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The Kenyon Collegian

PRESIDENT VETOES PEACE PROPOSAL

NEGOTIATORS PULL OUT

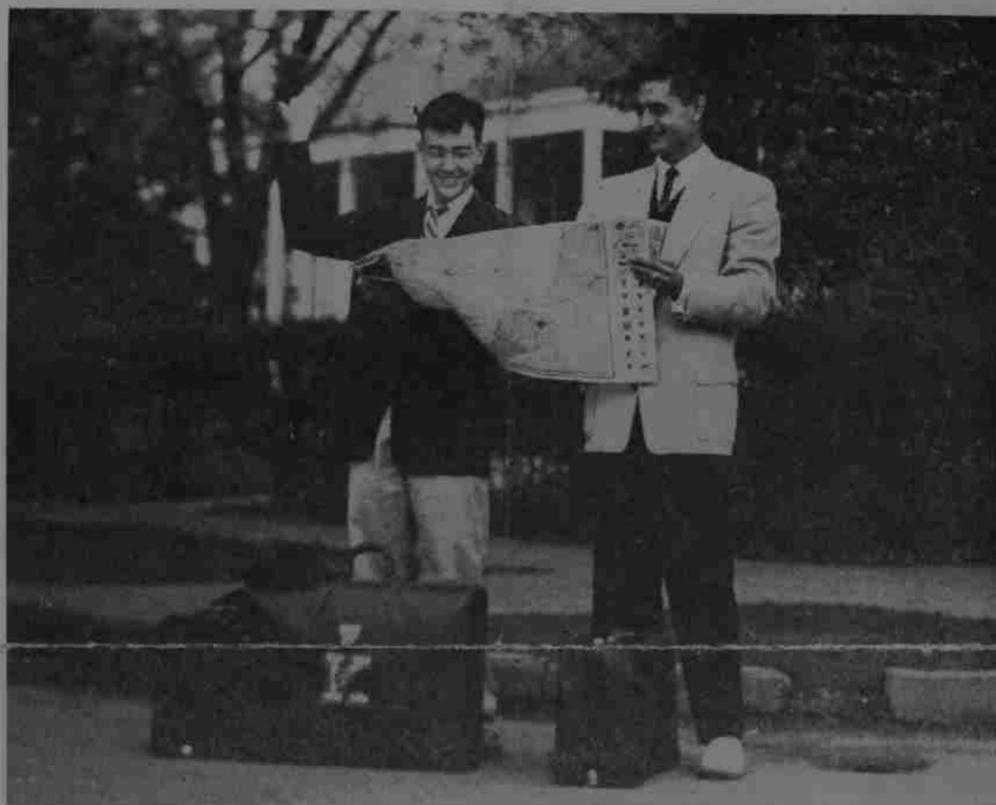
IN THE PAST

Prior to 1918 Spring Dance Weekend was a one evening affair called The Sophomore Hop. The longest sustained social event of the year was the now defunct Senior Prom held between semesters. In 1919 Fall Dance Weekend began as a two day embellishment of Homecoming: the Senior Fall Dance. From this date onward, (into the late twenties), the three extended Kenyon weekends had an honorable reputation, despite an invasion of 'rum-raiders' in 1922. Rose Hall, grandly decorated, was the scene of these parties, which often lasted in the earlier days, until five and six in the morning. In the 'teens' the music had been ragtime supplied by violin, mandolin, two banjos, a drum and a piano. It was then that William Butler Yeats, headlined as the "Author of Some Remarkable Lyrical Verse," spoke to a Kenyon audience. But in 1920 the Senior Prom was headlined as "A Joyous Jovial Party From Monday to Thursday." The music that year was jazz as played by the Keystone Six and the Syncopating Six, and the Collegian program salesman wrote enthusiastically: "Gambier will also be very accessible because of the fine condition of the roads, permitting the use of automobiles."

This was the time of Prohibition, and campus satirists could suspect "that highballs are being served at the Oysterbein Commons." Ten years later Vladimir Horowitz gave a concert in Mount Vernon; and Kenyon undergraduates were 98 per cent in favor of Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In 1932 one of the better orchestras of the early thirties came to Kenyon: Don Redman's McKinney's Cotton Pickers played in Peirce Hall three years after the Great Hall's completion.

Ted Lewis came to Gambier for the 1937 Weekend, and Glen Gray followed in 1940. The war accelerated schedules, to which a champagne punch served in the Commons in 1946 should have been some kind of contrast. The following spring there occurred the infamous Weekend which led to the dissolution of the student government for over a year. Symbolic of the havoc was the old Beta Rock partially buried under a bushel of broken glass. After that Weekend the long famous "party disposal" was moved to its present site by the driveway to Peirce Hall. The Weekend of 1947 was much more than what would have been called a "bender" in the twenties and is exceptional in the history of Kenyon Dance Weekends, as is Prohibition in the history of our nation.

Whether the two day festivity upon which we are about to embark may rightly be called a dance Weekend has been called into question. Whatever it turns out to be it ought to be one for the books.



Gambier Faces Cleanup

Gambier (OP)—A special detail of the Kenyon vice squad was today making final preparations to conduct a determined last-ditch stand against sin and sex in this sleepy backwoods community nestled in the Ohio hills, in an effort to rid the inhabitants of any doubts regarding the true course and nature of "the good life." Squad chief Clyde Katchem-cold was polishing the lenses on his spy-glass and cleaning the grit out of his pass-key, when this reporter entered his office. "I understand you're out to clean this place up," I remarked, standing as erect as I could. "I've had ideas about me."

"Yup," I thought I saw a tear catch on the rim of his old steel-rimmed spectacles. "The commissioner says Kenyon men just don't do none of the things city fellers are supposed to do. Commissioner's hoppin' mad about sin. Why, we even got orders to ban all crossword puzzles with horizontal words in 'em. Taint no mistakin' him; commish'ner says we got to wipe out all vice—and replace it with principl's. It's principl's, boy, and I daresay the man's talking good sense. Grow straight, boy, an' life'll bend ya!"

"I wanted in the face of such conviction and vigor, Katchem-cold continued. "We want no bimboes comin' round here for twenty-three day stretches. Too many men've been laborin' to-

wards misshapen conceptions. It's time to call a halt to all the drinkin' an the cussin' an the wrong-doin'. No more brewin' homemade Applehesivacs up in the bunkhouses, boy."

"You mean Aphrodesiacs don't you?" I enquired apprehensively—his pet kiwi was eating the fallen ashes from my cigarette. "But aren't you afraid that all your campaign will do is turn townoman against townoman?"

"Sonny, we're interested in gettin' some good man-to-man relationships around this place. With subliminal head-sets, I want women. It's not good, boy. Look out there, sonny." He rose and strode to the window. I looked "See them hills, them valleys, them streams?" His voice soared. "They're waitin' for ya, boy. Nature's bounty beckonin' to you, all around you. Don't ignore it, boy. Don't spurn its joys fer the sly foxy ways a' young gals and the noise an' smoke a' midnite debaucheries. Have a picnic at the ole Hollow!" In the sudden stillness, his words still ringing in my ears, he continued to stand transfixed, staring out the window. The issue had been made clear. The interview was at an end.

NEW FACES AND OLD LINES

The AFROTC Man:
Has anyone shown you the Airport field yet?

The ECON Major:
Let's look at it from the point of view of supply and demand; say I'm a consumer . . .

The ENGLISH Major:
Blast be the Bail, 'tis Paradise Lost—we must hie to the forest and Paradise Regained.

The PHILOSOPHY Major:
I still maintain that it is a category—like space and time.

The MATH Major:
Look, 83.4 percent have done it, 96.7 percent would like to do it; why be a differential?

The POLI. SCI. Major:
Don't be archaic. Page 723 in

Smith and Cartwright distinctly states that the 1920's brought about a tremendous revolution in feminine morals.

The PSCH. Major:
Aw, Freud wouldn't kil you, baby.

The CHEM. Major:
No honey, phys chem means nothing of the sort.

The HISTOR. Major:
Alright, alright!! But I'll bet Anne Boleyn didn't say that to Henry the Eighth.

The FRENCH Major:
My dear, you must learn to develop a continental outlook.

The ZOOLOGY Major:
All these guys are evadin' the issue, sweet. Listen to me, I've got the straight scoop.

THE CHAIN OF EVENTS

- D.K.E.—Friday: Faculty reception and cocktail party
- Saturday: afternoon picnic, evening party in the Wing.
- Sunday: Beer for those individuals who still feel the need. Also, a case of hooch, at New York prices, proceeds going towards the purchase of a stomach pump . . .
- ALPHA DELTA PHI — Friday: Pre-dance cocktail party in conjunction with Psi Upsilon at the latter's parlor.
- Saturday: Afternoon combo party with Psi U and Beta's in the latter's parlor at 2 pm.
- Picnic in conjunction with Psi U at the latter's lodge at 6 pm.
- Post-dance refreshments at East Wing parlor.
- PSI U'S—Party, laughter, joy, and picnic (in conjunction with everybody).
- BETA THETA PI—Friday: Pre-dance parlor party.
- Saturday: Combo party, pre and post-dance parties.
- DELTA TAU DELTA—Friday: formal cocktail party 8-10 pm.
- Banquet at Village Inn, 10 pm.
- Saturday: Picnic at the Hollow, 2-7 pm; post-dance party in the lounge.
- SIGMA PI—Friday: Formal shrimp cocktail party from 9-11 pm.
- Saturday: Pre-dance party in lounge (8-10).
- PI KAPPA SIGMA — Friday: 9-12 pm champagne cocktails (closed), post-dance hot dogs and beer.
- Saturday: 8-11 pm Tom Collins party. Post-dance refreshments.
- Sunday: Beer in the afternoon.
- DELTA PHI—Friday: Cocktail party at 3 pm in lounge. Pre-dance refreshments in lounge.
- Saturday: Picnic at the Hollow, 2 pm.
- Pre and post-dance refreshments in lounge.
- ARCHON — Friday: Pre-dance punch party.
- Saturday: Pre and post-dance parties in M.K. parlor.
- THE KENYON ASSOCIATION — Friday: Pre-dance party.
- Saturday: Pre and post-dance parties in M.K. parlor.

Rector and Friar



"No! According to the parietal rules . . ."



AN OPEN LETTER TO KENYON COLLEGE

It is only upon rare occasions that this body ventures into the Kenyon, public eye . . . an eye often exploited by seemingly more distinguished bodies of men. A series of explosive incidents, however, on the Kenyon campus—incidents more than merely indicative of a new trend in Administration policy, has in our minds necessitated this writing. This particular body of men feels safe in saying that the vast majority of men on the Kenyon Campus recognize the questionable attractiveness of certain singular policies. Our body of men hopes that Kenyon College looks upon us as one of a very few remaining bulwarks set steadfast, if directly, in the path of the "gathering storm."

This organization has reiterated time and time again its claim that, taken as a group, it has fewer blots upon its name than the majority of the established and sanctioned organizations on this campus. This organization, as a group, has consistently maintained a scholastic average comparable to the general student average. Members of this organization have consistently contributed their share to the athletic endeavors of this college. This organization, cognizant of its peculiar virtues, has had the tact and presence of mind to be the last to flaunt its particular sentiments in the face of the Administration, or to rabble rouse around any particular flag in hopes of embarrassing the Administration. Yet, despite the fact that this organization deplures the martyrdom so eagerly sought by so many individuals and organizations on this campus, this organization has been perpetually hounded by members of the Administration and other campus "packs" which strive vainly to place the responsibility upon this body for every local misdemeanor, or, or, more tedious, for every "against-the-spirit-of-Kenyon" movement which gathers publicity.

Kenyon students must be made aware of the "gathering storm," the only recently discovered policy of members of the of the Administration (complimented by an equally enterprising group of young and ambitious underclassmen) to white wash Kenyon of a dubious (to us) category of "undesirables." Kenyon College, even on its remote little hill, has perhaps been rubbed by macarthysm! But more probable is the theory that those who hold or aspire to the sceptres of power, reflecting upon Kenyon's meager resources and their own inability to make Kenyon attractive to that multitudinous number of fuzzy cheeked individuals issuing from the secondary school womb, have found it more easily accomplished to "purge" the students here present and those attitudes which are in any way questionable or antagonistic. The very buildings themselves, it would appear, are in question, and must be bathed in a clear, pure light of sudden grace for the benefit of outsiders. The "purge," it is assumed, will insure Kenyon against the existence of any radical or off-colored attitudes and opinions within its walls—a policy directly refuting the Presidents sometime message encouraging a bout by youth with radical thinking, and undermining the liberal thinking itself of the so called liberal college.

The very expression "spirit of Kenyon" is a fraud. In a college with the unique position of this one, wherein such a variety of self-centered, individualistic positions have been encouraged and established among the student body, it is immature to imagine that the student body is going to be oiled into rallying around one, predominant "spirit of Kenyon." Kenyon is reknown for the individualism of its individuals and not for its group participation in cheering at football games. To say that there is a "spirit of Kenyon" collectively prevalent is to dress the entire student body in purple letter sweaters and to call them all athletes. To propose that the mythical "spirit of Kenyon" has been injured by an established group of "undesirables" is to admit, in fact, just this; that the particular whims of members of the Administration and complimentary student groups have been proved to be farcial, and these groups are just plain embarrassed and hurt. The "spirit of Kenyon," as advanced by members of the Administration, is as fraudulent as floodlights on Old Kenyon! What is particularly farcial is that individualistic opinion, of the variety present in, though hardly determined by, such organizations as our own, is being persecuted for being antagonistic to a "spirit of Kenyon" which does not even exist, except perhaps in the fantasy-like ambitions of those who would establish Kenyon as merely "a clean place to live and work" . . . a collective farm . . . and not as an institution primarily concerned with encouraging, within the most liberal atmosphere, the maturation of minds and men.

Our organization is not being rash in its assumption that it is being readied for the knife. It is being readied, as a body, because of its prevailing general attitude and not for its criminal record. It is being readied for a fatal stroke on the flimsy basis that individuals of suspected alliance with this organization have violated the "spirit of Kenyon." We object with a fervency which only our particular devotion can arouse in the face of this "blanket" persecution. We object to the persecution of individuals whose alliance only has been proved. Our organization, by its existence, does not encourage crime, nor does it foster any appearance of cheering at football games. Its members, recognized for their individualism is being asked to partake in the first place, wish to be criminal, let them expect the full measure of Administrative law as individuals and expect their own rewards. This organization, as a body, sanctions few enough activities, let alone any determined to undermine the best intentions of the Administration. Members of the Administration are, however, by their very condemnation of this organization's comparatively subtle and somnambulist existence, inviting this organization to venture outside of its happy rural vacuum and to appear in full battle array regardless of the ever present threat upon its numbers.

This organization asks only this; that those who would criticize, reflect for a moment upon what is most flagrantly noxious within their own body to the advancement and achievement of Kenyon College; that they reflect for a moment upon the many "spirits of Kenyon" which have been allowed to take root and do not now deserve a sudden and irrationally conceived death; that they do not label as noxious every sentiment which is not in particular agreement with their own erratic policies; that individuals be punished for proven misdemeanors and not groups for their opinions.

This organization asks only to be able to preserve its still, small voice of calm regardless of what "storm" approaches, to remain unharmed by misdirected publicity and persecution, to remain unscratched by those who would usurp its comparatively minute package of freedom.

THE THINKING COMMITTEE,
THETA NU EPSILON . . .
"NULLA INTESTINA, NULLA GLORIA"



Friday Evening



Saturday Evening



Saturday Afternoon



Sunday Morning

Collegian Staff

Founded 1856

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KENYON COLLEGE SHOP SALE!

- Blankets
- Sleeping Bags
- Mosquito netting
- Hammocks
- Pup Tents
- Poison Ivy Lotion
- Vitamin B-6

WHY BE EXPELLED?

See Picturesque, bucolic Gambier after "Curfew" in the glorious comfort of a NEW, 1953 NASH AIRFLYTE SEDAN With its outstanding feature, a ride in the AIRFLYTE is the perfect way to round out your sumptuous GAMBIER HOLIDAY in bedroom comfort!

ECONOMICAL?

You bet! No gas at all required! The mileage depends on YOU!

Don't have a wet-blanket for a date!

Don't be a stay-at-home! AVOID the redneck Ministry of Love and the ANTI-SEX League vigilantes!

Paradise Denounced

Upreared, his demonical authority,
The Very Dean, the Mister Frankly Absolute,
Assembled round his scorn-charred throne
The legions of the fallen angels,
United on the scorching plain of fiery coals,
From whence among the chiefest of supporters
Fanned the blaze, as thus he spake.

Deities of once-high spirit:
We are lost in night. By holding heads
Above confusing waters to the height
Of that eternal Rock, you powerless were
Caught up in the there-opposed disaster;
That almighty whirlpool, adjacent on the straits,
Then dragged you down to me, against your will.

But what freedom? Are we not equal yet
With those above in spirit, if not still in stature?
Cried the chorus of condemned.

Freedom yet is yours! I have received,
Through my own divine intelligence, the scent of something,
Soon created, still in upper airs;
So beautiful in form, in mind the same,
Now resting in a fertile grove, now sporting on the plain.
I, the chiefest of the chief,
Allow your thoughts to seek the same,
So they may here your suffering share.

You, too, if you but knew,
Could leave this dancing in the flames
And find yourselves a sun-lit vale in which to rest.
But I reject that sun and heat, and say you should remain.
Remain amidst the light that leaps about your feet.
Look down, not up.

I know that, being human,
You could have some sweet satanical desire,
Born of laziness, to rest.
But I was charged with one commandment,
Being, "Thou shalt no pleasure find nor rest!"
Though you cannot see, that surcharged shining sphere
Will rise in revolutions three
While you extend your tortured dervishes.
And to curtail what all but I have found,
It seems, to be desire of nature,
Fetters of the finest Friday papers I will use
To lash you to infernal flames.
Meanwhile, I will extend my realm to upper airs
And bring the ladies fair to suffer here in pairs.
So saying, he defied the night
With foot-lit torch for solar light.



DON'T GNASH YOUR TEETH—GO NASH!