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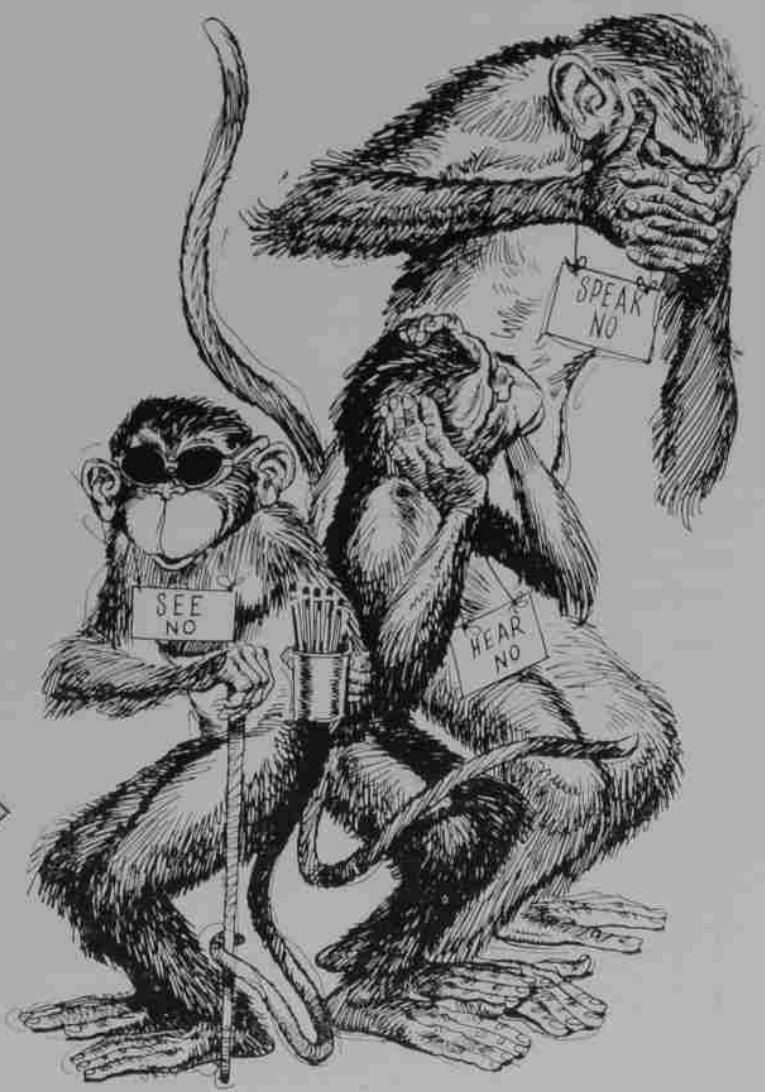
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KENYON SELF-STUDY

CONFIDENTIAL
REPORT

CONFIDENTIAL
REPORT



Might Makes Right!

JOCKS MAKE FOP OUT OF OUR BOY

I suppose you wonder why I write this letter. Well, I'll tell you why I write this letter. Because the boys in the Society for Preservation of Athletic Egos said I could write. Better than anyone else. In the Society. Now I wanna let you guys on the paper know that us athletes are angry. About what your Sports Editor said. About us. He dumped on we jocks. He is nasty. He had no reason to. Dump on jocks. It is unfair. Because we don't dump on you guys. Therefore this rules out any reason for you guys dumping on us. Besides, that's what Skip said. And you know Skip. He is always right.

Also your Sports Editor said he wanted. To see athletics eliminated. He is a stupid person. Doesn't he know sports expenses are kept at a minimum. Only \$50,000 per sport. I guess this pretty well rules out his notion. That sports should be eliminated. He also dumped on gym. Can't he even read a schedule? We don't even play the gym class next year in football. We play the Mount Vernon jayvees. Just for grins. And because there is a little money in it for us. But that's not really why we agreed to play them. It is because we are good guys. And good guys always finish last. But Skip says we're different. We have the only school that pays its athletes to lose. To make us look like we don't promote sports.

Also he hinted that us jocks are kinda dumb. When he knows we are not. Because our College Boards are rising. This year our overall Board average rose 50 points. Now it is 210 in math and 190 in English. Also we were

the only varsity team to do better than our predicted average. This year it rose to 1.75. This should automatically rule out any notion that us guys aren't so smart as you. Also your Sports Editor suggested that physical education is no good. He doesn't know what he is talking about. Besides, what would we major in then? Besides, Skip says phys. ed. is O.K.

He also dumped on our new football field. He said it was a waste of money. Is football really a waste of money? We asked Skip and Don. They said no. We say no. Therefore sports are all right. He also said Kenyon is small. The smallest school in the league. Doesn't he know facts when he sees them? Kenyon's enrollment is 600. Hiram is 599. Mt. Union is 598. OSU is 30,000. Wooster is Presbyterian. Therefore we shouldn't drop football. Out of the league. Because we are good Episcopaltians. Are we gonna let Presbyterians win without a fight. How then will we convert the world? And prove

PRONOUNCEMENTS

We note with despair, the retirement of Archibald MacLeish from the Boyalston Chair of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard. His long and faithful patriotic service and continued efforts to support what is new and inventive, and his choice of the mass media to accomplish his democratic mission commend him to us.

We like the library too.

we are right. Is your writer insane? We asked Skip. He said yes. Your writer is insane. Therefore this is good reason to dispense with the notion that we promote sports.

He says grants-in-aid are evil. We think he is just a jealous bigot (Skip said to use that word.) Because he isn't a jock and making money like us. He is mad. He says football is dispensable. What! A men's college without a professional sport? Can't he see past his nose? Then the College would get worse. Because then we'd get no football players to win and lose for Kenyon's glory. To prove your writer is a fool. We asked 150 Kenyon football players. If they would have come here without football. They all said no. This is proof football should stay. Because otherwise 150 men would be out of work. And this would make Paul Trescott mad. He says it would ruin our national economy. Then he'd fight with Skip. Skip would curse but Paul would win. Paul is strong. Run, Skip, run.

Also does your sports editor know that 100% of our alumni who played football here still like football. Whereas only 40% of our non-athletic graduates contribute to increase grants-in-aid. This rules out the notion that non-athletes are jocks. We don't say we're necessarily right. But those who disagree are wrong. Because Skip says might makes right.

by I. C. Roulette

as told to

J. W. Daffodil
(For the Society)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Fop Is Made; Pronouncements	2
Whattanobby Killing; Scurrlous Cement	3
The Elusive Janitor	4
McGowan Invents Master Marker	5
Scudder in the Big Leagues	6
Roelofs Opens Dairy-Delite (nordic novelties)	7
Lund — Sticks and Stones Break Bones	8
Lund — Exorbitant Salaries	9
Positive Thinking, Haywood In Ink	10
Pen Money for Pedants	11
FINAL PROPOSALS OF SELF-STUDY	12

ADVICE FROM HOME:

Dear Johnny, Be Sure To Pick Nice Friends — Mom

The Subcommittee on the Maintenance of Kenyon's Traditions offers the following transcription of a telephone conversation recently wiretapped in Dean Edward's Office.

"What's that Rosie, sweetheart . . . a phone call . . . Mrs. Whattanobby from Dingleberry, Ohio . . . Yes . . . that's the one I've been expecting . . . You know . . . it's Johnny's mother. OK . . . put 'er through, sweetheart."

"Hello, Mrs. Whattanobby, this is the Dean speaking, good morning, and of course, you've got to recognize my position as Dean of Students of a college which, while allowing more freedom than most, must nonetheless, enforce certain rules, and in the absence of responsible fraternity conduct, that is, HOME RULE, HOME RULE, HOME RULE, leaves it to its Dean, that's me Mrs. Whattanobby, to enforce those rules, which are more liberal than most . . .

You're calling about your son

. . . that's Johnny Whattanobby . . . you say he hasn't written you lately? and you called the dorm last night, and they could, they didn't tell you where Johnny was? . . . they seemed embarrassed? . . . a hush fell over the telephone? . . . and so you're calling me, Mrs. Whattanobby. . . .

Well, Johnny was involved in a tradition the other night . . . the pajama parade — its been around here for hundreds of years, Mrs. Whattanobby . . . well . . . Johnny was hurt in the P. J. parade . . . Now, Mrs. Whattanobby . . . no tears . . . P.J. parades make men of boys, having been doing so for years and would've done the same thing for Johnny, if things had turned out different for your little boy . . . Johnny was hurt, Mrs. Whattanobby . . . To put it more strongly, just a little more strongly, you could say he was er . . . seriously hurt, . . . indeed, if it did not smack some-

what of the sensational, one might even use the term . . . killed.

Of course I sympathize, Mrs. Whattanobby. I had a mother too . . . and she knows what its like to lose a boy. Of course . . . If you'd stop shouting and being hysterical Mrs. Whattanobby, if you'd only er . . . be reasonable . . . stop bawling, dry your eyes and see things from my point of view . . . that is, from my position, my point of view as **your** Dean of Students . . .

Now, Mrs. Whattanobby, why do you want all the sordid details. Can't you see things from my point of view as Dean of Students . . . of course . . . of course, you want to know how it happened . . . but think what'll do to the image of this place . . . to the reputations of Johnny's fellow classmates . . .

Classmates? Well . . . they did kill him, but still if he'd lived . . . What's that . . . well, they, er . . . did it in a group . . . kind of gathered around, collectively, in a group you know . . . dozens of them singing and shouting . . . united together in a single purpose . . . even if it was killing Johnny. What's that . . . no it wasn't an accident, They 'er . . . lynched him. Now, now, Dear Lady! Now, Mrs. Whattanobby

(Cont. on page 4)



Scurrilous Cement

Better Try Elmer's, Buck

The maintenance department hastily checked its facilities today after Old Kenyon fell to the ground. It was reported that a student had kicked a charred spar left over from the '49 fire.

One of the maintenance bosses declared anonymously, "I told the trustees you can't use Duco cement for mortar on marble buildings."

President Lund termed the collapse, "an unfortunate incident," and called a meeting of the Judicial board to see if the student who kicked the spar should have to pay damages.

MOPS FOR THE ARABS

WHEREFORE ART THOU, MAINTENANCE MAN?



The sub-sub-sub committee group
On maintenance: its work —
Has just completed its report
Cut through the veil of murk

That veil of murk surrounds, my
friends,
Devoted, silent people
Who clean, who fix, who cut the
grass
From steeple unto steeple

You see them in the library
In dormitory halls
You see them in their purple
trucks,
On ivy-covered malls.

You hear them gathering garbage
'Bout noon of every day
You hear their shouts of laughter
Like children hard at play.

They're always all around us
And yet they're hard to see
'Cause where and when you want
them
They never seem to be.

If something does not work, or's
broke
"Please hurry!" one may say



And they'll volunteer their motto,
"We'll do it right away."

It may be weeks, more likely
months
Before they come around
And then they give you a report
Showing what they've found.

A window smashed in Leonard
Hall
Costs thirty-five or so
If one is broke or even eight
It costs the same, you know.

So is **one** pane is broken.
The boys put on a show
They'll smash the rest, the lead,
the frame,
It costs the same, you know.

The mess this leaves must be
confined,
Within the Student's room
Never on the outside where
It's hard to use a broom.



As one treads gravel'd Middle
Path
One cannot help but see
That strings of lights do still
adorn
The Kenyon Christmas tree.

Machines that chop the leaves in
Fall
(and here we must confide)
Are specially set to blow the
mulch
Through windows opened wide.

The far-flung bureaucratic chain
Of carpenters and others
Connects them and unites them
all
As sisters and as brothers.



They're all around the campus
Till four-thirty every day
When they fold up their mops
like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

Whattanobby Assasination

(Cont. from page 3)

... can't you see things from my
point of view as Dean of Students.
Of course I'll do everything I can.

I know that you want Johnny
brought home to Dingleberry to
his own soil, and, believe me, I'd
do everything I could. I do every-
thing possible for every Kenyon
Mom and Dad, because you're as
integral a part of the process of
education as I am ... so I would
help.

There is a little difficulty
though, Mrs. Whattanobby. Now,
get the picture; see it from the
beginning Chronologically (that's
from my new **Words of Power**
dictionary). They ran after him
caught him and, when he wasn't
traditional tied him, lynched him,
cut him down, carried him off
... and burned him ... they er
... scattered the ashes in the
Kokosing, which is our tradition-
al river, at which Johnny was
hurt earlier this year ... so you
see the process of recovery is er
... pretty ... uh ... Herculean
... not to say ... hard.

I can suggest one thing, though,
and as the Mom and Dad of a
Kenyon Student ... I was won-
dering ... from my position it
looks wonderful ... if you would
be so beneficent, er ... not to
say kind, as to furnish a memorial
room in our new memorial li-
brary ... in Johnny's name.



Pst! Sonny, wanna buy a cool undergraduate literary magazine?

Mechanical Automaton Moves In

PROF REPLACES SELF

The man in the registrar's office leaned back, his whole ruddy cherubic self radiating the exuberant contentment of a man who over a period of decades has set a goal for himself, pursued it, and, at last attained it. The academic Santa Claus was back at the North Pole, and it was the day after Christmas.

"I'm in the big leagues now he said - no more cops and robbers, no more Cowboys and Indians. I got tired of those courses in high school. From now on it's different".

Why all the excitement we asked - "You haven't heard - you haven't seen it," he retorted. "Why, when the factory gets built (McGoo Industries, that is) Gambier will be transformed. You'll call it 'The Big Apple'."

He looked young as he gazed out the window in the direction of Mather Hall, seeing it, yet seeing through it, beyond and above it in space and time; he

speculated,

"Someday, all of this . . . mine . . . those trees, that gravel . . . all the violets in the grass . . . by God, I'll run Jim Hayes out."

Again we were forced to ask - what had turned the good gray pedagogue into an inchoate titan of industry? He looked at me cautiously - an air of something secretive, creative, almost mystic entered his bearing.

"Do you want to see it . . . the first one . . . the prototype?"

"Of what?"

"Of my machine . . . my invention . . . THE MCGOWAN MASTER MARKER. It took years you know . . . those blue books almost beat me, those papers I almost had to read."

"I guess its common knowledge, all the things I tried. All my ideas. First, the conventional stuff - throwing them up steps, throwing them down; then my sophisticated efforts - my wash-

ing machine, my rotary mower, my toilet, all failures . . . all the ink would wash off, the blue books go to shreds, or burn, or something.

"It was rough - they almost beat me, all that penmanship straining to trample its way into my eyes - but no more. Here . . . look at my baby."

And it was there - a thing of wires, lights, switches, levers, gears, noisy, blinking, almost sentient, practically animate. Almost alive, almost real, almost human, almost as good as . . .

OUR THANKS . . .

For artwork, as well as for style, the editors credit the **New Yorker**, **Dude**, **Rogue**, and **Cavalcade** Magazines. Local artist Carl Fleischauer's efforts also appear. For their tolerance and interest, we thank the citizens of Kenyon College. For our inspiration, we thank only the muses.



BIG LEAGUERS ALL. The class of 1966, obviously the best in the history of the College, shown drilling for the customary pajama parade.

A Modest Proposal

TRACY'S "BIG LEAGUER" TO CURE KENYON ILLS

Discouraged but not defeated by the ruefully real, perniciously prosaic and sordidly stagnant life at Kenyon College, Tracy Scudder, editor of a new publication, The Big Leaguer, has come up with some big league ideas to combat such a wretched existence. Inspired by the abortive self-study program, he has designed some new ways in which to add to the College a heretofore undiscovered dimensions — excitement. Following is a reprint of the first article to appear in this magazine.

OUT OF THE BUSHES

by T. Scudder

The first step I recommend to make the College really **big league** is to make personnel trades like real **big league** baseball teams do. The rationale behind this daring move is **big league** all the way — to sacrifice what we have in exchange for what we'd like to have, to improve in the areas where we are the weakest. You might consider some of my suggestions extreme and perhaps foolhardy, but on the trading mart you sometimes have to cross your fingers and hope for the best. Here is a partial list of the trades I deem advisable to make Kenyon the third best men's college in Knox County.

(All names which follows are fictitious; and any resemblance to actual persons is purely coinci-

dental.)

Denny Sutcliffe and A. Denis Baly for Fred Taylor.
Paul Trescott for Candy Bar.
Ray English for a baseball diamond tarp.
Don White for new football bleachers.
Bruce Haywood for Paul Brown.
Ma Roller for Madam Gracie.
Sam Lord for an increase in garnts-in-aid fund.
Jim Hoyle for Sammy Davis, Jr.
Jim Nordyke for Carl Jastrem-ski.
Tom Edwards for Buster Crabbe.
Dorothy for a good-sized lunch.
Ben Cohan for one shekel.
George Gund for a new freshman dorm.
Mary English for Christa Speck.
George Lanning for Hugh Heffner.
John Buscella for Moscow.

Rev. Hettlinger for David Ben-Gurion.
Dan Finkbeiner for Alfred E. Newman.
Dr. Bogardus for a competent veterinarian.
Nurse Corbett for General Le-May.
Charlie Thornton for Margaret Aultmann.
Frank Lendrim for Lawrence Welk.
Paul Swartz for Mitch Miller.
Charlie Ray Ritcheson for Oklahoma City.
John Kushan for Doc Fixit.
Mr. T. for Howard Johnson.
Pierre McBride for an all-weather sports stadium.
Colonel Georges for Fidel Castro.
Kenyon Singers for Ina Ray Hutton.
Virgil Aldrich for Roy Rogers.
Jim Carney for Trigger.
Bob Carpenter for a real carpenter.
Buck Lund for \$10.
Norm Dubiel for Frank Lane to perpetuate the trades.

My second suggestion to revive the moribund state of campus existence is to effect the following changes which I would like to see:

Buck Lund in Gambier.
Davey Crockett with his toilet-bowl pipe lit.
Ed Harvey in a 20-century suit.
Kenyon swap football teams with O.S.U.
Seasons follow in normal sequence in Gambier.
Ma Roller at the Beta table.
Kenyon declared a national disaster area.
Kenyon merge with B-W so my boy Davey could still do all my recruiting.
Kenyon declared the eighth wonder of the world.
Jim Lynch smoke his pipe right-side up.
Paul Shoup with blinders.
Gerrit Roelofs teach a speed speaking course.
A psychiatrist on the Hill.
Port Kenyon enlarged to accommodate Boeing 707's.
Bruce Haywood smile.
Jim Rosenstiel as Assistant Admissions Director.
Jim Pappenhagen do a Brylcreem commercial.
Kenyon in the newspapers.
The **Collegian** praise something.
Kenyon survive at least until I can find another job.

A Mead Hall?!

NAY

A Colistered Sepulcher?!

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Announcing A Grand Opening

GRENDDEL'S DAIRY-DELITE

Grendel's Introductory Special — The prophet-priest-and-king whopper. A favorite with the old timers. Sticky, gooey, melts quickly, but there's lots of it. A whole apostolic succession of other concoctions.

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ATHLETE'S FOOT GERM
HOW TO KILL IT.
IN 3 DAYS.

If not pleased with strong, instant-drying T-I-L your 48c back at any drug store. Watch infected skin slough off. Watch healthy skin replace it. Itch and burning are gone. TODAY at
KENYON COLLEGE SHOP

Dorothy's Lunch
Gambier
BEER and FOOD

The People's Bank
Member of Federal Deposit
Insurance Corp.
Gambier, Ohio

STICKS AND STONES BREAK BONES —

Lund Likes To Think In Concrete Terms

It was a pleasant day in Gambier — raining. I was, however, in spite of it all, anticipating my visit with the President. I had never met The President previously, having been uninvited to the many receptions he had held for students at Cromwell Cottage; this was my big opportunity. I had been assigned by my self-study committee chairman to interview the president on the subject of "Kenyon: It's Academic Future."

I had heard much about the President. Good things from everyone. He had come to me as a man of dignity and reserve, of incisive intellectual insight, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of what a President of Kenyon should do. I, of course, had seen him publically. His frequent attendance at lectures his acute and perceptive question and his scintillatingly humane introductions of visiting speakers made me now thrilled that I, a simple student, was going to meet this impressive individual in person.

I arrived at Ascension at 11:30 a.m., strolled through the crowded corridors of the Registrar's Office, past a tiny room filled with models of sailboats, into the spacious, oriental-carpeted waiting room of The President's office. I could see through a crack in the door that the president was dictating something and since I had a bit of a wait until my interview, I decided to listen to what he had to say. It went something like this.

"Memo to the Board of Trustees: Subject: Kenyon's Building Program. Because of the academic apathy of the students and faculty of Kenyon, I have decided to build a statue of Rutherford B. Hayes to adorn middle path at that point now occupied by the scrotum pole. This monument is to be an academic inspiration to all who pass and leap and its cost is estimated at \$25,000.

The president clicked off his dictaphone, leaned forward in his



1962-1963 Dance Weekends — "They make their own beds at Harvard and Yale" — famous last words.

chair, lovingly stroked a model of the Chalmers' Library in front of his desk, and in a sort of reverie muttered, "This is our hope; this is what Gordon would have wanted."

My eavesdropping was interrupted by a voice from his secretary's office, "Mr. W., you may go in now." I jaunted in and extended my hand to the president. He said in a gentlemanly fashion, "Oh, so nice to see you again. Now what is your name?" I provided the information and sat easily in one of his soft leather chairs, took out a few notes I had jotted down, and proceeded ahead with the interview. As best I remember, it went something as follows:

Interviewer: Mr., oh excuse me, President — would you please make a general statement about the academic future of Kenyon as you have planned it.

The President: Well . . . a . . . well . . . (chuckle) . . . you see my boy. You have to look at Kenyon from many different sides . . . there's the academic, of course, and, well I mean, that's our biggest concern, always has been, always will be, you know what I mean. And I'm glad you asked me about it because, well, we're all . . . I mean the trustees,

and Dean Bailey and old Tom Edwards, well the whole damn lot of us is interested in it . . . cause (pause) well, son, it's important. You must know that. It means something to you now and it's going to mean a lot to you in the future and that's what you're here for, to insure your happy, fruitful future. Now I don't think we're doing all we can do. For instance, I'm planning (sigh) a statue of Rutherford B. Hayes. You know who he is . . . 21st president of the U. S. . . and he was good, I don't care what Lanny Warner says. And he makes me proud of the college . . . ranks right in there with people like, Well, Paul Newman, for instance. Now there's a fine chap. We gave him a degree and, well, within six months he gave us \$10,000. You know what I'm going to do with that. Give it to the theater? No, son. I'm going to use it to age the new science building. Our buildings have got to look good and well that just doesn't look right. Hmmm . . . you know what I mean. Well, son, in response to your question, that's about it.

Interviewer: Thank you, sir. You mentioned buildings, would you care to comment on Kenyon's building program.

The President: Love to, son.

Too Damn Much Money For Teachers — Lund

(Continued from preceding page)

love to. Here's a subject that's really close to my heart. We need buildings and we need money to build them; and if we have to lower faculty salaries to get it, by God we'll do it. These buildings are important. They're a symbol, you see, . . . a symbol of our academic integrity. And the struggle we're involved in today requires this symbol. The small college is either going to stand or fall . . . that's an important thing to remember . . . and in order to build a firm foundation for Kenyon, we've got to recognize that something positive has to be done . . . something concrete. You know — "sticks and stones can break bones." All this talk about intangibles . . . that doesn't mean much. At Washington and Lee they always taught me that a student needs good facilities in the classroom — not so much in his living quarters . . . oh, that's why I propose to do away with maid service — save's money and makes the student more attentive to his personal neatness. The students at Harvard and Yale make their beds and if we ever hope to catch up with them academically or socially, our students are going to make their beds. You see what I mean, don't you. Well, anyway, back to these buildings. The struggle we're involved in today is one of vicious relativism. Things are viciously relativistic all over. You know what I mean, they teach you about those things in philosophy, don't they. Well, we're going to beat it. We're going to beat it and if we don't, well, we lose, that's all, we lose.

The phone rang. The President left his reverie and picked up the receiver.

The President: Oh, Poese, darling, how are you. (Pause) What's that. (Pause) Oh, the guest list for the reception. Well, I'd say a few students, not too many now, you know, liquor and students, well, a ha ha, and a couple of faculty members and, oh, of course, the Thomases. Be sure

and invite them! O.K. darling? O.K. Bye now. He turned to me)

The President: You know that's a wonderful little gal. Don't know what I'd do without her an' our staff of four at Cromwell Cottage. Helps us raise money. Good kids. All of em.

Interviewer: I just have one other question, sir. What about your plans for making improvements on the faculty?

The President: Well, there are certainly some to be made. I mean, if we're going to beat this thing we've got to do something. You know, I think we're spoiling the men we have here now. Giving them too much money . . . just too damn much money. I started off at a low salary; and by God they can, too. Might give the new fellas a better sense of responsibility. Make em work a little harder. You know, give a fella too much, I don't care in what job it is, and he just sits back. Just sits back in his big, plush office, never looking into the problems of the people under him, never giving a damn about anything except what his money can do for him. We don't want that here. No sir. We want good men who are willing to sacrifice for academic excellence. Well, son, time for lunch. It's been a pleasure talking to you.

We said goodbye. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. And I walked back to Leonard in the rain.

OUR CONFIDENCE

The editors are confident that all subjects of the compound of parody, satire, humor and invective in this issue, will take it in the amiable attitude in which it was administered, as a tonic, rather than irritant or laxative. We hope they share the editors faith that such treatment is a sign of their own (and a college's) strength, more than weakness.



IMAGINE!

A RESEARCH CENTER dedicated to basic studies of life, health and humanity—made possible by a dynamic partnership of scientists and citizens.

A LABORATORY in which eminent scientists from many parts of the world will work together, seeking the knowledge that will enable man to build for himself a better world.

A MEETING PLACE for scientific thought in man's search for knowledge to control diseases and enrich human life.

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MEN OF VISION have dreamed of creating such a center. By 1963 the dream will be a reality—a vibrant center of scientific activity, searching for understanding that will enable man to
MAKE THE BEST OF HIS GIFT OF LIFE.

Your contribution is welcomed
to build

**THE SALK
INSTITUTE**
FOR BIOLOGICAL STUDIES
San Diego, Calif.

**PATRONIZE
THE EDITORS**

New Trend To Positive Thought

SELF-STUDY ASKS KEY QUESTIONS

In a move which it is hoped will counteract the appalling spread of what they termed "mean and nasty criticism of others," the Kenyon self-study subcommittee for the maintenance and preservation of "All-American-boyism" in Kenyon students, today revealed their new, forward looking and positive-thinking questionnaire. The committee, made up of President Lund, Librarian Heintz, Jessy Falkenstine, and Mrs. Roller (affectionately known as 'Mom'), have been addressing themselves to the alarming increase of ad-cerse criticism on campus. All, it might be noted, are avid readers of Jack Armstrong and Frank Merriwell. Spokesman for the group, President Lund succinctly explained the problem as follows: "We who take a certain amount of pride, as it were, in our beloved institution of higher education, have noted with an ever increasing degree of disapproval the recent dangerous trend towards organized and directed criticism of the college and certain of its cherished professors and leaders. Of course, this is not to say that we are against the voicing of personal opinions; after all, discussion is, as it were, the very foundation of Education. (I coined that last phrase myself.) Students have long been aware that my door is always open for those who have suggestions and new ideas for Kenyon. But, I am sure that you will agree with me that irresponsible criticism, such as stimulated by a recent questionnaire published by the *Collegian*, has no place in a friendly college community like ours. After all, we are all brothers and fellow-travellers on the road of life. Therefore, for the good of Kenyon College we have just completed a questionnaire which should lead the way for a new trend to positive thinking. We are asking the professors to appraise the moral fiber of each student they have. It is hoped that this will emphasize to our stu-

dents that the lasting values of friendship and brotherhood are far more important than mere intellectual achievements. Perhaps

you will see what we are aiming at if you will consider a few of the questions the faculty will be asked.

- 1.) In your opinion, does the student in question know the Boy Scout oath? Is he seriously trying to live by that oath?
- 2.) In your opinion, does the student in question give signs of being psychologically insecure (that is, does he interrupt a lecture to ask questions or express ideas contrary to your own?)
- 3.) In your opinion, will the stu-

(Cont. on page 11)

Pithy Tomes — Haywood In Print

DOUBLETALK AND SONS, PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCE:

Now it can be told! The Psi-U Massacre! The Parking Meters Dodge! The Caper The Campus Cops Didn't Report!

Bruce Haywood offers the first two candid volumes of his frank and inspiring autobiography:

The first tome: "Youth, or My Name's Tonio Kroger. Is Your Name Tonio Kroger too? Shh — Now there are two of us. Don't tell. There may be more of us around, You Know."

The second volume: *Maturity* or *Faust On The Judicial Board*. What the critics say:

"depressing" — S. Friedman

"blood curdling" — R. Almirall

"bread and butter for us" — The Campus Cops

"Without Haywood, I'd be lost" — T. J. Edwards



I know you have 750 College Board scores, that you are class valedictorian, editor of your school's newspaper, all-state in debate, a national merit scholarship winner, etc., etc. But we can't USE you — we're BIG LEAGUE now son, BIG LEAGUE. Why don't you try a less competitive place like Harvard?

A Grant In Aid

FACULTY IS DOLED SOME PEN-MONEY

The Kenyon College faculty, cited for "the frequency and quality of its published efforts," was today awarded a grant-in-aid by the National Society for the Extermination of Illiteracy. In accepting the cash grant, College President Lund, glancing over a pictorial representation of the tropical works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, observed "It'll go into the furnishings of our new library . . . rugs, chairs, statues . . . practical things."

The Society listed the following published efforts in making the presentation: Prof. Samuel Cummings agonized and forthright glance at thirty years of teaching, "Psychology — Do We Need It?"; and James Pappenhagen's sensitive and astute contribution to organic chemistry and belles lettres: "Swift — His Chemical Relevance In The Study of Excrement."

Ascension Hall did not go unrepresented, however. Frank Bailey's penetrating suggestions on pedagogy, "Vernacular in the Teaching of Modern European History or, How Petain Fumbled The Ball." Paul Schwartz's autobiography "Voltaire In Ohio" is matched in reader appeal only by John Bucsela's contribution to Tolstoy criticism "War And Peace

As A Nice Book." Its sequel, by the same author, covers all Russian literature in unique and novel fashion: "Pick The Hero."

One surprisingly strong department is the athletic department, whose creative efforts have transformed the field house into a beehive of literary activity. The big seller, is of course, Jess Falkenstines unassuming thin little volume, "Everyday English," but its more personal sequel is probably of higher quality. We refer of course to Falkenstine's "No They Can't Take That Away From Me." The role of illustrations in this book is particularly significant, the portrayal of Falkenstine standing on Pierre McBride field (the title shot) being

most poignant.

Student publications also confirm the vitality of Kenyon's literary tradition. One alumnus, Kenyon's most famous athlete, has offered a most memorable and telling volume. The athlete, who remains anonymous, recounts his failure to repeat his success in Kenyon athletics in the world outside. His candid portrayal of changing personal fortunes is: "Kenyon To World: From Riches To Rags." Joe Wharton's "My Life on Speedways" promises to titillate local racing fans, while Mike Atkinson's witty "Small Glasses For Large" will appeal to the more shrewd.

College President Lund offered to collect and publish a list of all significant Kenyon Literary traditions in the last hundred years. The half-page pamphlet will be included as a supplement to the College Calendar in the near future.

A SERIOUS NOTE

The *Collegian* expects to begin tabulating the answers to its recent questionnaire very shortly, and anticipates publishing some of the results in our next issue.

In order for the questionnaire to win as much respect, interest, and polite attention as possible, it is crucial that all students return their questionnaires by **TUESDAY NIGHT MAY 8.**

"ALL — AMERICAN BOYS"

(Cont. from page 10)

dent in question be able to adjust to society when he gets out of Kenyon (that is, does he respond well to attempts at regimentation?)

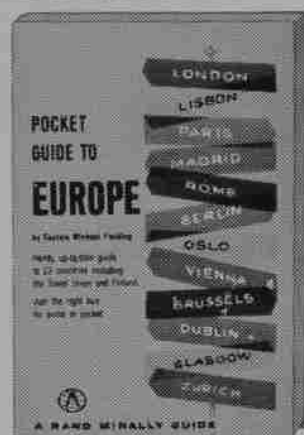
4) In your opinion, is the student aware of the values of a liberal education as we have impressed them upon him (in other words, will he donate freely to Kenyon if he ever makes any money?)

5) In your opinion, has the student the willingness and ability to accept responsibility (that is, does he support the administration's 'Home Rule' plan?)

As you can see, we are merely trying to re-establish the noble type of character that our students had when they entered Kenyon (or at least, as Tracy and their high school teacher told us they did). Not that we don't re-

spect the individualist; on the contrary, it is my conviction that our society needs more individualists. However, all we are asking is that the individualist conform to a few basic standards of civility and good taste. Now that certainly isn't too much to ask is it fellows? Remember, as President of this College I have dedicated myself to seeing to it that you boys get the best liberal (in the limited sense of the word) education possible while "making sure Kenyon's fair name is not wantonly besmirched." This reporter could only agree with President Lund, and hope that the committee's plan works to make Kenyon a nicer place to work and play.

THE GUIDE YOU CARRY WITH YOU



POCKET GUIDE TO EUROPE By Captain Michael Fielding

This new 1962 Rand McNally guide to 23 countries now includes the Soviet Union and Finland. In handy purse or pocket size, here is all the information you need about sight-seeing and transportation, hotels, restaurants, and food specialties etc. Included are translations of often-used phrases. Guide maps supplement the text. 4 1/4" x 7 1/4". \$3.50

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FINAL PROPOSALS OF THE SELF-STUDY COMMITTEES

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Approved

Buck Lund