with a double, made the difference here.

The other Lord win came at the expense of Wooster, 6-4. Kenyon collected 14 hits in this one and Forsythe picked up his second win going all the way.

### LIBRARY

(Continued from page 3)

idea is to have students make up exhibits that would fit both the time and student's interest. As a possible incentive: Book Shop Awards.

In the future, under Edward Hemm the books of the library shall probably be better handled and the student interest in the library may increase, but as the big problem — the lack of space — is concerned there is little that can do. Certainly a college can exist without a library, and certainly the work done at a college depends upon the quality and range of the volumes of the library.

—W. E. Smart

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# THE ARTS

Edited by Paul Matthews

## Playboy

To any other nationality — Swedish, German, or especially, the English — the display of boasting chauvinism put on by the Irish and mock-Irish every March 17, St. Patrick's Day, is rather revolting. Saturday's sloppy sentimentalism and artificiality. After all, Barry Fitzgerald is a hither hawkish, and "Mother Macree" is even beyond that. For that reason, *Playboy* run with the *Western World*, a distinctively Irish play, is quite refreshing, as a re-  
feature against this overweening national Vitenberide. No wonder the Irish of 1907 re-  
Four rmented this unflattering portrayal of their and Whisk-life, resented it to the point of riot-  
Cabrleing when it was first produced. A milder, and Bountinent, respectable riot, (this time of  
highlight enthusiasm) greeted the play when the  
ison with Dramatic Club offered it this last week.  
3-4 defiauthor Synge and his comic handling of  
pitchinative manners was responsible for half  
and Rousis enthusiasm; the really excellent pro-  
ning runaction given him on the Kenyon stage  
differenaccounted for as much more.

The most obvious mark of someone trying to act Irish is the dialect, the brogue, he affects. The most Irish part of this production was that the dialect was not overly obvious. One was conscious that the actors weren't talking quite as he himself usually talked, but where the difference lay, whether in the rhythm, the "singing" inflection, or a certain clipping of consonants, one wasn't exactly sure, and after a while he just sat back and let the dialect flow over him. Our actors, schooled by Professor English, were successful in making the speech sound natural.

In staging *Playboy of the Western World*, the Dramatic Club gave a prac-

tical demonstration of what has made it a minor stage classic, where that is not quite apparent when one reads it. It acts better than it reads. It has survived for forty-five years because, when clothed in flesh and blood, paint and canvas, it somehow impresses itself on its audience as believable, quick, and above all, highly laughable. After one has said that *Playboy* is a comedy, there isn't a great deal more to be said about it. There might well be some doubting question, just how really funny it is to beat your father's head in with a shovel, but nearly two hundred people on four nights found it funny enough to laugh heartily, and I suppose that's all Synge asks. Nothing subtle, being situation rather than line comedy, and nothing serious. You might speculate on whether the snivelling Christie's conversion into *Playboy of the Western World* has really transformed him into more than a brag-gart, and with this speculation call the lamenting curtain-speech by Pegeen the weakest spot in the play; but Synge makes no serious point of it, so why should we?

It's time to talk now of the job of staging done here. It amazes me, starting from an all-male campus, how Mr. Michael did so well in recruiting for the women's parts, for the scene between Christie and the four girls, led by Marge Johnson, was the most delightful in the whole play. The peasants hadn't as much chance to contribute, but, with the girls, they made the crowd scenes the bulwark of the play, full of life and boisterous activity.

It's extremely dangerous for the critic, in such a review as this, to attempt an

honest evaluation of the acting. Both he and his readers, in such a small community as this, know the actors too well off-stage not to carry prejudices over into criticism. Then, there's question of just how rigid standards are to be applied. Not least of the obstacles, there is a very present doubt, in his own mind as much of the reader's, of the critic's own competence. Suffice it to say that each of the six main parts — Bob Miller, Betty Cropper, Ed Doctorow, Shep Kominars, Chris Johnson, and Harvey Rabb — was more than adequate, was, truly, good acting. There were no weak sisters. Also — equally important to a play's success — there was no one actor standing so far above his fellows that he alone looked good, stole the show — as has sometimes happened here.

Finally, a word of commendation for the set, the best looking and best constructed I've seen here in three years. I have no idea what an actual shebeen looks like, but I believe Jack Williams and Bob Hubbard's conception of it. Credit for a set that stood up under the rough treatment given this one goes to Paul Steele and his crew.

Altogether, the Dramatic Club and its stage director James Michael are to be complimented on their presentation of *Playboy of the Western World*. It is, thank God, no *Winterset*, taking itself super-seriously, close enough to all our own experience that we're jarred by its dated "message." This is a comedy, operating in the timeless land of comedy, satisfied if it has succeeded in making its audience laugh. It succeeds.

—Jim Graham

Sarah's diary Greene covers a little more than half the book. What he has finished resembles John O'Hara converted to transcendentalism. It is an especially well-handled sex story with a conclusion that can range in effect from rage to half-hearted surprise. Yet only the affair itself has ended. Sarah's death reverberates through the Miles-Bendrix universe with a booming series of miracles that involve not only Bendrix but the detective and a rationalist lecturer called Smythe. At the real conclusion Bendrix walks with Miles to buy a beer and prays "O God, You've done enough, You've robbed me of enough. I'm too tired and old to learn to love. Leave me alone forever."

These remarks of mine are rather flippant. Yet Greene has produced nothing really sacred, nothing really undefilable. He has met public demand with a most convenient commodity. So long as men in a tough and hazardous universe must worship candles rather than causes, so long as they gild and paint over insecurity instead of reasonably confronting the terror in their surroundings, they will require the compromises

and confusions of books like *The End of the Affair*. As Bendrix lies apparently dead under the wreckage of a bombing, Sarah Miles vows to end the affair if he can only live again. Bendrix rises, slightly hurt, and Sarah keeps her promise. I cannot hope even to name the difficulties, the "buried questions," that Greene uproots with this dilemma. Had he more decidedly shaped Henry Miles, Greene could perhaps have emphasized the adultery in Bendrix's affair. As it stands, adultery is no more than a pressing rage to live. But even Sarah's maintenance of her vow, even the vision of God as a new intimate could at least save the architecture of the book from medieval trappings. If ornamentation in church ceremonies and religious art is to confront the problems of an age, it must meet them on the terms imposed by that age — and this, I fear, is not an age alive to miracles.

The tide from London can perhaps wash away some of the debris accumulating on America's literary beaches. But good faith and good style alone will not guide the waters. *The End of the Affair*, it is hoped, will not be "the last book by Graham Greene which a non-specialist (in religion) will be able to review," as the *New Statesman and Nation* predicted. If it is, then good style will only have betrayed good faith.

—George Geasey

## Record Debut

Spurred by a generous allocation from the Student council, Dr. Schwartz's revitalized music committee drafted final plans for the initial concert next Friday evening, May 9, at 8 o'clock, in a new series of Friday evening record concerts. Prodded by the Student council to make the Music room once again accessible to all students, the committee is also formulating plans for a daily program of supervised listening.

The opening concert will feature recordings from the recently acquired Canon Watson collection, noted for its rare and seldom heard masterpieces.

## Balazs

Frederic Balazs, concert violinist and present Director of the Wichita Falls, Texas Symphony Orchestra and head of the Music department at Midwestern University appeared in the third concert of the 1951-52 season in Great Hall on April 14. One of the finest audiences of the season turned out to hear Mr. Balazs.

The audience's response seemed most favorable in his later selections by Stravinsky, Bartok and the "Allegro ostinato" by Paul Schwartz of the Kenyon faculty. It was in these numbers that he displayed some of the fine bowing and interpretation which had been praised in many music journals. The number by Professor Schwartz was of particular interest and enjoyment to the audience who asked that Mr. Balazs repeat it.

—J. Rotolo

## The End of the Affair

Reviewers, luckily enough, do not have to determine the course of fiction, art, or history. Yet a first reading of Graham Greene cannot do otherwise than recall at once the state of fiction at the moment. The American novel has dwindled into a few watery compartments: the revised protest novel with its cocktails and weary young copywriters set against a background of futility, the regional novel with the more and more exaggerated Yoknapatawphes; and the novel readily available in various bindings, sizes, and colors with faded modern warriors, lusty ancient warriors, or detectives hovering somewhere between lust and legality. British fiction has not been entirely guiltless. It manages however much of the time to stand well apart from practicalness so evident and so disturbing in the American novel. Six or seven years ago in reading Maugham and Priestly for the first time I sensed a certain difference from the American fiction I knew, a certain capacity never really evident in most recent American novelists. Per-

haps, amid even the frequent trifling of the Maughams and the Priestlys, the British possess the sure touch, the firm hand that guides the novelist right even if his material is wrong. Call it discipline, if it must be named. Its workings appear again in Greene's *The End of the Affair*, where the material, though not unworthy, at least demands faith.

Greene in his novel formulates the process by which adultery passes into sainthood and the effects of the process on three figures — Maurice Bendrix, an almost popular novelist, somewhere between Waugh and Maugham, Sarah Miles, his mistress and the wife of Henry Miles, a government undersecretary who has never quite managed to satisfy Sarah. Bendrix and Sarah love for a time until the interference of a third party; they part for two years, and at the beginning of Greene's narrative Bendrix re-experiences love, hires a detective to follow Sarah, and discovers that the third party is God. With this rather astonishing revelation from



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