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KENYON COLLEGIAN

A Journal of Student Opinion

Vol. LXXXI

March 11, 1955

No. 10

FULTON LEERS AT FRY'S "LADY"

Monday, March 8, 8:15. I went to a dress rehearsal of "The Lady's Not For Burning." My name is Fulton T. Flynn, I'm a reporter. Hans went with me, he draws. We work for the *Collegian*, it's a journal of student opinion. As we walked up to the speech building a sinister-looking man in a black cape stopped us. "Do you want the scoop?" he said. "By jove, yes," I answered. "It'll never leave the ground." Then he vanished.

"Come, faithful Achates, I said to my engaging Dutch friend, who was engaged in drawing a picture of a parrot crossed with a boa constrictor, "let us go in." "Vun minute, herr Flynn," he replied, "I must put in a caption for my drawing." "What possible caption could you have for a drawing of a boa constrictor crossed with a parrot?" "Ven Polly says she wants a cracker," "Yes?" "you god damn better get it vor her!" "Lets go watch the play," said I.

As we walked in Joe Malof was bouncing about the stage in close-fitting breeches—extremely close-fitting breeches (extremely)—and ringing out accents of poetry in the typical Malovian manner. In the play he has a very interesting role, Thomas Mendip, very interesting. As one of the characters describes him, "Dear God, a cuckoo!"

Although he was wearing a beard and a purple gown I recognized Phil Fox. "Peek-a-boo, Phil, Peek-a-boo," I called out to show I wasn't spoofed. "Quiet," he shouted back, "you ass, this is a rehearsal." "Well, piff for you," I mumbled back. "Hans, don't draw his picture." "Ven Polly says she wants a cracker—" he started to reply, chuckling to himself in Dutch, but I was looking at the stage, for Marge Johnson just walked on. Long black hair, a red dress, and a diminutive figure (I love diminutive figures. John Crowell likes her too: as she walked on he summed up his admiration for her agreeable figure, her handsome face, her witty remarks, — getting across his admiration extremely well and concisely, "God.") "Marge," I called out, "your dress is torn." "I know, you ass, they're going to burn me." "O," I abashed, "that's a shame." I love diminutive figures.

Bill Wendt was there, too. He plays the part of a simple-looking fellow Bill does this marvelously well. Also, he has breeches wrinkled about the knees.

Then I noticed "Evvy" Roeder. Mother's canned apricots! Did my heart love till now? Forswear it sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. She sits on a bench. She has blonde hair and a twinkle in her eye, and wears a green dress that begins below her shoulders. What an interesting personality, I thought to myself. I studied her intently for about

an hour or so until she walked off the stage. "Did you catch her . . ." I started to say to Hans who draws and was sitting next to me. "Hans, did you get her? Hans! Hans, close your mouth, please, you're drooling all over me; Hans, she's gone off the stage, Hans!"

O well, *du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*. The comedy parts are funny, especially Georgie Cawthorne who

The annual Whoop-em-up of the Kenyon Aeronauto-Military element will get off the ground on Saturday night, from 11:00 to 2:00 in the Peirce Hall Armory. A Columbus regiment of 13 will fly in to provide the music for the formal, corsage-unbedecked maneuver. The blue-suited defenders of middle path have been marching twenty miles a day in preparation for the various foot exercises to be presented some time during the evening. We have it on good authority that Major Hall will give a parachute demonstration, jumping probably from Chase Tower.

A queen, selected from a group consisting of a girl from each Fraternity, will thereupon get her second lieutenant stripe immediately and be sent to pilot school upon graduation. Free beer, coffee, doughnuts, and enlistment applications will be available in the Coffee Shop.

plays a chaplain and spends the whole time caressing "Angel" and Dean Burgess who wears a blue night-shirt and has a beautifully deep affected tone of voice that sounds as if he were satirizing the inquisitors of "Saint Joan" fame,—and what is equally impressive, the art of making his eyes pop out. He'll stop the show. But the most interesting performance of all I think is given by a cuckoo. I don't know where they got him, but I have my suspicions that its only a Scarlet Tanager impersonating a cuckoo. But then again, it could be a Cedar Waxwing. . .

Just as I thought I would begin my job of getting the facts about the play, a sinister-looking stranger, leaned his sinister-looking face over my left shoulder and said, "As Orville said to Wilbur,—It'll never get off the ground." Then he disappeared.

"Bosh," I said, "I must get on with the serious job of reporting this play accurately." I almost went over to ask Jack Brown to give me a line on the play, some inside dope—you know, but the fellow was walking about, mumbling to himself, and holding colored cellophane paper up in front of his face. I believe the poor boy's booby hatch material.

I decided enough of this twiddle-rwaddle. I would get the scoop from the head man, as an accurate reporter of journalism will do,—I went to talk to Thon. "Sir," said I in my cold calm accurate-reportorial manner, "I'm cover-

ing this play for the *Kenyon Collegian*, which is, as you know, a journal of student opinion. We have acres and acres of interested readers, panting to know all about your new production. Tell me, sir, what's new with you?" "No comment," said he. "O goody," said I, "how exciting, our readers will just eat that up. Can you expand that a trifle more?" "No comment." "Good gravy, how utterly, utterly fascinating. And do you think this play is much more difficult to work with than "Summer and Smoke," "They're different." "Wait, wait a second, let me get that all down, not so fast now. . . All right, I think that gives me some material for an interesting factual accurate journalistic report. Well, sorry I must break off like this, but I must carry on with the job, its been real."

I decided it would be a good idea to go up into the wings to catch the flavor of drama behind the stage, the excitement and glamour that an audience rarely knows about

On stage suddenly I heard somebody mention something about "fornication between clean sheets" but when I rushed over to take a look, all there was, was John Crowell and Tony Milkowski leaping in and out of windows and buffeting each other and bleeding delightfully, and Bill Wendt looking simple,) so I went back to the business of catching the thrilling off-stage reactions of actors off-stage. I crawled under an empty kumquat crate and this is what (Cont'd Page Six)



At Center Stage, Joe Malof declaims while Marge Johnson listens; George Cawthorne slumbers on the apron, and at Stage Left, Dean Burgess imbibes. At Back Stage Left Phil Fox looks on attended by Lee North; Bill Wendt converses with Evelyn Roeder while, at Back Stage Right, Tony Milkowski and John Crowell listen silently to George Spratt's tirade.

A recent editorial in the *Denisonian* complained of the small attendance at the Registration Dance. "The reason for the regression lies in the fact that the Denison men have again fallen into the rut of apathy toward all-college social affairs." The same thing can be said about the men of Kenyon as only approximately a third of the males there were from Kenyon. Men, we have an obligation to fulfill towards our neighbor college.

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REVUE IN REVIEW

MUSICAL TO DEBUT

KRAMER RACKS UP

The most harassed man on campus these days is undoubtedly Dan C. Kramer; bewildered Dan has been flooded with awards of graduate scholarships, and the problem seems to be which one to accept.

First he was given the Kenyon Scholarship to the University of Chicago Law School, which is a plum in itself. Subsequently he attained further distinction by gaining a coveted Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, which would entitle him to one year of subsidized graduate study at any one of a number of the finest grad schools in the U. S.

This was followed more recently by the receipt of a message confirming his winning of a Fulbright, enabling him to spend a year soaking up the English sunshine and fog at the University of London. The word seems to be that this is his first choice.

However, there is still one source not yet heard from: there is a possibility of his being given a Root-Tilden Scholarship, whose reward would be \$2200 per year at N. Y. U. Law School.

When asked by your reporter for his reaction to such striking signs of a successful undergraduate career at Kenyon, Dan modestly responded (in the manner

of Kenyon's well-beloved fire-fighter) "Nothing. No comment." He obviously had no reaction. Some people.

The spitting cauldrons (antiseptically hot) were concocted by Bob Clark and Jack Furniss. The music, for what are notably called 'comic' songs, was composed by Robbie Robinson. The fiery (or luke-warm) skits include episodes on Athletics, fraternities and 'Mil and Lil.' There is a 'roaring-twenties' chorus of Harcourt Girls portrayed by some of the more masculine (or ungainly) men on campus.



There is a scene in the Registrar's office which is tied up somehow with the admissions policy of the college (loose or tight as it may be), and it concerns some student's acceptance on registration day. Stu McGowan misses a card and stamps a student "Return to Registrar in Five days." During the following action the Registrar, paunchily portrayed by Don Bivens, is beat over the head with a hand-bag by an irate mother of a would-be student and as the Dean is being described as sympathetic his office door is rudely opened and a freshman is ejected by Frank Edgar, played damnably by Joe McConnell. He arrives in time to ponder "Who fumbled the ball," and starts a football game (jock-workout) while the indignant mother carts out her son to enroll him elsewhere.

The now-smoldering Revue fizzles a bit. There is a scene in Lil's (Deans, Gene's, Dorothy's) where Lil plays herself. Among other scenes are a rushing party, a Faculty meeting with the late Professor Ashford well-mimed by Walt Edelman. At the Commencement scene President Chalmers, acted by Ken Caldwell, introduces the speaker who begs everyone to search their souls to find ways that they can help the Bulgarians. Ron Winter and Dan Kramer are stage managers for the 'Production.'

MOVIE SCHEDULE

March 12, 13 — *The Promotor* (another fine Alec Guinness comedy).

March 18, 20 — *Laura* (suspense and mystery — Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, and Clifton Webb).

March 27 — The Kenyon Film Society presents *The Thin Man*, with William Powell and Myrna Loy.

the Kenyon Chapel in early December. The group has two more joint concerts scheduled for late this season. In May they will join in Gambier with the Lake Erie College Choir and that same month they will travel to Oxford, Ohio to sing with the Western College Choir.

Director of the Singers is Dr. Paul Schwartz of the Department of Music.

Jim Riley, junior, philosopher and falsetto extraordinary is president of the Singers. Dick Thompson serves as secretary and accompanist. The librarian and baritone soloist is Dick Phillips. John Roak is organist and accompanist. Other soloists are Walt Edelman, tenor, and David Cargill, baritone, senior at Bexley. In addition to Dave Cargill four other Bexley students are augmenting the Singers as regular members.

One of the sacred choruses to be sung is "Benedictus es, Domine" by Dr. Schwartz.

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KENYON COUNT

Glorious Announcement!! Glorious additions to glorious *Collegian* Staff! Those so honored are the following: Melvyn Baron assumed the co-News Editorship two issues ago, and has retained his place to date. Melvyn has a superb imagination; he's always creating later deadlines.

Co-Sports Editor is Gene Schrier, who has been publishing a column surreptitiously for two issues already; he's already attracted a large following. Why do they all carry clubs?

At Last! An exchange column has been established in the *Collegian*. Jolly Alan Schwalb is bringing his store of wit and philosophic analysis to the avid readers of our journal. His first column appears today. Read it. Go ahead. I did.

A new feature is added to the already star-studded *Collegian* roster. It's called *Hilltopics*, and written with fancy and fervor by Bob's Clark and Stewart. It deals, as the title implies, with topics pertinent to Men of Kenyon.

We feel one brief comment necessary in regard to their first column, which appears in this issue. We can greet neither the establishment of the communal prayer cells nor the conversion-programme of Mr. Alling with the same lightsome sympathy expressed by the writers of *Hilltopics*. There is something in the makeup of these movements that seems to smack somewhat of the easy-mystical approach to religion (which has spread to fields of more purely academic interest) which has quietly infiltrated into the Kenyon atmosphere in the past three or four years. There seems to be more to this than merely a revival of interest in religion.

In the last issue of the *Collegian* it was reported that Irving Kreutz, reputed entrepreneur, directeur and librarian, was now teaching English to freshmen at Kenyon.

Insidious as this fate may appear, Irving is consoled now that his romantic comedy, "The Inconstant Moon," has had its premiere on February 24 at Washington State College in Pullman, Wash.

The play, which is Kreutzesque throughout, won the Wisconsin players National Playwriting Contest. The play deals "with the last irresponsible love affair of an aging but still glamorous divorcee who was once a famous nightclub singer." One would expect an attractive, brown-haired disillusioned young man to appear as the lover but the only succeeding information received was something about a complex sub-plot involving the singer's growing daughter and an ardent suitor and a terrible child.

The setting of the play is a fashionable summer resort on the outer reaches of Long Island.

Denison University plans to produce the play in late spring or early summer.

Irving has written other plays. Among them have been "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear" (a profuse allegory about a Milwaukee Toy shop) and "From an Ivory Tower," (A discursive dialogue about Kenyon philosophy majors.) At the moment he is in charge of the coming musical, *The Kenyon Revue*.

The almost-final word on last year's *Reveille* (which neglected to appear last year) is that Bruce Richardson (this year's editor of last year's Yearbook) sent the final proofs off to the printer during the semester break. Bruce qualified a bit by mentioning that it was this year's semester break. Since semester break (1955) "there has been no word." The editor expresses his humble apologies. He suggested that there was a hold-up in the engraving. The illuminating news is that the 1954 Yearbook, *Reveille*, will be with us before Spring Vacation.

The 1955 Yearbook, edited by Hans Gesell and Howard Russell, is tentatively scheduled to appear the first week in June. This is this year's Yearbook edited by this year's editors. The theme of the issue will be the Hundredth Anniversary of the *Reveille* itself.

Pictures are being taken by Chuck Walch, Charlie Woodward, and Victor Zeman. The editors are making a plea to any amateur photographer on the campus to contribute photographs of Kenyon social events or just snapshots around the campus. The photographs can be brought to Hans Gesell or Howard Russell in Middle Hanna.

The Kenyon College Choir, consisting of 40 men from Kenyon and Bexley will sing at St. Thomas Memorial Church in Pittsburgh on March 20 at a service of Holy Communion.

Also the Kenyon Singers and the Pennsylvania College for Women Chorus will present a joint concert on March 20 at 5:00 P. M. in the chapel of the Women's college. This will be the Singers' first appearance away from Gambier this year, and their first large program since the Christmas concert in

THE SPOKESMAN

We're printing a letter in this issue from Ed Knapp who is resigning from student council because he feels he cannot consent to the nature of his obligations. Middle Kenyon Association has elected Alan Schwalb as their council representative with the instructions that he is not to adhere to the rule which Ed describes in his letter.

The *Collegian* feels it would be advisable for the President or Student Council to hold a general assembly and really try and work out an understanding as to the moral code at Kenyon and the responsibility for infractions.

Swarthmore is concerned about the same problems, whether a representative of the student body is responsible for informing on a rule-breaking fellow student. "The objection to this type of responsibility is not based wholly on an ingrained abhorrence of an individual who 'squeals' on one of his friends (although we feel that ethically this reaction had more behind it than a naive interest in one's own safety.) Rather it is based on the fear that acceptance of this role will prevent the fulfilling of a far more important responsibility. This is the responsibility of *truly representing the students*, and thereby serving as an effective liaison between these students and the Administration." (Swarthmore *Phoenix*)

What is, together with this, a problem that should be straightened out as soon as possible here, is that a good many of the students feel that the student body should not be responsible for their own moral conduct because the present ethical standards of the college are unacceptable to them. We hope the problem isn't one that will be resolved in "adhere, or get out." But whatever the resolution, we had better get together and find a satisfactory one for the student government of Kenyon College.

Department of Speech
and Dramatics
March 8, 1955

Dear Sir:

I appreciate the accuracy of your first story on *The Lady's Not For Burning* as accuracy is a first requirement of superior journalism.

May I mention two points as I am interested in your progress:

1. I may be quoted as follows regarding the present show: "You can see that this production is altogether different from *Summer and Smoke*, but beyond that no comment." Your reporter has my words in a slightly different form as I was pre-occupied with the directing at the time.
2. This reminds me of my other point, which is that anyone entering a rehearsal customarily asks the director first if it is all right to be there. I would have given permission undoubtedly, but I think this should be known to your staff as Standard Operating Procedure.

With best wishes,
Frederick Thon

If superior journalism is reporting *accurately* what you're told, than, properly, anything we would have to say about the production this week-end would simply be, "No Comment." We don't think an organization is doing us a favor by letting us publicize them in the *Collegian*; and, as far as we're concerned, anything said besides this issue about the further activities of the dramatic department will be accurately reported in the weekly college bulletin, and beyond that, in the *Collegian*, strictly "no comment!"

What makes this minor squabble between the speech department and the college newspaper important enough for an editorial is that it reflects a very disagreeable attitude on campus.

It's a well-known fact that our student body tends to be rather lethargic in actively supporting extracurricular activities — witness the overcrowded staffs of the annual, the radio station, the newspaper . . . , and look at the dramatic department, itself, which had to call off its first dramatic selection of the year because there weren't enough interested participants and switched to "Summer and Smoke" which required a relatively few number of actors. The fact is, however, that the lax attitude is not just the responsibility of the students but of the organizations themselves. What is amazing to us is that the Drama department is not at all interested in creating an enthusiasm on campus for its activities, — for what better instrument for arousing interest and enthusiasm than an interesting and enthusiastic account in a newspaper, the kind the *Collegian* could be if it had the support of everyone concerned with Kenyon College activities. But we don't.

It seems to us that it would be so easy for the President, for the Dean, for the athletic department, for the drama department, for the fraternities etc. to make a habit of thinking about what they could put into the paper for the general advantage and interest of its readers. But no, apparently they're all content to have a harmless little rag that every few weeks pops out with some startling fact such as "There is a play tonight, there is a play tomorrow. It is different from the last play we had. Beyond that no comment."

But that's okay — we've got a small staff and we intend to keep wasting our time with such rot, — if you don't care, we don't either; we've got a lot more valuable things to do with our resources without beating our brains out for nothing: next issue, — an anthology of short stories and poems by Treitel and Shavzin. Maybe, we'll let Barfon and Henry put in some of theirs, too.

JOURNAL OF PAST OPINION (From the Files of the *Collegian*)

March, 1955

Editor of the *Collegian*:

During the past semester, many of my friends have written letters in this column, vigorously protesting the various revolting practices which are so popular in this Christian college. In declaring their objections to such revered Kenyon institutions as aqueous vandalism, drunken brawls, and other sublimations of natural lust, they found themselves with a host of agnomens, cognomens, and divers other denominations of an invention highly compatible with the nature of the participants in said practices. It was evident to persons of sensibility and intelligence who was in the right; but such persons were in the extreme minority.

Smugness is my primary issue here, not because it is abnormal but rather because it is an inwrought portion of us, an evil and deplorable portion. For it is more natural than phenomenal that man vaunt himself prodigiously in those things in which he is most deficient. The shallowest among us swells with the thought of his own profundity; the most sterile is proudest of his fructiveness; the sinner is first to cast the sharpest stone. Smugness is wont to accompany all of man's baseness, and therein lies its basest ingredient. . . .

You are the sons of Kenyon and the fathers of tomorrow; but to this day you are cuckold. Your servants are your masters and they are making your world. If you have felt no pain and no fury over the crazy course of our life, then you can keep your narrow and cherished principles, your dear insane traditions. But if those of you to whom I register this protest have more than natural flesh and bone, gut and craw, then you may have eyes to see and brains to understand and hands to act . . . and they have lain fallow for too long.

—R. M.

Readers' View

The Student Council
Kenyon College
Gentlemen:

I hereby submit my resignation as Student Council representative of the unaffiliated undergraduate students of Kenyon College.

When originally elected in May 1954, I was but imperfectly aware of my duties and responsibilities. Last fall there was brought to my attention for the first time Article II, Section 3C of the Constitution of the Student Government (as amended May 18, 1954) provides that "the Council shall maintain order and discipline on the campus." During the course of long and numerous discussions in Council concerning the meaning of this clause, it became clear that I was distinguished from you, my colleagues, by an obstinate unwillingness to obey its strict letter and spirit, and so in January I submitted an informal oral resignation and stopped attending your meetings. This letter is thus nearly two months overdue; for the delay I can only apologize to you, but especially to my former constituents, who have been without representation since then.

Specifically I refuse to enforce Section 3a of the Parietal Rules of the College (edition of November 9, 1953) which reads, in part: "Women, except members of the immediate family, are not allowed in the dormitories, except between the hours of 4:00 and 9:00 Monday through Friday, and 1:00 to 9:00 P. M. Saturday and Sunday."

I see nothing wrong in a student having his date in his room during the forbidden hours. I believe in the inherent and inviolate right of every individual to do what he pleases so long as his actions have no effect upon others. Any action of mine in enforcing the above regulation would at the same time be an abridgement of the rights of another — and hence, for me, an immoral act. I can hardly be expected to enforce a regulation in whose justice I do not believe. And since I cannot in good conscience say that I will enforce the regulation while not doing so, I must regretfully resign.

With best wishes,
Sincerely
Edwin H. Knapp

Debaters Undaunted

The Debaters have been rather busy recently. They keenly mouthed their way to victory in the Case Split-team Tournament on February 19th. Their arrival in first place was due to the carefully-worded sophistry of Dave Wilson (first affirmative team), Tod Bender (second affirmative team), Gordon Duffey (first negative team) and Stan Walch (second negative team). The Debaters are still being affirmative and negative about American recognition of Communist China. They finished with 446 points out of a possible 600 in the 18 team Tournament. The finest rub of all is that below them on the final tabulation were such talkative schools as Indiana, Purdue, Pittsburgh, and Oberlin. In individual speaker awards, Stan Walch finished second in the tournament with 128 points. The other debaters also ranked high in the speaker ratings.

The Men's State Debate Tournament at Capital on February 26 was spoken of in low whispers, due to its unspeakable results, as far as our team was concerned.

But last week our Forensic lights held their own (in a way) before the matchless arguers of Notre Dame, Penn State, Princeton and Harvard. They won 5, lost 3 and tied twice. It was the North-South Tournament in West Virginia and Tod Bender and Stan Walch affirmed while Bob Stuart and Gordon Duffey negated.

Rumor has it that no-one knows anything about intra-mural debating.

Rumor also has it that Fred, "Burning Lady" Thon is recruiting for the Debaters.

Editors Examine Results of Rush-Rule Revisions

Our reporter has been notified both by the Dean and the publicity office that the number of students on probation at the end of the first semester has fallen from 37% in 1952-53, to 26% in 1953-54, to 18% in 1954-55. Fabulous! That means that for the first time in years (maybe in the history of the school) somewhat less than one-fifth of the Kenyon freshman class constitutes all that are on probation after their first college semester. That's quite a record. But besides the mere glory of this scholastic achievement, these figures ostensibly prove that less freshmen have made the Dean's Team since the institution of second semester rushing than did before. This may be true. However, there are no figures on how the number of probationaries has risen or fallen in the second semester — which information might negate somewhat the impres-

sion of progress which we are asked to assume.

But whether these figures mark a real advance or not, it still seems clear by now that second semester rushing is immensely more beneficial than the system which preceded it — both in the obvious factor of knowing better the men with whom you will choose to associate for three-and-a-half years, and in that of making it easier for freshmen to adjust to college without having the added problem of adjusting to fraternities as well; not to mention the fact that living without any segregation for a semester before assuming fraternity limits seems a much healthier, more natural way of allowing freshmen friendships to arise; this also should tend to encourage greater class unity than has existed in the past. The Dean's foresight seems to have paid off well in this case.

Bob Stewart

Hilltopiers

Bob Clark

We are happily observing here the startling growth in the past two weeks of an idea that seems to be taking hold of the sentiments of the faithful all over the nation who are aware of the lethargy and hypocrisy of their churchmanship: I mean the organization of communal prayer cells. This last week has seen the meeting of at least four such cells on the Hill, and the increase of their collective members from thirteen to over thirty. Dr. Starratt reports the formation of one such cell of a dozen of the people of Gambier. Sunday afternoon in the Parish House upperclassmen and freshmen met with Dr. Starratt to talk about prayer cell organization and to draw the battle lines for what one of the interested calls the ultimate subversion of pagan Kenyon College; and in fact the failure to this point of organizations for corporate prayer on our campus is an indicator that perhaps our connection with the Church is nominal only. The man largely responsible for building the fires under the posteriors of Kenyon's reclining faithful is that notorious repro-Beta who, travelling to Pittsburgh two weeks ago to a pre-theological conference, returned with the plan and a determination not heretofore observed by us in anyone for many moons.

Considering the college's professed connection with the Church so close on the heels of fraternity pledging leads us to a long overdue comment on the condition of fraternity life on the Hill. Perhaps it is going too far to say that it is the college's Christian underpinning that has always kept interfraternal relations fluid and friendly; perhaps it has been merely the goodwill of the members of the clubs. Whatever the reason, Kenyon has been practically unique in maintaining a good-neighbor policy that keeps at a minimum the harmful results of the fraternity system; pride of inclusion and stigma of exclusion, fragmentation of the student body, petty rivalries and resentments. But comment and observation indicate that interfraternal relations are much worse now than has been the case in recent years. What accounts for this we could not say; we do know that groups are now more isolated, more contained in themselves, more hostile to their neighbors and potential friends. Doors remain open but the attitude of those passing through them is not the same; the open door is no longer a sign of welcome, and the guest often wilfully makes himself unwelcome if he is not already so. Incidents in the past months have caused some groups to consider holding closed parties at all times; this first step in the wrong direction would lead certainly to closed-door policy all over campus. We cannot have closed doors. For the person, to close himself from others is unchristian. For the fraternity, to close itself up is to sever the cord of a tradition that has made Kenyon's fraternity system unique. There have been many cases this year, as in any year, of a member or members of one fraternity offending, or being offended, by members of another; this, of course, is only human. But this year resentment, snobbishness, and lack of consideration are in evidence; often the involved groups have made no attempt to settle matters in a reasonable way, and have resorted to a "rough-em-up" solution which only adds injury to insult. We have a valuable heritage to preserve. It is something that can be done only by the conscious effort of every man on the Hill.

Afterthought: we received a letter the other day from one of last year's graduates who was wondering if he'd be able to pick up his copy of the "Reveille" at his twenty-fifth class reunion.



Kenyon Collegian

ALAN SHAVZIN
RALPH TREITEL

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ART EDITORS Hans Gesell, Al Kidd

ADMIRAL MISSES THE BOAT

I attended Prof. Brown's talk on "The Caine Mutiny" with high anticipation. I came away enlightened in many respects but with some misgivings and differences of opinion. As a recent initiate to a short but intensive relationship with the complex and fascinating problems of command, I was stimulated to experience "the triumvirate" of Wouk's creation—the book, the motion picture, and the play.

Prof. Brown states that in Queeg, Wouk has created a wholly disreputable despot—a "manufactured" characterization. He further suggests that with no prior preparation or warning Wouk allows the character of Greenwald to get away from him so that the undisciplined "pen" warps the story in an attempt (which Prof. Brown maintains is essentially an afterthought) to vindicate Queeg and his counterparts.

I maintain that this seeming reversion during and especially after the court martial was within the book's scope at its conception, and is the organizing unity of the work. The character of DeVries, the *Caine's* original captain, is implicit and explicit preparation for the author's final position. It is through contrast of DeVries with Queeg that the extreme difficulties of command under stress are exemplified. Thus when DeVries returns to the book after the court martial he commands a much greater respect in our minds. Explicitly DeVries explains to Willy the problems of command while rebuking him for his carelessness with a coded message. This is before Queeg's entrance into the story. Upon DeVries' reappearance, we along with Willy understand what DeVries meant when he said "you might make an officer someday."

Queeg attempts to elicit the aid of his subordinates in the pathetic ward-room scene when he tries to explain he is a "soft guy basically" who "loves his wife as well as his dog." But the crew are contemptuous and respond with embarrassment rather than sympathy. Admittedly Queeg is plausibly worthy of little else, but the scene establishes Queeg in advance as a neurotic incompetent rather than a calculating villain.

(Con't Page Six)

CONCLUSION OF CONSERVATISM

It would be hard to validate the claim of any given generation to being the "lost" generation. A generation is much like one person: there is in youth a search for some sort of stability of values and purpose and should it fail to loose itself of the preceding generation and fail to find direction, it becomes a sterile time, a "lost" era, lost to itself and to those who follow. If the decade 1920-30 was the classical "lost generation" it was because cramped as it was between the first World War and the Depression decade it failed finally to realize anything more than a hectic lostness (this should be disputed if for no other reason than this age produced a superior literary output). And too, that decade was the death-bed of the "gilded age," the stately unconcerned days of Roosevelt and Taft, of Big Business, of the autocracy. But as it was a death-bed so was it the birth cradle of an era which Mr. Hoover termed simply "the age of technocracy."

If we believe the popular press we are now in the "atomic age." How short, then was the age of technocracy: a mere two decades. Yet this people coming of age, as it were, in the years 1945-55 has failed as yet to feel the full impact of any "atomic age." Perhaps, one is inclined to think, the full impact will hit any moment.

If the ultimate moral struggle is not against an outer world but against the inner failure then America in the last decade has been churning with this inner struggle. Having "won" the outer world in some sort of slipshod economic manner, America in 1946 turned to winning herself. The erratic politics since then reflecting this struggle is symbolized most perhaps by the rise of "isms," or even by the failure of the Gallup pollsters. However, as America managed to keep her grip on the outside world her attitude toward it changed from an illusory "make the world safe for democracy" to a more bitter but realistic "build up others to protect America."

But perhaps this inner struggle against failure was due to a desire to mold America as the leader of the free world and the self-consciousness of finding itself suddenly in possession of unwanted responsibility. It asked of itself: With what tradition are we to mold our leadership with? The only tradition on the market then was a dusty liberal tradition associated in a vague way with the New Deal, United Fronts, making the world safe etc., a new American way, social consciousness, the communist experiment. All these were culminated in Franklin Roosevelt and while he was there there were no thoughts of the future. When he died there was nothing; the old liberalism fell apart and its ideals became catchwords echoing with a ghostly emptiness. There was a need for a new credo, tradition, character for the post-war generation, and over this choice the inner struggle took place. Truman tried briefly to conjure up the Roosevelt magic and failed; and after the election of 1946 he offered his own program, the Fair Deal, a pale imitation of the New Deal. Trumanism might have been politically successful, but it lacked an all-prevailing moral and institutional quality which Roosevelt had brought. It failed to catch and soon the old liberalism was fading and there was nothing new. The re-election of Truman in 1948 was not so much a vote of confidence, but, rather, it was a vote of hope, one last desperate even pathetic hope that Trumanism-liberalism would succeed. Truman may have but Trumanism did not.

With liberalism dead the other alternative was, of course, conservatism. Politically the only chance the conservatives had was the 80th Congress and that Congress despite a few lasting achievements was a failure as a conservative focus. Bob Taft was the leader and thought he transcended petty politics as a conservative leader, it was difficult from him, a legislator, to command attention in the classic style of Webster or Clay or Calhoun or Lodge. Furthermore, conservatives themselves could not agree on Taft: he was too conservative for most, too inconsistent with the very stuffy (though generally consistent with himself) and too rude for the untutored mind. And the split between conservative-conservatives (McCormick, Bricker et al) and the moderates (Dewey, Warren, Stassen, and the boys) which had been a crack in 1940 was by 1948 a gaping chasm. After Truman and 1948 there was a quiet pause to see if he might succeed after all, but as Truman slipped Conservatives turned to a critical self-reappraisal. The first dictum was that Taft's brand must go and that conservative leadership would have to come from new and young moderates under the watchful eyes of their elders. Thus it was the boom for Eisenhower began: the work of the subtle Dewey and the ambitious activities of Lodges and Adams and Clays etc.

In the ethereal academic the same reappraisal was made and the same conclusions reached. And thus it is that this New Conservatism is the temper of the age. Originally this concluding article was for the purpose of proposing a new liberalism, but the New Conservatives are so much in the middle of the road that they can claim most of what is to be said. Besides, if this writer accepts the new conservative post of Little Program how can he logically propose even a liberal program? But in a confused way he will try.

The new conservative offers us a hard and uncharted road. But instinctively one questions: what hope can we have? It is not the hard road nor the hard pull we object to; no, not these, not even the fact that we can't see the end of the road; what we object to is the refusal to even tell us if there is an end?

(Con't Page Six)

Glimpses

Lucky you, there are two Glimpses in this issue, the reason being that the editors both hate me, and tried to sneak by without putting in this column that I wrote 'specially for the swimming issue last week.—Fulton.

What is your name?

My name, my fellow, is Chatterton P. Grubb III. But I have no time to converse with you, I must be off, nager, flouter, I am off to piscine.

What was that?

As a little waterfly darts and zips its way among the water-lilies, so I, faster than the eye can follow—

You're a waterfly?

As the swan cuts through the wet with graceful dignity, so I—

You're a swan?

My good fellow, I am one of the happy band of navigators, one of the gay crew of Thomas Edwards, one who for the glory of his beloved mother-school sweats and strains his way across the pools of life. In other words, my fellow, I am—

A jock!

Crudely, but precisely.

But I thought all jocks were stupid.

That is an odious fallacy, my fellow. Since the days when Athenian Alcibiades entered into broadjumping, athletics have engaged men of eminence, integrity, and intelligence. Henry VIII, Percy Shelley, and Caius Caesar Augustus Germanicus Caligula were all known for their sporting.

My head is swimming.

My good fellow, look around you. Do you not know that Gordon "the rock" Chalmers was the greatest third baseman since Kiki Cuyler? that Denny "the bookstore" Sutfill was the greatest track star since the Olympian games were held at Olympia; that Phil "the god" Rice was the greatest football star since Broncho Naguski; that John "the Crowe" Ransom swung the meanest cricket mallet since—

Since?

Just since.

I see.

"NOW THIS IS, I SAY THE IMPORTANT POINT."

The Honorable Richard Wood, member of parliament and youngest son of Lord Halifax, former British ambassador in Washington, spoke in the assembly on Tuesday on the "Conservative government and the Welfare State." Mr. Wood is on a lecture tour sponsored by the British Information Services.

During World War II, Mr. Wood served for a short time as Honorary Attache at the British embassy in Rome and then joined the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry as a private. He was later commissioned in the King's Rifle Corps. He was severely wounded in a bombing attack near Tripoli and lost both his legs. After the war he toured all over the United States lecturing and demonstrating the use of artificial limbs.

Since February, 1950, Mr. Wood has been conservative representative for the Yorkshire seat of Bridlington.

His Speech was chiefly illuminating on the subject of opinions about the welfare state in Great Britain. It seems that the important arguments in England on this issue between Conservative and Laborite is not whether there should or should not be a welfare state but what methods should be used in its implementation, and how far it should go.

He stressed as vital the necessity of responsibility in a citizen of a welfare state, and that in return for the welfare framework, certain duties of the citizen are in order. He affirmed that a welfare state should not be something to lie back and relax in but something to spring off from. In other words, it should be dynamic, not static, as some thinkers fear a Socialist economy is.

INTERCOLLEGIATE PX

By Alan Schwalb

Science and Mortality

The *Haverford News* explaining why many of their students flunked out, claim that there is far too much specialization in the fields of science and technology in American education. "To produce an educated man, whether he is to be a doctor or an engineer, his college study must contain courses in other fields than natural sciences. This fact is almost universally accepted in a liberal arts college. But it is not the scientist that flunks out of Haverford because he has no aptitude for philosophy. It is rather, the student who despite superiority in other subjects, has no aptitude for science. Lack of scientific aptitude is no measure of general intelligence and that this aptitude should not be rated so highly that the college feels it necessary to require such specialized courses as we find at the introductory level. The need is for less specialized introductory courses in the sciences; this, the Haverford editors claim, would reduce student mortality considerably.

(From the *Trinity Tripod*) Liquor and Sex Must Go

"The president of William and Mary College, Alvin D. (for "Duke") Chandler, has recently taken a drastic and courageous step, reports the January 31 issue of *Newsweek*. He has outlawed the indoor (and outdoor) sport of drinking, on the W & M campus. In his prohibition announcement, he fell back on that ancient and archaic statute which forbids the sale of strong waters to minors. The William and Mary campus has been far from tranquil since the Chandler pronouncement. There have been fanatical demonstrations and riots against the move. Placards warning that "Big Brother is watching you," and Sex is next" have appeared in embarrassingly prominent places. As one Virginia sage ominously put it, "Liquor and sex are the two pillars of social life. Chandler has chopped off one of them."

(Kenyon College, the last site of moral and intellectual freedom hereby offers asylum to all frustrated W & M undergraduates.)

Speak No Evil

More news on why Mount St. Joseph College refuses to debate on the affirmative for admitting Red China to the U. N. One member of the debate class claims "why should we devote valuable time and energy in research on such a topic? In refusing to debate this question, we are taking into consideration the time element. At a period of restlessness and distrust such as we are now in, it seems most unwise to attempt a serious debate on recognition of Red China by College students, the future leaders of our country." Another member claims, "what could possibly be gained from such debate. Are we attempting to impede or aid the Communist cause? Can the tremendous propaganda value to Communists of such debate be overlooked? Exactly who suggested the topic originally?"

Calling Senator Kefauver!!!

The *Akron Buchelite* reports that the reason for closing down the university of Akron's Student Building was because of the widespread gambling going on in the card rooms. Winnings running as high as \$25 per day, was attributed to a group of nearly 25 persons by the Buchelite's unnamed informant, himself an admitted cardroom gambler. Payoffs, impossible in the cardroom, are made after the card playing has ended, the players having kept record of their winnings. The college authorities became alarmed when several freshmen claimed they lost their lunch money playing against these card sharks.

The February 11th edition of the *Akron Buchelite* gives an interesting account student life at the University of Tubingen in Germany. Dr. Charles Duffy of Akron University has received a Fulbright to Tubingen and he states the student population is always changing, few men will stay the whole four years. This means there is little or no school spirit, nor is there any organized sport. A student comes to Tubingen because he may have won a subsidy or because he is attracted by some distinguished scholar. Right now, the presence of Adolph Butenandt, a Nobel Prize winner is the main attraction, he is with the Faculty of Medicine. There are no "required" courses, no "service" courses, and no "pre-requisite" courses. You can study here as long as you like without taking exams. But if you wish a degree, you must apply to be examined. Examinations are usually comprehensive, impersonal and tough. As a student's life work may depend upon his examination, you may be sure he takes it seriously.

LEWD LYRICS OF A LEBANESE

By GENE NASSAR

I am a thoroughbred Lebanese. (Are you shocked, delighted, or ashamed?) This fact in itself is sufficient to separate me from the masses (not rabble, just "masses.") There is only a handful of us left and we are battling like hell to escape the fate of the Dodo bird. Our plan is to have eighty-four children each. This keeps us fairly busy, though my pop sorta messed up the system by having only three of us. My ma's pa was a camel trader. My uncle weighed 365 pounds. We are a hairy race and short, but we are brilliant. We eat almost anything. We are tough!

Lebanese Women Found in Pastures

In case any reader wonders why all the women of the Near East wear veils, I can quickly clear up this mystery. To tell the truth, although all the men are unspeakably handsome, I've never seen a good looking Lebanese dame. They're pretty strong though, and pull a good plow. Nevertheless I have searched in greener pastures for my feminine companions. (Once I had an Italian girl friend with a thirty-nine bust. I didn't care for her too much, however, because Italian girls have no sense of humor.) "Nuff said about Lebanese women cause they're not too important in Lebanon anyway.

The modern Lebanese is a descendant of the ancient Phoenicians. We have in the western world the alphabet but I'll be damned if I know why we don't use it ourselves. (Our writing is hard to read and ain't worth learning anyway 'cause we ain't got no good literature.) The Lebanese, though, is famed for his warm-heartedness and hospitality. (Upon entering a Lebanese home, you are invited to eat many of our national delicacies even if you choke in doing so.) Our music is world-famed for its lack of melody and harmony.

Learn Lebanese: Be the Hit of the Party

No one should be deprived the pleasure of learning a few expressions in good old Lebanese. Everyone should have a few basic phrases at hand, such as "Inta Majhon" (you're a jackass), "Wine el bitelmy?" (Where's the john?) and "reinee boosee" (gimme a kiss). Then if you get a big kick out of this you can proceed on to the more complex but soul-satisfying expressions like "Index askarra once, shul beel" (Got a dime, bud?) and "Killitna fuhkoo fadd yoom" (we all gotta go sometime.)

Lebanese Impractical: Loves Everyone

The most fundamental characteristic of the Lebanese community is its stubborn adherence to a highly impractical philosophy of life. An extrovertish love of all humanity and a firm belief in inherent Goodness clearly invites a Quixotic buffeting by the cross currents of daily existence. The Lebanese, though, is not mathematically minded and ignores the lessons of odds and balance sheets, and clings tenaciously to these primitive beliefs.

FROM THE PRESSBOX PRIVY

1954 was quite an exciting year for sports in Ohio. I don't believe any other state could boast of so large a contribution of star athletes and teams to the top sporting headlines of this last year.

In baseball, despite the collapse in the world series and weaknesses of other teams in the American League, there cannot be much doubt that the team that set a new record in total victories was one of the great baseball teams in the game's history. The pitching staff that set a new record in earned run averages was without a doubt one of the best all-around, if not the best, of all baseball time. In Cincinnati, the Reds were proud to see their number one slugger receive more votes towards participation in the all-star game than any other player in either league. And although he finished a bad second to Mays in the most valuable award, he ran away from Willie in homerun production and will probably increase his grip on the long ball championship this year with the addition of Jablonski to the Redlegs, enabling "the Brute" to see more of the kind of pitching he likes.

The greatest fight of the year came off in the summer when a Cincinnati almost became the first heavyweight champion to win back the title as he gave Marciano one of the toughest fights of his career, and gave Rock's face its severest battering.

Of course in football the sun shone in Columbus when its university won acclamation in 47 states as the national champions. Columbus was also interested in a team that played out of South Bend, for a hometown boy that quarterbacked the Irish was also quarterback on everybody's all-American football team.

And in the professional ranks, an Ohio team shook off a bad start to take its league title and then turn the Lions into pussycats when capturing the Professional Football Championship.

In tennis the captain of the Davis Cup Team was Bill Talbert of Cincinnati, but more important than Talbert was another Cincinnati who teamed up with Vic Seixas to rock the Aussies and win Tennis' most important trophy for America.

In basketball Ohio State boasts one of the Big Ten's most defeated teams both last year and this season. But national attention was still directed on a dwarfish 6 foot guard who in his first year with the Buckeyes had a twenty point game average and who at the end of '54 was leading the nation in scoring with a 35 plus average. And Cincinnati is looking for all-American recognition for its stocky all-around center who made Coach Riddle throw his famous red towel up in the air more than once as the Bearcat star threw in 49 points against the Tilltoppers from Western Kentucky. While Dayton's nationally ranked basketball team has an all-American candidate in their captain, who didn't let his buxom build get in the way of his shooting arm.

And in somewhat lesser importance we have the continual champions in Hockey, the Mohawks, the excellent swimmers in Columbus, Soccer at Oberlin, and championship stoop-ball and bird-dogging at Gambier. Certainly, this has been a successful year in Ohio sport.

Matmen Defeat Wesleyan 21-6; Wrestlers Ready for Roust

Swimming is not the only sport at Kenyon (tho it, with soccer, may be the only successful one at present); nor is football or baseball or basketball or even soccer. Especially not the former. There is tennis. Don McNeil played tennis at Kenyon. But the latest sport to arrive on the Gambier campus is wrestling. Last year this strenuous sport, strenuous only to non-professionals that is, was added to the athletic curriculum. Although still a mere neophyte among the traditional sports, interest and support has already been aroused for the mat men (this means in the sportwriter's jargon, men who wrestle on mats.)

Kenyon wrestling was organized as a club in 1954 by four Kenyon students: Eb Crawford, Dave Katz, Tom Wigglesworth and John Wilkin, all of whom had been high school wrestlers. Roy Styers, a former professional wrestler and an incidental cop (police officer, sort of), coached the boys during their first year. At that time matches were scheduled with only three Ohio Conference schools: Oberlin, Wesleyan, and Akron. The group tied Oberlin, lost to OWU by one point, and were soundly trounced by Akron. These somewhat negative results notwithstanding the members did rather well in the 1954 Ohio Conference meet when Crawford, Wilkin, and Katz each placed second in their respective classes.

This concluded what is regarded as a successful first season.

This year wrestling was committed (committed as in "crime") as a varsity sport. The team is now under the guidance of coach Matt Midea who wrestled when he went to college. The team has gained in members and the student body, lathargic on the Kenyon Hill, has been slightly aroused.

Matches have already been held twice with Oberlin and OWU and once with Akron and Findlay. The team won its first home meet against Wesleyan 21-6. Much credit is given to coach Midea. Much is given to the Wrestlers.

They are now training for the Ohio Conference meet. The swimming team ought to wish them luck.



SWIMMERS SHINE AS KENYON KEEPS TITLE

ROACHMEN ROMP

A foul shot by Bob Edington with one second left to play gave Norton a 31 to 30 victory over the Alpha Deltas last Friday. This was the first loss for the Alpha Deltas and left Bexley in undisputed position of first place. Bob was high for the freshman team with 9 points and Diz Ostrander sank 14 for the losers.

The Peeps were virtually eliminated from the race when the Phi Kaps upset them 36 to 31 Monday night. Bill Yetter and Robbie Roberts scored 33 of the Phi Kaps points while Dexter Seto was high point man for the Peeps.

As the race stands now, it looks like a "dog eat dog" race between Bexley, East Wing, and Norton.

East Wing clinched at least a tie in the "B" league although they dropped their final game of the season to the Norton "B's" 29 to 19. The Faculty can gain a tie by beating the Deltas in their final game.

As the basketball season draws to a close other Intramural Sports enter the scene. The foul shooting tournament is scheduled for the 13th of March and will be followed by the Swimming, Pool, Ping-Pong, and Track tournaments.

| "A" | | | |
|----------------|----|---|-------|
| | W | L | Per |
| Bexley | 7 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Norton | 10 | 1 | .909 |
| East Wing | 8 | 1 | .889 |
| East Division | 8 | 2 | .800 |
| North Hanna | 6 | 3 | .667 |
| Lewis | 3 | 4 | .429 |
| West Wing | 3 | 4 | .429 |
| Middle Leonard | 3 | 5 | .375 |
| South Leonard | 2 | 6 | .250 |
| North Leonard | 1 | 5 | .167 |
| South Hanna | 1 | 5 | .167 |
| Middle Hanna | 1 | 6 | .143 |
| Independent | 0 | 7 | .000 |

The Kenyon swimming team successfully defended their Ohio Conference Championship in dazzling style, compiling a total of 98 points in the all-conference meet. Oberlin was second with 71.

Before a full gathering of ardent rooters in Shaffer Pool (not in the pool, doh!), the Lords jumped to a sizeable lead early and held it without too much difficulty throughout. The Kenyon mermen took six firsts in individual events and the two relays.

KROCK, KURRUS, FITZ CLIP MARKS AT WES.

Lengthening their streak to eighteen contests without a setback, the Lords downed the strong Ohio Wesleyan squad at the loser's pool February 12.

At Wesleyan the combination of Stan Krock, Skip Kurrus, and Neils Ewing clicked in the 300-yd. medley relay to tie the pool record of 3:12. Following them, Ted Fitzsimmons smashed through the 220-yd. free-style pool record with 2:17.9, and Dan Ray took the 50-yd. sprint.

In the 150-yd. individual medley Kurrus shattered a pool record along with our own varsity mark with a 1:37.6. Bill Cowles and Bob Rolson took second and third places in the diving exhibitions. In the 100-yd. free-style Ray took another first, and Krock set another mark in the 200-yd. backstroke contest. Barry Campbell and Bruce Richardson won the first and second positions in the 200-yd. breaststroke event, and Fitzsimmons and Tom Wilson took the first two positions in the 440-yd. freestyle.

| "B" | | | |
|----------------|---|---|------|
| | W | L | Per |
| East Wing | 6 | 1 | .858 |
| Faculty | 5 | 1 | .834 |
| Middle Leonard | 4 | 2 | .667 |
| Lewis | 4 | 2 | .667 |
| Norton | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| East Division | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| South Leonard | 1 | 6 | .143 |
| North Hanna | 0 | 7 | .000 |

Ohio Wesleyan finished third with 38 points, Wooster fourth with 28, Akron fifth with 18, and Wittenberg last (whose three competitors in the finals managed to gather 2.).

Records Shattered in Preliminaries and Finals

Skip Kurrus swam the 220 yard free-style in 2:17.9 to shave 1.2 off the old conference record; Ted FitzSimons did the 50 free style in 23.9 for a new conference record, though tying the old Pool record, and broke another OC record in the 100 freestyle with 53.2. In the evening Ted bettered this last time by one tenth of a second, and Ray, a freshman, was amazing in the 150 yard individual medley by knocking six and four tenths off the old record as he was clocked in 1:35.9.

Payton smashed the conference and pool record in the 200 yard backstroke with 2:19, and Huenefeld of Oberlin managed to sneak in among the Kenyon glamour boys by setting a new time of 2:44.2 for a new pool record in the 200 yard breaststroke.

In wrapping up the finals, FitzSimons won two events, the 50 and 100 yard free styles; Kurrus, the 200 yard free-style; Ray, the 150 yard medley; Payton, the 200 backstroke; Wilson, the 440 freestyle.

Relay Teams Score

Krok, Ray, Ewing won the 300 yard medley relay to open the finals, and co-Captain Chuck came back with Kurrus, Ray, and FitzSimons to close everything up with a convincing triumph in the 400 yard freestyle relay, flying in 3:39.8, beating the Conference record set last year of 3:47.8.

Coach All Wet

All in all it was a very great team victory and a tribute to the coaching of Tom Edwards, who unfortunately went the way of all winning swimming coaches when, as soon as the meet was over, his boys showed their appreciation of his fine instruction by giving him the old heave-ho into the water.

The meet itself was handled smoothly in a tight situation, and what is more satisfying, for the second consecutive year, one Kenyon athletic team, at least, doesn't have to wind up its season with the traditional, "Wait till next year."

Here beginneth the First Lesson:
We are most dishonorable towards our God. He is not permitted to sin. The tendency of a person to allow himself to be degraded, robbed, deceived, and exploited might be the diffidence of a God amongst men.
Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others. Love to God also!
"Sympathy for all" — would be harshness and tyranny for thee, my good neighbor!
It is inhuman to bless when one is being sursed.
Here endeth the First Lesson.

next year, Kenyon should be able to better its record of this year and give the teams of the Ohio Conference a spirited Kenyon team to cope with. Kenyon hasn't won the conference title for many years and next year's team could do it.

D. Garverick

STUDIO
31 E. Gambier St.
Phone 2-1057

Basketball Boys Handle Balls Better

Now that the basketball season has been completed, we are able to look back and remember some of the outstanding playing that took place. This was the first season in quite a number of years that Kenyon's basketball team has had over a .500 record. The team won 9 and lost 8. This was quite an improvement over Kenyon's 4 and 12 record of last year.

Kenyon is also fortunate in that next year the whole squad will be returning. The best game of the season was the Case Tech game. Dan Bumstead scored 33 points which was the season high for a player in one game. Gene Nazarek also controlled the boards for the night by taking 19 rebounds, which was the highest for a Kenyon player in any game.

As far as average points for the season is concerned, Dan Bumstead took high honors with a 15 point average for the seventeen games. Close behind him were Pete Keys with a 14.6 point average and Ron Kendrick with an 11.4 point average. Bumstead, Keys, and Kendrick also scored the most field goals of any Kenyon player in one game. Against Oberlin, Kendrick and Keys both dumped in 11 field goals, and Bumstead basketed the same number in the Case game.

Bill Lowry and Frank Gingerich played fine defensive games all through the season and showed that they were also fine ball handlers.

Gene Nazarek only played in seven of the games, but made quite a name for himself in his short appearance. In the seven games Nazarek scored 70 points and took 79 rebounds. 39 of the rebounds coming in the Case and Ashland games.

Three freshmen saw action in all 17 games. Tom Forbes, Jon Derwiler, and Ted Moody showed that they were well capable of keeping pace with the regulars. There were many games this year which Kenyon won only because of the ability of these three boys and the other substitutes to come into the games and make a couple of points to put the team back on its feet again. These boys will definitely be an asset to the team in the years that follow.

The other members of the squad who saw action this year were Howie Stidger, who substituted quite a bit for Pete Keys, Bill Swing, Jerry

Looker, Roger Smyth, and Rolly Webb.

As a team Kenyon had a season field goal percentage of .367. The outstanding player in that department was Pete Keys with a .456 average. The opposition, however, outdid Kenyon in this category by having a .581 percentage. As far as free throws were concerned the team had a .609 percentage with Dan Bumstead taking individual honors with a .772 percentage. The opposition again bettered Kenyon by having a .614 percentage mark. Personal fouls hurt us in quite a few games this year. The team averaged 21.9 fouls per game while the opposition averaged only 20 fouls per game. Pete Keyes and Gene Nazarek had 27 fouls and was also department. In the 17 games Pete had 55 fouls and was benched because of fouls in 3 games. In seven games Nazarek had 27 fouls and was also disqualified in 3 games. The cleanest player on the team was Frank Gingerich who had only 40 fouls for the season and was never disqualified from a game because of fouls.

Kenyon outscored its opponents in the season totals with an average of 77.6 points per game to the opposition's 74.9.

Many of Kenyon's losses this year were due to streaks of sloppy ball handling. With another year's experience under their belts, there will probably be very little of this next year.

Since all the squad will be returning

A REPORT ON RADIO

There has been much going on at WKCO within the last year which much of the campus is possibly unaware of. Last year there was a complete technical overhaul of the station. The console was rebuilt and increased in size. The transmitter was moved up to the Hill, first to Leonard Hall and then to Old Kenyon, to improve reception. Professor Franklin Miller and Dave Ryeburn, last year's station engineer, were responsible for the improvement on this end. Ryeburn himself redesigned the console and it was rebuilt by himself and by Professor Miller. And last semester a new phonograph was added which increased the number from three to four.

This year thirty new classical L.P.'s were added to the station's collection, almost doubling that collection. The popular music collection is in a less fortunate situation, however, since, due to the nature of popular music, the station has to depend on having these records supplied by the staff, for the most part, when they broadcast.

At the end of last year, lines were laid up to the freshman dorms. Professor Miller is now working on the new transmitter which will permit reception in the freshman dorms.

And organizational meeting was held on February 15 and tentative schedules were set for this semester's broadcasting. The schedules were set under the direction of Bruce Olmstead, WKCO program director. Last semester the station was on the air from seven to twelve in the evening. This semester, there will be, in addition to evening broadcasting, a morning show from seven A. M. to eight-fifteen A. M. and an afternoon show from three P. M. to five-fifteen P. M.

At the present moment, all of the programs originating at Kenyon are musical in nature. The station does rebroadcast news programs and several other network shows, but not to any great extent.

Ed Knapp is Station Manager and Trevor Barker is the Chief Engineer of the radio station.

The *Collegian* was told that WKCO now has trial membership and that full membership is pending for the station in the IBS or Intercollegiate Broadcasting System. The IBS is a nationwide organization of more than 100 college-wired radio stations. Membership in this group includes representation before the FCC or Federal Communications Commission. The group also solicits national advertising for all member stations, which means that WKCO may soon respond happily to the general American enthusiasm for Ajax (not Sophocles!) the foaming cleanser, or perhaps a local and not too-distant relative of Commander Whitehead (not Alfred North) will ramble (Kipling-esque) at a station break about the fondest mix of all for gin and tonic.

The station this year has a small budget, but it would be sufficient if the station had a larger staff than they do at present. A shameful comparison would be that Marietta College, with a student body of approximately the same number as Kenyon, has a staff of sixty at their radio station — while WKCO has about twenty.

The Station manager told the *Collegian* that new staff members for broad-

ADMIRAL OFF COURSE

(From Page 4)

The latter portion of the book, after Greenwald's "keep Ma out of the soap dish" speech, was ignored by Professor Brown except for its effects on Willy's added maturity. I find this section, however, highly significant since it is here that the final parallel and contrast of Keefer and Queeg becomes strongest. For me this contrast is the book's unifying thematic figure.

Queeg essentially is a man to command sympathy not rancor from the reader if not from his crew. His external despotism is clearly portrayed as the result of an uncontrollable paranoia. He is a sick man broken by what is for him an insurmountable task. The court martial coupled with his past record established that without the stresses of war Queeg would have been a competent officer. The price for his failure is momentous—he is professionally disgraced, personally shamed, and left thoroughly broken.

Keefer is, unlike Queeg, guilty of inherent, almost calculated cowardice, on Halsey's flagship, during the typhoon, at the court martial, when Greenwald throws the drink in his face, and finally (and most significantly) when under fire in the last portion of the book. But Keefer is promoted, completely free from implication at the court martial, his book is successful, and he escapes censure for his cowardice in combat.

Is it not Greenwald's point and ultimately Woolf's that Keefer and not Queeg should be on trial? Queeg's despotism stems from sickness; he can be pitied as an incompetent who tried but failed. Certainly in Lloyd Nolan's magnificent portrayal of Queeg in the play, we see a moving, compassionate, and pathetically human characterization that hardly resembles a "manufactured" puppet. Keefer's sins, on the contrary, are Machiavellian and genuinely cowardly. Here is the Iago of the piece. Queeg is pathetically sick, Keefer diabolically amoral. This, then, I believe to be the well documented big question of the book.

In this connotation the "Caine Mutiny" is not a restrictive condemnation of the Navy with an apology as an after-thought, but rather a critical look at a society that condemns sickness as evil while allowing genuine injustice to go unpunished. It is not a study of petty despotism but rather of gross injustice. Greenwald, Woolf's spokesman, sees this basic distortion. Consequently when he tells Maryk (early in Greenwald's development before the pen could have a chance to "run away") "I would rather prosecute than defend," he is expressing this understanding.

As for the resolution being "desenlase" or "a rope untied and frayed out," is this effect always without virtue? Another sea story, Melville's "Moby Dick," has been the object of differing interpretation and considerable speculation ever since its rediscovery sixty years after its original publication. Could it not be that in this very ambiguity—that allows room for Professor Brown's, my own, and your interpretation—the strength of the work lies? Not to imply that the "Caine Mutiny" is on a level, artistically or philosophically with "Moby Dick," I maintain that the ambiguity of the two books is intrinsically tied up with the individual merits of both.

Justin C. Morgan, Jr.

FULTON LEERS

(From Page 1)

I hear in the wings of TLFNB — YOU ARE THERE!!

Phil Fox: I'm tired.

Bill Wendt: Got a match?

Marge Johnson: I need a pin, desperately. I tell you, desperately.

Bud Morgan: Shush!

Tony Milkowski: Anybody want an egg salad sandwich?

Just then a mysterious-looking stranger peered through the chinks of my kumquat crate and whispered, "As a student once remarked about the Peirce Hall food,—it eats it." Then he vanished.

Enough of this twiddle twaddle, I thought, I will get a personal interview with the most interesting personality in this production. "What have you played with before this show, my dear?" "O every year or so I play a few maternity scenes," she replied with a twinkle in her eye. "O how interesting, how terribly, terribly interesting." "I raise dogs," she went on. "Good heavens," I. "No, no," she quickly replied, "You misunderstand." "Thank heavens," I feebly.

Just then Bud Morgan, the stage manager walked over. "If you like, I can give you some notes on this production." "Sorry, old chap I'm engaged in making an interesting study of an casting or technical work are always welcome, and that no previous experience is necessary for either. Also, any suggestions for new programs for the station will be welcomed, since most of the present broadcasting is musical in nature.

interesting personality. Some other time. —You like puppies, my dear?" "I could tell you that its the most difficult production I think we've put on here since 'Lear.' You see, the play flashes from wit to tragic undertones so sharply, that it is difficult to put over. Mr. Thon has been trying to impress the cast that they must try and make it as fanciful as they can." "Please, later! — As a matter of fact, I like puppies myself." "The problem is that many of lines are so closely packed — it's taken the cast several readings to get it themselves. The hero, Thomas Mendip, is especially hard to particularize because Fry so often becomes "Poetical" that, in making conceits and philosophical observances he leaves the context of the play. I'm not certain how it's going to come out, but we're working pretty hard — I think

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STECK CONCLUDES

(From Page 4)

Rather than a lack of plan, a new liberalism must drop the older doctrinaire qualities; but it must at least retain something, some hint of action, on which to be prepared. How many people really knew what Eisenhower stood for even after his election? As the leader of the popular political manifestation of conservatism, his negation is barely suggestive of any construction. And where the New Conservatives offer neither bread nor hope, Stevenson, at least, offered hope. "We must look forward to brighter tomorrows." Rather than values based on a somewhat rotten past, rather than action based on expediency the New Liberalism must construct a working set of values based on present hope.

A New Liberalism must accept change more readily. Political growth is gradual; it draws on the institutions unique to the people; it exists, assuredly, on the fact that a people will not allow themselves to grow stagnant, it rests on the fact that change is chanceful but something that must be risked. Growth and progress is a matter of human will in a present situation. Macauley said, "Change if you would preserve." If the institutions are dear to us, we must reform to save them. Faulkner writes "Despite all that had been done, the New Deal was hardly revolutionary. Fundamentally there was little in it that was new." A new Liberalism must be based on the instinct of man to "cling" to the past; but for dynamic progress the past must be stressed, not relied upon. The conservatives see the past as a somewhat romanticized guide; the Liberal must see it as a catalogue of errors, he must reject it as a guide.

There were two divisions of thought that helped destroy the old liberalism. The first was over the nature of man. A great deal of liberal thought drew on a background of Marx and Christian thought which saw man as primarily evil. At the same time there was the notion that there was good in the world, that man was ultimately perfect. At one point liberals would speak of the evil and economic man; at another of the inherent goodness of man. This dichotomy expanded to a confusion over final goals. It seems, to this writer at least, that there is little in the world that can be trusted, but he cannot accept Professor English's injunction that "everything in it is a necessary evil." While a New Liberalism must recognize these realities, surely there must be some positive values and institutions to build on; why must we build on original sin when we can build on the religious notion of "love thy neighbor?" (If there must at all be a religious element in political thinking.) The welfare state is only the expansion of this idea: that man cannot exist without help from his fellow man. The good life—or to accept one New Conservative idea—the least bad life is the goal toward which the energies of the state must be directed.

But there must be a de-emphasizing of economic goals. Economic security must be the means, not the end; economic suffering must be accepted as always there as must natural prejudice and social distinction. We cannot, therefore, accept as primary human goodness. While conservative pessimism will probably not get us very far, the old optimism was fraught with tragedy. So the New Liberalism must accept the conservative's realistic view and prepare for—if not the worst—at least not good times. Rather than making the world safe for democracy we must make the world safer from self-interests, from power struggles, from greed and hate; from those who would stifle man's right to work and earn his bread. We must have something positive planned to work with; we cannot adopt an expediency based on an illusory past.

The other dichotomy came over the notion of "realization of the individual" and the "collective state." But it is this writer's opinion that this split is actually non-existent; and if it results at all it exists merely as the work of reactionary conservatives who cling still to the outmoded rugged individual, to completely free enterprise as The American Way. This is a time of safe enterprise, as it has been termed.

Nor is the individual in danger from a democratic "welfare" state. As long as the individual can help construct, limit, expand, in short, control the state he is safe. And he can better realize himself only if the states protect him from those narrow and selfish interests.

New Liberals Arise!

H. S.

we'll do a good job." "Collies, spaniels, greyhounds, I like them all — O, I say where did Morgan go, I wanted to ask him about the play."

Just then a mysterious sinister-looking stranger appeared and whispered in my ear, "It'll fall as flat as a one dollar bra." "O, I say," said I, "who are you?" "You can call me Chris," "Cecil?" "Good Heavens," he cried and vanished.

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