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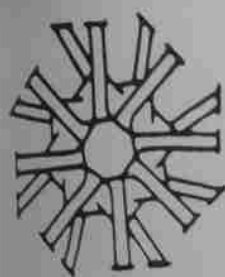
Kenyon Collegian - February 3, 1972

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the kenyon Collegian

Volume XCIX

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, February 3, 1972

No. 7



IN THIS PHOTO from Tuesday's game with our arch rivals from Deni-Doo, Lord star, Jim Smith, makes a determined drive for the basket with Denison's Bill Harris in hot pursuit. See photo essay on page 6.

Big Bad Red Gores Lords

by Richard Clarke

Tuesday night was 'showtime' at the fieldhouse as the Big Red of Denison University made their first trip to the Gambier hardwoods in five years. With the largest crowd of the season looking on (along with an absurd number of Mt. Vernon law authorities who must have figured that the Kenyon-Denison clash was going to erupt into another Ohio State-Minnesota fiasco), Kenyon again took the award for showmanship (thanks to the imaginative antics of the Kokosingers and A. D. cheerleaders) but Deni-doo won the game for the second straight year since this unique hardcourt rivalry has been resumed.

Since most of interested Kenyon basketball followers were in attendance at the 71-51 disaster--I will try not to overbear you with too many of the depressing details--the Lords simply did not play well. Their performance was particularly disappointing after the progressively improved performances recently against Marietta, Ohio Wesleyan and Wooster. Their offense simply never got untracked. After Denison had scored the game's first six points, the Lords inconsistently counted their most potent offensive attack of the evening to take a 19-14 advantage midway through the first half. At that point Kenyon seemed capable of blowing their visitors off the court if they could get the offense going. However, the reverse proved to be the eventual result unfortunately. The Big Red scored 8 in a row to take a 22-19 edge. The remainder of the half was a battle of ineptness which saw the lead change hands or the score tied on nine occasions. At the intermission Denison was the slightly less inept--holding a slim 30-29 lead.

After the first twenty minutes of action, the only entertaining aspects of the evening were the half-time performance of the Kokosingers (who had enlisted the aid of imported Granville 'beach' comb-over typically attired in his Big Red Jacket and cut-offs and a talented soloist by the name of Phil Laccio--lent from Oberlin for the occasion.) and brief flurries of obnoxiousness by Kenyon's colorful A.D. cheerleaders.

Denison came out in a stall offense in order to bring Kenyon out of its zone defense. They patiently worked for a good shot and outscored the Lords 10-3 in the first five minutes of the last half. After that, the Lords inability to hold on to the ball and to hit their shots when they could maintain possession long enough eliminated any comeback hopes the partisan crowd might have enter-

tained.

The fact that the Big Red didn't display any particular offensive proficiency is reflected in their 39.1% (25-64) performance from the field--which was only slightly better than the Lords' miserable 32.7% effort. High scorers for Kenyon were Marty Hunt with 21 and Jim Smith with 11. For Denison sophomore Dudley Brown was high with 20 markers. On a slightly brighter concluding note: the Kenyon JV team downed the Little Big-Redders 55-54 on two free throws by freshman Dave Davis with 13 seconds remaining. For those of you who like to think of the future: 1) a week from Tuesday, Kenyon fans can see the OAC's leading scorer in action when Vic Guerreri and the Oberlin Yeomen come to Gambier and 2) there is always next years Kenyon-Denison game in Granville to fire up for.

Are You Singing with Us Jesus?

by Jim Wright

Saturday night, in the Mt. Vernon Memorial Hall, there was a Gospel Sing for the benefit of the New Hope School. Nearly thirteen hundred people came to hear and see what had, as the emcee called it, a twofold purpose: First, to bring Jesus into your lives and second, to raise money for the handicapped children of the area. The captain of the Salvation Army from town spoke and reminded the audience how much they had done for the handicapped in their voting and in private contributions. People spoke out for the Good Old America, God's country. Gospel groups from all over Ohio traveled to this benefit concert and were recognized as having hits on the Gospel charts. Little girls waited in the wings to meet the performers.

The Sacred Tones traveled from Galion, Ohio, in their touring bus. They were introduced as one of the best groups of Christians around. Other groups were: The Shady Grove Ramblers, The Lordsmen Quartet, the Psalms, the Heritage Singers, the Regents, the Disciples Quartet. Some of the songs were "Let's sing more songs about Jesus", "I'm finding my way to the oasis of heaven", "The night before Easter", "Prepare for the pure and true", "Will the circle be unbroken?", "He touched me and Oh, the joy that crossed my soul", "Just inside the eastern gate, 'Jesus walked all the way.' 'Jesus is always the same' has these lyrics: 'the sparrow will find a new

Winter Weekend Migration Byrds Nest Here

by Leslie Fradkin

Oh, my lord, the Byrds are going to be appearing at Kenyon on February 11th! This, indeed should prove to be one of the great rock events in recent memory in Gambier.

We will be hearing a group that has changed the face of rock 'n roll so markedly that the effect is quite staggering. The Byrds and the Kinks have always been my two favorite groups; the Kinks for their roughness but biting commentary and the Byrds for their sureness of stance as well as for their continuously refreshing eclecticism.

Usually at this point, you would expect the proverbial rock critic to delve into a barrage of historical recall and this critic (actually, I hate the term) will be no exception. The Byrds, in their 7 year history have gone through many personnel changes and this is, perhaps, to be expected from any group that, itself, goes through many musical shifts and changes in stance. The original group included: Jim McGuinn (12-String Guitar, Vocals), David Crosby (Rhythm Guitar, Vocals), Gene Clark (Vocals, Tambourine), Chris Hillman (Bass Guitar, Vocals) and Mike Clarke (Drums). Only McGuinn remains today. Although he has changed his name to Roger (for religious reasons), he still is the same McGuinn: economy of gesture, movement, expression and words; the same intense energy and insanely sane logic; the same taunting gleam in his eye; the same good-natured sarcasm in his voice. Somehow, the man has kept it all together. It is, no doubt, a testimony to his undeniable talent, determination, and basic flair for doing things

well musically as well as professionally.

He is now joined (not assisted) by Skip Battin (Bass, Vocals), Clarence White (Guitar, Vocals) and Gene Parsons (Drums, Guitar, Banjo, Vocals).

How do they sound? In many ways, not too much like the old Byrds

There was once a reviewer who commented that McGuinn could, if he wanted, find any three musicians who desired it, and teach them to "play Byrds." Perhaps so, but I find the comment insulting to the abilities of the other three. Clarence White is a phenom on the guitar and has made the Fender-bender sound his very own. He played on



WINTER WEEKEND will be highlighted by the appearance of The Byrds who are (left to right) McGuinn on the 12 string guitar, Parsons on the drums, Battin on the bass, and White on guitar. They'll be nesting in the fieldhouse next weekend.

and yet somehow strongly reminiscent of the older sound--a testament to McGuinn's strong influence on the group's sound. There's country, space, good old rock, old Byrds songs ("crowd pleasers," McGuinn calls them) plus new Byrds music which finds contribution from the others as well as McGuinn. In many ways, they are far away from the old days--in other respects, they are so close. They are all Byrd.

Byrds sessions as early as the "Younger Than Yesterday" album and his presence (combined with Battin's Bass playing) gives a separatist feeling to the combined sound of the instruments that the old group lacked. A word about Battin and Parsons. Battin is not the kind of trend-setter and revolutionary Bass player that Chris Hillman was (and still is) but he and Parsons set a solid foundation which holds a different (yet perhaps surer) stance than Hillman and Clarke could ever hope to accomplish. This is perhaps accountable by the fact that Clarke was a terrible drummer. Then again, if you ever saw the old Byrds live around 1966-67, they were about as exciting as a windup doll. But that's all changed now. I find them much more exciting live than on record (even Roger admits that) and I think you'll agree.

For those who should care about such things as what the Byrds have put out in the way of product in their 7 odd years here is a list to satisfy even the most hard bitten individual. It includes 45's which do not appear on L.P.'s:

1. Mr. Tambourine Man (released 1965)
 2. Turn! Turn! Turn! (released 1965)
 3. Fifth Dimension (released 1966)
 4. Younger Than Yesterday (released 1967)
 5. The Byrds' Greatest Hits (released 1967)
 6. The Notorious Byrd Brothers (released 1968)
 7. Sweetheart Of The Rodeo (released 1968)
 8. Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde (released 1969)
 9. Preflyte (ON TOGETHER RECORDS) (released 1969)
 10. The Ballad of Easy Rider (released 1969)
 11. The Byrds (Untitled) (released 1970)
 12. Byrdsmanix (released 1971)
 13. Farther Along (released 1972)
- plus singles like "Don't Make Waves", "Lay, Lady, Lay", and "Lady Friend" that don't appear on any Lp.

The concert will take place at the FIELDHOUSE starting at 9:00 PM. Tickets will be available at \$2.50.

dwelling, the eagle will find a new nest; but I'm hanging on to the Changeless One, Jesus is always the best."

The emcee and the groups tried to warm the audience with Gospel patter, saying, "How many of you are glad you're here and not in the Mt. Vernon jail?", "If you're glad you're here and the Lord is with you, let me hear it", "If He came tonight, would you go in a rapture?", and "The Lord must have wanted us here tonight, because we had the devil's own time getting here--but we made it." One



THE LORDSMEN, Mount Vernon answer to The Byrds and equally talented showmen in their own right, appeared in the All Star Gospel Sing at the Memorial Theater which was packed with God fearing, loving, singing, and rockin' Christians this past weekend.

Scribble de hobble

by Rick Lesaar

One night recently we walked down to the Beta Rock. Prostrating ourselves before that mighty monument, we started to intone the sacred chant of invocation. Then, as the wind whistled through the trees and the winter clouds covered the moon, that fount of all Kenyon wisdom awoke and bade us speak, saying:

Beta Rock --Huh?
We --Oh Great Rock, what is tenure?
BR --One more than nine years.
We --Anything else?
BR --Tenure is a guarantee of hire made to a member of the faculty by the school.
We --For how long?
BR --Until the instructor retires.
We --Does Kenyon grant tenure?
BR --Yep.
We --That's good, isn't it?
BR --Well, yes and no.
We --Please explain.
BR --Tenure is good. The Kenyon system of granting tenure is not.
We --How so?
BR --Let's talk money, kid. Once you know the stakes involved, the system is going to sound all the more ridiculous.
We --Alright.
BR --If he's worth his salt, an instructor ought to be able to stand up there and dish it out for a good thirty-five years. Now depending on what degrees he's earned and what responsibilities he takes within his department he probably pulls down between fifteen and twenty thousand a year. You got that?

We --Well, . . .
BR --Good. Now higher mathematics reveals a possible investment per instructor of between \$525,000 and \$700,000.
As this last was pronounced the ground began to shake, and across town the lights went on in Sam Lord's house. Perhaps he just had a bad dream.

We --So who's entitled to all those potatoes?
BR --It works like this. The department chairmen submit to the Provost the names of instructors who have taught seven years at the college level (one of which must have been at Kenyon). The Provost reviews the names and makes recommendations to the President. The President reviews the names and makes recommendations to the Board of Trustees.

We --Then what?
BR --The Trustees vote. What did you expect?
We --Well, how do they know who to recommend?
BR --What do you mean?
We --Do the department chairmen sit-in on a candidate's classes to see how he teaches?
BR --Sometimes.
We --Does the Provost?
BR --No.
We --Does the President?
BR --No.
We --Do the Trustees?
BR --No.
We --Well, maybe they solicit student opinion. After all, it's the students who are in the most continuous contact with the instructors, and in the actual teaching situation. And it's the students who have the most to gain by a proper selection--and the most to lose by an improper one. So, the chairmen do ask for the students' opinions, don't they?

BR --Sometimes.
We --Does the Provost?
BR --No.
We --Does the President?
BR --No.
We --Don't suppose the Trustees do either?
BR --You got it.
We --But this system is an insult to any student who came here for reasons other than a love of the food; to any instructor who takes pride in being able to educate others.

BR --Take it easy, kid.
Security --What's going on here?
We --We're talking to the Beta Rock.
Security --O. K. Just be sure to turn out the lights when you're through.
We --But there are no lights out here.
Security --Don't get smart, kid.
We --We have an idea.
BR --Really?

We --Once a year the college would empanel a committee of persons whose advanced study has been education, and whose educational philosophies are sympathetic to that of Kenyon. They would spend maybe two weeks on campus interviewing students and candidates. They would watch the candidates in class. Then they would make recommendations to the Trustees, who would also have to interview the candidates.

BR --That's going to cost a lot of money to get those educators out here for two weeks. And besides, I'm sure the Trustees are much too busy to interview the candidates themselves.
We --But this school is only going to be as good as its faculty. Any investments made to insure the best faculty possible would certainly not be wasted. Remember what you said a tenured faculty member might cost the college?--the college ought to be sure it's making the right decisions before it spends that kind of money.

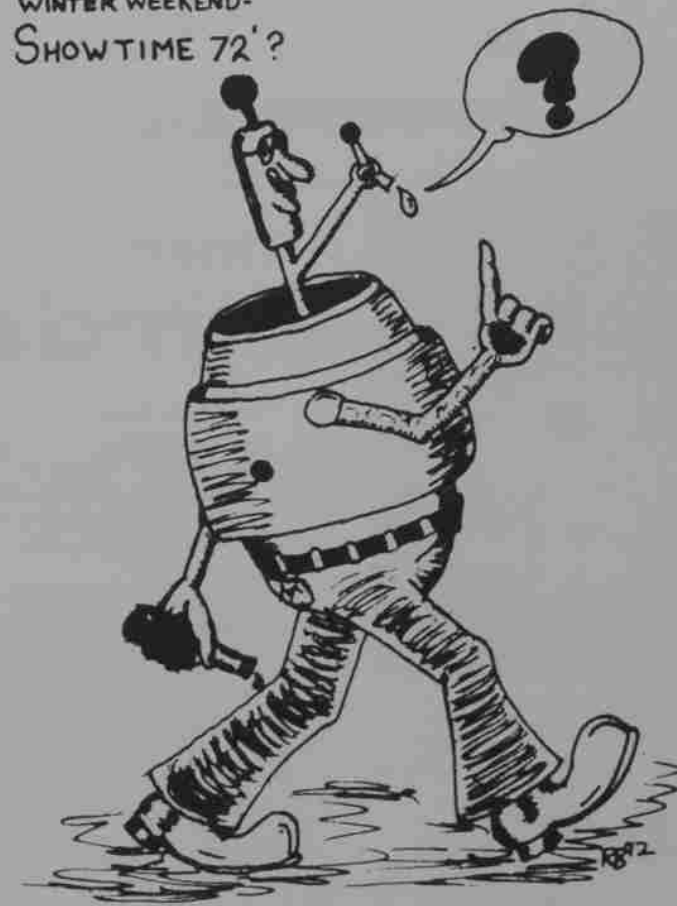
BR --Agreed.
We --Well, could they do that then?
BR --No.
We --Why?
BR --It makes too much sense.

We looked around to see if we'd left any lights on, and then went to bed.

Note: Our last column placed the American war dead at 200,000. This is actually a low-rounded total for "allied" war dead. The point, however, remains the same.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BERTHA!! ★♡!!

WINTER WEEKEND-
SHOWTIME 72'?



HAPPY TRAILS

by Jim Wright

With the usual holiday season glut, the glossy panoramic plethora of illustrated books, it was not this reviewer's pleasure to see among them a special offering this year from Belf, Burm, & Strang publishers. Running 444 pages, with 77 color plates and a price tag of \$17.47, this book is not what the doctor ordered. Titled "Everything You May or May not Have Wanted to Know About Backrubs But Were Afraid and Shy to Ask," it puts forth the most detailed account of the neural phenomena associated with backrubs, the muscular dynamics, and the psychological benefits to accrue from a good massage, since Klontz Goldigger's classic, "One Pinched Nerve To Go, Please."

Backrubs are, on the surface, but a sensual delight with little or no lasting effect - a truly ephemeral art. But they need not be so moot. As the author points out, there are associated neuro-muscular systems which, when stimulated in certain way, cause nervous tension to subside, pain to be diminished, and anxieties to be allayed. There is a school of psychotherapy in Southern California operating today on the principles of this text, and there are feelers out for a training film.

Going through the history of the backrub as far back as Khubla Khan's weary warrior school of massage, the therapeutic value of the masseur's art is chronicled. As therapy for accumulated aggressions, the author remarks, and without historical refutation in sight, that no major war was ever fought within twenty four hours after the warriors had their backrubs. For that matter, when was the last time a shake-down man from the mafia called you from a masseur's parlor?

Case histories of less insomnia, eased ulcers, reduced migraine frequency, are called to testify for the merits of this art, with projections for diminished smoking, drinking, tranquilizer consumption, and improved marriages. The author hails the age of the happy cabbie, the congenial commuter, the whistling garbage man, and the friendly cop, all of which are on his endangered species list.

A terse text, Everything... explains for the nimrod masseur (euse) the basics of a good backrub. "1) rubber must be flat, with muscles in symmetric position which does not restrict arms. 2) If ticklish, rubber must distract rubber (tickles) by unticklish overtures. 3) When rubber is non-tickled and (hopefully) relaxed, rubber must begin covering muscles with hands, slowly, to begin to warm muscles of rubber. 4) chopping action, with fingers spread loosely, will further warm muscles of rubber and loosen tension between muscle bundles (muscles are like wires in a cable and can be too closely packed at one end of cable, loose at other) 5) delicate fingers of rubber should pinch muscles just hard enough to find width of same, 6) once muscles are found and their beginning and endings visualized in rubber's mind's eye he must roll muscles to relax and warm same; he may not pinch until later, 7) rubber should continue rolling muscles of back, located close to spine, along either side of same, until origin and insertion of muscles, located at back of head and gluteus maximus are traced; where muscles are too small of close circular patterns w/o stretching skin too tightly, 9) finish with more firm, chopping motions to distract rubber, thus preventing a too sensitive back which can be uncomfortable.

When you stop to think about it, there are a number of long reaching benefits to be realized by the comeback of the backrub. Current underground perversions of this ancient art are practiced throughout our country even today. On college campuses and in the Pentagon, there is a form of tension-release known as backsliding being practiced, which should be rubbed out. In secret cults of Washington D.C., there is a fruitless form of anxiety-transfer practiced, known as 'backbiting.' I, for one, think backbiting should be nipped in the bud. Further, there is a chance that all the roughbeast-Jean Dixon-prophets of gloom would not slouch toward Bethlehem after a massage.

VISIT
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ALCOVE

An Adventure in Fine Dining

- restaurant
- cocktails
- in Mt. Vernon

letter to the editors

To the Editors:

As the roommate and close friend of Jim McDonald, I feel I must write and complain about inaccurate reporting and injurious innuendoes in Josh Bill's "Opinion" article in the January 20, 1972 edition of COLLEGIAN.

His "facts" concerning the accident are obviously based on the rumors concerning the cause of Jim's death. He first states that Jim was in such an "uncontrollable condition" that he "went to the courts to lie down, fall down, or pass out." Then Mr. Bill had the audacity to say it made no difference whether Jim was blind drunk. Does Mr. Bill know that Jim often walked with a limp because the ball and socket in his right hip was never fully developed? Does Mr. Bill know that Jim sleepwalked? Does Mr. Bill know that Jim's footprints before his final fall to the ground indicate an extremely bad limp of the right leg? I doubt that he would be aware of these facts if he was not aware of the general solemnity on campus on Sunday and Monday, especially in Gund Dorm or in Jim's division. Of course, most upperclassmen did not know Jim so his death may have been surprising and a shame but not shocking and tragic as it was to his friends and family.

Yes, Jim did attend a party and was drinking but his death cannot be solely attributed to the excess of alcohol and the general party atmosphere at Kenyon. Jim's death is best explained as a combination of factors: a sleepwalking condition, extremely cold weather, a bad leg; liquor; an isolated campus. The absence of any one of these factors might have saved Jim. Jim's close friends just wish that Mr. Bill and others, administrators included, would stop using Jim's death to prove their points.

Sincerely,
Dean Chantiles '72

Math Prof To Lecture In Australia

Daniel T. Finkbeiner, professor of mathematics at Kenyon College, has been awarded a Fulbright grant to lecture in Australia at a special national summer school for gifted high school mathematics students. The Australian-American Educational Foundation has announced.

Finkbeiner will conduct a two-week intensive course in contemporary applications of linear algebra for 60 of Australia's finest students beginning Jan. 9 at Australian National University in Canberra. The school, now in its fourth year, is sponsored jointly by Australian National University and the Australian National Association of Mathematics Teachers.

Following his two weeks in Canberra, Finkbeiner will lecture at a summer school sponsored by the University of Western Australia in Perth. He will return to the country in late March and spend the rest of a sabbatical leave from Kenyon as a research assistant at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

Finkbeiner's association with Australian secondary education dates back to 1964 when he helped institute the country's first secondary school enrichment program at the local level at the University of Western Australia. Finkbeiner patterned the mathematics program after ones held at Kenyon College. "The original program was not a summer school, but the national program developed because of intensive need," Finkbeiner said.



THE GRAVE of a young Kenyon student who died in the Old Kenyon fire stands starkly in the snow as a reminder of one of our most regrettable tragedies.

Lunatic Ravings

by Gerry Chalpin

During the past weekend, I spent one evening in a dorm at the University of Pittsburgh and even though my stay at that institution was so short, I have had a number of thoughts about the differences between a place like Kenyon and a typical large urban university. I do not pretend that any of the observations or thoughts I have had are particularly profound or insightful, but I am presenting them for the sake of anyone at Kenyon who may be considering transferring to another institution or who might have some vicarious interest (as I do) in differences in academic life.

One of the most immediately noticeable characteristics of the large university is the high proportion of people who might be called (for lack of a better term of opprobrium) 'PLASTIC hippies.' By this term I DO NOT mean those genuinely concerned, socially conscious, informally garbed advocates of a 'counter culture' or 'Consciousness III' sort of life, but rather those consciously fashionable, middle and upper middle class people who wear their Reproductions of Indian moccasins while they greet you with an unearned and undeserved Black Power handclasp. That this sort of superficial person walks Middle Path is undeniable, but it seems to me that a lower percentage is present of 'plastic hippies' at Kenyon, where another sort of plasticity is noticeable.

This other sort of plasticity is of an intellectual kind. As a well-known, but fading, campus politico remarked to me when I was writing the draft of this column, 'Kenyon may have fewer plastic hippies, but if that's true, it's only because people are too busy posing as intellectuals. After all, if this wasn't true, we wouldn't have so many people leaving this place as fervent missionaries for 'rational discourse.' It may well be that this emphasis on intellectualizing is related to the geographic isolation of Gambier, but it is also quite possible that it is a generic characteristic of small, liberal arts colleges. The November 1971 issue of the NEWSLETTER of the Union for Radical Political Economics carried an article which stated that 'The rhetoric of the liberal arts education, at least at elite schools, alleges that the creation of a decent society can happen at present: when you graduate you too can use humanity's accumulated stock of wisdom to do good.' (At this point, the cynic quoted above remarked, 'Yeah, be the first kid on your block to...etc.')

This emphasis on the intellectual is, the U.R.P.E. NEWSLETTER charges, decidedly biased:

The academic subjects we learn and teach are not at all divorced from the political conflicts of the "real world" outside the university. It is absurd for liberals to warn against making the university a political battleground; beneath their pretensions of objectivity, academics have always been political men. Some construct the military hardware which makes it possible to bring the American way of life to people around the globe. Others rationalize free markets and private ownership, parliamentary democracy and bureaucracy, the isolated, male-dominated nuclear family, and all the other institutional apparatus of American capitalism. Movements for change are shown without fail to exhibit extremism, totalitarianism, and mass personality disorders.

If this allegation is true, it serves as a damning indictment of the "critical scholarship" of American institutions of higher education. It also serves to note another manifestation of intellectual plasticity at Kenyon.

This other form of superficiality is one which strikes at the heart of the Kenyon education, which claims, in part, to offer in its curriculum a confrontation with a broad and complete range of ideas and thoughts. However, I think that it is unfortunate that this claim is not particularly well substantiated. For, if there is any glaring gap in the Kenyon curriculum, it is NOT in the soon-to-be-changed lack of offerings in sociology and anthropology. Nor is it in the "oppressiveness" of the Guided Elective schema, or the lack of a "humanistic scholarship," the gap is rather in the lack of any astute, intelligent, articulate and forceful RADICAL professors in the faculty. The lack of professors with radical political views is a deficiency exhibited by almost every academic department one can name. As such, Kenyon can be charged with not only an excessive emphasis on the intellectual, but with also a biased, incomplete and therefore inadequate intellectuality, an intellectuality which can be justly called parochial.

I do not wish to be misread by people who will read this column and then accost me with the charge that all I am calling for is a more "relevant" liberal education. I have heard too often of the "eternal problems of the human condition," to believe that a collegiate experience, no matter how applicable to contemporary society and man it may be, can really do much that is of immediate and practical use. Nonetheless, I still feel that Kenyon can do more to make its intellectual base broader and, in so doing, foster an intellectual climate better suited to its students and the world in which they live. For, so long as the Kenyon education can be termed parochial, the broader intellectual base of the large university will appeal to prospective students. If the future of Kenyon lies, as some administrators have said, in the quality of the education offered here, then it is incumbent that the curriculum become more representative of different, and particularly radical, strains of thought in America. Until the time when the Kenyon curriculum is more representative, the charge of parochialism is justified.

Gambier Under Ground Exhumed

by Rob Murphy

When Rosse Hall was built in 1831 to be the college chapel, the land directly behind it was allotted to be a graveyard for parishioners. The first grave was that of a Milo Everts, a worker in the college mill and the first person to die in Gambier. Although no stone marks the spot, he was buried in front of where the Lewis mausoleum now stands.

In May of 1841, a "committee on the church-yard" was appointed to determine who would be buried where. Records reveal that in 1862 thirteen people had been interred; eleven males and two females. Eight of these people were under ten years of age, one from 10-20, one from 20-30, two from 40-50, and one from 70-80. This is indicative of the greater mortality of men and the frequent deaths of children in earlier times.

In 1866, the idea of the construction of a new chapel was being discussed. This was in the time of Bishop Bedell, 3rd Bishop of Ohio, who in addition to being responsible for building the Chapel, built Kokosing House. He, his wife, and their three babies are buried at the far end of the graveyard. It was at this time that the College purchased ten acres of land north of Bexley Hall for a new burial area. This is the present Oak Grove Cemetery. Previously anyone could be buried behind Rosse, but with the new cemetery qualifications became necessary.

Perhaps at the risk of sounding morbid, there are some interesting graves behind Rosse. One is that of "Little Griswold", the son of a clergyman. Though he died before reaching the age of four he was discovered to be a prodigy.

Another is that of Lorin Andrews, seventh President of Kenyon. Engraved on his obelisk is "The First in Ohio to answer the call of his country... in the first campaign against THE GREAT REBELLION". Andrews caught typhoid during the Civil War and returned to Gambier to die with a colonel's rank.

The prominent mausoleum in the center of the yard is that of John N. Lewis and his children. A suc-

cessful businessman, scholar, and sometime astronomer from Mt. Vernon, Lewis received an honorary degree from Kenyon in 1876.

One of the students whose life was taken in the Old Kenyon fire of 1949, Stephen Shepherd, is buried there.

The recent burial was that of Mrs. Charles Coffin, whose husband was long-time chairman of the English Dept. at Kenyon. She passed away last year around Thanksgiving.

A great deal of this information in this article was provided through the kind assistance of the College Archivist, Mr. Thomas Greenslade. Miss Katherine Allen, a longtime resident

of Gambier and authority on the history of this area was also very helpful.

There is a stone on the south side of the graveyard denoting the plot of Kwaku Leblete, a prince from the Gold Coast of West Africa. He was studying in a program at Mission House, which trained foreign students for the clergy.

Though the inscription on his stone is all but faded to bare recognition it was interesting to note that, even to this day, he is the sole black person in the yard. And, through rough calculations through a camera gauge, he is buried at least 25 feet from any other grave.



A SOLDIER'S TOMB is still remembered with a small American flag. The graveyard is a place to peruse for those interested in Gambier history and its makers.



ONE WONDERS if the country churchyard memorialized in Gray's elegy wasn't quite like this one behind Rosse Hall. Photos by Rob Murphy.

The Inside Dope Don Felipe en Mexico

by P. D. Church

Professor of English

Four months in Mexico qualifies no one to speak with any assurance about the people or the country. All I can supply are some impressions, and these will probably say more about my family and myself than they will about Mexico.

The Mexicans make it easy for Americans to assume and maintain the role of mere tourist. Of course, we are a major industry. The friendly guide you didn't want--whether he's fourteen or fifty years old--will not allow you not to be interested in what all tourists are interested in. At one ruins, I was forced to be rude merely to be left alone for a short time. To say that you are not interested in seeing the church, or the crafts exhibit (which is a tourist trap) arouses blank incredulity. So one has to work at seeing through the Mexicans' practiced veneer. Unless you stay in a place at least a month, this is hardly possible.

On the whole, we did fairly well, I think, in getting to the point of actually living in a place, as Americans, but not quite as tourists. I think, we stayed a month in San Miguel de Allende, about 200 miles northwest of Mexico City. This is a lovely, cobblestoned little town. But they have a much bally-hoed art institute there, full of wealthy

American retired and wealthy young American 'art students'. No one is actually doing anything. All imitative. Pretense. Nor is Mexico reflected in any of the work. The American kids are really sad, there. They can't get out from under the U.S. "youth-culture" enough to even see Mexico. They drag it, that tired conformity, along with them like a blanket.

So we left San Miguel. We went to a large, provincial capital--Merelia. No Americans here. This city is old, with a lot of dignity about it, and rather dull, I suppose. Here we stayed two months and got to know a small range of people. Particularly a sculptor named Enrique Alfarez, seventy years old and building a house for his young American wife and teenage daughter. Ricky fought at sixteen with the great revolutionary soldier, Pancho Villa. He finally deserted in 1922. We sat and listened to Ricky talk night after night, sipping tequila, his wife quietly recording his long, incredible tales of the revolution. It was Ricky who helped us see beneath the surface of Mexican life. They appear to be a very domestic, quiet people. Very large crowds of Indian and Mexican families are quiet, orderly, with everyone really enjoying everyone else. One hears, then, of the violence and deception which characterizes these people's

private lives. Mexico is where extremes soon hold in balance. And what is the source of that balance I don't know. It isn't the Church. It isn't the government. One thinks maybe it's the land, so constantly, quietly ever-present. Ricky thinks maybe it's partly the land. Also, so many many decades--a century at least--of bloody, chaotic revolution and counter-revolution. No one knows what actually happened. But the Mexicans hunger for tranquility, their capacity to absorb violence, live with it, is due perhaps to having endured so much. At its worst, this capacity produces a fatalism which is the greatest obstacle to Mexico's development.

The Mexicans are deeply worried about the States--not so much our economic problems, or even Viet Nam itself, as such. They are worried about our way of life, our racial problems, our young people, our sense of our nation. Because they depend on us to lead the hemisphere. They wish very deeply that we would regard them, and the rest of Latin America, and Canada, as Americans. They have special fondness for Canada, and for Italy, why the latter I'm unsure. A felt bond of laziness and human-ness between two Latin cultures, perhaps. But mostly, they would be Americans, part of the American hemisphere. They place great trust in us.

Critics Wilde Over Earnest

by Robert Cantwell
Professor of English

There is comic irony, but no pun, when Jack admits in the last line of *THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST* to have learned "the vital importance of being earnest." The pun has dissolved because what Jack has learned in fact is the vital importance of being utterly frivolous—all lies having transformed themselves, through the agency of Miss Prism, into truths—of dissembling, not for the furtive maintenance of respectability, but for dissembling's sake alone. He has learned what, for Wilde, was the essence of wit: to at once surprise and satisfy what is expected of you by a reversal so precise that it implies what it reverses. The effect is charming, not punitive, so that the

"Both Mark Rosenthal and John Gilliss showed that startling power to evoke with voice and gesture presences more dense and pervasive than those of ordinary life."

dissembler is, like Algernon, totally eclipsed by his art.

Life is then an imitation of art, Wilde said, and drama, "life under the conditions of art," an artist's ideal. The players in the drama are ideal because they are just that—players—fully at liberty to fashion the materials of life to fanciful ends. Jack learns, by precept from Algernon and by example from his feminine adversaries, to play at the disearnest business of living and to join their conspiracy of dissembling. At the last he stands with them on the ironic terminus of a long tradition of birthright, the women around him—always a civilizing influence—having insisted that he be only his NAME. How deliciously primitive!

The Kenyon Players understand Wilde's intentions, I think, and on Thursday evening only occasionally lapsed from the play's sustained

"... Dan Parr's sets, ... were a spectacular relief from the lumpen arrangements reminiscent of the back room at Goodwill of most amateur production ..."

elaboration of wit. It is necessary that all the characters be charming; that is their reality. If in Act I, for example, Jack's distress is too graphic, then Algernon's sophistication is likely to seem like cruelty; if Jack's intelligence becomes, by virtue of an exaggerated foolishness, too unwitting, then the comedy

is less humorous, that is, melodramatic. Both Mark Rosenthal as Jack and John Gilliss as Algernon showed that startling power to evoke with voice and gesture presences more dense and pervasive than those of ordinary life, which is, I think, what we require of the theater, and what we admire in professional actors. Similarly the ladies—Bonnie Levinson as Lady Bracknell, Wendy Lindner as Gwendolen, and Penelope Perel as Cecily—faced with the formidable problem of differentiating themselves into three personalities widely separated by age, temperament, and intention, discovered by Act II a solution which resolved the delicate interplay in each character among satire, self-parody, and sheer wit. Their charm increased as they distinguished themselves from the types at the heart



WENDY Lindner gazes adoringly at Mark Rosenthal in this scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest* which continues its run in the Hill Theater this weekend. And you thought it was Tricia and Ed.

of Wilde's conception. Among the major characters there was some overacting, and a consequent narrowing of the potential range of expression; Algernon was more sincere in Act II than he ought to have been; but the fault was in the adrenalin levels of opening night. Joyce Ott, Timothy Welsh, James Dunning, and Robert Eichler, as Miss Prism, Reverend Chasuble, Lane and Merriman respectively were Victorian caricatures Trollope would have approved, but with a measure of self-consciousness that liberated them, along with the rest, from their age. I swear that Tim Welsh could blush at will.

As a dynamic series of actions the continuity of the play was hardly disturbed, either in the naturalness and propriety of individual movement or in the larger dimension of the players' interaction. The play

had a sort of animated geometry fashioned, I'm sure, in both its verbal and physical aspects (I suppose Wilde deserves some credit too) by Harlene Marley, the Director, and supported by Dan Parr's

critique

sets, which were a spectacular relief from the lumpen arrangements reminiscent of the back room at Goodwill of most amateur productions, and keenly pleasurable to the eye. His articulation of framed space, with its emphasis upon the center, is perfectly appropriate. I

"Wilde ... died in a drab Paris hotel room, the 'spendthrift of his own genius' and in the obscurity of an extinguished self."

think, to the comic subject matter.

That Wilde chose to make his materials comic is significant, for in comedy we encounter characters who do not experience their own situations as fully as we would ourselves. Wilde knew the insufficiency of dissembling—that the eclipse of self by art was itself an artifact, one which might conceal the corruption of the soul but never arrest it. The seething portrait of Dorian Gray

may have been Wilde's own moral lesson to himself, who was, among other things, a convicted sodomite dissembling to the end, whom Yeats recalled as the most brilliant man in conversation he had ever known. But like his fictive Earnest he died in a drab Paris hotel room, the "spendthrift of his own genius" and in the obscurity of an extinguished self. "I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last."

THE STUDENT reviewer for *Earnest* is Kerry Pechter, a junior English major who is editor of *Hika*, the Kenyon literary magazine.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" opens again tonight in the Hill Theatre, and it's worth seeing. Art should be useless, Oscar Wilde said, and this play on the genealogy of a pun certainly is, but its a refreshing change from the sententious love-rock chorus line of last fall's *ANTIGONE*, and this production is noticeably more inspired than the last one.

Harlene Marley's directing makes the play. Small prop jokes balance the play's intellectual wit with a rough physical comedy. A play that could have been smug and dry loosens up with crashing chairs and flying books. Handkerchief um-

brellas, a butler's elbow, sugar tongs, muffins, a plaster statue, and one surprising false bookcase set up or counterpoint lines and punch up scenes. The skill of Professor Marley's direction showed early in the first act with the chase for the cigarette case, and John Gilliss' mock-heroic leap to the top of a satin divan-saving a foolish world only by nonsense.

I haven't said anything about the acting, but its all better than competent. John Gilliss lacks none of the style, control, or unalterable self-assurance that's necessary for the part of Algernon. He delivers his facetious soliloquies to the audience in the first act like the old nonchalant George Burns, with a cigarette instead of a cigar. Mark Rosenthal, though he always looks as if he just sprang in from the set of "Guys & Dolls" is a good straight

"... the butlers are both excellent, and its so hard to find decent help these days."

man in his first major role. He is convincingly Ernest. Bonnie Levinson comes on and steals the first act with her umbrella and her malevolence. She's the most experienced of the cast, and an excellent character actress. She "dresses the stage", like they say. Wendy Lindner as Gwendolen is near perfect in her proposal scene with Ernest, her character is symbolized by the handkerchief that comes fluttering from her sleeve at moments of intense mock-melodrama. Penny Perel is just as good as silly Cecily. She is symbolized by her little white diary, the only serious business in her life.

There are no small actors etc., in this production. Joyce Ott is typecast as the author of a three volume novel of "more than usually revolting sentimentality", and Tim Welsh comes close to stealing the show in the role of Rev. Chasuble. Finally, the butlers are both excellent, and its so hard to find decent help these days. Jim Dunning with his polite moustache and Rob Eichler with his obedient elbow complete the play. There are no loose ends.

Unfortunately, I liked the play. The only fun for a critic, really, is to close a play on opening night, bankrupt the producers, put the actors on welfare and contemplate their starving children at home. Artists not only deserve it, they like it. But in this case, alas, the play is a success, and whatever I say is superfluous.



THE CAST of *The Importance of Being Earnest* is led by (left to right) John Gilliss as Algernon Moncrieff, Mark Rosenthal as "Jack" Worthing, Wendy Lindner as Gwendolen, and Penny Perel as Cecily.

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Population Blues

ZPG: You Lose

The Kenyon Matriculation Oath, argues the Coordinate College Council, needs to be changed. The noxious phrase "...loyal sons of Kenyon..." has to be struck before the women can stand and swear allegiance to the place. Just north of the Chapel, a condescending sign rebukes us for our use of the ground, as this interferes with the proper growth of tree roots. Faced by the enormous rush of faceless students, Saga will next year resort to identification cards for meals. And, finally, there are all those classes in the Bio Auditorium.

Kenyon College, just like everyone else, is changing. But as the old ways are swept out, so is the touch of insanity that gave this place a reputation no self-conscious college would ever enjoy. Jonathan Winters is just as typical of that old Kenyon as all those Rhodes, Fulbrights, et al. that the catalogues eulogize. Gambler used to be a haven for sublimely strange people, not suburban hippies. People who wrote historical treatises on "Albert, the Worrier King"; people who dared McGowan by creating eight pound papers; people like McGowan who relished the dare and ALWAYS rose to the occasion.

There were exotic happenings. The appearance of the fabled Delta Phi bagging machine on a Dance Weekend. The "Electric Phlegm" (as it rose on Easter Morn) master-piece of schlock that was spirited into Mr. Boyd's sculpture exhibition. The spectacle of "naked man" (a repulsive, but interesting, sight). Even (perish the thought) MDA weekend.

There were bizarre people. Stacy Evans: a dedicated student politico who wore his manicured hair in a net. Fred Bump: he refined egotism into an art for all to admire. Joel Fisher: after dazzling the fans, he made fools out of everyone who lacked a sense of humor. The Great Garloo: And, certainly not least, Schonfeld: he deserves our admiration for asking so little and taking so much (all in the name of a good cause).

Kenyon, despite the apologists' claims, has lost much. Remember THE KENYON REVIEW? Remember all-college assemblies? Perhaps it's the people. The loss of a Stu Magoo (c'mon, he knew his title, and it had a uniquely Kenyon sort of respect to it, too) or a Saga Betty (she was the universal kindly mother figure for seventeen years) or even a Buck Lund (Kenyon's own President Eisenhower) ends an era.

Now, middle path clogged and the pine forest a women's college, students are quieter, more careful. They don't risk as much, or win as much. Better to keep things going than invent new ones. Stick to the format, whether in THE COLLEGIAN or Econ. 43-44. Don't create, analyze. Don't be a William Glass, be a Joy Cocks (god knows, one of our own).

The problem is that without anybody realizing it Kenyon got too big. All those wonderfully strange people were shoved into slots and lecture classes, filed by class and major. Peirce Hall, a tribute to the 1920's

vision of architectural beauty, just can't seat all the people. Sure, we now have another commons, but does it have a stained glass tribute to James Fenimore Cooper? We have a bus that goes into town regularly, but the bench, with all those obscene whittlings, is gone. And when so many people walk on the grass, it dies.

To stay alive, Kenyon became more like every other college. But by doing that, didn't it lose a little of the right to live? How unique is "the unique Kenyon experience"? It's hard to tell the symptoms from the consequences, but every day in every way, Kenyon becomes a little less insane and a lot more self-conscious. In a way, it's a terrible loss. The naked green man on a bicycle would be sorry to see it go.

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Impressions of Student Sculpture

Reflecting upon the recent sculpture exhibit in the library, I was struck with the sudden realization that although it appeared at first to be nothing, it was in fact an expression of a valid and important aspect of our culture: mechanical alienation. It seemed to me as if the artists had found themselves at the depth of absurdity but were somehow driven to express it. The whole exhibit seemed to be a conglomeration of new symbols that have been forced out, stretched, and finished with a sigh of relief.

What kind of art does come from a society of machinery? It is art representative of the machine, a picture of the life-experiences of the artist. The art is a conglomeration of "Thingsies". It is a picture of our society in symbolic visual language. We may sometimes forget that the artist, along with the philosopher, the writer, and the theologian, finds himself in that "meaningless void". This particular exhibit shows that the artist has been left only with a good sense of humor and a knowledge of mechanical human strength. Chris Fahlman expressed this well on his title card for "Untoast and Paint Brush" when he wrote: "There are only two things which I can bring to my art that are undeniably my own. My sense of humor and my voracious appetite." This is the twentieth century and it is also modern man in America.



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Part of the whole experience of that sculpture is having complete knowledge of the materials used by the artist. The Walrus Factory certainly produced a hard hitting satire. . . a corset wrapped around half of a telephone pole. Indeed,

critique

the telephone pole is a common sight, and it could certainly be a symbol of the new, mechanical person. The other artists used such

raw materials as bean bags, an old crib, and colors covered with plastic. These are the things we experience. This is the basis of our existence. There seemed to be an inkling of hope to be found in the displays using wood and metal. They seemed to represent the need for earthy materials; and an understanding of the beauty which can be created from our everyday waste. Hope arising from almost nothing. And where else are we to find hope? The sculptures in the library are more realistic than many may notice. This is our art.



TWO OF THE more interesting sculptures on display in the library are these by Stu Conway, senior honors art major. The bed sculpture is sewn cloth, spray painted in various colors, displayed on a metal crib. The other is made of natural plywood shapes arranged in an abstract curvilinear structure. Photos by Leslie Rodnan.

That Which Is Me

by Barbara Lee

Answers to Questions which Kenyon Blacks are asked again and again . . .

Believe it or not

-Most of us don't have to go through hours and hours of preparation to get our hair to stand on end. It stands naturally. Natural body. Ever heard of it?

-Every nigga who sings doesn't necessarily sing Bessie Smith or Leadbelly. When you consider that approximately 50 years stand between the times of Bessie Smith and say Barbara Lee, you might consider it a plausible possibility that some blacks haven't even heard of Bessie Smith.

-Though most of us move with rhythm, some of us can't dance. Better check first before you ask one of us to teach you to dance.

-Members of the Black Student Union resent the fact that much of the white student body at Kenyon virtually demands to know what the Union is doing with the money allocated to it by the Student Council. When is the last time you asked the Pottery Club about its money? (No dishonor meant to the pottery club).

-Every Black person you meet does not know the where what and how of every other black on campus. Though we're like a family, we are not all siamese twins.

-All black men aren't jocks! Ask one a question about Vietnam and you'll see.

-My name is Barbara not Doretha. Although "we all look alike", I'd think some of you'd know me after three years.

-I am writing this article in an attempt to "educate" the white Kenyon community not to humiliate it. Blacks are human beings, not freaks in a freak show. Believe me, we know where we are. We don't need daily reminders.

Yoruban Riddle:

Shit on a leaf, covered with a leaf.

Answer: Humanity between heaven and earth.



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THESE PHOTOS of the Denison game show the highlights of showmanship, both athletically and spiritually. Kenyon's spirited A.D. cheerleaders are shown in one of their happier moments — one of few as Big Red beat the Lords 71-51 Tuesday night (above). On the hardwoods, freshman center Dave Meyer, strains desperately for a rebound as Lord Mike White and two Deni-Dooers look on (left). Halftime entertainment was provided by the inimitable Kokosingers, with the aid of a Granville Beach Boy clad in typical Denison attire (below). All photos by Sam Barone.



19 Is The Word

by Randy Roome

The Kenyon swimming team is steadily churning its way to its 19th consecutive OAC conference championship. The team has been hurt by the graduation of some of last year's stars, and also by the shoulder injury to the best back stroker in Kenyon history, Rich James. Some bright spots of this year are: 1) the traditional dedication that is holding the team together as a closely knit group, 2) some promising freshmen—Bill Montel, Jed Davis, Stu Wegener, and Bill Cassidy 3) the dramatic improvement of the diving team, Charlie Jones has improved 100% over last year—joined by rookie wonder Phil Porter, both will aid considerably in the quest for number 19.

In one of the most exciting dual meets in Kenyon history Sloan's men recently edged Toronto University, Canada's national champions for the past six years, 57-56. It was a close meet throughout, with some exceptional individual efforts. The 400 free relay team of John Kirkpatrick, John Davis, Charlie Welker and Bill Wallace gave Kenyon its narrow margin of victory with their win in the night's final event.

In all other meets this season Kenyon has either outclassed (Ohio Wesleyan and Wittenberg) weaker teams, or been outclassed (Bowling Green and Miami) by bigger and stronger teams.

Weekend at Home

Professor Alan Batchelder of the Economics department submitted these results of a study which was undertaken to see whether or not the abolition of Saturday classes had caused Kenyon to become a "suitcase school." The figures show little difference in meal attendance on Saturdays as opposed to 1970, or in class attendance on Fridays as compared to Wednesdays.

SAGA has given us the following data on attendance at meals:

	1970	1971
Friday Dinner	82	83
Saturday Breakfast	21	17
Saturday Lunch	77	74
Saturday Dinner	84	87
Sunday Brunch	77	73
Sunday Dinner	82	82

Av. % all meals 1970 81.71% (Fri. Dinner — Sun. Dinner)
Av. % all meals 1971 78.89% (Fri. Dinner — Sun. Dinner)

* Pete Attenweilers best guess.

From the Registrars Office (1971 only, 1970 figures not available)

Subject	Av. # Abs. Wed	Av. # Abs. Fri.	Class Size
Eng.	10.7	13.3	100
Eng.	3.3	5.4	37
Eng.	14.5	16.0	81
Eng.	8.3	10.9	102
Philo	2.6	4.4	29
Math.	2.2	4.0	52
Physics	3.9	7.3	38
Bio	10.4	17.7	100
German	3.5	4.0	14

From Bill Dameron:

Number of books checked out of the library on Fridays from the start of school to the third week in Nov.

1970	1971
969	1059

He says Sat & Sun. figures are combined and not of much use.
From Tom Greenslade (who saved 1970 attendance figures)

1970 Wed. cut % 10	1970 Fri. cut % 9
1971 Wed. cut % 9	1971 Fri. cut % 20

OVER THE HILL

by Jim Lucas and Carl Mueller

For tomorrow you may die

Kenyon's food will probably never be as bad as Georgetown University's cafeteria. Late last November, the cafeteria was closed down for eight days by a dysentery infection. The infection was not an isolated incident, it only added to the growing list of complaints, including "worms, tacks, and bugs floating in the food." Later, in December, "wonder bread, trays, glasses, and silver ware" were launched into the air in protest. Some students believe this first food riot as "only an opening skirmish," but it is still safe to eat in Gambier. Saga Food Service's motto is "If you are not proud of it, Don't serve it."

No Fetus Can Beat Us

George Mason College, a satellite campus of University of Virginia has not been the first college to receive complaints about abortion advertisements in the school paper. But George Mason is in more serious trouble than most colleges.

The state brought charges against the college paper, basing it on a Virginia statute which makes it a misdemeanor to use lecture, publication or advertisement "to encourage the procuring of abortion." Fortunately for the editors of the paper, District Judge Robert R. Merhige issued a temporary injunction against the state, saying that he "Would not hesitate to bar Virginia from any attempt to restrict college students' rights to free speech and press." The newspaper is awaiting a hearing before the state supreme court.

Environmental Bottle Up

The Oberlin City Council recently passed by 4-3 vote an ordinance which prohibits the sale and possession of non-returnable glass or metal containers in the town. Critics of the ordinance complain that it is arbitrary and unenforceable. Several local merchants have joined in dissent. One grocery store reported a decline in sales of beer. He claims sales have fallen from 150 cases of non-returnable cans and bottles a week to "one or two cases." He believes townspeople are buying cans and bottles outside of town, in spite of the provision which does not allow possession of the containers. The advocates of the measure admit to its imperfections, but they claim that their intent was to attract sufficient interest throughout the country to motivate concern, and possibly lead to national legislation.

How is it that everytime I write "F," you see "K"?

The dread disease financial distress, has caused many Ohio small colleges to dispense with time-honored "necessities." As the colleges crawl from door to door begging for money, one of the first things to be eliminated has been dignity. Students at Denison University have started a "January-Term Telethon" in hopes of raising \$19,000 for the college. Thirty-eight students volunteered to make 2,400 phone calls to alumni, asking for donations to the college. In the first week of operation, the group raised \$6011.

But for sheer extravagance, nobody can duplicate the efforts of Wooster College students. Mr. and Mrs. Foster McGraw of Illinois, pledged a gift of \$1,200,000 to Wooster, on the condition that an equal amount be raised in 60 days. The students have scheduled a Walkathon and a rock concert with all proceeds going to the fund. In addition, the President of Wooster received two donations, one amounting to \$10 came from a ten year old girl. Another eight-year old child donated "all the money he saved for Christmas."

Book Crooks Look

The Cuyahoga Community College recently installed a device which detects book thefts. The device, known as "Tattletape," is a rotating gate through which each person must pass as he leaves the building. Each book is treated with a chemical which can be desensitized by the librarian. Only books which have not been desensitized are detected by the machine.

Might Makes Right

In Washington, D.C., one can dial 528-4361 and hear a recorded White Power message given by the American Nazi party. The National Socialists are "revolutionaries" who wear swastikas, their storm troopers march in formation, and they distribute literature and disrupt "leftist demonstrations." The average new member is 18-28 years old, unmarried, and is "without the influences of family or job." Because of the inhibiting effect these influences have, Nazi leaders believe they have more sympathizers than members. Campus membership remains small, largely because of peer-group pressure - "It's easy to be a leftist." Of course, it is not easy to become a party member, a recruit must survive two years of probation and intensive examination. Membership is severely restricted, "only the best should belong, because the party is the leader of the people." Activities of the party include countering leftist demonstrations. During the May Day demonstrations in Washington, two teams of storm troopers marched into "Red territory and cleaned up the scum left behind by the police." Leaders believe their biggest problem is the "small group of radical Jews who disrupt us." The National Socialists are opposed to the no-win war, and they believe that the only solution to the drug problem is to hunt the pushers down like mad dogs and exterminate them. They assert the superiority of the master white race, and favor "boating blacks to Africa rather than busing them."

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