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Editor, Ronald Sanders; Business Manager, Ethan Allen Turahen; Literary Editor, Charles Alcorn; Managing Editor, Stanford Benjamin; Art Manager, Hans Gesell; Exchange Editor, Thomas Crawford; Circulation Manager, James Hughes; Ass't. Business Manager, William Humphrey; Contributors: Evan Lottman, James Wright, William Goldhurst, Morton Segal, Paul Matthews, Michael Munn, Bob Hudes, Dick Hadden, Bert Dulce, Jim Hunt, Jim Bruckmann, Seymour Weissman; Sports, Gene Schrier.
Editorial...

John Milton once said something about letting truth and falsehood battle—sort of the classical man-to-man affair to find which is the worthier. That is the general idea here.

We have no particular policies except quality. It would seem that, whatever the undergraduate has to say, he should say it well and have no qualms about it. If something in here irks you, then by all means take it to heart and write a worthy reply.

Some people have wondered where the old Collegian will end and Hikia begin. We would be the last to be able to answer that. There is no such line of demarcation, nor is it particularly important to have one. This is a new baby that mixes indefinably the qualities of the parents... and is not quite like either of them. The new monthly schedule makes it necessary to be a little more relaxed and retrospective, yet still concerned with urgent and topical matters. The form that this will ultimately take is, once again, up to you. For the moment, let the following pages state something of the idea.

Another thing to keep in mind. It has often been said that Utopia would also have to have a few people to criticize the status quo, or life would stagnate. This could apply anywhere, to a world, a country, a town, or a peaceful Academe on a hilltop.

Sincerely,
The Editors

OFFICERS

The fraternity officers for the present year have been elected and are currently serving their terms. They are:

**Delta Kappa Epsilon**
- Robert P. Hubbard, president; William P. Yohe, vice-president; Arthur E. Webb, Jr., recording secretary; John Bradfield, Jr., corresponding secretary; Phillips Clark, social chairman.

**Alpha Delta Phi**
- Alexander M. Griggs, president; Richard C. Gerken, Jr., vice-president; Peter A. Chalberg, secretary; John C. Lyons, Jr., treasurer; Albert H. Eastman, social chairman.

**Psi Upsilon**
- Vincent L. Guandolo, president; David E. Paul, 1st vice-president; Arnold R. Bell, 2nd vice-president; John D. Hallenberg, corresponding secretary; Paul K. Wolfe, recording secretary; George H. Dunn, treasurer; Harold F. Williams, social chairman.

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- Richard L. Thomas, president; Frederick R. Papain, vice-president; Joseph A. Rotolo, secretary; Menefee Seay, treasurer; Philip S. Holt, social chairman.

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- Donald T. Marsh, president; Dennis F. Hoefler, vice-president; John R. Williams, secretary; John E. Trone, alumni secretary; Ward B. Gordon, treasurer; John R. Williams, social chairman.

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- Michael W. Brandess, president; Gordon E. Brown, vice-president; Robert D. Mohr, secretary; Lewis W. Smith, correspond- ing secretary; Walter E. Carey, treasurer; Charles L. Kennedy, social chairman.

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- Joseph P. Pavlovich, president; James F. Hoyle, vice-president; Charles A. Alcorn, Jr., secretary; David Reyburn, treasurer; Charles A. Alcorn, Jr., social chairman.
A.F.R.O.T.C.

Due to the fact that on Thursdays the Campus has been deluged with snappy blue uniforms, a word or two on this strange phenomenon is in order. Since many men were having trouble with their draft status Pres. Chalmers thought it advisable to provide some measure of insurance for the benighted brethren. On investigation it appeared that the Air Force was anxious to try out something new, namely a system whereby Kenyon Officer, Ottenbein, and Denison would be given a so-called 'satellite' unit to be under the jurisdiction of Lt. Col. Kiefer, who is the Commanding Officer at Ohio Wesleyan, and to it has come to pass. A summer session was held at Wesleyan to provide the opportunity for Sophomores and Juniors at the three satellite schools to catch up on the first year of the AFROTC program and hence to provide a nucleus of men with some experience around which to build a satisfactory unit.

The program is now in full swing. About 90% of the freshmen are enrolled in Air Science I and altogether there are 165 men comprising the Kenyon unit. As it is now set up, each man normally has three hours of class work and one hour of drill a week. On Thursdays there is what is known as Common Hour in which the whole unit drills collectively. The Air Force personnel in charge of the unit, namely Capt. Nicholas and Maj. Fred H. Landreth, hope to whip it into shape to defeat Wesleyan in the Government Inspection to be held sometime late in the semester. There are two more groups to be organized—the Honor Flight composed of the 24 Sophomores in Air Science II, which will be the dress unit of our organization—and the local chapter of the Arnold Air Society, a nationwide honorary organization of the AFROTC which has jurisdiction over projects such as the Military Ball. This group will also comprise the Campus—at-large the men of the AFROTC in full regalia at a formal dance to be held sometime next spring. It is accompanied by such interesting occurrences as the Queen of the Ball and her date marching through the campus.

At the risk of sounding like a recruiting office, the requirements for joining the AFROTC are as follows: the student must be in good academic standing and must pass a physical examination. On joining the student agrees to complete four years of Air Science and, upon graduation, accept a commission in the Air Force for two years. When this agreement has been signed a deferment request is sent to the student's local draft board, entitling the student to a 1D classification. The draft being what it is, it is expected that, world conditions remaining what they are, 80-90% of Kenyon men will be in the AFROTC in three years time, all of whom will be trading the assurance that they will complete four years of college for a two-year hitch in the Air Force as an officer. Another added attraction is the fact that when the student joins the Advanced course (Air Science II and II) he receives $800 a day subsistence pay which amounts to about $82 every quarter. He is also required to go to annual camp in the summer between his Junior and Senior years, at which he draws $75 a month. In addition, the Air Force sends about 10% of its new officers through graduate school expenses paid and full pay to boot. All of which seems to indicate that we are likely to be hearing "Hop, two, three, four!" more and more frequently at Kenyon in years to come.

CHANGES

President Chalmers has announced fourteen appointments to the College faculty and staff for the academic year 1932-33. This year also sees the return of four faculty members who have been on leaves of absence. The departure of five others who have received grants for research or teaching.

Among the new arrivals is Peter Taylor, (See "Return of the Native" page 7, this issue) Kenyon graduate (40) and author of "A Long Fourth," "A Woman of Means," and stories in The New Yorker, The Partisan Review, and other magazines. Mr. Taylor, who will be an assistant professor in the English department, has been teaching at the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and Harvard University, where he has been a biological tutor for the past year, and associate professor of biology. After a year spent at Yale on a Cowles Fellowship in Government and another in France on a Fulbright grant, Willard Yates joins the political science department as assistant professor; and joining the chemistry department in the same capacity is James Pappenhagen, Mr. Pappenhagen has been working on his Ph.D. at Purdue, and is a research fellow on a grant sponsored by the U.S. Public Health Service.

Erwin K. Mapen, a long and outstanding member of the faculty of Iowa, will be Whitney Foundation visiting professor in the humanities.

Assisting athletic director Bill Stiles are Jesse Williams, assistant, who comes to Kenyon after nearly six years at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and Robert Louis Bartels, who received his education at the U.S. Naval Academy in June, and has been acting there as graduate assistant in the department of physical education. Both men will be assistant directors of physical education.

The new College chaplain and rector of Harcourt Parish is the Rev. A. D. Starratt, the rector of Kenyon in Stockbridge, Mass. Rev. Starratt taught for three years at Central College in Wuchang, China, and was assistant professor of religious and philosophy in the College. Mr. Walsh, on leave of absence, is studying at Harvard University on a Ford Foundation grant.

Irving William Kreutz has assumed the duties of circulation and reference librarian. Mr. Kreutz just returned from a year's stay in England gathering material for his doctor's thesis in English literature.

Dr. James C. McLarnan of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, has been appointed College physician. Dr. McLarnan received his A.B. and M.D. at Ohio State and completed his internship at Toledo Mercy Hospital in July. Dr. John L. Baube, who received his M.D. from the University of Buffalo, will act as medical consultant, and Dr. John Drake can be seen as consultant in surgical surgery.

Wilfrid Desen, who replaced Philip Blair Rice in the philosophy department last semester when Mr. Rice taught at Cornell, returns for another year. Mr. Desen's book, "The Tragic Final," a study of the philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre, will be published next year by Harvard University Press.

In the admissions department John Barnes, a graduate of Kenyon in the
June class this year, has been appointed assistant director of admissions, and George Lanning has been appointed director of publicity.

Returning to Kenyon after year long absences are Denham Sutchcliffe, John Chalmers, and William Transue of the departments of English, Economics, and Mathematics respectively. Mr. Sutchcliffe has been at Harvard on a Carnegie Internship, a new feature of the General Education Program at Harvard, Yale Columbia, and Chicago. Mr. Chalmers was at the University of the Philippines on a Fulbright grant, lecturing on monetary theory and fiscal policy. Mr. Transue, another Fulbright recipient, was attached to the University of Pavia in northern Italy, where he did research in mathematics.

In addition to the Rev. Mr. Welsh, four other members of the College will be absent all or part of the year. They are Charles M. Coffin of the English Department, who is working at the Huntington Library in Pasadena, Calif., on a grant from the Ford Foundation; James Browne of the modern languages department, also on a Ford grant, who is attached this year to the University of Mexico; Philip Blair Rice, who has received a grant from the Bollingen Foundation and will be away the spring semester finishing a book on theory of value; and Charles S. Thornton Professor of biology, who has received a U.S. Education Exchange Grant under the Fulbright Act, and will lecture at Found U. University in Cairo, Egypt, on experimental embryology.

BARTER

On Saturday, October 11, the Barter Players of Arlingtton, Va. presented Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" at the Shaeffer Speech Building. The play starred Woodrow Romoff as Shylock, and Sylvia Short as Portia, and was directed by Margaret Perry.

The performance was at 8:30. The appearance of the Barter Players was sponsored by the Dramatic Club at no profit to the club.

This event marks the first time a visiting theater group has performed at Kenyon. It is the aim of the Dramatic Club in the future to sponsor many such worthwhile presentations.

The Barter Players are the oldest repertory company in America today. This unit celebrates its twentieth birthday this year. The theater had its beginning during the depression, at which time they accepted food from the surrounding farmers as barter for tickets. Thus the name Barter Players.

Barter has the added distinction of being the only state-aided theater in the United States. The state of Virginia provides the theater with an annual subsidy of $10,000.

Currently on nation-wide tour, the Barter Players give approximately four hundred performances a year in some twenty-six states. Many graduates of Barter have risen to national fame, largely due to their Barter Training.

WASHINGTON STUDY

In the second year of its operation Kenyon's Washington Semester Study program enabled three Kenyon men to benefit from a semester's study at American University in Washington, D.C. The three students, all Political Science majors now in the first half of their Senior year, attended seminars in which various figures active in the judicial and legislative branches answered their queries and engaged in discussion concerning legal, judicial, and administrative factors involved in the mechanics of government. Among such figures were Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—Harold Burton, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R-Maine), and David Bell, administrative assistant to the President.

Yet, what appeared to be the principle benefit derived from the joint program in the eyes of the three students, Charles Doctor, Ed Davis, and Norman Nichol, was the opportunity of being in the midst of the "hum-drums, bustling, dynamic atmosphere" that characterizes our nation's capital, of being able to work in association with the individuals, committees and factions currently guiding the political course of our country.

Charles Doctor worked in the office of Sen. Paul H. Douglas (D-Ill.). Ed Davis made a study of the role of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, while Norman Nichol worked in the office of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Atkinson, studying the workings of the I.C.C.

At a time when the training of the college graduate too often seems offset by his basic "naiveté" in the world of practical politics the Washington Semester Study program appears to be a welcome innovation in the attempt to integrate the classroom and society, education and reality.

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It's a bit difficult for anyone, either the Freshman or the new member of the faculty, to fall rhythmically into the different pattern of life they find at Kenyon College. However, the task must come just a little more easily to the English department's new addition, Peter Taylor.

Mr. Taylor transferred as an undergraduate from Vanderbilt University to Kenyon in 1938, just one year after Professor Ransom's arrival. "I followed him here," he readily points out, and in the course of the interview, indicated that he was not alone in his desire to study with Mr. Ransom. The years 1938-40 had some of the most productive talents the school has seen in the past fifteen years. Among his classmates and friends were such men as Robert Lowell, John Nerber, Robie MaCauley, and David McDowell. All of these men, including Mr. Taylor himself, have gone on to distinguish themselves in the field of literature. Lowell is a well-known and widely published poet. Nerber is a poet of moral reputation; MaCauley a successful short story writer; McDowell an editor at Random House, and finally, there is Mr. Taylor, who can add a long list of his own credits.

His interest in writing began long before his stay at Kenyon. The medium that had always satisfied him most was the short story, but at Kenyon, his new environment subjected him to a different emphasis in his writing. Never having written poetry before, he eventually found that this new medium had enlarged his scope of writing. He asserts that it has been an enormous help in enhancing the quality of his short stories. And he acclimated himself to the medium well enough to have his poems published in the Kenyon Review during his Senior year.

In spite of his brief interlude with poetry, Mr. Taylor remained primarily interested in the short story. He wrote steadily at Kenyon, and four of the stories which were written here (one of which appeared in Hila) were published at some later date. The first story that he sold was published in the fall of 1940.

Mr. Taylor, He's Back

Mr. Taylor: The Return of the Native
by Morton Segel

has taught at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, the University of Indiana, and just last year at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Taylor holds some very rare and sound views about writing. Essentially, he is out to create a work of art, something which satisfies his critical sensibility. He never thinks about money, that is the sale of the story. While, as a writer, he is writing, it is important, but not important enough for him to cater to the blue-pencil whims of his editors. However, he does not think that there is any objection to his trying to get the best possible compensation for his work.

Apparently, Mr. Taylor's opinions about writing have not been kept from him from any estrangement with his editors. Since his first piece in The New Yorker, he has had nine other stories published in that magazine. At the moment he is completing a book of short stories (including a one-act play) whose title he tentatively gives as "Death of a Missman." He is thinking of changing that title, since it does bear a slight resemblance to the name of a play that appeared on Broadway a few years ago. At the same time, he is busily working on "two or three plays." The one nearest to completion, which he would eventually like to market, also has a tentative title: "Uncle Brother."

He offers some very sound advice to the serious young writer. He believes that his best outlet is not in a magazine like the New Yorker, although that magazine does take new material once in a while, but in the smaller periodicals. Editors today are desperate for "good" stories and there definitely is a scarcity of such material. He points out that this goes beyond the quarters and applies to the bigger weekly magazines like The Post and Collier's. After twelve years, Peter Taylor is back in Kenyon, where, you might say, the nucleus of his success began. He is teaching two Freshman English classes, one course in creative writing and another in playwriting where, no doubt, he should be an invaluable aid to his novice students.

Page 7
... and Furthermore...

ARMS AGAINST THE SEA

Our Alma Mater's pulse is growing weak and things are looking bad in Gambier. The ivy is withering from the walls of Ascension, the mail comes three hours late, the rats have moved in Hanna, and the grass won't grow in front of the steps of Old Kenyon. The signs of decay meet us at every turn. As a poet once asked me, "Now that fall is here can winter be far away?" (It is all very depressing).

Along with this material decay has come its familiar companion, spiritual decay. It first appeared a fortnight ago on the evening of the traditional pajama parade. The number of upperclassmen who came to lead the freshmen was disappointing, and the spirit of enthusiasm was completely absent. As a saver the parade turned into a Peep night, but the whole evening turned out to be a miserable failure. Why? No spirit.

Since it is apparent that we are coming dangerously close to losing our spirit of tradition, we must give this matter some thoughtful consideration in the hope of restoring the most treasured aspect of college life to normal. The easiest solution to this problem is through the use of our most profound tradition, Peep Nights. I select Peep Nights because: first, unlike pajama parades, canc rushes, white bucks, beanies, and gray flannel suits, Peep Nights are a tradition in which everyone can participate, and (2) Peep Nights is the natural inheritance of Kenyon men:

Later in the semester, the Kenyon Dramatic Club will present George Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan." The fall offering is expected to be the group's most expensive, most difficult, most ambitious, and most successful undertaking since "King Lear," reputed to be the most perfect production yet presented at Kenyon. To meet the almost staggering obstacles of "St. Joan," the Dramatic Club is putting into practice a different method of planning and production. The new (for Kenyon) experiment is called "Project Able."

Coordinating various departments for concentrated work on the production of a play has been an idea and a hope of Professor-Director Michael for a long time. Last spring, in a discussion between Professor Michael and some curious, the question arose, "How do plays put on at Kenyon compare with those put on at other colleges (i.e. Amherst, Dartmouth)? Are they as good, generally?" Professor Michael said that acting-wise Kenyon plays were on a par with other colleges, and at times better; but that production-wise Kenyon plays were generally inferior, and definitely lacking, compared to those of other colleges. He qualified this by saying that many colleges (Amherst, Dartmouth) employ a production man as well as a director, whereas Kenyon has only a director (Professor Michael). Unavoidably the production of the play is usually, uncontrollably, left to be thrown together (quite literally) at the last minute, and therefore, is never what might be called 'finished.' Since, the acting leaves much less to be desired than the production, a means of perfecting the production appeared to be what was most needed. And here Professor Michael set forth his idea for Project Able, and suggested that it be tried in doing the fall play.

Concerned specifically with the production end of the play, "Project Able" is attempting to make the best use of the abilities of a group of six or seven individuals whose chief interest has been in dramatics. These people met with him in a series of discussions over the first two weeks of the "producing period," to set up, in detail, the production of the play.

These meetings, which took place before the casting of the play, were virtually a pooling of all the ideas of the project members, guided by Professor Michael. Then each of these individuals, according to his interest and ability, was assigned by Professor Michael to work out the problems of one particular facet of the production, such as Lighting, Stage-setting (getting the most efficient and workable floor-plan), Scenery, Costuming, the list of properties, and the cutting of the script.
For example, the person in charge of costing looked into the historical background of the period in which the play occurs to find the types of costumes worn at that time. Project Able, therefore, offers three principle advantages. First, it makes it possible to complete, or perfect, the planning of production before the casting of the play, and gives the production an early start, enabling it to develop along with the rehearsals and not at the end of them; second, it takes a good deal of the weight of the work off Professor Michael, enabling him to concentrate more closely on the direction of the play. He is still producer-director, but has a great deal more help in the production of the play than formerly; third, it affords the good use of talent and experience otherwise wasted. At press time, although most of the actual physical and mechanical labor remains to be done, Project Able has been carried out, and the detailed planning of the production is completed and theoretically perfected.

In addition, there being the first trial of Project Able, St. Joan is the most difficult and ambitious of the Dramatic Club's undertakings, at least, since King Lear, in that it is a play of extremely unwieldy proportions. There are seven scenes in the play, each demanding a distinctly different setting. There are altogether about thirty-three roles, twenty-four of them speaking parts; there will be only twenty-nine in the cast, six of whom will double, i.e. take two small parts each. The expense of putting on St. Joan is also a difficulty. There will be approximately forty costumes rented, costing an average of $10.00 a piece. Added to the expense of royalties, production and publicity the estimated cost comes to $700.00. (These costumes, by the way, will be rented from the Evans Costume Co. in New York; the same company which furnished the costumes for the recent Broadway production.)

The part of Joan will be taken by Betty Cropper, of Mansfield, Ohio. Mrs. Cropper has appeared on the Kenyon stage twice before, in the leading roles of Golden Boy (1950) and The Playboy of the Western World (1952). Recently she has been acting on television in Cleveland.

Being the only female speaking part of the play (except for one line spoken by another female), St. Joan is, so to speak, a female 'tour de force.' The success or failure of the production, therefore, depends very largely upon this, the leading role. For this reason the part of St. Joan is both highly considered and highly coveted among professional actresses. Performances will be held on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 8th of December.

There will be one extra performance of the play, Wednesday, December 3rd, if the demand for tickets is great enough.

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**SPORTS**

**FOOTBALL**

Coach Bill Stiles made his debut as head football coach of the Kenyon Lords in an opening home-game with Wooster College. The Scots entered their winning streak to three by bowling over Kenyon, 35-19. It was evident early in the game that Wooster had more experience with two games already under their belt. A siege of fumbles, which usually are present in a team's opening game, plagued the Lords through the entire game.

Kenyon drew first blood by scoring early in the opening quarter on a 22-yard pass from Quarterback Dom Cabriole to Don Marsh. The extra-point attempt failed. Wooster immediately roared back with the aid of its two big guns, halfbacks John Siskowic and Jerry Behringer. Before the 'green' Kenyon eleven realized it, the Scots had scored two quick touchdowns, highlighted with a 45-yard jaunt by Siskowic. Pete Herschberger of Wooster kicked both extra points. The first quarter ended with Wooster holding a 14-6 lead.

The second quarter revealed Kenyon's best playing for the entire afternoon. Early in the period, Kenyon made four quick first-downs. Two beautiful passes by Cabriole followed in succession and the Lords hit pay-dirt when Ron Fraley cracked over from the 2-yard marker. Paul Schutter, a freshman from Ashland, Ohio, converted for the point. The half ended: Wooster 14, Kenyon 13.

Kenyon took the lead when shifty freshman halfback, Bill Lowry, of Chicago scored from the eight. The Lords were aided by a 15-yard personal foul penalty against the Scots. The extra-kick was wide and the Philander Chasemen led 19-14. Ned Martin, hard-plunging fullback of the Scots, then took over and with fine line bucking gave the Scots a touchdown. The 'educated' toe of Pete Herschberger again booted the extra point. The third quarter ended with the Kenyonian school leading, 21-19. The final quarter proved a nightmare to the Lords as numerous, costly Kenyon fumbles led to two Scot touchdowns, one such by the Wooster 'touchdown twins,' Siskowic and Behringer. The extra points were both good, giving kicker Pete Herschberger a perfect day in five attempts for Wooster. The final score was: Wooster 35, Kenyon 19.

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**SPORTS**

The Kenyon College soccer squad opened its 1952 season with a 2-1 loss at the hands of Earlham's well-conditioned Quakers. It was a hard-fought contest, with both teams having many opportunities in the quarter without either side scoring. In the second quarter Kenyon took a 1-0 lead when Pavlovich scored by bouncing the ball off the leg of an Earlham player. This lead was short-lived, however, as Earlham's Gamble made a shot from about fifteen feet out and the half ended with the score 1-1.

The third quarter was evenly matched, neither side scoring. In the final period, Kenyon became visibly tired, and with about eight minutes remaining in the game, Earlham's DeCon made a sensational shot from an almost impossible angle. Kenyon tried desperately to tie the score, without the aid of Pavlovich, who was injured in the closing minutes, but his best efforts availed as the Earlham defense held.

Despite the setback, several Kenyon men were outstanding. Freshmen Mike Teddiono and Nick Umeretz showed great promise, and the veterans Pavlovich, Cole, and Aulenbach played their usual good game. Goalie Ferguson made many brilliant saves.
AUTUMN

The change of scene. Soon the change of mind,
No longer man will stand with fingers creased
And curse the smug stagnation of the wind.
For now the clouds are running down the east,
The apples drop the yellow rind
And plop it down the tender mouths of girls.
The fog is playing games with curls.

Shadows, the lake where I swam all summer
Smooths the parched roads of the rutted sky.
Daemons of earth that shocked the human dreamer—
Spider and worm entangled, clay on clay
Lumped high at dusk to emulate the glimmer
Of ghosts—are fading from the woods today.
Too weary to endure the sound of horn
The earth is tracking all her hunters down.

Carved in my attitude of cool repose
I see the leaves are drifting all apart
And I am glad because the air that blows
Is anything but death. The smallest bird
Threaded the hem of heaven knows
How peace is fuel for the charging heart.
Water winds through the dam of stone
In the brook. The crawfish meditates alone.

It is not only tiredness that implores
The soul of man to drop its leaf and bloom.
It is not anger or the sun that lures
Man from the suffocating room.
It is peace, fought for and found, dusk beyond doors
Of furious noon.
There the sun's tendoned fist broke the moon's teeth
And choked the hot stars to death.

Underneath the sun the marvel man
Kills his brother and prays
The perfect peace discovered by the sun.
The god has hid his face on autumn days
In forests where the demigods are gone.
Yet man the murderer has
His moment for release
And follows the natural burning sun to peace.

And should I pray to heaven for man who lies
Silent and at rest
Above the earth or under it, his eyes
Closed in a dream or death. What god is best—
The daemon or the clinger of the cross?
The beggar and the lover and the rest
Will hear no prayers,
And earth and man sleep on together,
Flesh and furze.

—James Wright
The October rain had softened the sky. Now it was dusk and the murky shadowless frame houses seemed gracefully simple in the waning mist. The rain had stopped but the fallen rainwater still babbled and tinkled as it rushed into the gutters. That was the only music.

The man stood nervously on the corner. Gil seemed to sense that the man was tense; he couldn't stand still and his cigarette had burned quickly to the last quarter of an inch. He looked up and down the street with darting birdlike glances.

Gil walked slowly to the corner and opened a newspaper but now it was too dark to read the print and after a moment he folded it carefully and placed it under his arm.

"Does it stop here?" the man asked Gil. "Does the bus stop here?"

"Yes," Gil said. "I mean the bus to Public Square."

"That's right," said Gil.

"How often does it run? I've been waiting for that damned bus for over a quarter of an hour."

He cocked his head and looked at Gil closely. Like a sparrow. He had bushy red hair, a tight youngish face, and irregular yellow teeth. A red-haired sparrow.

"In round figures, I'd say it runs about every twenty minutes."

"To hell with round figures. What I'd like is some round coins in my pocket." He opened his mouth slightly and laughed; a short hacking laugh that wriggled thinly between his stained yellow teeth. "Thing is," he continued, "I've got to get to Public Square. I don't know Cleveland. Are you from Cleveland?"

"No," Gil said.

"Well, I'm not from Cleveland either. I'm from New York. This is one town I don't know. Where the hell are we now?"

"This is Shaker Heights. Gil looked up at the hazy yellow street lights which had quietly snapped on and he gazed at their reflections on the wet-shiny street.

"All I know," the man said, "is that I got to get on Euclid and go downtown. If I get on Euclid I'm all right."

"This is Euclid," Gil said, still looking at the lampposts.

"The thing I don't like about this town is that it's too easy to get loused up. I mean with the transportation and everything. Did you ever see so many damned buses? I mean busses you don't want. You can always get on a bus you don't want." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a crumpled pack of cigarettes. "Have a cigarette?" He pushed the pack in front of Gil's face. "Here, have one."

"No, thanks," said Gil.

"Go on, have a cigarette," the man coaxed. "I don't smoke," Gil said.

"Oh, you want to live longer, eh? What the hell do you want to live longer for? You can do a lot in a short time." Gil looked annoyed and the little man noticed it. He lit the cigarette and took a few nervous puffs, and then he went to the corner and looked for the bus down the dark street. "I think it's coming," he announced.

The bus came to the corner and crested to a stop. Gil got on and sat down and the man sat down next to him. The interior of the bus was bright and warm.

"I got to catch a plane out of here tonight. The man's tone seemed thoughtful; almost apologetic. "I got to get to Philly."

Gil opened the paper and the man busied himself by peering out of the window, trying to make out signs and cars and people in the darkness. It began to rain again. They heard the soft tapping of raindrops on the roof of the bus. Gil read the paper but he didn't read it. He had an appointment downtown with his brother's friend and he would arrive early. Gil always made appointments as late as possible and would always leave to meet them as early as possible. He liked to walk by himself.

"I've been trying to get reservations on a plane all day," the man broke in when he tired of looking out the window. "I don't know whether I'll get them or not. And then this rain--" He looked out of the window again and watched the raindrops hit the pane and then spread out and blot into a pattern after they struck the glass. Gil tried to make out figures in the irregular shapes as if they were part of a psychological inkblot test.

"This damned rain," said the man. "I'd hate to have to take a train. That'll take hours from here. I have to take a train. That'll take hours from here. I haven't all that time."

Gil folded the paper again and decided to be friendly although he wasn't interested in the man. "What time does the plane leave?" he asked.

"It leaves in about three hours. I'll get a reservation if somebody cancels theirs at the last minute."

"When will you find out?"

"I have to call my hotel and see if the airport called them while I was away. The airport was supposed to call me."

They got off the bus and the man asked Gil if he wanted to go to a bar and have a drink. Gil had an hour to spend and so he said he would, mainly because he didn't want to walk in the rain for an hour.

Gil had to walk a long way to keep up with the little man and soon they found a bar. They sat down at a table and the man called across to the bartender for two beers. Gil looked at Gil with that sharp eye of his. "What's your name? My name is Londschig, Irwin Londschig."

Gil introduced himself and then the
little man began his story all over again.

"You see, I got to get to Philly. I'm in a big hurry to get there. That's why I got to get on a plane."

"Yes," said Gil, patiently.

"I've been all over this past month. All over the whole damned country. St. Louis last week, Kansas City the week before, today Cleveland. Next week I'll be Philly. But I live in New York. That's where my mother is. I live there."

A young girl brought them two beers. She put the glasses before the men.

"Say," Londschig said, confidentially. "How do you like the girls in this town? You know what? They're a helluva lot better than the girls out west. That stuff about Western girls is a lot of bull. Believe me," he said significantly. "I've been around. You know what I mean?"

"Don't you think you'd better call the hotel?" Gil asked.

"What?" Londschig asked. He was staring at the door through which the young girl had gone into the kitchen.

"You said you had to call your hotel." Gil said. "About the plane."

"Hell, yes. That's what I have to do." Irwin Londschig got up and went to the phone booth. A jive-box was playing something sad and dreamy but still the cafe seemed strangely quiet. Soon the small man reappeared. "The lousy goddam airline. They wouldn't call the hotel yet." He was very angry and he lit a cigarette only after several attempts at striking matches. Gil saw that his hands were shaky.

"Oh, Jesus," Londschig said. "I've got to get a reservation. These airlines! You know what happened to me in Texas? I'll tell you what happened. They grounded the plane miles from San Antonio. Grounded it, and they didn't do a damned thing. I had to pay for transportation and hotels and everything. I sent them the bill, but they didn't pay the damned thing. It came to nine sixty-seven. Almost ten bucks! I had to pay all that myself." He sat back and squinted at Gil through the thick smoke. "I forget the name of the airline. It was a Texas outfit. Texas Southern or Central Texas or something."

"That's too bad," Gil said.

Londschig sipped the beer. "This stuff needs salt. I always take salt in my beer. Especially this lousy Ohio beer." He asked the girl for salt and she brought him a small crystal shaker. He poured in a large amount and both men watched the foam rise thickly and swell over the top of the glass.

"I'm always in such a hurry. Such a damned hurry. That's the trouble," Londschig said. "Always on the go. You know what I mean? Here, one week; there, the next week." He sipped the beer again and then looked directly at Gil. "Next week it'll be Philly."

"You must be a pretty busy guy," Gil said.

"It's not that. It's just that I don't have any time." He sat back and ran his long fingers through his bushy red hair. There was perspiration on his forehead. "Always something to worry about. Now I'm worrying about getting on that plane. That's what I'm worrying about right now."

"Why don't you call the airport?" Gil said.

"What?"

"Well, the airport didn't call you. Maybe if you called them up they'll let you in."

"You think so? Do you really think so?"

"They might have forgotten. Why don't you call them up?"

Londschig pushed his chair back and got up abruptly. "Yes," he said loudly, "I'll call them up." He went to the phone booth and almost knocked over the phone.

Gil sat back and listened to the hum of the phone booth, grumbling and music. He didn't think about Londschig and the little man startled him when he burst through the glass. "Well, what do you know," he said. "They've got a seat on the plane. I've finally got a seat!"

"That's great," Gil said.

"Well, what do you know? I got to get out of here. I got to get picked up by a limousine. An airport limousine. Gee, that's great!"

"It's a good thing you called them," Gil said.

"That's right. I got things to do. Now. I got to get my things together at the hotel. He finished the beer and then motioned to the waitress who brought over the check. Londschig figured it up carefully and paid half of the bill. "Well," he said, turning to Gil. "It's been good to make your acquaintance, but I got to go."

"Sure," said Gil. "Have a nice trip."

"Yeah. I'll have a nice trip. If it weren't for that damned rain. Gil watched him walk quickly out of the door and then he waited a few minutes, paid his share and left.

Outside, the rain hissed and sighed gently, quietly, on the glittering pavement. Gil walked close to the side of the buildings so that he would not get wet. He walked slowly because he still had a half hour to make his appointment.
The most notable event of this presidential campaign has taken place already. At the Republican convention last July, Senator Taft was spurred in favor of a more liberal candidate, thereby silencing the nation's chief advocate of the not-so-good old days. For a while at least, the result may be disturbing to a staunch advocate of the two-party system. It would seem, to many observers, that the campaign has become one of individuals rather than ideologies. Some of our leading publications have been struck quite schizophrenically, making themselves look very much like some famous elephant in midstream who is trying to swim in both directions at one time. It is quite possible, however, that the new liberalism of the Republicans and the new conservatism of the Democrats are both being greatly exaggerated.

What is more important to investigate is the nature of this quality—Liberalism—now so indispensable, by which, with Senator Taft at least momentarily in the background, a man is measured as having more or less of it. For this is one of the tags applied to that subtle force which has turned so many Republicans into what their counterparts of only thirty years ago would have regarded as dangerously radical. In short, while on the surface it is a contentious political catch-phrase, it is really only one of the names that we have for Progress.

To those who have breathed fire on it in the political arena, it has meant ten giant-steps toward the dictatorship of the proletariat. But labor legislation is only a small part of the much more general trend in government over at least the past sixty-five years. The broader development is, and always was, the increasing amount of governmental participation in economic activity, for the sake of the general well-being of the American people.

Even the Wagner Act of 1935, Labor's "Magna Charta," stated that its specific aim was to do away with wasteful contention and delay in interstate commerce due to uncontrolled Labor-Management disputes, which were harming the well-being of the nation as a whole. The regulation was of course turned in favor of Labor at that time, quite necessarily and justly. But the historical importance of the act lay in its drawing labor activities into the sphere of governmental jurisdiction. And so it goes with all activities cherished as private which become too big to go on unchecked by federal legislation.

This doesn't mean the downfall of "individualism." On the contrary, it is the reassertion of the rights of each and every individual against the over-obstructive influence of a specific interest. This is a way of preaching "the greatest good for the greatest number of people," which has long been a fundamental tenet of democracy, but has fallen into disrepute among some specialists because by a perverse coincidence Fascists and communists also use it. It depends of course, on your definition of "good."

And so, the individual regains his rights by the universalization of some activity of major importance, placing it in balance with the common welfare. This may not be the individualism that Daniel Boone knew, but he is dead. In our more complex and interdependent society the only other form is the one that allows some not particularly God-kissed individual to run the lives of thousands of others without reservation. It is unfortunate that what was once highly commendable activity and, in truth, an indispensable element in the making of a prosperous nation, has come to that. But the tragic thing about Time is that it goes on. To those who are still of the pioneer spirit, I venture to say that there's still Australia and a few such places.

This tendency of increasing governmental participation has been termed "inexorable" by some more romantic writers. This is perhaps too extravagant, or at least unscientific, but it is significant that even the apparent reactions to the tendency have been fundamental contributions to it. Most eminently, I mean the Taft-Hartley Law, which while written of "Liberals," is one of the most detailed statements we have of government participation in hitherto private activity. This is ironic, because it has made these men contributors to a state of affairs which some writers, even those who favor it, term "socialistic."

Now, this is an unfortunate little word, having received the sort of brutal treatment that is inevitable in an age that relies on social and political catch-phrases. As an "ism" it has been coupled with such questionable adjectives as "communist" and "Marxian," which is an injustice to such level-headed and eminently practical users of the term as Joseph A. Schumpeter. Furthermore, it points out about the unblemished term in his brilliant study, *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy,* we are getting it wrong, as it isn't bad at all, since it is really quite compatible with a democratic way of life.

Most worthy among those who say it is not is Professor Friedrich A. Hayek, who, in his famous Road to Serfdom, hurled a bunch of jeremiads against the collectivist tendencies of England and America, both of whom, he warns, are going the way of either Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia. These two interwoven extremes, he points out, are virtual complements of one another, and the
logical conclusion to socialist tendencies in any nation. But it is not quite scientific of Mr. Hayek to speak in the abstract of political systems when the problem is very much a sociological one. It is possible that any kind of "ism" might have had equally devastating results in Germany and Russia at that time. Neither of these nations had a working democratic tradition, an advantage which the Anglo-American family has possessed for at least two hundred and sixty-four years.

As you may know, a Senate subcommittee for the investigation of subversive activities settled down in New York City last month, in order to discover which school and college teachers in that area were or had been communists. Some of the nation's leading educators, from Columbia University and elsewhere, were brought before the committee to testify. A good many of the replies were non-committal.

Those who were employed by any of the city-owned colleges-C.C.N.Y. Hunter, Brooklyn, and Queens—were subject to dismissal for refusing to testify, and there were numerous dismissals as a result. Moreover—and this is the most important aspect of the affair to those who are inquiring into the problem or academic freedom—there followed a large number of resignations in protest to the methods and regulations of the investigation. People who denied having any affiliation with communism, who were known never to have introduced any such ideas into their lectures, and who, above all, were not called or goaded by the investigating committee, thus forcefully demonstrated their attitude to what was deemed to be a violation of democratic principles. It would seem, then, that we owe it to these disinterested protesters in particular, as fellow members of the academic world, and more significantly, as fellow members of the human race, to discover and evaluate the particular nature of their complaint.

The entire situation brings to mind a somewhat similar occurrence at the University of California two years ago. That action involved a loyalty oath promulgated by the university authorities to which, a priori, perhaps makes for a basic difference from the above mentioned situation. But in this case, as in the other, those who refused to comply were subject to dismissal. The result was a great exodus of worthy men who left for no other reason than that of principle.

Mr. Hayek also points out that monopolies are not inevitable. He says that they have been formed upon other foundations than mere bigness. "This is a great liberalizing: Nevertheless, we have monopoly.

There are, however, less intellectual arguments against the tide of evolution, and these are the dangerous ones. Since the threat of Communism has loomed large in this country, the reactionaries have tried to tint red every liberal education. They have no doubt that Communists have infiltrated many liberal organizations, since they have made liberalism their trade-mark. But we would be suffering a great moral letdown if we stopped inquiry, precisely what many a fanatic is crying for today. We would be killing the whole animal for simply one sore spot, and such animals, at that, as racial and religious tolerance, fair labor practices, and virtually any contribution that has been made to the greater good of man in the past fifty years.

Martin Marprelate

CONCERNING INVESTIGATIONS OF TEACHERS

Some even approved of including the loyalty oath as a requirement for original appointment of a position at the University, since, in that case, a person moved by conscience not to sign was not losing something which he already had. This is considerably weaker than the position taken by others, but it serves to demonstrate how truly conservative can be an argument which too many irrational citizens are prone to squint at through red-colored glasses.

Many who even signed the oath later found that it was contrary to their convictions. One of the most penetrating analyses of the situation was made by Dr. Joe Hendrick, Dean of the College of Chemistry, and himself a signer of the oath, in New York City on April 15, 1960. He pointed out what a danger it was to democracy to adopt the totalitarian technique of leaving it "up to an accused man to clear himself." If someone says I ought to do a thing," he went on to say, "the burden should be on him to show why I should not, on me to show why I should not."

The question involved is evident to any serious thinker. Affiliation with a foreign power is, of course, intolerable, but does that justify such expressions of deep national suspicion and hostility, a state of affairs which could easily undermine the institutions we are trying to uphold? If a number of otherwise respectable people in this country have thought their way into an idea that is essentially repugnant to us, why not use the classical methods of distinguishing right from wrong, truth from falsehood, and let them test one another in the intellectual arena? It's bad enough that we have to rescind an occasion with our enemies abroad. Perhaps we can better demonstrate the possibilities of enlightened civilization on our own soil.

Pius De Miranda
The Truth about Humphrey Oaktree

Few of us knew him personally—those who did can hardly claim to have known him well. I have, however, managed to piece together from various sources, enough significant facts to form what is, in all probability, the truth about Humphrey Oaktree.

We must take care not to fall prey to the error of futile regret for what can never be—the information, though scanty, is sufficient to shed light on certain aspects of a series of unfortunate incidents which hitherto have been veiled in the darkness of ignorance and misunderstanding. Let us proceed, therefore, with the long-anticipated revelation in the same spirit of humility demonstrated by that indomitable and most beloved of all mothers in literature, Mrs. Wiggs, who on learning that her fifth child had perished as a result of cannibalism, wisely and gently reflected: “nature’s way. I reckon.”

Humphrey’s father, Pythias Oaktree, had long been known in the community as the only man on record who had been indicted by a petit jury for piscatorial sodomy. I spoke to a member of that same jury—he is now a venerable octogenarian—and in answer to the expression of incredulity which made its way, despite my efforts at suppression, to my face, he replied simply, “Fish run mighty big up this way.” A twinkle rose to his eye (he had, incidentally, only one eye). When I left his office a few minutes later in a state of gratification at having uncovered this information, a feeling not unmixed with admiration for Pythias’s fervid imagination, the eye had not ceased to shine. Perhaps it twinkles still—the old rascal!

Humphrey’s mother, Agatha Oaktree, nee Onion, was still living quietly there amid the ruins of a once stately pup tent. One look at the destitute woman was enough to assure me that the unfortunate creature had seen better days. Oh, Agatha Oaktree, nee Onion, how unmistakably the moment of Humphrey’s conception foretold the anguish of his ultimate misfortune!

Humphrey was conceived on board a fishing smack at sea during a violent thunderstorm. A peal of thunder! a flash of lightning! (It seems that Nature itself, in that desolate moment, had confused its accustomed order) and Humphrey was well on his way to existence.

But Agatha lived calmly amid the ruins of an illustrious past (she had been given to nymphomaniacal excesses) and memories of her only son.

So dear was his memory that she was reluctant to diminish it by speaking of him. Nothing could induce her to relate the obscure circumstances of his fatal setting forth. I was an persuasive and eloquent as, under the circumstances, was humanly possible (she was a trifle deaf, poor thing), but she remained adamant.

“Perhaps she knows best, old dear,” I reflected, taking my knee from her stomach, and permitting her to raise from the ground. And then, moved as I was by her unwavering adherence to a cherished ideal, I managed to suppress the flood of emotion which came surging up from the depths of my heart, and turning for a last look in her direction (she had an idiotic grin plastered on her face), I departed, without pausing to look back.

As I left, however, I heard her cackle (oh, time! her tinkling laughter had, at one time, made men’s pulse race!) Through the hideous gurglings of her mirth emerged a single statement which summarizes Humphrey’s youth (and perhaps his whole life; who can say?) with an economy of expression native only to a mother’s close understanding:

“That boy—he was always gettin’ into somethin’.”

And here the road ends. The only other local citizen who remembered Humphrey has long since been banished to some psychiatrist’s couch, and we must accept the inevitability of our learning no more concerning his formative years. The information we have accumulated, however, is not altogether unintellectual. It is, in fact, infinitely suggestive of explanations for some of Humphrey’s hitherto inexplicable behavior.

We can understand, now why he journeyed to the far reaches of the earth in a passionate quest for wisdom which only death shall satisfy, why men shunned his company, why he bore his exile so courageously, and why, finally, he nourished and sustained a fervent adoration for Cynthia Oatmeal, in spite of her shiny handle-bar moustache.

Well, perhaps he was right. After all, does love, such as Humphrey knew, ever see the moustache which all the world has seen, one form or another, possess? I hardly think so. In the final analysis, what right have we, who have seen the optic nerve, to scoff at one whose vision proceeds from the heart?

It is not for us, the true myopics, to scorn the Humphrey Oaktrees of this world, who seeing not, see all.

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