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Kenyon Collegian - May 1, 1953

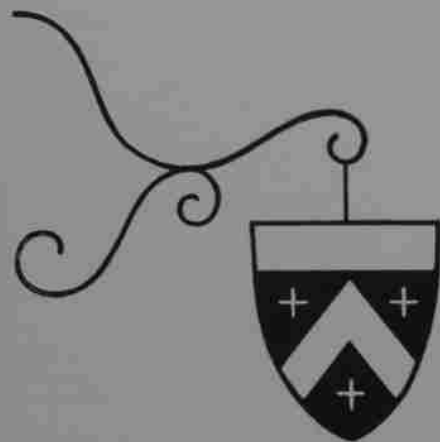
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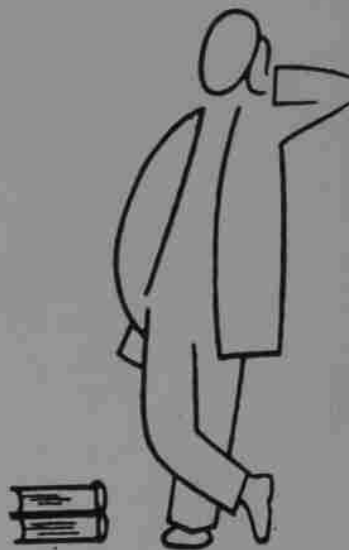
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the collegian



published at
kenyon college

May 1953



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THE VILLAGE INN

GAMBIER, OHIO

Events

On Monday evening April 20, after it had brought "Captains Courageous" through low-hanging mists out onto wind-driven whitecaps off the Grand Banks before a delighted audience of would-be Kenyon Mariners, Rosse Hall played host to Dr. Hubert Alyea of Princeton University as he lectured before the Columbus section of the American Chemical Society on "Atomic Energy, Weapon for Peace . . . Bright and early (for some members of our community) on Tuesday morn, as the birds chirped away under a Spring sun, Prof. Francis Bull of the Univ of Oslo spoke to the college assembly of, trolls and drama and Henrik Ibsen, again in Rosse Hall . . . After our baseball team had lost a 2-0 decision to Muskingum on Wednesday while the Lord netmen continued sprightly on their winning way walking over Denison 9-0, Rosse Hall once again played the host, this time to a harried band of young men pitting their wits against the U. S. Selective Service in a 3 1/2 hour brain-washer . . . The next day the Comedy of Errors opened at the Hill Theatre for a three-day run. See page 7. . . . On Friday April 24, representatives of 22 schools included in the School and College Study of Admission with Advanced Standing (among them Kenyon, Wesleyan, Central H. S. of Philadelphia, Oak Park, Ill., High School, Bronx H. S. of Science) met at Kenyon to discuss organizational problems. Other member colleges include Oberlin, Swarthmore, M.I.T., and Williams. Twelve colleges and twenty-three secondary schools comprise the programs total membership. . . . The next day saw our lacrosse team trounce Oberlin 15-10 at Benson Bowl while our baseballers lost an uphill battle to Capital, 6-5. That evening, Kenyon men and their guests had their choice of the Hill Theatre's lively success "Comedy of Errors" or "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" in Rosse Hall, as Kenyon day came to a close. Sunday the campus continued to play host to prospective freshmen as the sun continued to bathe the Hill in its long-lost warmth. . . . Monday evening Pierce Hall's private dining room was the scene of a dinner in honor of the out-going and incoming Student Council. . . . The next day the Lord nine broke into the win column with a 3-1 triumph at Otterbein. . . . On April 30, Thursday, Wooster laced our diamond men as the tennis team edged past

Ohio Wesleyan 4-3. . . . The next evening, in the fourth concert of the '52-'53 season, the American Quintet of Indiana University provided a fine interlude of soothing, pleasing and refreshing melodies for a Pierce Hall audience. . . . Two decisive victories in the space of two days gave the lacrosse team a five game winning streak as they whipped OSU 7-2 on Saturday prior to that Sunday's 9-6 decision over the Cleveland Lacrosse Club. While our netmen were away facing Ohio University 8-1, the baseball team dropped a close one to Ashland 3-1. W. C. Fields' "The Bank Dick" provided the entertainment Saturday night. . . . On Monday a driving Denison Club handed our diamond aggregation a 9-6 loss. . . . two days later Capital rubbed salt in the wound to a 3-1 count. The Lord nine, made up mostly of every promising freshmen, continued to be a thorn in the side of the Conference giants. . . . Came the second weekend in May and the Hill opened its arbors and lawns and hillsides and glens to the light tripping step of the second sex as fun and frolic abounded. Even the Collegian came out with a Spring-fevered "extra". On Monday May 11, Spring was attested to by a

good percentage of young men around the nation as Michigan State, Swarthmore, Yale and Ohio State heralded its arrival on their campuses. Even little Haverford joined in the fun. Princeton's fervent young men were no longer alone in their affirmation. . . . Kenyon men did their marching the next day, down Middle Path in the evening shadows, as Beta Theta Pi emerged the victor in the Interfraternity Singing contest, with Delta Phi, Alpha Delta Phi and Psi U's close behind in that order. . . . On Wednesday the tennis team stopped OWU 5-4, while the lacrosse team whopped Denison, 18-3. . . . The Ford Foundation announced an additional \$34,000 given to Kenyon to support the work of the Advanced Standing Admission Study referred to earlier. Kenyon inaugurated the study two-and-a-half years ago. At present 77 college and school instructors, representing 23 secondary schools in 8 states are at work on the program. . . . As the Collegian went to press, Kenyon men were bucking down to meet the final judgment before closing the blue book for the last time and dashing headlong toward the culmination of their dreams

the Collegian

May 1953

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Editor: Ronald Sanders; Business Manager: Ethan Allen Turshen; Literary Editor, Charles Alcorn; Art Editor, Hans Gesell; Assistant Business Managers, Bill Humphrey and Jim Hughes; Exchange, Tom Crawford; Contributors: Bert Dulce, Jack Brown, Roderick French, Peter Sawada, Paul Matthews, Sheppard B. Kominars, Robert Sealy.

The ALCOVE

Mount Vernon, Ohio

Restaurant — Soda Grill — Candy Shop

"Kenyon Students Always Welcome"

AROUND THE HILL

... but if salt become insipid,
what can make it salt again? ...

The following paragraphs were written for an issue of the *Collegian* originally scheduled to come out during the first week of student protest over the Munn-Lefever case. Appearing as it does now after an interval of some three weeks (including a dance weekend) my article has lost the immediacy of its pertinence. However, the editors felt that some interest might still exist in this analysis of our local problem.

The events of the past month have revealed a doubleness in our morality at Kenyon. We officially claim a Christian morality; we practice a "cult of pleasure" in spite of and even at the expense of others. The student body has charged the administration with hypocrisy; the administration has charged the representative government of the student body with a laxity which encouraged immorality—including the episodes of the boys recently expelled. From the point of view of Christian morality I insist these views are partial. If we are to point fingers of accusation no one can be exempted. Reluctance to apprehend offenders and leniency must be charged to the general student body, to our maintenance people, our paid "police force," our chaperons and all administrative persons who shared an agreement to wink at campus immorality.

This whole situation is dramatized by the attitude of some members of the past Student Council. What they called in question was the traditional Judaic-Christian moral code (justly called conventional by many of the men because enforced only when the reputation of the school is at stake) to which the president appealed. The refusal of the old Council was not—in my eyes—one of insufficient vigilance; it was a moral failure not all of their own making. The state of affairs is such in student life and government that violators of our Parietal Rules could not have been arraigned and prosecuted without the Council placing themselves in a position of outright hypocrisy. It might be hoped that, in the Dean's words, the Council would be "above the rest," however, it does, in point of fact, reflect the mental-dent body. The decision we have before us on student government

is frankly this. Either the Parietal Rules must be redefined to correspond to the outlook of those who comprise the Council, or the Parietal Rules (supposedly based on Judaic-Christian morality) must be agreed to and abided by the Council in order that it can enforce them without hypocrisy. Even if such a Council is secured it must be supplemented by the support of administration, faculty, and the general student body. We can measure up to this morality only when the whole community is working together.

A member of the administration remarked that if we propose to publicize ourselves as going under the Christian aegis then a certain standard of moral life must be maintained. Let us remind ourselves that it is equally true that the Church college should be expected to handle moral deviators (rule breakers) in a distinctively different fashion; presumably punitive processes would be administered with the understanding and concern of love. The parable of the woman taken in adultery is certainly addressed to us. It always will be hard for a man to admit that he is one of a company of sinners, but such is the inescapable fact about us. Humility proceeding from penitence should be the order of the day on the part of us all on the Hill.

This community is at odds. President Chalmers has removed himself so far from the rest of us that he seems out of the community. He says that he does not share in the tacit agreement of winking at immoral behavior. He says that the behavior of the boys must conform to the rules but that his behavior does not have to; therefore, we cannot make an appeal to due process and justice. But he and Frank and Mike and I are members of the Church. Therefore, we should be able to make the appeal to love.

It would seem to be a regrettable fact, president Chalmers, that you have lost the respect of a fair number of your students. It is said of us, and we are proud of the fact, that at Kenyon College men can gain a profound knowledge of human nature through an excellent program of humanities, but to some of us the last few weeks have revealed more of the make-up of man than months of research could have ever accomplished. The degree of genuine concern which you

have for the life of the college will be disclosed by your determination in the next few weeks and months to restore the confidence and respect of the student body by the manner in which you choose to deal with student government in general and the regulation of social life in particular.

*Hypocrisy has been roundly denounced on several occasions in student assemblies, and rightly so. But one must not forget that this vice is equally as reprehensible in institutions as it is in persons.

—Roderick French

DR. CAHALL

Kenyon wishes to extend its best wishes to one of its most venerable citizens, Dr. Raymond D. Cahall, who is retiring this year. Dr. Cahall graduated from Kenyon in 1908, and after a short sojourn as student and then as teacher through Columbia, Miami (O.), and Ohio State Universities, returned here as a member of the faculty in 1915. He has long been noted for the warmth and vividness of his lectures, whether the subject has been Ghibellines or the architecture of Mather Hall. He has been affiliated with the Institute of International Relations, the Carnegie Peace Endowment, and has lately been the Chairman of the History Department at Kenyon. His plans for the future include a trip through the American Southwest. May we all express our gratitude to you, Dr. Cahall, and say that "Kenyon's heart still holds a place" for you.

HARMONY

The last concert of the 1952-1953 concert season, by the American Quintet, was presented Friday, May 1, in the Great Hall of Pierce Hall. The Quintet, made up of Edward McGough, Flute; Darrel Stubbs, Oboe; Henry Gulick, Clarinet; Roy Hauser, Bassoon; and William Kirkpatrick, French Horn, played a varied program of classical and contemporary music. The program was as follows:

- I
Divertimento Franz Joseph Haydn
- II
Le bourgeois gentilhomme F. Bartos

(Continued on page 10)

INSENSATE SILENCE

At spending half a day's whole thought in vain,
I talked to friends with slight civility,
Pretending more than acquaintance.

What one

Of them, I wondered, what one could be fool enough
To wait so long—with such a putting off
Of waiting's end and such sterility—
Before he tried his love and lost or won?

I've learned from them, by my seclusion from
Their kind, that it is proud and weakly wrong
In one who ought to have outgrown so long
Ago infatuations yet to come.

And there's no noble look or way to be
For one who, trying out reality,
Could only make a mock of three year's dreams
Of words and deeds and little love esteems.

And seeing then how slowly apt I'd grown
At spending half a day's whole thought in vain,
I muttered as one must who must make known
Within his heart his utmost self-disdain.

LE COMBLE

It seems we spend our better thinking lives
In being sure we will be able to—
To someday do—be true to—or astound

This moved my thought all night; then thunder downed;
It tottered near, crack-dove from sky to ground;

And halfway in the dive (the point in dives
When breath is just a doubt) what's thunder knew
I knew it found a depth I had not found.

INTENTIONAL SPECKS

I spotted in my milk a floating speck.
I drank, but tilted cautiously so's not
To let it down; I didn't try to flick
It out—I managed tilting; but forgot
It later when I drank again. I'd meant
To well avoid it at the last and leave
It clinging to the inside curve of glass:
As always happens when you preconceive
Intent, it rode down with the milky mass.
The moment that it took was just naive
Enough to put me in some wonderment.
I couldn't help but thinking right away,
"What was it made me hesitate to drink?"
It's better, if you see it on its way,
To swallow it before there's time to think
Of what it might have been. The chances are
If it's a living speck it still will live
If it's not at least it can't go far.
The best is not to note the speck at all
(If possible) and so be able not to give
An over-dose of thought to what's so small.
The only good intentions ever brought
Was what it's like to have an afterthought.
We're never meant to bring such things to pass;
The point of them (like specks) is to harass.

three
poems
by
paul
matthews

pastoral
rhythm
by
sheppard
b. kominars

One step and then another brings
The benedictive kiss upon my head
Into the tremor of the leaves
As if to learn the secret 'neath my feet
A grasshopper leaps and spits my tread
Lest all leaping joys be ever lost
Some weathered print lies off the beat
Time marked the day now gone and faded trash
Into the distant trees my eyes
Invite no clash where green and blue unite
A child's voice across the hills
Undulating like a field of phlox
The strum of wires tauting the valley's
Electric songs distinct from singers' pitch
Some spider webs the milk-weed-floss
So fragile there they hardly look like death
Beneath the hedge a fleeing burrow
Made who-knows-why or when or who-cares
less.

Sheppard B. Kominars

Page 5

A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES

by Peter Sawada

After eleven days out of Yokohama gazing at nothing but water, I found it quite a pleasant change to sight land at about 10 A.M. on the twelfth day. First, a greyish-green strip of land appeared. Gradually, as our freighter neared the port of San Francisco, various things on land began to take shape. Fortunately, it was a bright, sunny day, and we were able to command a magnificent view of the coast from the bridge of our good ship M. V. ASTORIA MARU.

As we cast anchor to await quarantine, the other three passengers, who were all young students coming to the United States

to attend prep schools, took turns gazing through binoculars at this land, new and strange to them. I still remember the last time that I had left San Francisco. A workman was waving his hand to our ship as we sailed under the unfinished Golden Gate Bridge, on which he was working. Those were the good old days when Model A Fords were still running about the streets. Since that time, a war had been fought between this country and mine. I wondered what it would be like to land in this country among men with whom we had exchanged bombs and shells less than ten years before.

This was now the age of prosperity. New modern standard-type houses could be seen uniformly lined up outside the central area of the city, showing good municipal planning. There was not one gap in the stream of cars and trucks which was constantly crossing the bridge. It seemed like water continuously flowing. People seemed very busy.

Later in the afternoon, we berthed. The first contact one ever has with a foreign land which he is about to visit is with the Customs Immigration and Quarantine Officers. These are the men who can create a bad impression on the visitor if they act unfriendly and throw their weight around. Fortunately, the CIQ officers who met us were polite and friendly, and the passengers were quite impressed.

After having my baggage discharged and inspected by Customs, I proceeded to the end of the pier in order to go out into the street and call a taxi. It was then that the guard on duty came up to me, and said, "Where are you going? Don't you know that it's not safe to leave your things behind on the pier? There are men here." When he noticed that the other passengers had been met by their friends and had gone, he offered to watch the baggage for me. "Try to get a Yellow Cab", he said. "They are less likely to soak you foreign tourists. These American people have the courage to speak the truth, I thought. It takes a lot of guts to face the facts and tell a foreigner what bad some of one's country-men can do. These people judge by the individual; the good man is good and the bad man is bad, no matter what nationality he may be. This frank warning was a far superior advertisement of the country than that which any tourist guide might have given by saying, 'Welcome, tourists, to our beautiful land where all men are good and hospitable.' I thanked the watchman, and told him, 'We have men on our piers too, and such things happen there also.'

As I was going out onto the street, another watchman at the entrance to the pier suggested that I stay at the YMCA, if I had no other place in mind. When I told him that I intended to travel to Ohio by bus, in order to be able to see more things than I could from a train, he made a reservation for me by telephone, and drew a map showing me how to get to the bus depot. I thought to myself that things are going to be all right in this country.

The United States is a country of mixed races. Everybody is more or less a foreigner to everybody else, and so they are all brothers. I know that you have racial problems in some areas, but these conditions are improving, slow though that process may be. I was astonished to find that everybody thought I was a U. S. citizen. People on the street asked me the way. While I was waiting for the bus at one of the junctions en route to Ohio, one man came up to me, thinking that I was a driver, and asked: "When are you driving this bus out of here?" Another man, who sat next to me on the bus, asked me if I could recommend a better job for him.

On the fifth morning, at 2 A.M., I arrived in Mt. Vernon. It had been a very interesting but tiring trip. Freshman week began that morning. Once again, I was im-

Pete Sawada has been, this year, a one-man good-will mission from Japan to Gambier. He was in America once before when very young, and apparently, both he and America like each other even more the second time around. In 1944, he was drafted into the Imperial Japanese Navy, in which he was trained for service in the Kamikaze, or "Suicide," Pilot Corps. He entered Kyoto University Law School in 1946, and graduated in 1949. He has lived in Paris, London, and New York, but his permanent address in Japan is Peter Hisao Sawada, 1152, Minami Honcho, Oiso, Kanagawa-ken, Japan. He hopes to hear from you.

mensely impressed by the most friendly atmosphere. On the very first night I was invited to one of the divisions, where they were having a keg of beer. Many toasts were made to welcome me. We discussed the pre-war, the war, and the post-war. Once more, I was assured that my fears regarding post-war relations had been unnecessary. As a matter of fact, the Americans are more bitter about the Civil War than they are about the Pacific War.

For one who has lived in one place for a long time and suddenly goes to another part of the world, it takes some time to become physically adjusted to the different time-zone. I found it very difficult to get to sleep at night, because that was just the time that used to be my daytime, while I used to fall asleep very easily during the day, especially in classes. The latter habit, however, I seem to have everywhere, East or West. Another thing one commonly does after making a sudden change of residence is to wake up from sleep and think that he is still in his former residence. One day, I awoke rather late, and finding that it was time to rush to Rosse Hall, said to my roommate, "Oi, taihen da, mo juihan dazo!" My roommate rubbed his eyes and said, "Okay". We both rolled over and fell asleep again.

During the first few days, I noticed that people would greet me with a "Hi!" everywhere I went, on or off campus, whether they knew me or not. This was something new to me, for Japan is so overpopulated and you see so many people per minute, that you cannot greet everyone. You have to save your "Os!" (meaning "Hi") for only those with whom you are very familiar. Later I found that, around here, it is not so much the "Hi" that is important, as it is the first name that follows it. Getting to know your friends' first names, and using those names to greet them, shows that you have an interest in them, and a desire to get to know them. This is a good custom, and I would like to take it back with me.

The abundance of resources, especially of food, amazed me. When I first waited table at Pierce Hall, I was shocked to see how milk, butter, and other foods were being thrown away untouched. The American people are so used to living amidst plenty, that they do not realize how people in some countries are starving. Although there is no starvation in Japan, the conservation of food is strongly emphasized there. Also, I used to

turn off unnecessary lights before going to bed. However, I must admit that after a month here, I too became used to living amidst plenty, and found myself wasting food, and leaving lights on during the night.

The Americans are a very generous people. In the midst of all the merrymaking of Christmas, I did not fail to see the efforts of people trying to help other people. The Orphan's Christmas Party, or the fund-raising campaign for a distant country that suffered from floods, are but two examples.

At vacation times, I was never in need of a place to go. I had been at Kenyon only a few days when one student asked me whether I had a place to go for Thanksgiving. He invited me to his home. I accepted with pleasure, and had a very happy time. During the Easter holidays, I was the guest of another student. In fact, the big problem, when vacations came, was not that of having no place to go, but rather that of politely turning down invitations that you could not accept all at one time.

I joined a fraternity. I was elected pledge captain. Back home, a foreign student would be treated differently—most likely, in an extra polite way. Japan is a homogeneous nation, with no mixture of races, and therefore the people are sensitive about racial differences. Here they are not extra-polite; they treat you just as they treat themselves. When I entered the hall of the fraternity for the first time, I noticed on the wall photographs of brothers who had been killed during the war. I was overwhelmed with a feeling of solemnity when I saw them. I, who was once a member of the navy of the country which had fought them, was being asked to join their group as their brother. What more could be called an act of brotherhood or fraternity?

For the short vacation between semesters, I decided to make a trip all my own. I went to Stowe, Vermont to do some skiing. I had received a Christmas greeting from an American friend whom I had known in Japan, and whose fraternity brother I had become. When I opened the envelope containing his "greeting", a \$100 check fell out with a note asking me to take a trip to some part of the United States. So I chose Vermont.

I arrived at Stowe early in the morning. I was alone and completely at a loss as to where to go. I breezed into one of the ski lodges, but was told that it was full and that if I hadn't made reservations,

it would be very difficult to find accommodation anywhere. The manager, however, understanding my situation, told me to go to the dining hall and have my breakfast, while he asked some of his friends if they had a place for me to stay. I thanked him and stepped into the dining hall. I walked over to an empty table and sat down by myself. Immediately, two girls at another table said to me, "Are you alone? There are three more of us coming, but do come and have breakfast with us, if you don't mind." Of course, I didn't mind. When I had finished breakfast and had had a pleasant chat with the girls in the lounge, the manager told me that he had fixed me up in another lodge, and just as I thanked him, the owner of the said lodge appeared with his car to take me there.

I had expected to be all by myself, and had planned to spend quiet evenings writing letters. However, everybody made friends with me, and I had no need nor time to be alone. During the daytime, someone was always making friends and talking to me at the ski-slopes, and after our return to the lodge, there was a most pleasant after-dinner gathering around the fire. Other nations were also represented. There was a Swedish war-bride, a British girl, and a young Hungarian who had escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, after being caught once by a red MP. People asked me many questions about the Far East, and I was amazed to learn of the interest that they had in foreign lands. From then on we skied together, and at night went into town to see movies or to have beer, as if we had known each other for years.

On the way back I had an interesting conversation with a gentleman at the railroad station. We began talking about Korea, and he intimated that he mistrusted the Democratic Administration's policy, which he felt was to keep Korea in a stalemate in order to maintain the production boom, and avoid depression. I was very surprised at this opinion, and also at the freedom with which he expressed it to a stranger like myself. He replied, "No, sir! If I did everything the government told me without thinking, and believed everything they did was right, I would be un-American. The government here is for the people, and if we find fault in it, we throw out the administration and get a new one. That's what happened last November. That's the American way."

Here was self-criticism again.

lins party. Post-dance refreshments.

tions to conduct a determined last-ditch stand against sin and

don't do none of the things the city fellers are supposed to do.

wrong-doin'. No more homemade Applebees in the bunkhouses, boy."

Whether his opinion was right or wrong is not the question. What is important is the fact that each little man in the street is able to form his own ideas and think for himself. This Japan did not have, and we got into trouble as a result. (Later, I learned that Vermont is a strongly Republican state.)

Then came Hell Week. I had always thought that the American people were used to living an easy life, and that they could not stand up under hardships. I had a feeling that whatever we pledged would be required to do would be soft to me, who was used to austerity. I was slightly mistaken. Hell week was no soft experience. I was amazed at how these American boys carried out their manual labor, working almost all day and night. If any foreigner thinks that everything is done by machine in America, that this makes American men soft, and that if the machines did not work, they would be helpless with just their hands, let him go through a night and day of Hell Week, and that would soon knock such nonsense out of his head.

Then there was the Hell Ride. After Midnight, we were blindfolded and taken in cars to the strangest of places, about 60 miles away, and dumped out, every man in a separate place, and without any money. I had no idea where I was; there were no houses, and there was only a dirt road. The time was 2 A.M. I followed the dirt road until I came to a highway and signalled to a car. Fortunately, this car stopped and I was shown a map. Although this car was going in the opposite direction, I was lucky to know which way to walk, because I heard afterwards that some of the pledges walked all night before they found out that they were going in the wrong direction. It was terribly windy and cold, and traffic was scarce. When I had walked about ten miles, daylight began to show, and cars began to stop for me. Between rides, I was obliged to walk along the highway. I shall never forget the beautiful rural scenery of Ohio, which opened up before me as the sun rose, and the sleepy farms slowly came to life. Cows and sheep were awakening in the pastures, and the farmers were going to work in their jalopies. After four rides, I was back in Gambier at 9:30 A.M., the fourth to return.

Before I went out on the ride, one active member offered to give me some money, unofficially, thinking that I might have trouble because I was a foreigner. This I politely refused, because by this time, I knew that the American

people are just as kind and friendly to foreigners as they are to their countrymen. In fact, there are no such things as foreigners, except in legal terms. I was absolutely right, because I had no more trouble than any of the other pledges. The Oriental thumb worked just as well as the indigenous one.

Initiation took place on the following day, after which there was a banquet and much celebrating. It was quite a pleasant feeling to be a foreigner in a "strange" country, and to be accepted in one of its organizations.

The Americans are paying an enormous price for maintaining a democracy in this world of struggle. Even in wartime Japan, it was not until the last stage of the war that the army could lay its hands upon students who were attending schools. It was late in 1943, when the going became really rough that they began to draft students, exempting only those in the scientific fields. A few students hastily changed majors in order to become exempted. These science majors were never drafted all during the war, although half of their time had to be given to "voluntary" work in factories. The government felt so bad about drafting students, something which had never occurred before in our history, that they had a grand parade of all the students who were to be drafted on the streets of the cities, while the remaining students and townspeople saluted and cheered them. In Tokyo, the prime minister came and made an apologetic speech about how the military was obliged, under the circumstances, to interfere with academic activities. Government officials came and read some crude poetry they had made, praising the noble sacrifice the academies were making in order to meet the needs of the nation. I also, was drafted under these conditions. In seeing American college students being drafted but reflect I cannot upon the grave situation which now confronts the United States, and sympathize deeply with their willingness to pay the high price for defending their freedom.

The action of the student government with regards to the recent case of violation of parietal rules, I thought, was handled in a very orderly manner. I attended the student assembly and was very much impressed by the mature way in which this matter was handled, —a matter which might have been treated rather emotionally. I remember having a similar incident at Kyoto University, my alma mater, in which students who were not even student council members

became excited by the president expelling some students. They negotiated with the president for a reversal of his decision. They talked with him in turns in his office for twenty four hours, not giving him any time to go home for sleep. Finally, after spending a whole day patiently in his office, the president called the police by telephone. This immature, irresponsible action on the part of the students led to more expulsions.

I regret having been unable to contribute to the college in the field of athletics. By having graduated from another university, I had become ineligible to participate in varsity sports. However, I found a lot of enjoyment in some of the very fine open parties in the divisions, where everybody was eligible.

It was a pleasant experience being a member of the Kenyon Singers. I also enjoyed the fine college songs which Kenyon has. I went to a university in Japan where most of the students, excepting those on varsity teams, had no interest in college songs, and half of the graduating students could not sing the college anthem at commencement. When I played on the Kyoto University football team, the players used to sing the college anthem before running out on to the field, when they were going to face a strong opponent. We found this very effective in firing up the college spirit. I wish to thank the keen efforts of those students who endeavored to maintain the tradition of singing in the Commons.

It would not be the truth if I said that everything went along perfectly during the whole year. Needless to say, there have been times when things have not gone so smoothly, as some of you friends know only too well. No human being is perfect, and when he is living in a community, he is bound to have a few temporary conflicts. This is "one of those things," and there are many of "those things" also back home.

No years in my past have flown so swiftly as this one which I shared with you all on the Hill. My only regret is that the time was too short, and I did not get to know everyone at Kenyon well. I am looking forward to having some happy reunions with those of you who may come to Japan.

I hope it will not be too long before the men of all nations will be able to find as much friendship and goodwill in any place they may go in this world, as I have found at Kenyon. Long live the love of Kenyon, our Mother!

by Sheppard B. Kominars

And So, To Farce

i.e.: Kenyon Players turned their much-divided attention. From April 23 to 25, the Hill Theatre played host to Shakespeare's hodge-podge, both of poetry and theatre, *The Comedy of Errors*, an early and rarely performed (for good reason) attempt of that playwright. There are few who could read the play without repressing the conclusion, "Truthfully William, the Plautus was hardly worth the taking." The task of playing it was one of the most formidable ever undertaken by the group; with a Joan, or a Playboy, or a Lear, the lines themselves stand for greatness, but with this play, "the play is not the thing." Mr. James Michael's production did a most successful job of making an amusing evening out of what might have been one of the most deadening duds ever to have fallen on the Kenyon boards. From a script that didn't provoke so much as a titter, the belly-laugh which the players evoked was adequate proof of their success.

The Comedy is, plotwise, written in the *commedia dell'arte* tradition of clowns, lovers, shrews, conjurers, bawds, jailers, and messengers. Essentially, the logic of farce is the logic of the imagination. From an initially illogical premise, farce emerges in a perfectly logical and mechanical order. Its attempt is not to convince but to amuse, and it, therefore, is not required to present real people. Instead, it presents, situation, minus the depth of character and personality that usually accompany it, and proceeds to make the audience forget reality in its laughter.

This was the biggest problem of the play, making the audience laugh at honestly funny things without resorting to either topical gags or "dirty stories." This is a talent which takes years to develop, for it is an infinitely harder job to make people laugh than to make them weep. It requires an extra-

ordinary amount of technique, especially timing, for with each performance, the house is different and the performer must "play his audience" each night. Good farce demands such control that it appears at times out of control. These performers, in a few months have achieved startling clarity and admirable style. They deserve much praise. Their exhibition is excellent proof of the unlimited possibilities awaiting their choice in the future.

The two-dimensional nature of farce definitely invited the kind of treatment that was employed in its presentation. With the current craze of preoccupation with "3-D films," Jack Brown's set left little to be desired in the way of what might have appeared "2-D entertainment." Though the production aimed at a "comic-strip" effect, the "three ring circus" often succeeded in crowding out Maggie and Jiggs. Activity went on simultaneously on different parts of the stage, with the most eye-catching riveting the attention. Occasionally the dialogue rambled on unattended by the audience and at times even irritatingly distracting. Perhaps with Shakespeare at his "talkiest" some cutting might have been in order, or else, more interest in the lines pointed up. The lines were often a weight to the "business". On the whole, the cast was very funny and the jokes were in very good taste—(perhaps too good?).

With its "Death of a Salesman" opening, this critic was much disappointed that such humor was not developed by similar parody throughout the play. The possibilities of a "Linda Loman" bit, or an "Ethel Merman" closing were carelessly overlooked. A soft shoe was also a much lamented omission; however the chase sequences were utilized with fine Keystone Copperish success and were the high-points of the evening. The well

chosen and pertinent music, from the hurdy-gurdy grind to the Chopin Sonata in B minor was an indispensable asset to the production, not to mention the live drummer in the pit who was as good as a small brass band would have been in a larger house. Mrs. Tracy Scudder's very bright and ingenious costuming gave much life and gaiety to a stage on which the "blacks" might otherwise have disturbed the mood. The makeup was also in keeping.

Mr. Michaels can be justly proud of his fine cast; he succeeded in presenting some of the best comedians on campus. Gordon Duffey, as the Syracusan Dromio and Ruth Evans as the comic strip shrew Adriana were capital and smoothly assured in the prodigious business of getting laughs. Robert Miller and Janet Brteis were delightful in their roles as the jaundiced romantics. The lesser parts were equally well taken: Barbara Kreutz as the courtesan brought the house down with or without her little "fur piece"; Emmet Graybill as the bathetic Aegeon was equally hilarious; David Randall stepped right out of Major Hoople's Sunday adventure to do a first-rate Duke of Ephesus for us; while Robert Sealy contributed to the fun with an uproarious pantomime as Dr. Pinch; and Caroline Bailey's professional Aemelia made us all regret her absence in the earlier scenes. Especially notable were Daniel Lynch's vivid caricature of Angelo and Ethan Turshen's "black market" merchant for providing a vivacity which permeated the play. I move that a special medal be struck for Pat Williams who achieved a laugh out of some of the most turgid lines Shakespeare ever wrote. You read them and see!

The Players welcome as newcomers this production Joseph Malof who I'm sure will prove a great asset to them in the future, and Trevor Barker who played Dromio of Ephesus.

FOOTNOTE

by Robert Sealy

Mr. George Jean Nathan's recent "there are more good things in playwrights' trunks and drawers than are dreamt of in our producer's philosophy" might prove an exceedingly apt admonition to the Kenyon Dramatic Club. While the playwrights have been right these past few seasons, the plays have been easily and obviously picked out of the top of the trunk with no sense of daring or experiment. *The Comedy of Errors* was the mild

exception and a hopeful signpost to fresher fields.

The list is a predictable as a word association test: Shaw-'Joan', Kelly-'Show-off', Synge-'Playboy', Ibsen-'Ghosts', Anderson-'Winter's', etc. I do not mean to imply that these plays are unworthy of performance; on the contrary, they are worthy enough to be repeatedly performed on the professional and amateur stages, and for that reason, it is to be expected that a subsidized college theatre would attempt the neglected, forgotten, or infrequently seen plays of these authors. For example, in place of the noble and recurrent *Saint Joan*, why not Shaw's mellow and autumnal *In Good King Charles' Golden Days*, a play never professionally done in this country and one which Cedric Hardwicke is eager to see in production; rather than the puerile *Winter's*, the bawdy and well-observed *What Price Glory?* (If Anderson must be done at all); or *The Well of the Saints* with some of Synge's most impressive prose in place of the accepted *Playboy*. These are substitutions; think of the omissions! Surely there is room for our giant O'Neill, Giraudoux' *The Enchanted* with its gallery of fascinating character parts; O'Casey's outrageously shunned *Purple Dust* and *The Silver Tassie* which has eighteen male parts; or calling back, any of Tchekov's plays, a challenge and an honor for an actor and a director; Webster's ferociously debated *The Duchess of Malfi* or Jonson, Sophocles, but the game grows too fascinating. In addition, encouragement for the embryo playwrights of our campus is in order preferably in the form of a good production.

This is no call for obscurity, such an endeavor would be odious, but merely a wish for the unexpected, a chance at the unexperienced. If these plays are to succeed, however, they must be vivified by dedicated, creative, and humble artistry.

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Quintet Op. 11, No. 1
Nicholai Berezowsky
IV
Quintet for Wind Instruments
Paul Hindemith
V
Three Shorts Pieces

Jacques Ibert
The entire program was played with a great deal of finesse and sympathy for the music being performed. Starting with a lucid rendition of the Haydn Divertimento and the *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* by the contemporary Czech composer, Bartos, the group from Indiana University displayed great artistry. The two works are close in spirit, Bartos having succeeded admirably in capturing the spirit of the Moliere comedy of the same name, while adding a piquant flavor of his own. The last work before the intermission was the highly derivative, but pleasant enough, Quintet by the contemporary American composer Nicolai Berezowsky, showing the considerable ensemble technique of the players. The last portion of the concert contained what was probably the most taxing work, for both performers and audience, of the entire program—the Hindemith Quintet. The ensemble, Hindemith, and the audience all came through satisfactorily, in that order. The program ended on a much lighter note with the Three Pieces by Ibert and the most effective arrangements to date of the popular "Pavane by Mortongould."

Tentative plans for the 1953-1954 season include a string quartet and the possibility of an added concert.

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