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KENYON COLLEGIAN

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THE SPOKESMAN

ON A MOCK TURTLE

As the boys up in Hannover might say, there is a real gung-ho article in the November *Holiday* magazine. It's all about the "natural superiority of the Ivy League colleges" and is written by Henry Morton Robinson of best-seller list fame. There is another article about Ivy League social life written by a Harvard man: it is about Harvard riots, week-ends, wonks, and the blasé attitude of "ivies" toward sports. There is also an article by a Yale man who talks about "mass sports eagerness." To prove the Ivy League is just not for rich capitalists, there is a picture of Norman Thomas. There are lots of other nice pictures too.

But Mr. Robinson's ill-advised piece is the subject of our concern. At the risk, however, of being classed as a Kansas State Teachers College for Women kind of school, we must remark that we are not answering Mr. Robinson's pompous challenge to try to "dislodge a brick or two from the facade of Ivy League complacency"; nor are we attempting to build up ourselves: the fine quality of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia is acknowledged, though the other four — Cornell, Dartmouth, Brown, Penn — are not to be ranked in the same class; and the record of the small schools — Amherst, Kenyon, Swarthmore, Oberlin, etc. — is as good as, if not better than, any of the Ivy League Schools. This too is well known in most respectable academic circles, albeit apparently not in Mr. Robinson's.

In printing Mr. Robinson's undergraduate-like rantings *Holiday* has done the reading public, American education, and most of all the Ivy League little good. By now Mr. Robinson's fellow "ives" have probably hooted him out of the plush Ivy clubs; Ivy students who have had the luck to escape the consequences of those cocktail-party-name-dropping courses obscenely called General Education or Contemporary Civilization (which in two years teaches all about Man) doubtless realize the fool Robinson is playing. And he probably is winning no friends among the distinguished Ivy League faculties who must be more than somewhat embarrassed at Robinson's immature insults directed at the "professorlings" who teach at the state schools; or at the superior faculties at the Amhersts, Swarthmores, Oberlins, who seek, he asserts, only to turn out facsimiles of the Ivy League; or at the faculties of denominational schools, i.e. Kenyon, Haverford, Wesleyan, who, Robinson claims, "are expected to sneeze in unison whenever the prebendary takes snuff." Like Alice the better "ivies" must be saying to Robinson, "Keep back, please: we don't want you with us!"

If the purpose of a liberal education is, as Robinson states, to produce "a greater understanding of this world," then Columbia failed with Henry Morton Robinson (unless he was busy at the time stringing up *Beat Cornell* signs). His article not only displays a mediocrity of intellect (which belies his intellectual achievements), but also displays a gross intolerance. If he knows anything about the records of other schools, he does not show it; if he knows anything about higher education, he does not show that either. His article is, in short, sheer cant. Smugly he challenges his critics to "dig hard . . . for colorful facts" and to "rewrite their article fifteen or eighteen times." We would modestly suggest that he follow his own advice. Indeed, his lack of tact reminds us of that line from a current play: "Sir, have read your poems over twice, suggest you do the same." We would suggest he find out what we small schools offer; that he ask our upperclassmen if they are intellectually underfed; that he look to the graduate school records. We suggest he find out why a "brilliant young man (might) voluntarily exile himself to a four year term at Woffard or Idaho State if he could win a scholarship at Dartmouth or Cornell?" substituting for Woffard, Williams or Antioch or, again, Kenyon. We suggest he talk to Ivy Deans of Admissions about scholarships turned down in favor of the fine smaller schools. We suggest that Mr. Robinson stop reading Brooks Brothers brochures.

Mr. Robinson's silly sentimentalizing and glorifying of stereotype reminds us of that scene from *Alice*: "Ah! then your's wasn't really a good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. 'Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, and washing — extra".'"

Robinson goes on to make much of "academic freedom" citing Harvard's Pusey's anti-McCarthy stand as a typical example. But we feel constrained to point out a distinction between academic and intellectual freedom. Academic freedom is not confined to the Ivy League alone, for most privately endowed colleges of any stature maintain this tradition. But intellectual freedom is something more subtle: it extends beyond the classroom, beyond the right to teach despite unusual ideas. It extends to the bearing and attitude, the moral structure, almost, of the individual; to his freedom, if you please, to be an individual. We would ask: Can there be even real academic freedom in a course where the professor must lecture to several hundreds of students, where the individual's intellectual curiosity is typed and assigned to a "section man" or a "post-grad"? Can there be any real intellectual development in courses which present everything, but teach nothing? Can there be intellectual or social freedom where there is a pressure to be a stereotype (and Mr. Robinson's claque as well as Robinson himself let us know that you can spot the Ivy League man if by nothing else than the cut of his suit)? where there is pressure to "not conform"? to be a professional individualist? to dress, talk, walk, think, have fun, boast in keeping with the accepted Ivy League way of life? If we read Mr. Robinson strictly, an Ivy League student has no time to think or develop, only to attend to appearance. And a recent faculty letter in the *Brown Daily Herald* scolds for "a suspicious eagerness to associate themselves . . . with Harvard and Yale in dress and manner."

Yet we know this is wrong. We know that Ivy League schools are quality schools, and that at least four of them are of a superior quality, and that they turn out very fine men. And we agree with the remarks condemning mass state university education and with the remarks arguing for a higher education which is an education, not just a degree. But all this need not be shouted from Harvard square, nor even from the pages of an otherwise respectable publication. We know the quality of the Ivy League through their achievements, not through the distorted pictures of the grey-flanneled Robinsons. We know this of the "ivies" because (or so we think) the Kenyon liberal education has made us genuinely tolerant and broad-minded and critical. There is a real wrong and a real danger in the utterly false values Robinson represents. Confident and sleek, no doubt, in his rep-tie security he intimates that those who have the good fortune (though they be on scholarship) to attend on Ivy League school somehow belong to some sort of aristocracy; that everyone else is either a frustrated "ivie" or else a "wonk."

A LITTLE SPIRIT GOES A LONG WAY

A good Hamilton team comes to Gambier for the Homecoming tussel this weekend. The possible loss of their superb quarterback plus the "life" of Homecoming festivities could well mean that Hamilton might find themselves in more of a battle than they anticipated. If the separate talents exhibited jointly up to now could be combined on one afternoon, Kenyon's football team is capable of a glorious upset. But one factor essential to developing the climate for such an upset is school support. Members of the faculty, the Administration, and the players have repeatedly told this reporter that it would be a terrific boost to their morale if just once they could feel the student body was solidly behind them. With the possible the Lords have never even approached their potential with exception of the opener against Ashland. Admittedly this is hardly an outstanding team, but it is a much better team than some of the past performances indicate. What it needs to realize its capabilities is to feel the spirit of collective support behind it. If the student body and visiting alumni make it a point to be down there early, and vocally and collectively start encouraging the men who represent your school from the moment they appear until the final gun is sounded, then the Lords will feel that infectious spirit and play with a gusto that will leave the self-appointed cynics among us agast. To win would be glorious, but that is not what is essential. To give an exhibition which we all can take pride in is what we really want. But as long as the aura of defeatism hangs in the stands it can't help but be communicated to the players.

GALA GRAD FESTIVAL; FUN AND FREE BEER

A football game, an open house, and a dance will be the main entertainments today and tonight at this Annual Alumni Homecoming Weekend. Already past are the meetings of the Alumni Council and its Executive Committee, and an address by Professor Robinson.

KADEL PLUS 16 FOR DW

Dance weekend will begin as usual with a big dance in Peirce Hall from eleven to three Friday night. Eddie Kadel and his sixteen piece band will provide music for those who find it too cold on the terrace. Saturday afternoon there will be a combo party somewhere, and in the evening, there will be more parties in the divisions. From ten to two Bob Hunter and his sextet will play their *own* modern musical arrangements in the Commons. for those who can walk that far. The Social Committee hopes someone will give a party from two to four Sunday morning for the intrepid kenyon men and their dates who don't want to go to bed. Scotch will be served. Nobody scoops the *Collegian*.

The exhibition is not confined to the performance of the team. To sit back and self-rightiously sneer — "those guys never seem to play together" when we, the student body, never support them together is sheer hypocrisy. Let's not be guilty of such hypocrisy Saturday afternoon. Come to the game, cheer together, and give Bill Stiles and his players the kind of support that will make it possible to give the kind of exhibition that they are capable of, and that we can be proud of. J.M.

The dance tonight at Peirce Hall (ten to one) marks a major change from past Homecoming programs, when normal fare was an evening smoker. The Alumni Office indicates that if this alumni-undergraduate dance is successful, as it should be, it may well become a regular feature in future years.

The football game this afternoon is against Hamilton, and at half-time, after the mythical Cane Rush, the Chase Society Cup will be awarded for all the sterling decorations around the Hill this afternoon. The Chase Society Cup is not mythical, and was won last year by North Hanna.

The Open House this evening is from eight to nine-thirty at Peirce Hall, and there will be much conversation and liquid refreshment. The Alumni, through the Alumni Association, are supplying the liquid refreshments, and no doubt the undergraduates will supply the conversation.

This morning and last night at the Alumni Council and Executive Committee meetings, among the topics discussed were the Annual Alumni-Senior dinner, which is this year scheduled for March 17, and the possibility of consecutive-class reunions, rather than the present single-class system.

For those who are still looking for something to fill in the time, if they look in the right places, they will find kegs after the football game and division parties in the evening. Never a dull moment.

FROST; FATHERS; ETC.

Robert Frost, well-known American poet and lecturer, will again visit Kenyon College this fall, and he will offer a program of reading and comments on his own works to the College November 1. Mr. Frost was to have lectured here last spring, but a schedule conflict forced the postponement of his visit.

Kenyonites, especially sophomores, are reminded that Tuesday, November 1, is Founders Day and Matriculation. President Chalmers will speak. Oaths sworn and lives penned away.

Friday November 5 is Fathers' Day. Kenyonites who expect to be showing the merchandise to the bill-payer should get housing.

WHO SPEAKS FOR E. J.?

Professor E. J. Robinson of the biology department today delivered a speech to the alumni on "Teaching at Kenyon." The talk concerned itself with the biology department and the theory of the liberal education at Kenyon. Though it cannot offer the courses it has in the past, nor even those listed in the catalogue, the Biology Department has been able to maintain an extremely high standing and excellent graduate school record.

Another speech this last week was given by Professor Finkbeiner of the mathematics department. The speech discussed advances in science and the potentially harmful consequences on automation on education.

NEWS NOTE: (Oct. 26) (*Mather Hall*) In keeping with the tenets of liberal education Prof. Robinson today failed to meet his eight o'clock class. In keeping with Prof. Finkbeiner's warnings a taped lecture greeted the zoology class. The tape reported that Robinson had been up late the night before.

SIGNIFICANCE: It seems to us that, tentatively, at least, the problem of over-expansion and too few professors has been met in the best State University style.



THE PILGRIM

Yet with a pseudo-sophistication not atypical of the wrong sort of Ivy Leaguer Robinson forgets the first canon of any aristocrat: responsibility. What he is, in effect, saying to the high school senior is *If you can't come to school with us, you aren't fit for college, because there are no other real colleges.* And he is saying to all the rest of the college students *You aren't really at college, you know, you poor fellows.* And this, of course, is wrong. As we see it, Robinson is in no way typical of the Ivy League; at best, he is an accident; at worst, a sadly typical over excess from Morningside Heights.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games." *Rab! Yale! Fight!* H.S.

Kickers KO So-So Akron

Continuing the battle for the Ohio Conference Title, Kenyon's soccermen downed the Akron eleven 3-1, here, last Saturday. Akron, proving little match for the Lords, made a poor showing for one of the better conference teams. Kenyon scored only three times against the team that Ohio Wesleyan beat 5-0. Wesleyan has also defeated Denison 7-2 (our score: 5-2), but lost to Ohio State 2-1 in overtime. Wesleyan this week tied Oberlin 0-0. Thus, if the Lords win the Wesleyan game, which shows promise of being one of the season's roughest, they will still have an uphill climb. Next on the schedule after Wesleyan is Dayton, who lost to Earlham 5-0. Since our loss to Earlham was better percentage wise than Dayton's, we should be favored in that contest by several goals. In the final game of the season the Lords face Ohio State here on dance weekend. State has beaten Denison 4-1 and Wesleyan, and are to date undefeated. Therefore the Lords must defeat two top-notch squads and one mediocre one to finish the season successfully. Their chances for doing this are excellent if they do not become over-confident, as teams often do when on top. Unhealthy traces of this appeared in the Akron contest.

The scoring in this match was as follows: five minutes after the start of the game, Dave Adams stole the ball at the mid-field stripe, and dribbled deep into Akron territory where he passed off to Charlie "Brown" Opdyke who was in the clear. Charlie Brown got off his usual quick hard boot which was good for the first goal. In the second period Charlie Brown assisted Bill Van Dyke for the second tally of the game. The Lords got their third score in the next period when Charlie Brown again passed off, this time to Bob Van Dyke, who scored to give the Flying Dutchmen a goal apiece for the game. Akron scored their only goal in the third period when an Akron back was fouled and Kunningham sank the penalty kick.

Capital Score A Lie

In the last game away from home, the Kenyon Footballers lost to Capital 46-6. Despite the score, the game proved to be one of the most evenly match contests to date. This was especially evident in the first half. The first-down column was even. Although Capital scored twice in that half, they pushed hard, yard by yard down to the goal-line. Kenyon got a number of chances to score through the fine running of Lowry, Looker, Berg, Fleser, and Brown. All this seemed to be nullified by inadequate protection of the passer by the line.

The second half started with two long touchdown plays by Capital. The Lords attempts at stopping the passing and running of the bigger team seemed futile.

On the offense the Lords moved for a few downs, and then the line began to miss blocks and the ends and backs

Mystic Visits the Theatre

Emerson, the night watchman, coming upon a strange scene smiles shyly and hurries to wind his clock. Let's see, this must be the hundredth of the five hundredth. All nice fellows. Down here every night, too. Which one is it this time, one of the fellows told me last night. Let's see, Caine Mutiny Court Martial, I think. Fellow over in the corner, keeps sayin, "Kay" all the time. Names Chris. Told me he was Queeg. I said that was too bad and offer to give him an aspirin, till he told that he was Commander Queeg in the play. Felt like a damn fool. Let's see, real name's Cris, Chris Sheonleb. Senior this year. Says this is his first big dram- dramatic role. Told me this Queeg, or what ever his name is, in the play testifies against his executive officer, Marrick, or Maryk, something bout a mutiny this Maryk started on a ship called the Caine. Anyway this Maryk claimed the captain went sort of nuts on the ship during a big storm. According to the rules of the Navy a man can take over the ship if this happens. Leastways that's what Maryk thot. So when this Maryk goes on trial they find out the doctors say Queeg's O.K. Looks like a Court Martial for sure for Maryk till a real smart lawyer named Greenwald proves the captain is a little bit off his cookie right there in the courtroom. Anyway, the was Chris explained it Queeg gets mixed up on the stand into it or something and he was the real villian or something. Chris said his parts awful had to learn cause this Queeg talks all mixed up. Nice fellow that Chris.

Emerson moves toward the steps to the stage where he has to stop. Two of the players sitting on the steps are engaged in a heated discussion. Bud Morgan, playing the part of Greenwald, and one of the court members, Chuck Mignon are discussing Wouk's real purpose for writing the book. Morgan is explaining the fact that it was all too prevalent in the war that, instead of fighting the enemy, too many insubordinate men, officers and enlisted men alike fought their superiors.

The old nightwatchman goes up on the stage and stands for a moment in the wings. The director Jim Michael is working over a scene with Phil Fox, and Kent Wiley, The Judge Advocate, Jack Challee and Lt. Thomas Keefer, respectively. Jim is sitting in the stand explaining to Wiley about how he should react to something Challee says. Wiley nods and Jim goes back to his seat in the tenth row of the theatre. *Nice Fellow, that Jim Michael.* Remember when he first came here, everybody liked him. Gone last year to New York or someplace. Good director, too. Sure am glad he's back. Guess everybody is.

On the other side of the stage, the stage manager, a freshman, Jim Clarke is working over some new blocking with "Buz" Folsie, Lt. Junior Grade Willie Keith. *Both nice fellows. New, here. My how time flies.* Up in the grid, Dick Fenn is hanging by his heels adjusting a few lights. With one free hand he waves at the friendly old man. In so doing, he almost dropped a light, which he caught and look out, almost dropped Dick. Emerson moves to the stairs leading to the bowels of the speech building. The place where everything originates. The primal cause, so to speak.

Below the stage, two men speak in hushed voices. Thom Duke, the business manager and Jack Brown, the Producer. They're the men behind the scenes this time. Bruce Olmstead is busily pulling lumber out of the scrap pile. He builds and designs the sets. "Hi. Say you got a pencil I could borrow?" Twelve pairs of eyes glower at Olmstead and twelve of fingers are raised to twelve pairs of lips that emit as one a long "Shhhhhhhhhhh." The question was directed at Bob Kelley who was at that moment telling of the times when Kenyon put on plays with girls in them. The Twenty-four eyes belonged to various members of the cast who were listening with baited breath, as the saying goes.

Emerson methodically wound his clock, turned and went back upstairs. Standing in the doorway, the old man stopped a moment to reflect. *My how time flies.* Let's see, how long has it been? Twenty, thirty, no, couldn't be thirty. Long time though. So many nice fellows? Not very many, I'd imagine. Got other things on their minds, don't have the time. Still, these fellows are down here every night. Makes a fellow wonder sometimes. With a quick glance at his clock, he turned, pushed open the door and stepped out into the night, shaking his head.

dropped passes.

In the fourth period, Kenyon's offense clicked, and they drove from their own thirty yard line to the Caps one. Half-back Jerry Looker plunged over the line for the touchdown.

Capital scored by two pass interceptions in that quarter to raise the score to 46-6.

The Lords showed spurts of fine defensive and offensive play throughout the second half, through the work of Trinuid, Ostrow, Cheer and Allen.

The few (four or five) who saw the game all agreed that the score was not indicative of the type of ball played by the Lords.

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NEOCEC OF MLA HERE

On November 5, the College will be host to the North-eastern Ohio College English Group. This "group" came into existence as a regional group of members of the Modern Language Association of America during the War when national meetings of the MLA were impractical. Its membership comprises the instructors in English in the various colleges and universities in the northeast quarter of the State. Such institutions as Western Reserve, Oberlin, Fenn, Toledo, Wooster, Kent, Akron, Youngstown, Hiram, Baldwin-Wallace, John Carroll are included.

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