

3-1-1953

## Kenyon Collegian - March 1, 1953

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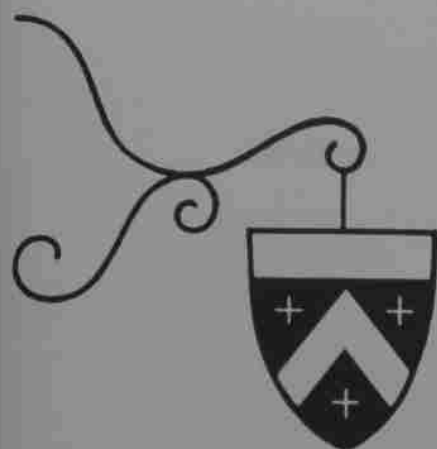
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### Recommended Citation

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# the collegian



published at  
kenyon college  
march 1953



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## Events

On Saturday evening, Feb. 21st, while "The Show-Off" was cavorting on the Speech Building stage before a delighted audience, within the dark confines of Rosse Hall Messrs. Greenstreet, Lorre and Bogart, in their classical tradition, rumbled, lurked and plodded after an elusive "Maltese Falcon," in the first of the Sam Spade series . . . . Meanwhile the Lord quintet was chasing, and being chased up and down the court as they fell panting behind Wooster's Scots up at Wooster to the tune of 89-64. The season was not yet a success . . . . Sunday evening saw Humphrey once again ignore the grim promise of a delightful respite during which "they'd" be "pickin' iron outta (his) liver" to give Greenstreet and little Peter the bird for the second time in as many nights . . . . On Monday evening "The Show-Off" closed its four-day run with another lively performance . . . . The next morning Dr. George Catlin's address on the question of "The Atlantic Union—What Meaning and What Prospect?" before an Honors Day Convocation audience in Rosse Hall, the distinguished British philosopher, author ("The Story of the Political Philosophers," "The Anglo-Saxon Tradition") and political scientist witnessed the ceremonies in which President G. K. Chalmers announced the election of nine men to Phi Beta Kappa, and the names of over a dozen other recipients—from both the College and Bexley Hall—of the various yearly prizes offered by the College. 119 members of our little but valiant army of truth-seekers made the Merit List attesting to the continued heartening presence of Purpose amidst a multitude of formidable distractions. The Registrar's Office also dutifully released the averages, ranks etc. for the first semester. South Hanna's Archon fraternity copped first place for the second straight semester boasting a fraternity average of 2.98 for 32 actives. In second place, Phi Kappa Sigma jumping from 8th spot the previous semester, with a 2.76 for 28 active members. For the first time in many moons, the non-fraternity average trailed the affiliated effort . . . . On Wednesday night at Wertheimer Field House Kenyon lost to Muskingum 80-67. The band blared forth its stirring strains and our own Kenyon cheerleaders (five spirited males) gave their all. The season, however, was not yet a success . . . . Came the weekend and Kenyon men and their dates sought

release. On Saturday afternoon while Schaeffer pool was ringing with shouts and the splash of water, the summit of the Hill stood firm as the southern end of Leonard Hall reverberated with the drums and the hub-bub of another combo party. That evening the festivities reached new heights as the Great Hall prepared to receive the couples, seeming to sway with soft rhythms. The Coffee Shop withstood the thirst-driven onslaught at intermission. Down at the Field House Kenyon's basketball team faced Denison. The band blared forth its stirring strains. The cheerleaders crouched and sprang and beat the air as the possessed assemblage roared and clapped and yelled. The game growing and sustaining in intensity as the last moments slipped by, senior Ron Fralley highlighted the victory made possible by the combined efforts of Frank Gingerich and half a dozen other Lord cagers, as his one-hander from behind the foul circle ripped the cords with but seven fleeting seconds left before the final buzzer. A 78-77 victory. Fellowship abounded. The season was a success. (see Sport Shorts) So was the weekend . . . . Sunday evening Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable went at it in "It Happened One Night" providing a well-spent evening for the Rosse Hall audience of those who'd missed them on the same screen Friday night . . . . On Monday at 8:00 pm in Philomathesian Hall Joseph Sagmaster, executive editor of the Cincinnati Times-Star, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa lecture, speaking on "The Problem of Evil-East and West" a study of the treatment of that problem in the novels of Dostoevski and the poems of T. S. Eliot . . . . The following morning Mr. Sagmaster addressed the college assembly, analyzing the American, British,

French and West German viewpoints in the present controversy involving the European Defense Community.

Student Council President Hoyle reported that the Faculty Council had replied in the negative to a Council proposal for lowering all class cut fines to five dollars . . . . On Friday evening, March 6th, Rosse Hall provided the setting for a small but spirited group of square dancers . . . . The following afternoon the Lord aquamen swam their way to a 3rd place finish in the Ohio Conference meet up at Oberlin . . . . That evening, as well as the next, the snow-blanketed campus was relatively quiet except for the best-laid schemes "Of Mice and Men" being related, on the Rosse Hall screen . . . . On Saturday afternoon, the day after the Tau Kappa Alpha Oratorical contest had been won by Melvin Plotinsky, a junior, the Interpretive Reading contest was won by John Hammond, also a junior, back from Army service. North Leonard's Joseph Ryan captured first place in the Extemporaneous Speaking contest on Sunday afternoon . . . . The Coffee Shop announced it would no longer be open in the evening during the week . . . . Following the Winter sports banquet on the previous evening, the college assembly saw over twenty men receive awards for their participation in Kenyon athletics during the basketball and swimming seasons just ended . . . . As the Collegian went to press, Kenyon men were looking beyond the promising events of the coming weekend (highlighted by the Sophomore Class Chlorophyll Ball on Saturday evening, March 14th) to another prized visit to Kenyon by Robert Frost, after which the Hill would be left alone to recover from the scramble heralding Spring vacation.

—Bert Dulce

## the Collegian

March 1953

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# AROUND THE HILL

## SPORT SHORTS

Repeating their performance of last year in coping first place, and with it the intramural "A" league basketball trophy, Middle Leonard rolled up nine wins against one loss. West Wing and East Wing shared second place, each with an 8-2 record. In the "B" league South Leonard walked away with top honors, after coming through a demanding schedule relatively unscathed. Middle Leonard won this year's foul-shooting contest, just edging out determined Sigma Pi 92-91. . . . At the Sports assembly, nine varsity letters and two numerals were awarded in basketball while the swimming team saw eleven of its members receive ten letters and one numeral. This year's captain, Ron Fralley received a gold basketball while aquamen Dennis Hoeffler and 1952-53 captain Dave Heck received gold awards in that department. The Carl A. Wieant Trophy, awarded each year to the outstanding freshman swimmer, went to Charles O. Ewing III. . . . Captains for next year: Al Eastman (swimming), Don Marsh (basketball).

After a season which saw them come out on the winning end in only three of fifteen encounters, Skip Falkenstein's charges, bolstered by the return of four outstanding freshmen, should create more than a little disconcerting trouble for its Conference opponents next season. Only two lettermen will be absent through graduation.

The swimming team loses five letterman through graduation after a season which saw the Lord swimmers finish third in the Ohio Conference meet after garnering a 3-6-1 record.

The baseball team faces a seventeen game schedule, playing eight on the road and closing against Lockbourne Air Base here at home on June 6, after opening the season April 11th at Marietta.

Coach Bob Bartels, after guiding the Lord mermen through their four month season takes over the reins of our netmen as they face Miami (O.) on April 10th to open a very promising season. The next day they face U. of Cincinnati after which the squad has thirteen matches in the next thirty-four days. The helmeted warriors with the netted sticks open their lacrosse season on March 23rd here on the Hill against Washington College. Then come contests with Denison,

Ohio State and Oberlin rounding out the seven game campaign.

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## "A" League High Scores in Intramural Basketball

Name	Average	Points
Foulke	NL 13.5	135
Ryan	ML 12.1	73
Wolfe	NL 10.2	72
Jankowski	SH 10.0	90
Burt	MH 9.5	95
Martin	Bex. 8.8	88
Dulce	MK 8.3	67
Schoenlieb	WW 7.2	72
Clawson	MH 7.1	71
McNaughten	Bex. 7.0	70
Budd	WW 6.8	68

## ERRORS & COMEDY

A visitor of the Kenyon stage within the next month may well be bewildered by a confusing array of houses without walls, pink and blue dogs, idly careening lamp-posts, peanut vendors, and early Shakespearean verse. Now, the cause of this mass of seemingly disjointed details is not that the entire Dramatic Club and attached persons have gone simian, but that the next production, "The Comedy of Errors," is in rehearsal, for production on April 23, 24, and on Saturday, June 6, for graduation. It seems necessary at this point to say that due to lack of interest and support on the last production, the formerly scheduled "School for Husbands" by Moliere, has been postponed until next year. The Shakespearean substitution requires a less elaborate production and a smaller cast.

Now, an explanation of the wall-less houses and the rest of the aforementioned oddities seems in order. The entire production will be done in a two-dimensional style reminiscent of vaudeville, comic strips, and circustents, complete with intermission peanut vendors. Since the comic strips and the circus clowns are the modern descendants of the Commedia dell'Arte tradition, this transposition can be effected without great loss. In this way, a reigning Duke becomes a mayor; an Abbess, a "Grey Lady," and a merchant, a travelling salesman.

The production promises to become a technical exercise, as well as an entertaining comedy. Moreover, the dogs mentioned above present a few rather specialized problems. First of all, intelligent, well-bred dogs are needed badly,

two in number; second, they should be docile enough to submit to the dying process; third, they should be of a dyable color; and fourth, does anyone know of a reliable dog-trainer?

## HONORS DAY

At the Honors Day Convocation on Tuesday, Feb. 23, President Gordon Keith Chalmers announced the new members of Phi Beta Kappa and the winners of the various yearly prizes offered by the College.

Elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa were nine men: Robert Ashby and Roger Geeslin of Cincinnati, James F. Hoyle of Firtheliffe, N. Y., William H. McGowan of Gambier, Mark W. Steele of New York, Richard L. Tallman of Wheeling, W. Va., Richard L. Thomas of Marion, William P. Yohe of Rocky River, Ohio, and Joseph A. Rotolo of Cleveland.

Book Shop Awards which are given to those undergraduates who have shown unusual academic excellence in some specific pursuit, were presented to: Gordon Brown of E. Grand Rapids, Mich., Charles H. Fultz of Detroit, James G. Kennedy of Rockville Centre, N. Y., Edward P. Miller of St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, a student at Bexley Hall, W. Robert Miller of Dayton, Melvin L. Plotinsky of New Rochelle, N. Y., Morton Segal of New York, Hugh D. Stier, Jr. of Ridgewood, N. J., and Perry A. Williams of Mt. Vernon.

Robert Douglas Pitt of Richmond, Va., received the Canon Watson Alumni Prize for Excellence in Reading the Service. The Dean Byrer Alumni Prize for Preaching went to the Rev. Charles Alvin Forbes, Jr. of Langley, Washington. Robert R. Mezey of Philadelphia received the Robert Frost Poetry Prize for outstanding work in original verse. The Freshman Scholarship Cup went to members of Psi Upsilon fraternity, and the Scholarship Cup itself to the Archon fraternity.

The principal address of the day was made by Dr. George Catlin, political scientist and author, who spoke on the prospects and the meaning of the Atlantic Union. Dr. Catlin, who favors a union of the so-called Anglo-Saxon nations, quoted professor Gilbert Murray to the effect that there cannot be a common sovereignty unless and until there are common values.

## OLYMPIC

The Kenyon College faculty successfully demonstrated that they possess physical as well as mental abilities in the first game of a basketball double header in Wertheimer fieldhouse last night. The more athletic members of the faculty, namely professors Finkbeiner, Transue, Graham, Manner, Yates, Pappenhagen, Captain Tony, Sergeant Lurding, Mr. Scudder, and Jack Furniss staged a brilliant rally to come from behind and tie the Kenyon College varsity, 16-16. The varsity seemed to have trouble handling the ball, a fact probably due to the fact that all the varsity members were wearing boxing gloves. Only on one occasion did the boxing gloves prove beneficial, and that was when Jim Wallace caught Jack Furniss with a clean uppercut to the jaw while the two players were fighting for a rebound. Professor Pappenhagen would have played a more outstanding game but his hair kept falling down in his eyes.

To the amusement of all the spectators, the faculty members paraded onto the playing floor wearing caps and gowns, and as each player was introduced, he took his place on the faculty bench. When the caps and gowns were shed students were astonished to see the professors without their Brooks Brothers clothing. In some instances, a bit of human padding hung over the belts of the faculty uniforms. Mr. Scudder was armed with a sling shot and several pocket fulls of navy beans, but thanks to the careful and fair refereeing of Fred Papsin and Dick Jankowski, the beans were not too effective.

Skip Falkenstein started refereeing the Faculty game as Fred Papsin's assistant, but when Skip began scoring points for the Faculty he was quickly replaced by the non-partisan student fans.

Faculty cheer leaders were provided by some of the faculty children. It has been rumored that Miss Chard, Miss Kimball, and Miss Parker would do the Faculty cheering, but Miss Chard and Miss Kimball said the least they could do for the boys after giving them such horrible food was to cheer for them.

Professor Manner was high scorer for the Faculty, with at least three or four points.

The varsity members who participated in the game were Ron Fraley, Gus Voyagis, Dick Fullerton, Jim Wallace, George Thomas, and Bill Lowry.

In the second game of the evening, the Intramural All Stars were defeated 44-43 by the varsity. Al Gibson, Hugh McGowan, Bill Ostrander, Bert Dulce, Chris Schoenle, Dick Jankowski, Mike Brandriss, and Bill Lund.

This basketball double header was sponsored by the newly formed Chase Society. It is hoped that the Society will be able to hold an outdoor party before one of the lacrosse games this season and plans are now underway for this party.

## SUGGESTION

"No book on communism can hope to be impartial, for its problems are too urgent not to involve some bias . . ." Thus H. J. Laski begins his book *Communism*. To call Marx and Lenin biased however, is to beg the question. Let us keep in mind that there is a difference between John Locke's work and Leibnitz's criticism of it. In propounding his doctrine, Locke was trying to formulate a theory about the way we come to have knowledge; he could not preach, he could not count on being emotionally compelling. People since Locke have misinterpreted, misquoted and generally misused him (this is not to say he was correct). The case has been similar with Marx and Lenin's work (certainly some of our weekly magazines have proved themselves unable or unwilling to give responsible, or anything approaching "objective," interpretations of these writers). Our recourse must therefore be, what it should have been at the outset, to primary sources.

But the Kenyon library has too limited "selection" of these primary sources on the stacks, and too many books which distort, perhaps through emotional vigour, the theory and practice of communist doctrine. Meanwhile, in the basement of our library languish over a hundred books which would at least begin to fill the student's need for primary sources and provide the background for understanding what communism is. These books are part of the Bishop Brown collection. Here are a few titles: *Soviet Russia*, 7 vols of the official organ of the soviet government with records from 1919-1922; *The International Socialist Review*, (with articles by Debs, etc.) 7 vols from 1903-1910; *Symposium of the Soviet Union*, articles by Stalin, Molotov, etc., 1935; *Lenin on Marxism, Organization, Socialism, Religion*. Among other books there are: *Trotsky's Whither Russia*, *The Future of*

*Trade-Unionism and Capitalism* by Charles W. Eliot, copyrighted by Kenyon in 1910 under the Larwill lectureship. This is but a sample of the Bishop's books, which would be a treasure to the research student and/or the interested. Wondering why it is not there now, we hope to see the Brown collection on the stacks soon.

## ASSEMBLY

On Thursday afternoon, March 19, the first of a new series of Spring term student assemblies met to discuss preliminary matters pertaining to the budget assembly coming up later this semester. This matter has hitherto been taken up in the Fall, to make allocations for the year already under way. By this method, Freshmen were able to vote on the use of their own funds. But the disadvantage was that the Administration, needing to get started before the return of the student body in the Fall, used to distribute funds in one or two places on the basis of what allocations they anticipated the students' voting for. The students protested last Fall, so the assemblies will henceforward be held in the Spring preceding the year in question.

Chairman James Hoyle opened the meeting with some comments on the advantages of the new arrangement, that, for example, editors and chairmen in various departments will be able to prepare their agenda during the summer. He then urged that an amendment be passed for the constitution of the Student Council, to the effect that the election of new members be moved forward one month, before instead of after the Spring vacation. This was passed.

The nominees for assembly president and secretary-treasurer were then announced and added to. They are, at this writing, Rod French, Fred Papsin, Ron Petti and Don Marsh, for president, and Bob Bennett, Jim Kennedy, Roger Swigert, Bob McAllister, Ted Lynch and Dave Cummings, for secretary-treasurer. These men will have been voted upon in a preliminary ballot, after this writing, but before publication, which will narrow the candidates down to two for each office, to be finally voted upon Thursday, March 26.

The next question was concerned with the possibility of a raise in the student assembly fee. If a raise seemed necessary, would the students accept it? No, said the majority.

Continued on page 11



# RUSSIA and NATIONALISM

BY ROBERT ASHBY

It is an interesting paradox that the historical movement which dominated the nineteenth century, Nationalism, should now be opposed by America and Russia, powers whose own rise to world preeminence has been characterized by nationalistic ends and means. And yet such is the case, although their opposition seems to be of little moment in the face of the aroused nationals across the world. The upsurge of nationalistic feeling has so swelled the resentment held against the imperialistic nations, especially of the West, that the dikes of economic, social, and political aid with which those nations attempted to assuage the anger have been swept away and completely inundated. This force, riding upon the crest of hot and determined demands for self-determination by the peoples subjected to colonialism, has spread into tidal wave proportions across the Middle East, Africa, and Asia, similar to the chain reaction to be found in the revolution of 1848.

The basis for the paradoxical opposition of the West and Russia is different and yet similar. The policy which the leaders in the Kremlin have formulated has as its basic aims the self-same goals that have motivated Russian foreign policy since the days of Catherine the

Great in the 18th century, i.e., a buffer zone of states in the Balkans, an ice-free port, a foothold in Asia, and control of the Dardanelles. The diplomatic and military moves made by the Russians upon the chessboard of international politics have been little more than an extension of the nationalistic course plotted by Peter, Catherine, Alexander, and Nicholas; but the uniqueness lies in the fact that the Kremlin leaders are following such a course of national aggrandizement under the guise of an international appeal, namely, communism. In contrast to the openly imperialistic jingoism of the nineteenth century European powers in the "great African Hunt" for colonial holdings in the Dark Continent, the Russians have adopted an approach based upon an ideological appeal, with professed motivations far more altruistic than those of the nineteenth century chauvinists. Russian propaganda points out the widespread and brutal colonialism of the western powers, and assures the ardent nationalists of the suppressed countries that the West will do all in its power to prevent their attaining self-determination, while the U.S.S.R. stands ready to aid them in their struggle for autonomy. By such means, Russia hopes to discredit the

west in these inflamed areas (a task none too difficult after the ruthlessness which has characterized so much of the West's colonialism), and at the same time, win the confidence of the nationalists.

The West, meanwhile, is also basing its appeal upon an internationalistic approach to the solving of the world's problems; in this case, the process used in the United Nations. These two approaches doubtless appear strikingly similar to those peoples towards whom they are directed; and they are wary of any such appeal, for it was upon such nominally altruistic bases that imperialism had generally been foisted upon a people; the Spanish bringing Christianity to the savage Indians and ending with an empire of incredible wealth and incredible cruelty; the French bringing democracy "on the points of their bayonets" to the countries of Europe groaning under the oppression of the *ancien regimes*, and setting the stage for Napoleon's tyrannical imperialism; the powers of the Berlin Conference bringing protection for "the natives in their moral and material well-being," and laying the basis for hatred which will last for many decades. Thus, the present day nationalist is distrustful of this "internationalism" which has always resulted in oppression, suppression, exploitation, and national aggrandizement at the expense of his country.

Both powers of the cold war are thus stymied in their efforts to turn this nationalistic upsurge to their own advantage; the West because of its imperialistic history, Russia because of its imperialistic promise.

Two great forces oppose this (nationalistic) eruption: the international concepts of a one-world in the West, and the imperialism of Soviet Russia in the East.

This paradoxical opposition points out a fallacy that is to be found in the observations of numerous news analysts and commentators: that communism is using nationalism as a tool in its present onward rush to world power. Actually, the opposite is true. These nationalists are aware of the courting process which is being followed by both the West and the East, attempting to lure them into the camp of the one or the other. And this the nationalists use as a weapon with which to play off both ends against the middle; with the threat of siding with the West, the Russians are forced to accede to demands and

play gently; with the present possibility that the favor will swing in the other direction, the Western powers are constant in their attempts to placate the nationalists by granting their demands.

Further evidence that nationalism is not the tool of communism is to be found in the cancellation by Iran within the past month of her caviar treaty with Russia, thus depriving the U.S.S.R. of a very lucrative source of income; in the treaty recently concluded with Britain by Egypt in which the Egyptian nationalists received beneficial terms with regard to the Sudan, to counteract any advantage Russia might have acquired by their breaking of diplomatic relations with Israel; in the bombing of the Russian embassy in Teheran last summer; in the arrest of numerous communists who attempted to interfere with demonstrations in the very recent Shah-Mossadegh controversy; and in the several raids made by Narguib's police upon communist centers resulting in wholesale arrests.

Nationalism is not a problem only in such international maelstroms as the Middle East and Africa, however. It is the basic problem that has proved to be the bottleneck in European unity. The French of 1953 are still to some degree the French of 1789, 1870, and 1914; and ardent love for the homeland and equally ardent hatred for the Germans is anything but dead, as Mr. Schumann has reason to know. And the England of 1953 is still a power fully aware of her insular position, and still attempting to follow a diluted Wolsey policy of aloofness from and mediation of Continental entanglements. Germany is still the land of *Drang nach Osten*, and her peoples are still stirred by the strains of *Deutschland über alles*. In short, nationalism is omnipres-

ent in European affairs as it has been for centuries.

Nor is America free from the remains of nationalism. In America, twentieth century nationalism took a negative form—isolationism, freedom from the snares of European alignments, following the time-honored advice of Washington's Farewell Address. And such feeling was doubtless a factor contributing to the Republican victory this past fall; for we are all familiar with the oft expressed opinion of many Americans that it is time for the Europeans to stand upon their own feet now; that we have poured thirty-five billions into their sagging economies, and that is enough. Since the Democrats were in power when this foreign aid reached such proportions, upon their shoulders rests the responsibility; and perhaps with economy minded Republicans in office, America's foreign spending would once more be reasonable in scope. There is a good deal of lip service paid to internationalism, but there is also a good deal more isolationistic feeling than the surface appearances would indicate.

It is this ubiquitous problem of nationalism that has provided sawdust for the wheels of the United Nations. Despite such common humanitarian steps as the point Four Program and the "Declaration of Human Rights," the fact remains that the United Nations finds itself divided against itself, and the question as to whether or not it will succumb to the truth of the Biblical maxim and fall is one which the peace-loving peoples of the world hesitate to answer for fear that their very breath will cause the house that internationalism built to tumble. Despite the contention of political scientists and scholars in other fields that the nation is an obsolete political, cul-

tural entity by which to categorize men, it seems that a large majority of the world's peoples still agree with Webster:

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

Internationalists, such as the world federalists, are finding that the animosities on the one hand, and the ingrained in the culture of a people are not likely to be transformed into boundless brotherhood and apathetic disinterestedness within a few years, as they wish, and sometimes naively believe. Those who would say, with H. G. Wells, that

Our true nationality is mankind,

are swallowed up in the sea of men who rather would concur with Thomas Hood:

I don't set up for being a cosmopolite, which to my mind signifies being polite to every country except your own.

There is no such thing as revolutionary history, for even the sudden overturnings and churnings of history's stream have as their bases currents and eddies stretching over long periods of evolutionary development. Nationalism may someday be such a basis for internationalism, but such a metamorphosis will of necessity take a considerable length of time to reach fruition.

... the road to internationalism lies through nationalism, not through levelling men down to a grey indistinct cosmopolitanism, but by appealing to the best elements in the corporate inheritance of each nation.

Such an examination of the role which nationalism is playing today in world affairs leads to one conclusion: the age of nationalism is not dead, the age of internationalism waits to be born.

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# THE WOUND

BY ANTHONY TUTTLE

I took a drive in the country not long ago and I stopped by the side of a lake for a while, looking out across its blue surface at the sailboats which leaned with the fresh breeze, cutting cleanly through the water. I saw far out on the lake a raft with many children playing on it. It stirred my memory faintly. I was concerned with this particular one but I knew that sometime during my life, a raft had been connected with an unforgettable incident. I thought hard for a long time and then remembered. I had had a problem, a conflict when I was a small boy of fourteen, going to preparatory school in New England. I thought how simply everything had solved itself, how without complete depression I had floundered in my new, away from the city environment, eventually smoothing everything out. As I sat, reminiscing, I felt a bit light-hearted and life seemed to smile at me for a while. It all came clear and in focus. I even remembered the names of the other boys.

One day I was sitting on the steps of my dormitory. It was early autumn and the leaves had not fal-

len yet and the campus was afire with color. I remember how I sat wondering if I would ever be able to fit myself into this new life, where privacy was only a thought, where one had to try to wear the garment of toughness and self-confidence. I was a small boy for my age, bony and frail. Living in the city, I had been sun-starved and the only sun I ever felt was in the park and my nurses and tutors had been old dried up ladies who, it seemed, felt that if they ever went out into the hot sun they would crumple into dust like an old yellow piece of paper handled after centuries in a trunk.

I was not used to living with other boys. I always felt lonely and only rarely did I like my new independence. I sat on the steps wishing that I were home. Not with my mother, though. She treated me like a baby even when I was fourteen.

Pete Arnold was coming across the campus, walking towards me. He was about my only friend. I liked him. He had a lot of friends and he was very good-looking. He used to go into the village, meeting

secretly with girls. He used to tell about the girls. He was very strong. I glanced at him as he came toward me, shielding my eyes from the sun.

"Hi, Pete, what are you doing?" I said, feeling privileged to be talking to him myself, without a lot of other boys crowding around like it was up in the dormitory.

"Nothing much, Eben," he said, "but I'll tell you what, I was thinking about a little swim this afternoon. The headmaster said that it is still warm enough to swim. I thought you might like to come along." My heart jumped with the thought of being able to go along with Pete. I couldn't swim well though and I thought to myself a long time before answering him. I didn't want to make a fool of myself in front of Pete and all his big, tough-talking friends.

"Gosh, Pete," I finally said, "I can't swim very well. I swam once in an indoor pool in New York but that's all. My mother said the water there was bad and with polio around . . ."

I stopped short. I was speaking about my mother for the first time to anyone at the school and that was probably very babyish.

"But how the hell could you be expected to learn to swim if you never have gone swimming much?" Pete said understandingly.

I appreciated Pete's understanding. He could be tough, yet talk sensibly too. The other boys were all the same: always acting big-shotish. Sitting there on the steps with the air clean and crisp and the autumn sun baking me with its friendly heat I wished that I could be like Pete.

We both gazed across the campus, watching two boys lazily tossing a football back and forth. I broke the silence.

"Still, I'd like to go down to the lake with you. There's no reason why I shouldn't learn to swim." I waited hopefully for an answer.

"Sure, let's go down, Eben. I'm going to meet some of the other guys down there." We got up and walked down through the pines to the lake. The shouts of the swimmers filtered through the woods and I realized that there would be a lot of other boys there. And I could hardly swim. The pines suddenly gave way to the lake, revealing to me the crowded dock and the boys who splashed in the water about it.

Pete shed his clothes and ran out to the end of the dock, arching a perfect dive into the water. He spotted his friends on the raft that

was anchored out in the lake and he swam with powerful strokes towards them. I felt lost among so many other boys.

"Come on out with us," Pete yelled back to me.

"I'll be right out," I shouted, but my words were lost amongst all the splashing. I undressed slowly, for the nude swimming was new to me. I felt self-conscious.

My skin was warm against the sun and I wished that I could stretch out there on the dock and let my body get all tanned. Yet as I stood on the dock I was chilled by the splashes of a cannon-ball. The boy laughed, flinging back his wet hair with a flip of his head.

I jumped back. I waited a moment to see if any of the other boys were watching me. The boy who had just jumped stood waist high in the water looking up at me.

"Come on in," he yelled. Feeling the challenge, I pulled myself together and walked to the end of the dock and it seemed that all was quiet and that the splashing and the shouting had stopped and that the entire lake was still. I looked behind. The same noise continued. I grabbed my nose and jumped.

The light disappeared as I sank beneath the water. I touched bottom, and sprang upwards, pushing with my feet. Something pricked the bottom of one of my feet. I pushed to the surface, blowing water from my nose while struggling desperately toward the dock. I felt better when my feet touched the soft oozing mud of the lake bottom. I didn't have that helpless drowning feeling anymore. Pulling myself up on the dock, I sat letting the sun dry my body. The sun was reassuring. It was a kind sun.

Pete had apparently lost all interest in me, for he was still talking to his friends on the raft. It seemed that at school the big-shots always had a smile for everybody. They had smily friends too but that was all.

I sat on the dock until I was thoroughly dried out. The once-brilliant sun was now covered by fast moving clouds, so I put on my pants and walked back towards school. I turned around in the shade of a pine and saw the raft where Pete was, the cannon-ballers and the lake which stretched a blue grey for a quarter of a mile across to the opposite shore. I laughed a bit to myself. I was the raft. I was a small raft lost in the sea. I walked up the sloping path, thinking how it had been all wrong to go swimming at all because I had looked afraid to the other boys there.

I felt a pain in my right foot. I sat down by the edge of the path and pulled off my sneakers and socks, carefully examining the sole of my foot. It was all bloody. The cut was about an inch and a quarter long. At first I thought of crying but that wouldn't help. New York was eighty miles away. Biting my lip, I pulled from the wound two pieces of thread that had come from my sock.

"Where the devil could have I picked that up," I said musing to myself, as I delicately wiped blood from the cut. I remembered rather liking the cut. It was my cut. I had the situation well in hand.

I wrapped my handkerchief around my foot, being careful to keep it off the pine-dirt floor of the path.

"There, I'll just put it around my foot like that. That ought to do the trick," I talked out loud then because my voice sounded strong and I liked hearing it.

"That's going to slip off."

"No, it isn't," I said, not at first realizing that I had answered a girl of about twelve or thirteen who stood before me.

I looked up startled. "I . . . cut myself," I said nervously, staring at the girl. "Back there at the lake." I pointed down the path.

"Does it hurt?" she asked, coming closer.

"Not much. I was just a little worried about getting it infected. My mother once cut herself and she let it go without putting any iodine on it and it got sorer and sorer until . . ."

"Here, let me do that," she said kneeling down and lifting my foot gently onto her lap. She looked directly into my eyes to see if I minded her touching my foot. She took the handkerchief from me. "Boys can't bandage worth a darn, anyway," she said smiling. She folded the handkerchief in a triangle over the wound.

"Where do you live?" I asked, breaking the wonderful silence which was about us as she bandaged the wound. I looked to see if she was going to answer.

"I live in New York city. I'm just up here visiting my grandmother. She lives up the hill and down the highway a bit." She had now finished bandaging the cut and was surveying it with care. She hadn't looked up, but was staring at her work.

"You live in New York? . . . why so do I! I mean I used to live there until I came here to school. I guess I'll go home during vacations. My mother lives there."

"Do you like it? New York, that is," she asked.

"No, not living with my mother, at least."

"That's not a nice thing to say."

"She babies me all the time. I'm glad I came here. There's no babying here." She seemed offended by what I said. She looked angrily at me.

"Then you don't like me, do you?" she said. "Because I just babyed you."

"Oh, that's crazy," I said.

"No it isn't," she said. "I made your foot better by bandaging it and it's going to be better! And that's what your mother would have done, isn't it?" She looked at me and I saw how fresh and pretty she was. I felt a bit dizzy as I looked at her.

"It's different with her," I explained. She wouldn't have done it the way you did. She would have made a fuss about it—she makes a fuss about everything. . . . I paused, staring down at the ground, feeling embarrassed. She reached out and tucked in a corner of the bandage that was sticking out.

I looked down the path and saw Pete and his gang of friends coming. My stomach tightened. I couldn't let the boys see me talking to a girl, for they would see that she had bandaged my foot. And what would she say? In my panic I thought of running into the woods but I wanted to talk to her again, about anything. The boys were coming nearer. I can't let them see me. I thought, remembering my awkwardness on the dock. It was too late. She looked up at them.

"Hi, Pete," I said. For a moment they just stared as they walked past us.

"Hi, Ebenl, how's it going, kid?" Pete said.

"O. K., Pete. O. K.," I said: They were past and on up the hill.

"Do they go to your school?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. I looked after them again. Pete turned and nodded his head and waved approvingly. I felt myself burst with warmth and happiness. I was breathing hard. Realizing that I had rather forgotten about her, I turned to the girl. She was drawing a picture of a squirrel in the dust beside her.

"My name is Eben," I said quietly, smiling.

"My name is Ellen."

And then there was a wonderful silence again.

That day by the lake in my car, after I had relived those moments, I got out of the car and walked down to the lakeshore and sat on a rock in the sun. But no Ellen came along. I guess I was too late.

## GAMBIER TROUBADORS

If, when wandering in the dark recesses of the second floor of Middle Kenyon, you are smitten by a wierd sound of humming or strumming, don't be frightened. You would look in vain for a honeycomb, but another sweetness is there instead. It's Weissman and Lottman again, better known as Sy and Ev, Kenyon's Candid Eyes, setting aside their Kodaks for a moment to partake in their other full-time activity, the strumming of guitars.

It is a little known fact, except perhaps to Sigma Pi, next door, that these two ardent young men are out to revive folk music. Not at all disturbed by the current rumors to the effect that folk music is a dying art, they simply keep their door shut to the scornful world and the second floor.

It all started last year when Sy won a banjo in a poker game. As a result of years of varied musical experience (he plays the trumpet, ocarina, recorder and bottle top), he was soon plucking the strings with the flair of a seasoned virtuoso. In response to this interviewer's astonishment at such a display of talent, he said, "I wanted something to show for my education. So I learned to play the banjo."

But among the pile of baseball bats and bottle caps, that can be found in one corner of the room, a guitar, of uncertain origin, was uncovered one day. Evan plays on this. When the muse smites these two, each grabs an instrument, and in a moment they are improvising contrapuntal patterns that are intricate enough to have astonished Johann Sebastian Bach. A case in point is their technique for combining such diverse pieces as "Swanee River" and "Humoresque," an art which may replace the fugue.

Right now they are studying Flamenco (Spanish gypsy) folk music. Like true *aficionados*, they will spend many hours following the wild incantations of El Pili, the great Flamencan singer. They make some attempts themselves at this form, but with humility. Says Evan, "I'd have to live in Spain twenty years before I could begin to penetrate into this music."

At one point in the conversation, the interviewer asked for some views on hillbilly music, and was almost ejected from the room. "We hate hillbilly music," said they, in unison. "Hillbilly music is a product of the mass entertainment media, and it thrives on passive resistance. This stuff, allowed to ex-

ist because most people no longer have the energy and imagination to make their own entertainment, is nothing but the product of hack writers, played with the inspiration of a piano roll." They sat back angrily, and Sy quickly improvised a *saraband* on his G string to soothe his turbulent spirit.

These two natives of New York have already had a call from Mansfield to do their stuff, where they were a great success. At home, they eagerly pound the pavements in pursuit, not of the fame and fortune that more pragmatic per-

sons might leap for, but for fine performances of the sort of music they themselves love to play. At various times they have heard Andre Segovia and Vincente Gomez, who have strongly influenced their style. They have also uncovered some of the more esoteric places, where folk music at its purest is played in a constant stream in return for a similar flow of beer.

Now, the moral of this confused sketch might yet be clear to someone who has at one time shut off the buffoon grinding out fellowship on the television screen in order to



Evan Lottman and Sy Weissman

make song or talk with the people in the room. At a time when most people find their art on soap labels, Sy and Evan have done a great thing by rediscovering the possibilities of their own existence. If folk music is a dying art, then zest for life is a dying impulse, and these

fellows do well to keep their door shut. Perhaps we should ask them to open it and let us in.

#### From page 5

majority. Another motion, to make the social fee compulsory, was passed.

The chief matter of the day was a surprise proposal that the constitution be amended to allow each division to choose directly its own Student Council representative. Previously, the Council itself had the last word in selecting the most suitable of three men recommended by the division. The motion was passed, with the result that this year's appointments are being car-

ried on by this new method.

#### FROST

On Friday night, March 20, an audience of devoted listeners from Kenyon and many other communities overflowed onto the stage of the Speech building to hear Robert Frost speak and read some of his poems. Mister Frost is a Kenyon favorite, and it is our good fortune that we are a favorite of his as well. This is his third appearance here in as many years, not to mention his numerous other visits and one-time residence at Kenyon, and our enthusiasm has increased with the passing of time.

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