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## Kenyon Collegian - November 3, 1966

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Cong. Secrest



Cong. Ashbrook

## Founders' Day Has Freshmen Matriculate

This year's Founder's Day ceremonies evidenced a marked departure from those of past years.

Noticably absent from the traditional All-Saints Day event were the quasi-ecclesiastical trappings and the protracted scholarly dissertation usually associated with this and similar formal college functions. In place of this was a brief and straightforward program and an equally straightforward and brief address that lasted a merciful fifteen minutes.

Delivering what he characterized as his "alleged address" was Dr. Walter Gellhorn, Betts Professor of Law at Columbia University. Mr. Gellhorn began his address, "Ombudsmen for America?" by premising that "government is not some sort of enemy" as many seem to hold. Yet in the fulfillment of its function government must come in contact with the governed. It is reasonable to believe that some of these contacts "are bound to be wounds," he asserted.

He offered as a "popular possibility" for a wound-healing device the institution known as "ombudsmen" in the Scandinavian countries where they originated. These highly trained professionals are accessible to anyone who has a complaint concerning the conduct of government, and themselves have access to most all public records and personages. They are therefore in a position to study a problem and make recommendations to its solution.

Quoting an old and forgotten sage who said, "Life is hard by the yard, but by the inch it's a cinch," he pointed out that this is how the ombudsman works. Mr. Gellhorn concluded that "we do have something to learn from the Scandinavians."

After an enthusiastic round of applause, President Lund rose and explained to the freshmen the meaning of the Matriculation Oath. "It's a tradition with us," he said, "... and it admits the student to all the privileges of an alumnus." With President Lund leading them, the class of 1970 pledged their loyalty to Kenyon, and as those who were there heard, "mated" their Alma Mater. The Brass Choir piped the academic recession out of Werthemer field house, and the ceremonies were at an end.

## Congressmen Stage Song and Dance Show

by Richard G. Freeman

Before I left for the Ashbrook-Secrest debate in Rosse Hall last Monday I leafed through Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Cliches* to acquaint myself with the issues. I came across the definition of 'Hobson's choice.' It read: "No choice at all; an enforced decision." No one is clear on the identity of Hobson, but the feeling is it was he who re-apportioned Ohio's 17th congressional district.

The debate would have pleased Eric Partridge, for it pitted one rather aged cliché of American politics against another more recent.

Robert Secrest, 62, was elected to the House of Representatives during the New Deal. At the time, he was a regional Democrat. This means that his only characteristic that found a home in the New Deal philosophy was his fondness for The People, upper case. In his ten, non-consecutive terms in congress he brought his constituents rural free electricity, enough post offices to give the lie to his district's literacy quotient, and all the minute but tangible bipartisanship that insures immortality in congress. He is a tall man with a creased face, protuberant nose, and a manner of speaking which would send Huey Long crawling back to the parish.

Secrest said Monday he is running on an "independent record." "If it isn't an independent record, how do you think I would have carried ten times the only district in Ohio that Herbert Hoover carried twice," he explained.

John Ashbrook, 38, is by comparison a sophomore congressman. He was elected to what was then the 17th district in 1960 and is now serving his third term in the Senate, which was re-apportioned to include a good deal of Secrest territory. Ashbrook is admittedly in the race, for the re-

Continued on page 4

## Fire Department Has Wet Weekend

Two separate grass fires in the vicinity of the Kenyon airport Sunday afternoon presented no problem to the diminutive College Township Fire Department. When the alarm was turned in all available vehicles were dispatched to the scene (a common practice in any emergency). The first blaze was quickly extinguished but a second one, which started later in the afternoon, was allowed to consume some trash before it was put out. No damage was reported.

## Decade Plan For Kenyon Finances

A financial plan for Kenyon in the next ten years was approved by the Board of Trustees this weekend.



Mount Vernon News

Coroner James McLarnan and Prosecutor Charles Ayers examine the body of Linda Marie Kohlmeier, 19 year old go-go dancer, whose death last Sunday has shocked and titillated Knox County.

## Police Still Probe Into Go-Go Murder

Local and Federal agents investigating the brutal slaying of go-go dancer Linda Kohlmeier still claim that they have no clue as to the identity of her murderer. They have, however, gathered some information concerning the time and manner of her death.

An autopsy has revealed that Miss Kohlmeier died at approximately 3:30 a.m. Sunday, her skull fractured by a severe blow. She had not been sexually assaulted.

The body was found on the shoulder of Township Road 228, about a mile from the College.

Her employer, Steve Anton, has told police that Miss Kohlmeier left his bar at 2:24 a.m., flinging a coat over her brief dancing costume, and crossed Columbus Rd. to attend a Halloween party at the Starlight Cafe. She was later observed leaving this party in her car—alone.

Miss Kohlmeier had been rooming in a home about two miles from the spot where a

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## Students Say No Soap To Washed-Up Laundry

Gambier once again has a laundromat—in some ways the same laundromat it had before.

The tardily completed facility in the basement of Farr Hall boasts, at present, sixteen "pre-war-vintage" washing machines, and a number of new "Loadstar" dryers. Fifteen empty receptacles promise more of the dated washers in the near future. The ones now installed are the same ones that were in the old Gambier laundromat. However, the proprietor asserts that each machine has been "reconditioned."

The hastily installed plumbing descends artistically from the ceiling and feeds the pre-fabricated troughs that hold the washers. Waste water can be observed gracefully exiting through a six inch hole in the floor.

Instructions on the washer doors implore the user to "Load laundromat loosely— $\frac{3}{4}$  full." If the user so obliges, his quarters will disappear faster than he can say, "But it didn't even get them clean."

Director of Plant and Opera-

Continued on page 4

## Field Renamed After Falkenstine

The old "Field House Field," including the baseball and soccer areas, has been renamed in honor of Jess W. Falkenstine, late director of athletics at Kenyon.

The action was taken in the recent trustee meeting.

Trustees also voted to use all money received as contributions in Falkenstine's memory for rehabilitating facilities now on the field.

Falkenstine spent twelve years coaching Kenyon football and baseball teams before his death in 1964.



## The Kenyon Collegian

A weekly Journal of Student Opinion

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"It is nobler to understand one's humanity than to be a competent practitioner."—Bruce Haywood

## Levertov's Reading Found Enlightening

by Geoffrey Cook

A Marxist-oriented literary magazine from Chicago (the name escapes me) recently criticized Denise Levertov's poetry as being domestic free verse. This is, she failed to realize the freedom from the old bourgeois tradition that the new types of versification offered, and that, instead, her poetry represented a romantic escape from the social realities of our times. After hearing Miss Levertov, I hope the magazine has been its last issue.

Miss Levertov's earlier poetry had a neutral effect upon me. But as she read the poems of her maturity, I began to experience a deep poetic perception. The height of the reading was her "Hypocritical Women," where the ugliness of a four-letter word was juxtaposed to a description of the mystery and beauty of womanliness. Those poems which dealt with femininity were the best and most moving because the lyric quality of her poetry was given free reign. But in those poems that dealt with topical matters, she fell short. In her anti-war poems she tried to deal with a masculine subject, but her deep femininity was too strong to subjugate. I'm afraid that most of the anti-war genre of today's literature fails because it comes from an intellectual, not an emotional, abhorrence.

Finally, I was most impressed with Miss Levertov's mastery of form. She stated in *The New American Poetry*:

"I believe content determines form, and yet that content is discovered only in form. Like everything living, it is a mystery."

Unlike many of the poets the Miss Levertov is associated with (such as Olson and Creeley), she is not hung-up on any ideology of form.

Denise Levertov's reading, although by no means brilliant, was most enjoyable and enlightening. She proved that she is a poetess who can express herself to our age without retreating to the grounds of academic mediocrity, nor to the screaming anarchy of the literary wild man.

## "A Nicea Face and a Gooda Body" Letter

by Howard Price

"A guy could get hurt, asking too many questions."

The sergeant smoothed the folds of his nylon jacket and propped his elbow on the table.

"Ya took the wrong approach. If you're what ya say ya are and ya wanted a story, ya shoulda come to see us 'fore ya come out here. Looks mighty suspicious having a stranger walk into a bar and ask a lot of questions about a dead girl—a girl that's been murdered."

The sergeant—a burly, thick-necked man with wrists as massive as softball bats and huge hands with veins that stood out like taut blue cords—squirmed a little in his seat. The bar was warm and he was perspiring underneath his dark blue, fur-collared battle jacket.

He unzipped his jacket and reached into an inside pocket, producing a small piece of paper and a pencil.

His partner, sitting across the table, pursed his lips as if he wanted to say something, but then thought better of it. He had a thin face topped with a wiry red hair and off-set by small pale-blue eyes.

"Where were you Sunday morning, about 4 a.m.?" he asked finally.

The sergeant spread identification cards on the table and copied names, addresses, and numbers—five, six, seven digit numbers—little numerical codes that can be fed into a whirling machine, activating some kind of memory bank that spits back a plethora of information about you like name, address, occupation, make and model of car, maybe even what you were doing Sunday morning about 4 a.m.

The sergeant looked up from his notes.

"You packing a gun," he inquired.

"No, of course not. Jesus, look for yourself."

"Steve think's you're packing a gun."

He jerked his head back towards the bar where Steve Anton, the owner, was standing.

"See those guys sittin' there, next to Steve."

A large Negro and two young whites wearing high school athletic jackets were sipping drinks, talking among themselves.

"You made one wrong move and one of those guys woulda busted a beer bottle over your skull," he said flatly. "They all think you gotta gun."

It was early Wednesday morning inside Steve's bar out on Ohio Rt. 36, the Old Columbus Rd., about three miles outside of Mount Vernon.

Steve's Bar, one of the last places that Linda Marie Kohlmeier, a pert brunette go-go dancer, was seen before someone caved in her skull and dumped her body near darkly-lit Rt. 308, about a mile from the College.

Steve's Bar—an old white-washed cement block building with a long, heel-scarred dance floor, red curtains hiding dirty panes of glass, and flickering red fluorescent light bulbs.

I had gone there to get a story—a background piece or a "color" story or a "sidebar" as it is called in the trade. I had gone there to talk to Steve, hoping that he could tell me what kind of girl Linda Marie Kohlmeier was; what her background was like; who her friends were; what kind of habits she had; what her distinctive features were.

Steve Anton, brother of Tony Anton, is a Italian immigrant who speaks with a heavy accent, placing short a's at the end of most of his words.

He says he is 50 years old, but he looks older. His hair is streaked with gray. His face is etched with rivulets of tissue; the hollows of his eyes outlined with crows' feet. Skin hangs in folds from his chin to his throat.

He can't tell anyone much about Linda Marie Kohlmeier, he says.

"I don'ta know nothing about these girls. My bookkeeper, hea know probably more than Ia do."

"She just a come in here and asks me for a job

and I give it to her. She gotta a nicea face and a gooda body, so I hire her."

"Only thing I aska her how old she is. Only thing she ever tell me was she was 19. I can'ta have no 17-year-olds in here. Gotta keep my license."

Steve said that the young victim never confided in him, never talked seriously with anyone at the bar.

"I didn't know if she was in any kinda of trouble. She never tell me anything. Hell, she must hadda lots of friends. She come down outta da cage and she talk to every one at da bar. Sweet things, ya know whadda I mean. She say things likea hello and you're lookin greata, and why donja get out dare and dance, but that'sa all she say."

"She hadda a nicea mouth, you know whadda I mean, she never say anything nasty. Not to me Nobuddy. That's why I hire her back. She leave about three weeks ago and come back and I hire her, 'cause she gotta nice mouth."

Steve isn't willing to say much more about Linda Marie Kohlmeier. He inches away from the bar to make a telephone call. He looks suspicious. I turn to talk with Floyd, the Negro who went to Central State College.

Maybe fifteen minutes later, two cops—the burly sergeant and his young red-haired partner—walk in and talk to some fellow at the end of the bar who was waiting for a pizza.

I look to see who they are and think that it's just a routine investigation, turn back to my drink, draining the glass.

A hand taps me on the shoulder. "Let's have a talk," says the Sergeant, "back there in one of the booths."

That's when they tell me Steve thinks I have a gun.

I explain who I am and what I am doing. The sergeant takes notes and his partner purses his lips. Hoping that I've convinced them I am legit, I go back to the bar where one of the fellows in a athletic jackets buys me a drink.

The cops talk to Steve in another booth.

Two-thirty. Closing time. I think the kid for the drink and walk out to my car. The cops follow me out.

They walk over, and the sergeant says, "Steve still thinks you're packing a gun."

I look back at the bar. Through the glare of spotlights and the neon sign I can see Steve, shading his eyes and peering through a dirty pane of glass.

"Go ahead, take a look."

The young deputy frisks me. Down both sides of the torso with both hands, then down each leg.

"He's clean," the young one says.

"How 'bout the car," asks the sergeant.

"Go ahead," I reply.

The young one sits on the front seat feeling underneath the dash board, under the seats, and sifts through the glove compartment.

He shakes his head. "Nothing."

"There are the keys," I said. "Look in the trunk."

"Think we have to?" the young one asked the sergeant.

"Nope, he's alright."

"You fellows are pretty desperate aren't you," I ask. "You haven't got a single suspect or a single clue, do you?"

"You're right, we don't," said the sergeant. That's why we checked on you. Can't afford to let anything slip by. Gotta follow everything up. Even a guy that comes in a bar and asks a lot of questions, like you. Next time come see us first. You won't get in so much trouble. You know the guys coulda brained you in there. Just see us if you want any information."

They both smile and head back to the bar. Steve turns away from the window.

### To the Editor:

In reply to Jeffrey G. Dorrance's letter about the remark in the "Collegian" article of October 13 that "pacifists are assured that no blood given here will go to Vietnam" may I say that he is justly incensed. The statement should have been corrected at once as it was a mistaken conclusion drawn from my remarks that *whole* blood is not sent to Vietnam. Presently, whole fresh blood is supplied by the military through collections in the Far East. But vital blood fractions can only be supplied from this country and the Columbus area is supplying a monthly minimum of 300 pints of blood to be made into fractions: gamma globulin for fighting hepatitis and serum albumin for treating shock.

I regret that this misinterpretation has caused criticism of the Red Cross blood program which is unquestionably one of its finest programs. Furthermore, the Red Cross was founded with the sole purpose of succoring the wounded in war time. Other services have been added but aid to servicemen and their families is still the primary service of the Red Cross.

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# Yeomen Trash Lords

by Bob Garland

The Lords regained their old form Saturday to the delight of Oberlin's Homecoming crowd. Kenyon managed to defeat Oberlin their first victory of the season with minimal effort on both parts.

Plagued by injuries, the offense never started, and the defense allowed the only score. In the second quarter, Bob Falkenstine kicked a punt on the Oberlin 9 yard line. The ball bounced into the end zone where sophomore Dick Zagol pounced on it for the Lords' only score. This was the first time that the Lords have scored in the first half all season; unfortunately, it was the last time that they scored all game.

Oberlin had begun the game by taking the opening kickoff to the Kenyon 12 yard line. A third down pass seemed like a sure touchdown until end Chris Blauvelt tipped it away at the last second. Oberlin's Pat Fleming then kicked a 29 yard field goal into the strong wind that hampered the punters all day.

After Kenyon pulled ahead in the second quarter, Oberlin appeared to be heading for their first touchdown. They brought the ball down to the Lords' 11 yard line, but a fumble recovery by Blauvelt ended the drive. Jeff Jones tried to bring the ball out from deep in Kenyon territory but fumbled. In recovering his own fumble, he injured his ankle, putting himself out for almost the rest of the game. Paul Burkhardt, the hero of the Wilmington game, took over for Jones but he was unable to move the team. He completed the Lords' only pass of the day in the third quarter to tight end Steve Davis, but the play went for only nine yards.

With seven minutes left in the fourth quarter the Lords were trailing by only 9 to 6 and they were still very much in the ball game. 120 seconds later they were out of the game, after two touchdown pass receptions by Oberlin's Chris Smith. The final score was 30 to 6.

After the game Coach Johnson said that the loss of Jones was too much for the Lords, as Burkhardt had little practice in running the team and the defensive backfield was greatly weakened when Paul Burkhardt played QB.

The Lords face Mount Union on Saturday in their home field.

Oberlin	3	6	0	21	30
Kenyon	0	6	0	0	6

KENYON	OBERLIN
first downs	14
rushing	222
yard passing	150
passes	8-13
fumbles-lost	4-3
interceptions	1
punts	5-26
penalties	6-47

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## Collegian Sports



Steve Wilner

Co-Captain Craig Jackson out-hustles his Mount Union opponent to the ball. Jackson's brilliant play led the Lords in their victory.



Steve Wilner

Fullback Paul Skinner turns back an attack by stealing the ball from Mount Union wing. During the season, Paul has developed into one of Kenyon's best defensemen.

# Lords Blast Mount Union

by John Smyth

Happiness! The soccer team collected its second shutout of the season last Saturday by beating the Mount Union Raiders by 5 to 0. The victory brought the season's record to 4 wins and 5 losses, and it was the Lords' third victory in their last four contests.

Only about ten fans were on the sidelines cheering for Kenyon when the game started. After four minutes of playing Ned Smyth scored to put the Lords ahead 1 to 0, and fans began to stream down the Hill as if some sixth sense had made them aware of an imminent Kenyon victory. Their senses did not betray them, as Craig Jackson scored to double the lead to 2-0 just before the first quarter ended, and Chip Lowery scored midway through the second quarter. Two minutes later Co-Captain Craig Jackson made one of the most spectacular plays of the season when he blasted a free kick directly into the Mount Union goal from a distance of 48 yards. Jackson's goal gave Kenyon an unchallengeable 4-0 lead at halftime.

Midway through the third period Ned Smyth scored his second goal of the game, and the score remained 5 to 0 until the end of the game.

Kenyon's defense played excellently despite the loss of the team's star fullback, Andy Bersin. Andy's leg was broken during the Wooster game three days earlier. Co-Captain Bill Northway played despite his bad knee, and fullbacks Dick Baker and Paul Rigali performed very well. Paul Skinner looked very tough. Goalies Rick Haskins and Ed Pope complained of boredom, as they had to make only five saves.

Harrison played his second string for more than half the game, and the whole team looked great as Jon Meigs, Dave Bradford, Jerry Miller and Jim Caesar kept the pressure on the Raiders. Starters Jon Kaufman, Ray Rainka, Randy St. John, and Larry Witner were very effective. The Lords continually exercised Tony Taylor, the Raider goalie, who made a total of 35 saves.

Mount Union was handicapped by the recent loss of four of its starters, and it did not offer serious opposition to Kenyon at any point in the game.

## Scots Win, 5-0

The previous Wednesday, the Lords lost to the Wooster Scots 5 to 0. The team played well but not as well as they had against Ohio State. Both the team and the coach agreed that Wooster is the best team in the Ohio Conference this year. "We really didn't have a chance," said Harrison. "But they were less than five goals better than us." Besides losing the game, the team also lost Andy Bersin whose leg was broken while defending the Kenyon goal. Wooster scored two goals in the first period, and returned from halftime to score three more goals in the third quarter.

## Behind the Scoreboard

# The Noblest Lord

by John Smyth

Gary "Pinky" Pendergraph is Kenyon's meanest, toughest, quickest, and hardest hitting football player. Co-Captain Pendergraph plays linebacker and is the mainspring of the Lords' tight and sometimes Packer-like defense.

Pinky's skill has not escaped official recognition. Playing at center for Mentor High School in Ohio, he was All-Conference for two years, an All-Ohio Alternate and a North Ohio All-Stars Alternate. At Kenyon, Pinky plays center only rarely. 99% of his efforts are directed to the linebacker position, where he received an All-Conference Honorable Mention last year.

One might initially describe Gary as a combination of Red Skelton and Jimmy Brown. Pinky can be recognized from a distance by his red hair as well as by his jaunty walk, in which he sways from side to side and bounces up and down rather noticeably.

Last June Pinky married Miss Becky Traucht in Mentor, and they have lived happily ever after on Ward Street. Becky's cooking has raised Pinky's playing weight from 185 last year to 205 this season. Gary measures 5'11", is a Junior and majors in Spanish. His favorite song is *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*.

Gary has strong feelings about the attitude of many Kenyon students towards the members of the team. "People look at certain members of the team and say that they aren't doing their job," notes Pinky. "But in most cases he is out there playing just as hard as he can. We just don't draw football players to Kenyon. Our two middle guards, for instance, never played High School football."

Pinky's ankle was sprained halfway through the second quarter of the Wilmington game. However, he has been playing on it somewhat since then, and it should be strong again by the Mount Union or Denison games.



Steve Wilner

Co-Captain Gary Pendergraph.

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# Ashbrook and Secrest Debate For Re-Appportioned Seat

Continued from page 1

districting favored Secrest by giving the 17th a Southern orientation. His selling points, however, are his youth (he prefaces his remarks on spending with the phrase "We young people," and his alleged looks.)

Also, Ashbrook is slick. Monday night he rarely missed an opportunity to refer to his education. He went to Harvard (class of '52), but by his own account overcame the ordeal. He uses language artfully, if ungrammatically, confusing "inferred" with "implied." He pretends to oppose the Vietnamese war, coddling the doves, but only on the grounds that we have not gone far enough in smothering aggression, a goose for the hawks. Ashbrook's bag is stuffed with principles amounting to a hard-line conservative philosophy. He is militantly insecure: "I happen to be one of those people who is concerned about the future."

Ashbrook is "average in stature" as Harry Piel used to say, with sandy hair, indistinct features, and a paunch which he keeps disguised in order not to destroy his youthful image.

The two candidates and an audience of 700 listened attentively Monday night as Prof. Ramon Arango, of the Political Science Department here, opened the debate with a recitation of *sententiae* aimed at campaigners everywhere.

Secrest spoke first. He hailed his own voting record, itemizing the bills he voted for and against and explaining why and why not on each one. He characterized himself as a "middle-of-the-roader" and backed up the portrait with the respective ratings given him by the Americans for Constitutional Action, a conservative group, and the Americans for Democratic Action, a liberal group ("as far left as you can get in the realm of democracy.")

The ACA rated Secrest 47 per cent conservative, he said, and the ADA thought him a 42 per cent liberal. These figures appeared in an Ashbrook handout in slightly altered form. Ashbrook reported his opponent's conservative shade as 35 per cent.

Secrest said he voted against Foreign Aid, the Demonstration Cities bill, appropriations for the District of Columbia ("they should look more after them-

selves"), more money for the Grand Coulee dam ("this just isn't the time"), and \$750,000 to build quarters for the Vice President.

Secrest profoundly defended his vote against the immigration bill.

"Why?" he explained. "Because that bill will let 20,000 a year into this country from Central and South American countries. Great Britain got rid of Jamaica and Barbados to keep 'em out of London. We pass a bill to drag 'em into New York."

Secrest said he voted for the Peace Corps, Medicare, technical aid to other lands, and federal aid to secondary education. The last, apparently was very dear to the congressman's heart. He reminded the crowd several times that he is a former school teacher. His fondness for the classroom and "good learnin'" was sharply brought home in his reply to a questioner who asked him his thoughts on Sen. Dirksen's school prayer amendment:

"When I was a school teacher we started each class with a prayer, and we took it out of the Old Testament, so the only person we'd offend would be an atheist."

Secrest explained his voting philosophy this way: "I vote for education, against waste, for water pollution, those things I think are national problems."

He closed by citing those state newspapers that had endorsed his candidacy. These included the *Coshocton Tribune*.

Ashbrook turned provocative with his audience. "What type of government are they giving us?" he asked, adding, "I think there are a lot of people here who think they were taken in 1964."

Ashbrook was slightly more specific than his opponent on the issues. He declared himself a "conservative" and said he was at pains in locating "the middle of the road." He prided himself on his resistance to the "liberal professors" at Harvard and warned of "tight money, tight interest rate and the flight of gold."

Ashbrook warned against "a totally controlled economic system." In defense of his philosophy he hailed conservatism with the rhetorical question: "What other doctrine has ever worked before? Feudalism? Communism? Certainly not liberalism."

Ashbrook summed up his position with a definition of conservatism: "that system which provides for a limited government

with limited services, a government that doesn't get into our lives, caring for our every needs from cradle to grave."

In the rebuttal session and succeeding question-and-answer period the candidates grew more direct and epigrammatic. Their replies to a question asking their feelings on the Vietnamese war were similar, if divergently expressed. Ashbrook scored the conduct of the war as "something which all Americans should find repugnant" and advised that we should throw more hardware into the fray.

Secrest disclaimed responsibility: "I did not start it and I can't push a button to stop it. Like every American I would like to see it stopped." He then offered a piece of military counsel: "I would mine the whole coast... I would give 'em three days to get out of Hanoi, get out because we're going to pop it!"

To questions on open housing, the prayer amendment, and the House Un-American Activities Committee, the candidates differed only procedurally, sweating blood to out-do one another in good Americanism.

On all questions, Secrest responded with homespun ethics and Ashbrook with constitutional principle. Secrest supported HUCA, but qualified "That committee should never accuse an innocent man without the evidence."

Ashbrook challenged Secrest to repudiate the support of "Jimmy Hoffa's group." He failed to explain whether he meant the International Brotherhood of Teamsters or the Italian people.

Secrest replied: "I would never accept the support of a communist or a group dedicated to the overthrow of our country." He reminded the audience that he had once sponsored a bill requiring the department of all "aliens who proved to be communists."

The opinion of the voters as they shuffled out of the auditorium after the two-hour session was neither divided nor unanimous. One observer said of Ashbrook: "I wouldn't ask him the right time of day, because he'd tell me it was yesterday and he'd be right."

Probably the only people happy with the situation in this election are the snake-chunkers. The snake-chunkers were a fanatic southern religious sect whose faith in Providence was so strong that they would allow snakes to bite them. The snake-chunkers did not believe in voting.

## Finances

Continued from page 1

yon would have to charge around \$3,000 in tuition in the next five years.

The projection was based on a number of assumptions in two areas: national and collegiate. On the national level, Jenny made a GNP projection based on the Viet Nam war, election changes in the government, and several other trends in urbanization and industrialization, and several other factors. He determined that the GNP would more than double its \$375 billion current value by 1980.

The Kenyon assumptions included student enrollment, faculty increases, building programs, faculty salaries, fringe benefits, administrative costs, student aid and library expenses. The result projects these figures over the period from the present to 1980. Projected income figures from tuition, endowment and other sources will be adequate to cover costs if all goes according to plan, Jenny stated.

Without the coordinate college, Kenyon would be headed for a difficult financial period. With the GNP and inflation going up equally, Kenyon would be forced to push tuition up equally radically. The coordinate college will spread expenses over a broader area, and increase income sharply to offset expense increase.

When asked whether this plan would start a dynamic growth that could not be stopped, Jenny replied that such a possibility is too far in the future to consider effectively. It is not possible to calculate beyond the current plan in determining if further rising expenses would make another expansion necessary.

Jenny stated that the decade plan is really effective for about two to three years. Then a re-evaluation is necessary based on variations in the original assumptions. He emphasized the extreme nebulousness of the whole plan.

The final value of the report seems to rest in its affirmation of Kenyon coordinate college hopes. It shows the feasibility and in fact the necessity of the expansion from the point of view of an impartial expert.

## Laundry

Continued from page 1

tions, Harry Roberts, reports that cleaning the laundromat is the responsibility of the proprietor, but pity the fellow who drops his freshly washed clothes on the floor.

Student feeling about the washer ranges from resentment to resignation. One student hitching into Mount Vernon with his laundry over his shoulder when asked why he didn't use the Gambier laundry said, "That miserable hole? It costs twice as much as Norge, and does half the job." Another, sadly examining his clothes as they came out of the washer remarked, "It's bad, but it's all we've got."

The only answer for the weary Kenyon student it appears is nudity.

## Murder

Continued from page 1

milkman discovered her body at 6:15 the next morning, and police found her car parked in the driveway. It is registered in the name of a former boyfriend now serving in Viet Nam.

Before her death, Miss Kalmeyer had held a series of jobs in Ohio and Kentucky, mostly as a go-go dancer in bars. She was reported missing from her Madison, Ohio home last month.

(For further details, see page 1)

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