Paternalism

"Runyon," accepted nickname for the College, seems to be fading fast in favor of a new, more pejorative moniker: Kenyon Prep. The reason for this replacement is obvious; Kenyon Men resent the creeping paternalism which the Administration has exhibited this year.

Although the situation hasn't reached the point where Headmas (oops) Dean Frank Bailey tolls curfew each night on the Old Kenyon bell, or President Chalmers birches recalcitrant scholars, there have been signs that College officials don't quite trust all these new-fangled (50-year old) ideas about the student's basic ability to govern himself. One of them is the recent "suggestion" that the Constitution be revised to include the idea that student government is the gift of Dr. Chalmers; the earlier, unjustified edict concerning class cuts is another.

Tradition is a fine thing unless it be, like Kenyon's, a tradition of close, minute supervision of student affairs. We strongly doubt whether the board of trustees would charge Dr. Chalmers with negligence of duty if he let the present Council, or a joint student-faculty governing body, make decisions concerning, say, class cuts or assembly requirements, and we don't think that the College would lapse into a state of anarchy if this body were given unqualified powers to deal with offenders to the community. Other schools seem to be getting along nicely under such an arrangement.

At any rate, the Administration's decision to emasculate an already feeble Constitution can be productive of nothing more than ill-will on the part of the Kenyon Men, who desire, and deserves, a step in the opposite direction.
**LETTERS**

Wright ... 

To whom it may concern:

Hallelujah. The weather is turning cold. The birds are gone south. Students of the community are ignoring the barber-shop and, in Horatian phrase, shunning the baths. But there will probably be no more Peep Nights before Spring.

During my strenuous labors for the public benefit, I have carried on some research about Peep Nights. I think that the majority of our students justify the existence of such nights on the following basis:

1. The students are bored with books, and need to be entertained.
2. Young ladies do not study at our school.

These arguments interest me for the following reasons:

1. College students who are bored with books compose a paradox. Students are supposed to read books. I used to think that students liked books; but when I had such thoughts as these, I was dwelling in the dark Cimmernian desert of an idealistic high school.
2. In the army five years ago, most of the young men with whom I sorted were also admirers of girls. Unfortunately, it was not always possible for them to spend each evening in female company. However, so far as I know, none of them was ever so afflicted with satyrasis that he flipped his stack and tossed his cookies by performing violence on the property of his neighbors. Little boys who perform violence when they don't know any little girls are generally locked up in little rooms by little men in little white coats and are persuaded to foster other little thoughts in their little brains.

I hope you don't think I'm trying to attach a Kenyon tradition. Far from it. If young men in the past made asses of themselves, I see no reason why we should not uphold (lower?) the trousers of tradition.

JIM WRIGHT

... & Wrong

Editor, the COLLEGIAN:

The purpose of this letter is not to accuse, but to bring to the attention of the College, both the student body and the administration, the repeated thefts which have occurred on the campus in recent years, and which are continuing at the present time. Middle Hana has been the victim of many of these thefts, there have been stolen three empty kegs (the deposit on these kegs is $6.00 each), a case of gin, and two bottles of Scotch. Other divisions, South Hana and Middle Kenyon, have reported the theft of liquor and empty kegs both this year and last.

I feel that such dishonesty is a disgrace to Kenyon; not only in being present in the community, but also that it continues. It is true that the Student Council has been active in this respect but it needs the firm support of the administration. My sincere wish is that the Administration, with the help of Student Government, will continue to be present, with the same force and effectiveness which they have shown in the past.

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The Collegian


CAMPUS AFFAIRS

Edited by Mel Plotinsky


d 

Dr. Hans Morgenthala

... and a dance


d

Alpha Delta Phi, Lanny Griggs; Sigma Pi, Joe Taylor; Middle Kenyon, Jim Wright; Delta Phi, Gordo Brown; Phi Kappa Sigma, Will Reade; Faculty, Mike Bundy.


Sitzmark

Kenyon ski enthusiasts, the memory of last year's rather brisk winter still fresh in their minds, got set to go shopping for ski wax this Christmas vacation. Both hill and tow should be ready for use soon, according to an announcement from the newly-formed group. 

The club plans to buy a portable ski tow, and has received pledges for $365 of the $500 price. Both faculty and students have bought the stock, which sells for five dollars per share. Through use of the tow by Denison, Wesleyan, and Mount Vernon, the club hopes to pay off its original investment and show a profit, which will be returned to stockholders. Seniors will get the first dividend, and so on down the line. The tow can be transported to any snow-covered hill within the one hundred miles, in case the hill which Mr. Ayres has promised to lend is miles away. With grades for novices and intermediate skiers, and with a "sufficient variety of open slopes and trails," this tow promises to be of great advantage to the club.

Tony Brockelman heads the group, which is twenty strong, and hopes to increase to thirty-five. Mike Hayden is treasurer and Mr. Tracy Scudder serves as advisor.


Undaunted Ego

(Cover Story)

Even his enemies (and there are many) admit that Frank LeFever, leading Gambier eccentric and goobuster extraordinaire, is perhaps the only current undergraduate whose name will join those of Pat Peirce and the Anvil Sisters on the select list of fabulous Kenyon characters. Frank has reached this empyrean by climbing over crumbling traditions, shattered egos, and toppled illusions.

Nothing is sacred to him. On an inhibition-ridden campus, LeFever exhibits a complete lack of inhibition, a lacuna which has caused some to venture that his brain possesses no pre-frontal lobes.

Why Frank was admitted to the college in the first place and how he has managed to remain here still mystifies many. The confidential reports sent to the committee on admission by the high school principal and other observers read like clinical descriptions of a sociopathic extrovert. Yet the committee admitted him. Without a dissenting vote, gave him a scholarship to boot. Since then, his reputation for eccentricity has involved him in numerous scrapes with the administration.

When the Old Kenyon bell clapper was stolen last year, he was blamed for that. When a drunk bombarded the rubber tile floor of a dormitory room repeatedly with a brick, somewhat to the floor's detriment, Frank was again found in the dean's office. And in his last accusation, Frank refused to budge from the faculty office at the end of the interview, despite that worthy's screaming threats and impromptu recitation of the Lord's Prayer. As LeFever recalls it, he summoned "one of his stooges, a football player whom he'd just given a grant-in-aid," which football player ejected him bodily. Actually, the only physical damage that Frank can be charged with stems from his habit of clobbering across the Old Kenyon roof at two in the morning, emitting daemonic laughter all the while; a few tile occasionally are loosened. Also, sometimes likes to grip a doortop and swing back and forth, as evidenced by numerous streaks from his rubber heels. Nevertheless, Frank LeFever is currently persona non grata to a large segment of the administration. 

Frank's reputation as Kenyon's clearest anthropoid can be traced to his clarity of inhibitions, lack of social graces, fear of making asides of himself, may hesitate to perform some hilarious feat; not so LeFever. His radio program, The Good Show (8 p.m., Thursdays), for over a year has brought much of the largest audience on the Hill, owes its success mainly to its content and the rules of social conduct. An outrageous potpourri of Roy Acuff recordings, mock commercials, well-polished parody, and gibes at faculty hypersensitivities and shamateurs, the Bird Show demonstrates Frank's talent for the preposterous to its best advantage. Perfect mimic LeFever may change voice several times during a half-hour stretch, imitate in turn a Grand Ole Opry m.c., General MacArthur fading away, Charles Taft delivering an assembly speech, the Bishop of Southern Ohio, a Russian announcer extolling the merits of Dentyne chewing gum, or two college maid's making a bed. He may also find time to perform the overture to Tannhauser on the piano.

Especially to the largest: register Stu McEwan.

Sample, sung to the tune of the Thrill: There is a thrilling spirit called Alcohol Who has landed in town.\n\nCures the soul, drives headaches out; It's frozen on a stick for the summer.
cubbyhole collapsed, taking with it thirty amateur barbers and an electric razor. Frank finally shaved off the mustache himself, for a Dramatic club production.

The chances of Frank remaining at Kenyon long enough to receive his B.A. are highly problematical; already various forces have begun a squeeze play. The Commons has been waiting for an opportunity to bar him permanently since early this year, when, after having been at 5:00 a.m. found his face peering out between pots and pans in a storage garret. Also, considerable unfavorable comment was elicited from Administration members and alumni at Homecoming when he toured the parlors in a dungean suit and earrings. The Student Council, never exactly his friend, aimed a dart at LeFever last week by requesting that he and his coterie refrain from abusing the Peirce hall grand, which periodically has undergone sessions resembling a fusion of the Durante piano-wrecking act with pagan ritual. Fearless F. Frank LeFever, bolstered by an undaunted ego, deflects them all.

his armblatt, an instrument whose vulgar tones are produced by reverberations of the LeFever upper lip on the LeFever forearm.

Many are unaware of Frank's literary talent, because the greater share of his output is libelous, obscene, and/or totally unprintable. His greatest disappointment along this line came last Spring when Hika accepted a somet, one of the rather precious, serio-nonsensical, obtuse variety which literary magazine staffs prefer, then dropped it at the last moment. An intelligent member of the Hika organization had discovered that when the first letter of each line was added to the first of the preceding line, there emerged CHALMERSEATSHEAT. "I should have said it in French," snorted Frank.

Wiscracker LeFever's personal habits are as bizarre as his wit. No firm adherent to the dictates of Mrs. Post, Frank slups through three helpings at chow, usually ends up with all the extra desserts at his table and any leftovers surrounding waiters wish to dispose of. On occasion, if not satisfied with the cuisine, he has been known to stamp into the kitchen, where there ensues a scene akin to that described by Dickens when Oliver Twist asked for More.

Many, by now inured to this crassulence, still recoil in horror at mention of the LeFever mustache, a scraggly, unkempt affair supplemented by an equally scraggly, unkempt beard. Frank's indomitable pride in his collage led to several attempts to remove it, all unsuccessful. The most memorable of these was thwarted by an act of God, when the wooden floor of his Harcourt

People

The Muse joined last week as DAVID RANSOM, son of Kenyon Review editor JOHN CROWE RANSOM, wed New Yorker SHIRLEY JANE FARLEY, niece of theatrical director JOSHUA LOGAN.

Aspen, Colorado, cultural center of the West, has a new (part-time) resident, according to the current Holiday magazine. Owner of a new rancho on the outskirts is retired Board of Trustees chairman PAUL G. HOFFMAN.

Sickly EDDIE SPIEYACK, managing editor of Hika, who has been finding unpleasant things like vinegar worms and multi-tinted hairs in his Commons food, last week bit into a roll and came across something more bizarre: a pearl, attached to a two-inch stickpin.

The names of eleven professors joined twelve already present in the 1951 edition of the Directory of American Scholars (humanities and social sciences). Newly prominent: RALPH J. D. BRAIBANTI, JOHN CHALMERS, RAYMOND ENGLISH, ED HARVEY, FRANZ MAUTNER, STU MCCOWAN, JIM MICHAEL, DENHAM SUTCLIFFE, LANNY WARNER, CLEMENT WELSH, CORWIN ROACH.

Dogs in the news:
Director JIM MICHAEL, after weeks of searching for a mutt to fill the role of "this dog" in MND, finally decided on one from the Mt. Vernon Pound. FROST, flappared basset hound who roamed the Cromwell Cottage grounds in the early hours of the morn, much to the distress of MRS. CHALMERS, suddenly disappeared after sight last week. He had been called "the personification of the Kenyon student."

Microcosm

Junior Binge

Members of the fraternal big-three at Kenyon (Deke, Alpha Delta, and Psi U.), their appetites whetted by the recent Dance weekend, mulled the whole party situation at Kenyon over in their bewailed dry brains and came up with a proposal: A Dance weekend, junior, to be held in February, and to fill up the long, long way from May to November. Plans are still very much in the chimera stage, but it seemed likely at press time that a proposal in November could bring a proposition in February.

Social chairman Joe Rotalo has announced two dances for the remainder of the semester, the first to be held December 8 and the second January 15. Chairman Rotalo made it clear, however, that these dates were still tentative. Both dances will be held in Peirce hall.

About half of Kenyon's 127 freshmen, who were Oh, so gay for the first few weeks of the semester, found out they didn't have the school snowed after all when the first down period came around. Sixty-four frosh tucked the little white slips of paper in their beanies, according to figures released by Registrar Stu McDowin this week.

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**Sports**

Edited by Tildon McMasters

**Silver Hopes**

Coach Dave Henderson and his twenty-man basketball squad are holding nightly practices in preparation for their opening game in Wadsworth fieldhouse on Wednesday evening, December 5 against the Otterbein Cardinals.

The Kenyon cage mentor announced his first ten players to date as being: Chad Vogt, Barry Cahill, William Reade, Ron Fraley, Don Marsh, John VerNoys, and Leroy Goodson,Gammon, Papain and Brandriss complete his selections. Returning letterman Dick Eller will be lost to the team until after Christmas, due to a touch-football injury. Outstanding freshmen players are Chad Vogt from Tiffin, Ohio, and Leroy Goodson, of Elyria, Ohio.

Pre-season favorite for the conference championship: Ohio Wesleyan.

**Basketball**

Wednesday, Dec. 5, Otterbein—Home
Saturday, Dec. 8, Hiram—Away
Saturday, Dec. 15, Findlay—Away
Thursday, Jan. 10, Wooster—Home
Saturday, Jan. 12, Heidelberg—Away
Wednesday, Jan. 16, Ohio W—Home
Saturday, Jan. 19, Denison—Away
Thursday, Jan. 24, Capital—Home
Saturday, Feb. 2, Case—Home
Saturday, Feb. 9, Oberlin—Home
Saturday, Feb. 16, Wittenberg—Away
Tuesday, Feb. 19, Capital—Away
Saturday, Feb. 23, Wooster—Away
Wednesday, Feb. 27, Ashland—Home
Saturday, March 1, Denison—Home

**(Grid) Iron Facts**

The pigskin season came to a formal close last week with the release of final Ohio Conference statistics. Kenyon, although finishing with a mediocre record of three wins, three losses, put up a good show:

- The Lords, second only to Heidelberg in team offense ability, scored 126 points, gained 2147 yards (397.8 per game).

- Don Cabrielle was sixth among Conference passers. In six games, he attempted 112 aerials, completed 44, which were good for 646 yards and six touchdowns.

- Cabrielle's most constant receiver, big Don Marsh, ranked fourth in catching passes. In six games (as compared with other schools' eight or nine), he tucked in 22 passes for a net gain of 426 yards and four touchdowns.

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DIVISIONS

Edited by Bruce Penington

Beta Theta Pi
Still recovering from an overdose of Dance weekend, a quintet of still-stag-gering baby-pinks took to the hard-wood floor of the Delta Kappa and got the intramural basketball season going with a narrow 26-25 victory. But the season is as yet too young to make predictions.

The Thanksgiving "weekend" left only a handful of men in South Leon-ard—not but their activities seemed to make up for the absence. Nonethe-less, the division did seem a little bit empty, and we were all glad to see brother Cabriole return safely from his explorations into the Northwest.

To correct something which appeared in this column earlier in the year, brother Leech was now be found not only in the library, but also in Columbia, Granville, and other points within a 100-mile radius. We're at a loss as to exactly what stimulated this sudden burst of pseudo-scholastic enthusiasm.

Incidentally, any man wishing to contribute to the Woogie Food Fund, in the true Christmas spirit, may place his donation in the box on the Beta bulletin board.

Delta Tau Delta
Mementoes of Dance weekend: Feeding the whole d— a college sandwiches Sunday morning ... the unusually high percentage of satisfied "blind-daters," (ask Dick Miller, Dick MacPherson, or Bill Briggs) ... one lost soul, name of Claude Baxter ... Hurd's date remarking that she never got enough to eat all weekend ... Chazz thinking of wintering at Miami ... and finally, following the "trail of the blood-shot eye" to class on Monday.

After things quieted down, Thanksgiving was upon us. The "stupid five" who remained on campus enjoyed the box lunches. At 4:18 p.m. on Sunday, Weepy was pledged. On Monday the division was almost empty due to the football (and soccer) banquet. It now looks like the Big Red Class "A" basketball team, led by "bouncing" Don Murphy, is heading for another great season (undeserved as this article goes to press). This year the "B" basketball team will be played to boys who weigh over 189 pounds.

Right now the division is anxiously counting the 402 hours until Christmas vacation is here. George Granger returned to Kenyon for the weekend with a very attractive date. Not many of the boys from East Division made it home for the holiday. It may have been due to the effects of the previous week. But to those who were at home and to those who were here, we sincerely hope you had a happy, healthy Christmas.

Basketball is causing the Peeps a lot of misery at the moment. The Deeks took the first game from us but we are still optimistic if nothing else.

Delta Phi
With Dance weekend and Thanksgiving in the back-ground, the boys in Middle Hanne have all settled down to serious study. Even the poker club, under the guidance of Tim Ryan, has taken a back seat to the book-shelf. The few remaining men who were over last weekend drowned their sorrows in a Saturday afternoon keg of beer. John Barnes and Dick Spencer were seen thrashing about town carrying a large white bag. Nobody knows what it was in.

Herb Ulman received only a lukewarm welcome on arrival from vaca-tion, as he left his four-wheel personal-ity at home.

The Chapter is pleased to announce the pledging of Dick Purvis, as well as the return of Ashly Burt to our folds from the depths of Mercy hospital.

As a note of interest, Skip Seltzer has decided to remain at Kenyon instead of joining the Canadian Air Force.

Sigma Pi
The "big dance" is over and the results in East Division were quite satisfactory. The room parties Saturday afternoon seemed to be the big thing as the weather interfered with the hay ride. George Granger returned to Kenyon for the weekend with a very attractive date.

Not many of the boys from East Division made it home for the holiday. It may have been due to the effects of...
Sing Noel

Culminating weeks of after-lunch rehearsals in Peirce hall lounge, which were handicapped by Commons lunches and the discordant sound of a much abused piano, the Kentucky Singers Choir were primed for their debut in a traditional concert of Christmas music, Sunday afternoon at four o'clock in the college chapel.

Boasting heavy on Boston students the nucleus of this choir this year, music director Paul Schwartz has enthusiastically included as the major work in this year's program the "P. S. Bachantia," "For Us a Child Is Born." Sung by a mixed chorus, the work will feature the solo voices of Charles and Ruth Schwartz. The early and recent performances of the program will include traditional carols, ranging from the old French, "Masters in this holl," through the 16th century, "Sing we Nol," to the Appalachian mountain carol, "I wonder as I wander," in which Donald Hubbard will be soloist.

The following Sunday, December 10, Dr. Schwartz's Singers and Choir join voices with the community choir of Mount Vernon for a performance of the "Messiah" at the Gay St. Methodist Church.

HIKA Debuts

On December 10, the first issue of the new independent HIKA will appear. According to editor George W. Geasey III, its contents will include:

- An Appeal To The Humanities by Raymond English.
- No Vacancy, a story, by Frank LeFever.
- Poetry by Sutton, Hecht, Wright, and Gellens.
- Comments and Review, new editorial and book section.

In addition to editorial changes HIKA readers will notice typographical innovations designed to improve the magazine's appearance. The new HIKA will make its bow with Textype, a clearer, sharper typeface, and with wider three column pages.

Neither Geasey nor managing editor Spievack would comment on rumors about a monthly magazine, although they will make a statement about HIKA's future course after Christmas. Faced with so much material for the issue, the HIKA staff is holding off publication some manuscripts submitted but not printed in the first issue. Since these contributions are mainly poetry for the New Poets section of the second issue, however, editor Geasey reiterated that for a broader, more diversified publication, more material will be needed for the rest of the year.

With the major problems of finance and production behind it, the new HIKA faces its most important hurdle: its acceptance or rejection by its readers.

The dedicated Kenyon man hopes that it would not be just another case of a new binding for an old volume.

Pop Survey

Confusion characterizes the popular music world today: "apart-from-his-own-taste" is the persistent theme in would-be musical trends. Since the decline of "bop" a year ago, an older form, Dixieland, has received wide approval as part of a general "Roaring Twenties" revival which has also brought back the Charleston and F. Scott Fitzgerald. While nobody seems to know how long this revival will last, most record manufacturers and bands are hanging on to the fence and testing the vast record-buying market with hundreds of dull reissues, mostly in the form of LPs.

In the Dixieland field the Firehouse Five Plus Two appears to be leading everything before them as far as national sales are concerned. This Hollywood band's box joke works compliments the leis-spirited work of Lea Paul, and their ensemble passages almost sound like Dixieland. Their latest LP, on the Good Time Jazz label, is very palatable even to the uninformed.

Columbia's releasing of four LP albums, "Bessie Smith Story" parallels Circle Records' marketing of an earlier New Orleans artist's, that of Jelly Roll Morton. What Jelly Roll claims to have done for American jazz, Bessie actually did for the blues. She softened the shout of her predecessor, Ms Rainey, into a torchy singing style, which, though never matched for its warmth and vibrance, has been much copied. This recording is a recommended purchase for all jazz historians.

In the vocal field Doris Day has gained a fresh following to the lead the hold over her competitors. The best of her fall releases have been "Very Good Advice" and "I'm So Lonesome." Patti Page, one of the new darlings, is right behind Miss Day with her recording of "Detour." Another of her discs which should, but probably will not, become hit-seller features two old favorites, "One Sweet Letter," and "And So To Sleep Again."

Among the male vocalist, Frankie Laine vies for leading popularity with that grandfather of "crooners," Bing Crosby. Facing family competition, Mr. Crosby has resorted to the type of song which first gained him fame. A recent recording with Tommy Dorsey of "The Girl Friend" is assured of success and will no doubt add considerably at this point the to the already huge sales of the piece which his perennially popular "White Christmas" earns him.

Culture Note

Overheard comment of a civic-minded entrepreneur of cultural Columbines at the recent performances of Mr. Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" by the First Drama Quartette: "And to think they dished out four thousand bucks for that!"