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KENYON COLLEGIAN

A Journal of Student Opinion

Vol. LXXXII October 7, 1955 No. 2

KENYON COUNT

Birds to Fly in Spring

The Kenyon Flying Club has set as its chief objective for the year competition in the National Intercollegiate Air Meet this Spring. The Club hopes to sufficiently train private license holders in order to be eligible for the competition, or to compete with other Ohio schools.

Under present plans the Club will continue to use the Club-owned Eronka Chief, but if there are enough new members, at \$55 per man, the club will be able to buy another plane. It is pointed out that the cost of learning to fly at Kenyon is about one fifth of the similar course at a commercial school.

Freshman Ralph Copeland, who has his own Piper Tri-Pacer here, holds an instructor's rating and will help the club's regular instructor in order to expand the training program. New officers of the club, elected at the September 28 meeting, are I. K. Cohen, president; Chuck Walch, vice-president; Don Stephen, treasurer; and Jim Truesdell, operations director. At this writing the club is in need of a mechanic.

Yes, Virginia, There is a Reville

The Student Council has announced that three of its members will take over publication of last year's *Reville*. They will confer with the printer and assurance has been given that *Reville* will appear. Meanwhile, back at North Hanna this year's editors have announced that there will be a meeting of all students interested in working on the 1956 *Reville* with the printer's representative. The meeting will be tomorrow, October 7. Time and place will be announced. Another statement issued from editor's headquarters announced that Al Halverstadt has been appointed business manager and Jim Jobs will be sports editor. Co-editors Carmen Arrigo and Ron Kuchta remarked that photographers and writers are particularly needed by the present staff. Campus photographers are requested to submit their own photographs, especially candid, to the editors. Good photographer will get paid.

Salomon to Speak

"Be of good faith, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall see this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." These are the words of Hugh Latimer to Bishop Nicholas Ridley as the two great English ecclesiasts burned at the stake for their belief in freedom of religion.

Their martyrdom, and the part which England played in the Protestant Reformation, will be commemorated on October 16 by a service in the Church of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Richard G. Salomon, Cooke Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Bexley Hall, will deliver the address.

Similar services will be held in many of the dioceses as well as in the National Church of England.

IRC Meets to Discuss Ike

The first meeting of the International Relations Club will be held at 8:30 on October fourteenth in Philomathesian Hall. The speaker of the evening will be the recently returned member of the Political Science Department, Dr. Richard P. Longaker, who will speak on some aspects of the Eisenhower Administration. The Executive Department of the Federal Government is Professor Longaker's special field of concentration. This meeting is open to all members of the Gambier Community. The advisor this year for the World Affairs Club is Professor Raymond English, Chairman of the Political Science Department.

FROSH MEET BIG RED GIRLS

After two week-ends of a neo-platonic existence, Kenyon men have reached a usual state of mind, emotion, and body. To be described in words unfit even for these gracious pages, this state of mind, emotion, and body is finally to be released in the First All-College Dance just two days from now, on Saturday, October 8. The gala occasion begins early in the afternoon when Denison invades the Benson Bowl to face Bill Stile's stout warriors in the Lord's third football match of the season. Then, later, Denison girls invade the Division parlors for other various and sundry purposes. Scotch will be served. The Dance, to which the entire Denison campus — including Denison boys — that group of near-mythical persons (mythical because nobody has ever seen them) — has been invited — the Dance will begin at 9:00 p.m. and will carry on in good style until 12. Sammy Hopkins and six other persons with him will provide music.

The Dance is being held with Denison to ease tensions which for some strange and mysterious reason have been believed to have been existing with members of the Denison College Community. Dick Holt has denied he has felt any tensions.

The Dance marks another gala event too: the formal introduction of Kenyon Freshmen, those noble residents of Ba*1*y Prep, to College Women. The traditional bus load of pretty young girls of Denison is being procured for the freshmen. Many freshmen have commented favorably feeling that the \$2 they are paying for their dates is reasonable.

The Social Committee urges that all Divisions give fine parties and that all divisions welcome the Denisonians.

Many gala fop festivals have been promised. The Beta's have promised a gala roadblock in the afternoon. Scotch will be served. Middle Kenyon is taking subscriptions. Nobody scoops the *Collegian*.

Frosh Soothed

The Dean's Dandies, who have lots of horns, have only approximately twenty members to blow them. They would like to have 30. If they get 30, the Dean has been induced to raise money for uniforms - - - it wasn't hard. He promises to go to the Salvation Army if nothing else works.

Among other advantages of being a band member are free trips when the band is on tour, such as the trip to Wooster last Saturday. Members also receive letters and are given a banquet.

In case you have been persuaded, go to Rosse Halle next Wed., at 7:00.

Growth Inconsequential Administration Claims

In a speech to the student body in College Assembly September 27, President Chalmers announced that an increase in enrollment of about fifty students more than the present number is expected for the academic year 1956-1957. The present enrollment of the undergraduate college is 476 students.

The proposed new enrollment will be the highest in the college's history with

RADIO IS BETTER THAN EVER

Kenyon's radio station, WKCO, 580 on the dial, is being heard for the first time in all the dormitories this year.

Now on a regular schedule, WKCO broadcasts classical, jazz, and popular music, and special events from 6 P.M. until 1 A.M. five nights a week. "Symphony Hall," long a favorite here at Kenyon, will be heard Monday through Friday from 9-11, and from 7-Midnight Sunday evening. The exact daily schedule will be posted on the bulletin boards in the near future.

WKCO plans to broadcast most of the year's sports events except Homecoming. Dean Bailey has given permission to broadcast "live" from the Feild House and Benson Bowl, and Away games will be tape-recorded.

The Special Events Department, under the guidance of Ron Winter plans, in addition to the sports happenings, faculty interviews, news, dramatic shows, and a satire written especially for WKCO by some members of the Freshman Class.

The French Department of the College is going to sponsor two shows transcribed from the French Broadcasting System, "Masterworks of France," and "Songs of France."

The station record library has acquired many new records, to the delight of Dave Wilson and Bill Noco, Classical and Pop directors. Jules Richter is Station Manager, John Davis is Program Director; and technical matters are handled by Trevor Barker and his assistants, two of whom hold "Ham" licenses.

WKCO recently was accepted into the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System. The IBS has self-imposed high standards of air-time operation, and only those stations which conform with them are granted charters.

Jack Stauch, who also conducts the Mount Vernon Marching Band, will be there to give instruction on how to play your horn and the Dean will be there to make sure you keep in time. The band has been doing mostly popular works such as "Dance With Me André."

The trumpeteers would appreciate it

the exception of the years immediately following World War II. Before the War, the enrollment approximated 300, and last year it was only 433 undergraduates. The President stated that the increased student body will enable Kenyon to offer more to its students, yet retain its characteristic small college flavor.

In keeping with this expansion, the Admissions Department indicates that the next entering class will be slightly larger than the present freshman class, which contains about 155 freshmen and a total of 170 new students. In the future, Kenyon can expect a total of no more than 180 new students annually. In any case, the freshman classes will be built around the 150-odd housed in Lewis and Norton Halls. Again, this anticipated freshman class size is larger than that of any previous class, excepting the few post-war years, when the largest class was about 196.

Involved in this expansion is the problem of housing the larger student body. The College dormitories have a present capacity of 475, and are now apparently filled to capacity. President Chalmers states that the college is now "comfortably full." The administration anticipates that the overflow, and there will be some, will be housed in private homes in Mount Vernon and Gambier. It is pointed out that the peak post-war size was as high as 611, and although the barracks stood where Lewis and Norton are now, there were then a number of students living off campus. At any rate, the administration does not at present plan the construction of a new dormitory in the near future.

Closely related is the problem of scheduling of classes for the higher registration. This year the number of afternoon classes has been increased so that each Ascension Hall department now has at least one afternoon class. Next year it is expected that the number of these one o'clocks will be doubled. This will, of course, mean that students accustomed to morning classes only will have to orient themselves to the use of free morning hours for study, but the registrar's office indicates that this is the only solution. At present available classrooms are full for all morning classes except eight o'clocks. Therefore, the answer seems to be to expand the hours over which classes are held.

Besides the problem of actual scheduling of classes, there is the matter of increases in faculty to prevent overcrowding in classes. For the second semester last year, with 430 students in the college there were 52 faculty members, including 45 full-time. This semester for 476 students there are 55 on the faculty, including 51 full-time. As the enrollment increases, the faculty will be increased somewhat, although not as much proportionally as will the size of the student body. This will mean a slight increase in the theoretical 9-1 student-to-faculty ratio, but the registrar's office stated that this will not be of serious detriment to the college. That is, although some of the classes will become larger, they will not become excessive. In particular, great care will be taken to keep down the size of the freshman English sections, and it is hoped that the overcrowding in the language department will be relieved soon. On the whole, though, the small increase is not expected to be really consequential; e.g., there is little difference if an advanced course contains eight or six, or even twelve or six, for the basic smallness of the class is still retained.

In general, the administration will facilitate better use of the college structure, without danger to the Kenyon tradition of smallness.

if the students would get hep to the new cheers arranged for them.





Kenyon Collegian

— Since 1856 —

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THE SPOKESMAN

ON EXPANSION AND EDUCATION

Campus discussion aroused by President Chalmers' recent announcement of the proposed expansion reflects on a smaller scale the furious polemic presently raging about education, its theories, its implements, its results, and its lack of manpower. These questions will be formally thrashed out at the White House Conference on Education at the end of November. Despite doubts about the sincerity motivating the Eisenhower administration's support of the Conference, it will serve, at least, to emphasize both the problem of education and the revival of public interest in education. There seem to be two main questions: what kind of education are you going to give them, and where are you going to put them? The ubiquitous third question, of course, is Who is going to teach them? And, as the *Saturday Review*, points out, the unmentioned issue is Federal aid to education. But each question only generates more in a sort of unending process. But the problem, revolving about the Rising Tide of Students, that now grown wave of World War II babies, is intensified by an increasing percentage of the college age group who are demanding entrance into universities and colleges. These thousands have been encouraged to seek "a higher education" by prevalent educational theories emanating from the various teacher's colleges. These theories, propounded by the "professional educationists" (as their critics are wont to call them) would emphasize the development of social adjustments, the development of vocational skills, the development, in short, of "the whole child." Rejecting subject matter as a primary concern, they would replace history and grammar and reading with attempts to build emotionally and vocationally healthy children. This, of course, can be very fine and it has worked wonders for the very less gifted children in many sections of the country, notably the "blackboard jungle" districts of the larger cities. Flowing from the liberal democratizing influences of the early thirties, and feeding its own philosophies back into the public main stream these theories have nourished an American fetish for the higher education, for mass education. However commendable mass education may be the results these last twenty years have proved the theory better than the practice. Recent books such as *Why Johnny Can't Read*, or *The Diminished Minds A Study of Planned Mediocrity in Our Public Schools or Quackery in the Public Schools* serve to express the doubts which have finally come to the surface. As de Tocqueville pointed out more than a hundred years ago, democracy and equality while being a most superior form of society serve to breed mediocrity, and in a country which prides itself on its literacy and whose existence depends (or so we are led to believe) on its high caliber intellect, mediocrity in education is suicide. The great polemic has produced two opposing forces: from the *Saturday Review* (Sept. 10): "... the cleavages are those of the small vs. large institution, of East vs. non-East, of private vs. public, and "elite" vs. "democratic." The great state universities, mostly west of the Mississippi, are ranged against the Amherst and Wesleyans and Vassars and the like. The point at issue is of course the following: Who shall do the expanding? And why not everyone? And, if not all, then what are you going to do — set a lid on the number of college educations available each year to the young people of America?"

Many persons have answered — at the risk of being called intellectual snobs — Yes to this latter question. A recent article by the president of a small West Virginia college damned Americans for making a college education — not really the education, just the old sheepskin — a symbol of social achievement, a sort of "keeping up with the Jones" proposition. He remarked that many persons should realize that not everyone is qualified for college, that it should be no disgrace *not* to have gone to college, and that the whole attitude is harming not only colleges but also injuring the really capable student. He went on to suggest that junior colleges should divert some of the stream and that college admissions offices should discourage the less gifted from wasting their time and money.

But the mediocrity of the university presupposes a more dangerous mediocrity: that of the secondary schools. The quality of the average high school today is appalling. There is, we have read, a large Western high school which has a course entitled Orientation to the School Building. This is an exaggerated, but not untypical example. Some communities have recognized the problem and taken steps to alleviate it: the result is the creation of special schools for the more advanced students, i.e. Philadelphia's Central, Cincinnati's Walnut Hills and so on. Yet these programs are few and often condemned. In an address last January Douglas Bush, professor of English at Harvard, strongly emphasized the point that colleges should bring pressure to bear on the high schools to tighten their standards.

Kenyon's Program for Admission in Advanced Standing is clearly a move in this direction. President Chalmers' speech last year urging more difficult admission standards and his attack on Federal aid in this paper earlier are two more indications that Kenyon is clearly allied with the "small, Eastern, private, and elite" concept of college education. This does not, however mean that Kenyon caters to the socially elite; it does mean that she caters to the elitism of a liberal education, an education stressing the importance of spiritual, academic, and social values, not the development of skills.

And so the campus discussion the last week has not been concerned with whether or not Kenyon is filling its duty by not taking more students, by remaining,

Continued Third Column

Dear Editor:

The Student Council by a substantial vote recently recommended the expulsion of a student for the academic crime of plagiarism. There has been some criticism — based on misfact and rumour — leveled at the Student Council and the Administration for mishandling the case. The main criticism revolved about the lack of action taken in June thereby not giving the accused a chance of immediate justice. The Collegian unable to print the full facts, has received this letter from a Council member.

To the Editor:

Concerning the case of Mr. Russell, it has been brought to my attention, there is not a little concern in the student body. Being a member of the Student Council in possession of certain evidences not for general circulation, I cannot see how any other course, or any more JUST course, was open to the Council other than the one it took. It might not be improper to inform the student body that, because of certain peculiar but undefinable circumstances surrounding the case, the Council STRONGLY ADVISED Mr. Russell, if he felt its decision unfair or unprecedented, to appeal his case. He failed to do so.

Sincerely,
AALv

A HARD-HITTING SOCIAL SATIRE

by a hard-hitting social satirist. Written by David, and nicely done, too.

Once upon a time there was a little red schoolhouse in the midst of a deep and forbidding forest. Only those children went whose fathers lived on the green hill in clean and neat little white and red cottages with green shutters. The other children were not so fortunate. They lived in the valley and tilled the fields, learning nature from the tips of their toes to their armpits. While the schoolchildren scrubbed their cheeks and wore silk and satin knickerbockers, the other children could scarcely afford to wear renovated feed-bags and onion-skin underwear.

In this best and worst of times, the school teacher in the secluded schoolhouse was more than often a wry little woman with rimless spectacles. She believed that reading, writing and other mental arts were meant to be transported from the printed page and from her own voluminous brain to the empty slate of her pupils' minds. Indeed, these transports often led the brighter young men to pursue their studies further.

Years passed and the old system grew stale. People began to wonder why little Billy knew when Julius Caesar died and did not know how to drive his father's car. And a big change was taking place. Some of the valley people accumulated enough money to build winter dwellings on the green hill. The old-timers on the green hill turned brown with disgust. Some of the farmers' sons now wore calico suits instead of feedbag.

After a while little factories made their appearance in the valley and a transition, which few people realized, was completed. One afternoon, a stalwart band of hill and valley-dwellers (who were by now indistinguishable from each other) marched on the little red schoolhouse in the middle of the forest, tearing up trees and underbrush as they went. They carried the flag of human progress in their healthy complexions and in their wallets. When they reached the schoolhouse, the wry little schoolteacher was standing before the door, her wry little breasts pushed forward in contemptuous regard of the marauders. She held a portable blackboard over her head, with an imposing πr^2 in the exact middle. Her antiquated stand was noble but short. Miss Wisp, who could recite the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica verbatim, was replaced by Mr. Piston, well-known efficiency expert and integration consultant for Hyman Wyelearn Sons, Ltd.

After the glorious revolution, things began to shine. The little old schoolhouse was replaced by a big schoolhouse. All the dirt and weeds and cleavage which had made the way through the

(Continued on page 4)

A UTOPIAN'S SEARCH FOR WISDOM

The whole damn story happened this summer. I was sixteen, kep' away from girls an' was happy. My damn buddy can't stand to see nobody in peace — hadda fix me up! So we're in the car, see, about 11:30 on a damn good night — perfec' for frog hunting — me an' this girl in the back and him an' his broad up front. We just finished sittin' in the show where I sweated like hell an' I'm happy figurin' we're headed for home. But this kid get a bug in his head an' he's gotta stop inna park and, right off the bat, this girl starts talkin' ta me. I tries to be sociable an' gives her the scoop on six-man football, but the imbecile gets irritated. "Ah," I figures to myself, "whaddo I gotta go crazy — for what?" So I looks out of the window. "Whydoncha wise up, ya slob," she says after a while, and slides up near me. I didn't know what th' hell she wanted an' she got nervous. After we dumped the girls off my buddy got on my back, tellin' me 'bout how I gotta start learnin' a few things which is the point of this whole damn article.

I always figured ya get married an' yer wife gets to love ya so much she automatically comes up with a kid. I go ask my pop to give me the scoop an' I wanna book on how a guy's supposed to handle his girl 'er wife on a date. The he fiddles aroun' an' tells me to go up to the library. So I goes and tells the lady old witch leers at me like I was a pile of manure or something' an' asks me if I'm writing a paper for school or somethin': I tells her no an' she gives me a lotta trouble but she gives in after a while an' unlocks a dingy ole room down cellar like where they kept the Christians and comes out widda book called "Sane Sex Life for the Sane Married Couple" or "How to Forever Remain Sweethearts" by some doc. I opens it an' reads th' first paragraph.

"Love is ecstasy, comradeship, completion of self. It is a union of two souls which transports them to higher realms of transcendental happiness. It is the wafting of two spirits to a fairyland of frolic where every Prince Charming finds his Cinderella and where worldly cares are—

"Ah, what the hell," I said an' give it back to the lady an' tol' her to get me another one. She comes out with a two thousand page biology book. I finds a chapter called "Reproduction in Mammals" where they got a big spread on a coupla frogs. This gamme a clue 'cause I been watchin' frogs for a long time! I goes home with the book an' runs upstairs so my ma won't get on my back. (I ain't had a job this whole summer, see, an' she's lookin' like hell for things to get on my back about.) I'm startin' to read when my buddy walks in an' tells me to lay off the scientific balony — for \$1.98 ya can send away for the "Marriage Manual" which if you check here, you get it sent in a heavy blank cover — that tells everything. Well, I sends away for the deal — I grabbed my sister for the two bucks — but the world's against me — my ma gets her hands on the damn mailbox before me an' almost has a hemorrhage when she sees the book. It goes in the furnace an' I got the ole lady on my ear for two weeks about me bein' "an idle barbarian like your pop!"

Things are really gettin' bad now an' I'm ready to pop my cork if I don't find out pretty soon what to hell girls are all about. I walks down to the corner joint to get the "Police Gazette" for my pop an' der's my buddy and his crew — not one of 'em got a job — lookin' for nothin' at somethin' called "Censored." They got a story in it about a dame that made a pile on the side running a "bordello." Whatta hell's a bordello." I says. The guys laugh outta the sides of der mouths like I was an immigrant just off the boat. "Dincha ever hear of a disorderly house, ya goof?" they says. "Ya, I lives in one!" I tells 'em.

Finally, these imbeciles tell me about how these places are just special for guys like me who wanta get to know girls better an' learn how to hell to act on a date. They tell me to go see Big John Choochamort, the midget that runs the pool hall, 'cause he's the guy who brings ya over an' introduces ya to the girls who give ya the dope. So I walks over across the street an' Big John tells me to come back at 7:30 that night with \$5.00 in my pocket 'cause these girls are college graduates an' don't wanna teach nobody for free. So I grabs my sister (who's in a daze these days since she finally got a boy friend) for another two bucks. I asks my pop for the two bucks I won off him on the fight the last Friday an' I mows the church lawn for Father Perratta for a buck an' takes off for big John's after confession.

We drives along in his big Buick down into Garbagetown an' stops in front of the back of the Plaster Factory warehouse. I tells John "What ta hell kinda place is this for college girls?" He tells me, "Shaddup, an' act like ya been around — don't make no assinine remarks in fronta the girls — they're sensitive, see? Just let 'em show ya around the place an' keep yer yap shut. Gimme the five — I'll see dat they get it — ya might lose it."

We're walkin' up a mouldy flighta stairs when Tony, my sister's boy-friend comes walkin' down. He starts turnin' nine different colors tryin' to say somethin' an' finally slips me a five — so I breaks even for that night. Big John knocks an' some dumpy ole lady with pimples on her face opens up an' acts like Big John was Eisenhower or somethin'. Five other girls — nothin' much to brag about — comes runnin' up. I recognize my buddy's sister an' tells her "Hiya Ang." The old crony smiles like a dentist at me an' says, "Oh, you know Miss Jones?" "Miss Jones, hell," I says, "that's Angela Vitagliano, an' who to hell ya tryin' to kid in this place — she quit high school last year."

Then they all start a big noise about how I ain't old enough to join their deal an' hell, I saw it was just a clip joint an' took off without Big John (that dirty rat still owes me my five bucks).

Well, anyways, I stops over to the rectory on my way home to see Father Perratta about the ball game that week an' tells him the whole story. First he asks me to stop swearin' and then he shuts off the television an' we go in his library — he's gotta helluva lotta books on baseball. He takes out a buncha books an' gives me the full scoop and finishes up by givin' me a couple books to take home with me. Then we both goes up to the church an' says a few prayers together. After that we goes downstairs where he's got some root beer in the ice box an' we watch wrestlin' till about 12:30 when I took off. —Gene Nassar

SPOKESMAN (cont.)

that is, small and elite; nor whether Kenyon should gear its educational system to fit the tidal wave of youngsters. The feeling has seemed to be, rather, whether Kenyon has not, in fact, already made some concessions to the influx, concessions which are not, as yet detrimental. Five hundred is a comfortable size for the student body, but we wonder whether it is wise to strain the facilities and the faculty to the point where everyone loses. The strains are mentioned elsewhere on these pages — the dorms, the commons, etc. Some people seem to be rather concerned over the more than few excessively large classes which, empirically at least belie the 9-1 ratio spoken of so proudly by the catalogue. But we have been told that the faculty will be enlarged as the student body increases.

Compared with the multitude of colleges and universities which are sorely pressed by the thousands in search of some sort of learning, Kenyon has come off rather well. Her position is to be envied, we imagine, by those schools who find themselves regarding students as a plague of locusts, or as so many units — measured, evaluated, and classified by College Boards and IBM — which must be turned out — within four years — as "well adjusted members of their society." For the advantages we have from Kenyon's smallness, we are willing to put up with the crowded Hanna Halls (newly fireproofed, we're told) or the cold, decreasing portions in Peirce Hall or the classes we stand to hear in. Or at least we think so.

Bob Stewart

Hilltoppers

Bob Clark

Despite our limited observation, we ventured that the revival of the conservative in all areas of popular taste is now obvious and widespread enough to merit attention. The development of this trend most recent, and most noticeable for the man on the street, is, of course, the new interest in conservative dress especially for the man, but apparent in women's wear, too. The Britisher, who was once thought the most tastelessly dressed man on the international scene, has now come into his own — everyone must look like an Oxford don or an aging member of the House of Lords (or at least the American-styled version of this look); otherwise he is stamped, of all things, out of date. Nineteen fifty-five dress must, above all, attract attention to the wearer, unless this attention be admiration of the studiously successful effort at avoiding attention. Clothing is now advertised, not as eye-catching, but rather as correct, and the cardinal sin is not looking unimaginative in dress, but looking gauche or individual. The wearer's own personality has been swallowed up in the charcoal grey suit and the Harris tweed, symptoms of the tendency to uniformity. This is all very fine for the shy man, who has been wishing for years that he could find some way to dress unobtrusively and not be called a coward, but rather hard on the assertive type whose purple-and-orange blazer was once thought very chic but now only brings scorn and laughter.

Perhaps the revival of conservatism in dress has been partially the result of the current wave of conservatism in the mental life, for when the conservative's ideas are admired, his style may be also. The reappearance of conservative theory on the political scene, a real resurrection from the dead according to our own conservative theorist, has been discussed in these columns before. But also we note the development in educational theory: the past decade has seen the progressive educators fall into disfavor in the popular mind, with parents advocating that old-fashioned methods, such as the phonetic method of teaching spelling, be reinstated in our public schools. Certainly the enlarged church membership points to a new conservatism in American thinking — the church has notoriously been the stronghold of the most arrant conservatism through the years. On the literary scene, America has seen since the late 1930's the almost complete disappearance of its avant-garde, and attention has been turned in our own time to the staid academy where the professor-critic dictates formal obedience and learning. How many times have we all heard it said recently that our artistic atmosphere is critic-dominated? Finally, we observe that the musical snob now worships the Baroque era, sighs ecstatically over Telemann but never, never Wagner, and deplores anything in music that smacks even slightly of "expression."

We do not attest to the accuracy of these random notions, but we do think that nevertheless popular esteem has switched in many aspects of thought to what may be loosely called the conservative camp. As we sit before our typewriter at Kenyon College, a small liberal arts college infamously uninfected over the years by progress, and anticipated our afternoon class, not in Creative Writing or Prose for the Newspapers and Periodicals, but rather a close study of texts of the classical English Writers of the eighteenth century, we are forced to admit that we heartily approve.

To contrast with the above View with Approval Department, we View with Alarm: the proposed increase enrollment as stated by the President to the assembly Tuesday. At this juncture we can only say that we are happy that we are not four years younger and living in Hanna Hall. —Clark Stewart

Russian Record Re-examined Geneva's New Look Doubted

The recent Geneva conference has been the cause of nearly infinite commentary upon American foreign and, for that matter, domestic policy. Essentially, the argument seems to be found around a question of the sincerity in Russia's new look. There is little doubt but that the international scene has, in fact, acquired a different color; there are, however, many diverse opinions in regard to the depth to which that color has actually penetrated the Russian Bear. Some contend that the change in outlook is sincere in the Russians and our attitude ought, therefore, to be changed as well. Others, myself included, tend to doubt that the U. S. ought to relax its attitude toward the Soviet Union and International Communism. The truly important problem is that of determining to what extent the United States' State Department is to accept the apparent change in Russian attitude as genuine. In this decision we are to have some assistance from the tenth U. N. general assembly, now in session, where one of the major items on the agenda will be the report of the permanent sub-committee on disarmament and the subsequent discussion of President Eisenhower's proposal for mutual aerial inspection of military installations.

Further tangible evidence of the Russians' peaceful (or other) intentions will be contained in what they offer as a counter-proposal to the President's plan, since they evidently don't want the plan itself.

To the extent that more adequate evidence may be forthcoming at the U. N. and elsewhere in the near future, it is too early to properly determine Russia's sincerity. But for the most part, a fairly adequate assessment of their intentions may be gleaned from a casual examination of, first, their past record, and, second, the obvious advantage to be had for Russia by a successful deception of the West, serving to lull the United States and her allies into less adequate preparedness, both military and propagandistic.

There is no need to say much by way of enlargement on either of these points. To answer the first, let me quote Senator James Eastland, Chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, in the *U. S. News* of August 5, 1955. "The staff studied nearly a thousand treaties and agreements . . . but with countries all over the world. The staff found that in the 38 short years since the Soviet Union came into existence, its government had broken its word to virtually every country to which it ever gave a signed promise."

"I seriously doubt that if during the whole history of civilization any great nation has ever made as perfidious a record as this in so short a time." This should suffice to illustrate the extent to which Russian words and faces, written or behind a hand offered in friendship, are representative of Russian intentions.

In regard to the second point made above, the success of Soviet intentions becomes more obvious from day to day as people in England, France, and the United States, taken in by a false face and vodka toast, advocate less expenditure for military and propaganda purposes. The more the Russian Bear grins, the more his teeth show.

It is true enough that most people seek peace, and that this country should be willing to compromise toward disarmament or a "relaxation of tensions" whenever possible. But let us not be deceived into taking the word for the deed, especially in view of the past value of the word. When the Russian government offers a useful and constructive action toward the goals her words espouse, then will be time enough to talk about a "lessening of tensions" and a New Look.

—Dave Willson


Glimpses

You are—
Henry Steck.
I am happy to make your acquaintance, Steck.
Please call me Henry.
How kind, you can call me Fulton.
Fulton.
Henry.
Fulton!
Henry! Ho this is gay. However, no time for twiddle-twaddle, Steck I understand you are said editor of the new Kenyon Collegian.
Yes.
Bright boy Steck. I'd like to take this opportunity to interview you. Ready?
Yes.
First of all do you have any new ideas for this fall?
Well—
And tell me, Steck, man to man, what was all that bull about in your first editorial?
The *Collegian* is —
Tell me, Steck, are we going to have any news this year?
The *Collegian* is ninety-nine—
And those essays again, holy Capozzi! Blah blah blah. I thought we got rid of Shavzin last year. Catch this from the first paragraph (I always read the first paragraph): "he (this guy Holden) becomes almost a symbol of the plight of the plight of all of us." It gives me a pain of a pain, and then the next sentence — "More, he *is* We." It sounds like this guy Holden should go to Denmark for an operation. Maybe two or three, maybe Shavzin should go with him.
The *Collegian* is ninety-nine—
Let's get on the stick, Steck. How come everyone that works on the paper is an Archon? Is this subversion, Steck?
You can call me Henry.
This is supposed to be a journal of student opinion, Steck, I have an opinion. This newspaper eats applesauce, Steck.
We thrive on criticism.
Tell me Steck, is it true this paper is anti-Admissions office.
We thrive on—
Anti-dean's office. Anti-fraternity. Anti-Miller's beard. Tell me Steck, is it true the Delts have barbells in their basement. And that Frank passes out hot chocklate every evening in Lewis while Jack tucks them in. And one more thing, Steck.
Yes
When do I get my damn *Reville*.

Nature's Nobleman

He stands out by first base — A man who can see no farther than his own prodigious mid-section, the result of extensive delving into his own work. His work, as his body, has become more effete with the passing of time, and the change of convention. His only connection with first base is his love of the game. When you look at this man do not dismiss him as, neither good nor bad, neither positive nor negative, just a colorless speck of humanity. Let your view of him be tempered by the motive which has guided his life. He had the rare privilege of growing into manhood at the exact age when prohibition was in its prime. He had a desire to fulfill the absence of a commodity which many men of that age felt a necessity, for the sheer enjoyment it afforded to them. His work brought satisfaction to many and profit to himself; no-one could be condemned for this. Certainly the authorities dubbed it illegal, but definite steps were never taken to stop him. He meant no harm to any man; he stood only as . . . supplier of pleasurer . . . which made him the protector of good in his own uneducated mind. He was humanitarian, an uncultured aesthetic, but, as those of most great men, his moment of greatness was fleeting — these opportunities for immortality were soon eliminated.

He stands out by first base — what black mark can any man see on this life? Surely his rationalizations carried him no farther than the immediate good he accomplished. Is the bad, when not premeditated, and even now unknown to him whose mind is foreign to ex-




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tensive thought, still bad? If he were to be judged through sympathetic eyes, he would be found guilty of a simple good and sentenced to join the number of saintly villains. Quite possibly there are a far greater pair of eyes than mine to view my friend, and judge him other-

wise, and my view too narrow. But how he stands out by first base, a retired bootlegger. The boys around first base and those of the black-jack game to follow call him just "Boot." But they will never know the true devotion of this bootlegger.

EXCHANGE

In keeping with the theme of this issue, Expansion, the column this week consists of reports from other schools around the country which are also feeling growing pains.

In the *Tan and Cardinal*, student publication of Otterbein College, a front page story concerns ground breaking ceremonies for a dorm which will eventually house 100 women. The building is the first part of a \$6,215,000 advancement program, which is to extend over ten years. The program will include a gymnasium, class buildings, and more living space for students.

The university of Akron paper, *Akron Buchtelite* boasts of more parking space than any other university of comparable size. The same journal speaks of an increase of ten percent in the university enrollment. A new class building is almost completed at Akron, one which will hold several departments crowded out of older buildings. At that school, people are wont to compare freshmen to locusts, and to calves going to slaughter. Of course Akron is a much larger school than Kenyon (2,500), but I certainly hope that we never get to the stage where entering students are referred to as hords of insects, or animals going to their death. Such talk could never be beneficial to students, who should be made to feel that they belong, as indeed they do.

Campus Collegian, of the University of Toledo reports that they have 6,000 enrolled, of which 1,000 are frosh. This year's enrollment has raised last year's figure by 500.

Ohio State's Journalism School paper, the *Lantern*, reports that even a school the size of State notices rising enrollments. There the increase is approximately 1,000, a sizeable sum.

All this is merely to point out that Kenyon is definitely well attended in her plight. Since it seems that more people are born, and fewer dying, the situation can only get worse. Different schools have different ideas for housing the extra students, a difficult job at best. Those that use fraternity or sorority houses usually leave it up to the group to find additional space, although some schools do help out either by building or contributing money. Some groups solve the situation by reducing the number of pledges, thereby leaving housing entirely to the school. Other schools, which operate on Kenyon's principal of everyone living together in school dorms, have little choice in the matter. They either stop expanding, or build — or crowd. The third solution is the most common — there are few campuses today that are not crowded. Of course crowding creates fire and health hazards, but for lack of money, there is often no other solution. An additional answer could be to house students in private homes in the community — I am not sure if it has been tried on a school-wide basis, but it is one thought that has occurred to me reading other school papers. It is easy to see how the problem applies to Kenyon. Here we seem to be using the third solution, which again, is the only one in this case. However, this column is supposed to deal with schools other than Kenyon. I have merely tried to consider Kenyon's problem in the light of other schools' solutions. —Jay Barth

WOOSTER WINS

Early in October, 1954, a cocky, over-confident Wooster team came to Kenyon three touchdown favorites. Late in the final quarter, with Kenyon marching deep into Scot territory Wooster found themselves fighting desperately to hang onto a 7-0 lead. The game ended with the ball on the Wooster goal line.

Remembrance of that thriller, the improved depth of this year's team, and the promise showed against Ashland quickened hopes for a Kenyon victory Saturday. Enthusiastic students even tried to claw a "K" in the center of the field Friday night. But this materialized as the only Gambier-inspired impression made on the Wooster field as the Scots superior speed and manpower crushed the Lords 27-0.

Anticipation of, at worst, a close game was further heightened when Keith Brown intercepted a Scot pass on the Wooster 37 on the first play from scrimmage. Jerry Looker's running gave the Lords a first down on the 26. When Wooster held on downs, the delusion of a Kenyon victory ended. After Bush and Jacobs swept right end and bulled through gaping holes off tackle, Bush galloped 19 yards for a touchdown with nine minutes of the first quarter gone.

Lowry's interception delayed the Scot avalanche temporarily early in the second quarter. But the tricky Jacobs scampered behind stout blocking on touchdown runs of 46 and 3 yards before the half ended. The third Wooster score came with but 40 seconds remaining of the second quarter. Jacob's went over again early in the third quarter, ending the scoring for the day. Dingle's zig-zag through the entire Kenyon secondary, the picture play of the day, was nullified by a clipping penalty.

"There was no comparison between this Saturday's and last week's performance. We just played bad football," Bill Stiles told this reporter. Captains Smith and Lowry also felt "we just didn't play the kind of football we are capable of." Coach Stiles added, however, "Don't give up on this team yet. The loss of George Thomas hurt us plenty, but Fleser and Looker will help more as the season progresses."

Looker's all-round performance, Marty Berg's pluckiness (despite a painfully sprained ankle), Fleser's fine running in the second half after but a week's practice, and Bob Smith's doggedness in the line were the bright spots in what was otherwise a disheartening afternoon for a large Kenyon turnout.

Wooster's fine 56 piece band and seven majorettes lead by Bob Smith's talented sister, Barbara, entertained smartly between the halves. With the exception of the winning bagpipes, the Sun-baked crowd of 4,000 enjoyed the well-drilled show thoroughly.

Denison, who has yet to lose, (They were tied 19-19 by Mt. Union in the final 36 seconds) comes to Benson bowl this Saturday. If the players can work hard all week to face a team that must be made at least a four touchdown favorite, we, the student body, can be down there to give the boys and Coach Stiles all the support we can muster. God knows they'll need it.

(Continued from page 2)
forest to the schoolhouse difficult was cleared away. In fact, the efficient Mr. Piston suggested that the forest itself be eliminated as a liability unmanageable in a progressive age. A playground soon surrounded the school and the first sandpile was instituted. All the young boys and girls in the district came to the new school, all of them equal in ability

Lords' Rock - Sock Soccer Stops Big Red Dead

The Kenyon soccer team started their 1955 campaign last Saturday by defeating the "Big Red" of Denison University by ascore of 5 to 2. Last year Denison tied Kenyon in a year when the Lords were ranked second in the mid-west having suffering their only loss at the hands of Oberlin, 1 to 0.

This year's team handicapped defen-

Edwards Top Booter

When Professor Hoffman, of the language department, left the College in 1951, he vacated the position of Head Soccer Coach. In order to keep Kenyon Soccer alive, and because of his inherent love of the game, Franklin Miller, Associate Professor of Physics, offered to fill the important position.

Because of the recent resignation of Dr. Elbe Johnson, Dr. Miller has stepped up to assume the chairmanship of the Physics Department. The increase in academic work which embodies the chairmanship forced Dr. Miller, last week, to resign from his coaching position.

In Dr. Miller's four-year tenure of office, Kenyon's soccermen won 17 games, lost nine, and tied three. In 1951 and 1952 the Lords dropped three games per season. In the following year they lost only two, and in the 1954 season dropped one match. As the record of games lost has been decreasing progressively, it is hoped that the Lords continue it, and go undefeated in this '55 season. If they can win the next game, this Saturday, at Earlham, and the one the following Saturday, here, with oberlin, the chances for that undefeated season are very good.

Dr. Miller, a Swarthmore graduate, played intercollegiate soccer there 1929-1932. An interesting sidelight is that, when returning to his Alma Mater this year, he found the same man coaching soccer, who was there in '29.

Some of Kenyon's top soccermen under Dr. Miller's tutelage, were, as many of us will remember, Si Axtell, Tooky Cole, Butch Aulenbach, Bo Mohr, and J. "Willie" Ferguson. Dr. Miller attributes a great part of his success as Head coach to Ferguson, All-American and Mid-Western Conference Goalie, who was with him for the entire four years.

Ex-coach Miller's most thrilling game was the '53 encounter with Oberlin, here, which ended in a 0-0 deadlock. Kenyon had a home football game that Fall Dance Weekend, and during the half-time most of the Benson Bowl spectators wandered over to the soccer field, and remained there, cheering their team on in the hard fought contest to the 0-0 tie. Oberlin was rated many points over the Lords that day, and Dr. Miller attributes the deadlock to the spectator support, which he deems necessary and vital at every soccer game.

Tom Edwards, swimming coach, who has done much work with the Lords this season and last, has taken over the chief position. Dr. Miller will continue to aid, when time permits, and will help the squad toward the end of the season when the swimming and soccer schedules conflict.

and strength of character.
Today, the district can be proud of their school. The last remnant of the stale old system, a map of Europe in the Middle Ages, was burned just this year. The classrooms are large and airy, built

sively by the loss of All-American Goalie J. Wilson Ferguson was able to show that they could play well defensively despite the loss. Bill Wallace showed that he was a very competent in becoming a goalie by making seven stops. Freshman fullbacks Reg Doherty and Kemp Fuller saved many goals by their fine job of playing. Co-Captain John Wilkin again played an excellent defensive game destroying many of Denison's offensive efforts. He stopped one Denison shot at the goal with a beautiful block. Don Peppers and Al Hal-verstadt played the Half back positions with help from Ray Brown. On the line CoCaptain Mike Tadonnio and Dave Katz played well.

There is a trio known as the "Flying Dutchmen" making up the rest of the team. This trio is composed of Bob VanDyke, Bill VanDyke, and Charley Opdyke. The addition of The VanDyke twins has helped the team offensively, and Charley Brown played his usual fine game.

Kenyon got off to a slow start in the first period, and neither team was able to score. Shortly after the second period began Bob VanDyke scored a goal on a corner kick with an assist from Charlie Opdyke. The lead did not last long, however. Denison quickly tied the score on a free kick by Ed Sanchez. Late in the second period Kenyon scored again with Bill VanDyke kicking the goal and Charley Opdyke again assisting. The half ended with Kenyon leading 2 to 1. In the 3rd period Charley Opdyke again scored with Bob VanDyke assisting, and Denison scored on a goal by Ken James. In the fourth and final period Kenyon scored two goals. Both, by Charlie Opdyke. One was on a free kick, and he was assisted on the other by Bill VanDyke.

Thatcher Schwartz, Larry Schneider, Howard Hoffman, Tom Teruya, and Max Berman showed that we have a strong bench supporting our regulars by their outstanding play as substitutes.

Next week Kenyon takes on Earlham. They will have a long trip, but they hope this will not keep them from playing an excellent ballgame. The next homegame is October 15 with Oberlin which promises to be the most outstanding game of the year. Oberlin is rated the best team in the mid-west, and they have an unbeaten string of somewhere around forty games.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

The intramural season starts this week here at school. The first football games will be played Wednesday. The Sport's Editors have predicted the following standings for the coming season. We are excluding the freshmen although they will probably have two outstanding teams, but we have no way of telling where they will finish.

- 1st Place Delta Tau Delta
- 2nd — Alpha Delta Phi
- 3rd — Phi Kappa Sigma
- 4th — Sigma Pi
- 5th — Delta Kappa Epsilon
- 6th — Beta Theta Pi
- 7th — Archon
- 8th — Psi Upsilon
- 9th — Delta Phi

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sat., Oct. 8 — Denison	Home
Sat., Oct. 15 — Hobart	Away
Sat., Oct. 22 — Capital	Away
Sat., Oct. 29 — Hamilton	Home
Sat., Nov. 5 — Hiram	Home

to accomodate at least 75 pupils. Surely, the comfort and east with which the students integrate their studies with their personalities is a sign for continued progress in our enlightened age.
—David—

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